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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

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"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

VOL. X.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

From the New Quarterly Review.

Men of Letters of the time of George the Third.
By LORD BROUGHAM. London: Colburn, 1846.

WE are again indebted to the kindness of Lord Brougham for the proof-sheets of the work before us. It commences with the life of Dr. Johnson. No greater life does the period of George the Third contain; and, whether viewed as moralist, poet, critic, biographer, or lexicographer, Johnson is the most distinguished man of his day. Many may hesitate to assign him the second of these wreaths; but however slight in quantity, his poetry has in it a pith and vigor that well indicates to what points he had the power to ascend, had not the stern realities of existence destroyed the imaginative, and compelled him to fix his attention on the real and practical objects in which lay his bread. Few things affect the mind more than the desolation of poverty that visited most of the illustrious wits of that period: from it the Titan of the age was not exempt; and this moral and beneficent Prometheus, while pouring consolation to others, was heart-devoured by the vulture of care and anxiety preying on the immortal liver. Johnson was born on the 18th of September, 1709, at Lichfield. His father was a bookseller. After a somewhat desultory education, he entered, at nineteen years of age, Pembroke College, Oxford. While there he was in great pecuniary difficulty, and ultimately left it without a degree, though he continued to the close of life to honor his Alma Mater, and spent many of his happiest days in college society. It must, however, be noted, that Johnson never assumed the title of Doctor, which was tardily bestowed upon him after the publication of his dictionary, but wrote himself, on his card, "Mr. Johnson" to the last.

That morbid, or rather moribund, affection that at times superinduced a torpor of faculties, began at an early period of even his college life; and this giant in intellect always labored under the fearful impression that he should become insane. It is more than probable, that the religious tendency of Johnson's mind alone prevented him from suicide; for religion in a strong mind produces that requisite balance of the feelings that is essential to the right use of them, subduing the intellectual and imaginative within due limits, and educating the moral, reflective, and spiritual faculties. "Law's Serious Call to a Holy Life," (a work the writer has found of admirable influence, notwithstanding its quaintness,) has the honor of convincing the judgment of Johnson of the necessity for religion. He came to it to scoff, and remained to pray. It is not every book that brings a Johnson to his knees. The extent of Johnson's classical acquirements as a Latin versifier was certainly not equal to Milton's; but the suffrage of Pope on this question weighs with us but triflingly, since the brilliant bard knew but indifferently either Greek or Latin in a critical sense. Johnson became at first one of that unfor-

tunate class, an usher at a school, a walk of life he quitted in disgust. "Lobo's History of Abyssinia" is among his early literary works: it is a translation. In 1734, after quitting this employ, he marries a widow, a person of no personal recommendations, but one of more than ordinary mental powers, and one who succeeded in obtaining complete rule over his heart and affections for sixteen years, and after whose decease he ever kept the day of her death as a fast, and offered up prayers for her soul. We have witnessed a singular adherence to this habit of praying for the dead in many exalted minds. We trust they were personally benefited by it; but the souls of the dead are fixed in the bodements of glory or gloom, from which no prayer can rescue.

In the spring of 1737 Johnson came to London, and commenced a literary life. Amid a mass of other matters he published his "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Pope generously expressed his admiration of the "London." This period was, however, one of fearful struggle with him for the means of livelihood, as the correspondence with Cave sadly indicates. Johnson "impransus," was the signature to one letter, while he was translating "Fra Paolo." The story of the "Rasselas," written in the evenings of the week of his mother's death, to defray her funeral expenses and debts—that sacrifice to filial duty, which God remembered well, produced the sad and suffering son only one hundred pounds! The terrible affliction of his life preying on him with the deeper affection of the heart. We have to direct the attention of our readers to the beautiful notice Lord Brougham has taken of this affection, and the comparison of an analogous instance at p. 16.

"Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And small partitions do their bounds divide,"

is too true in the morbid tendency remarkable in Collins, Johnson, and Newton. Among the contributions of Johnson to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, were the debates in parliament. Johnson never designed that these should be considered as actual reports of the proceedings in the house, but many persons have viewed them in that light. The acquaintance with Savage during his first five years in London, was in all respects unfortunate for Johnson. Few, however, can do other than sympathize with the generous defence of Savage when dead, or feel other than astonished at the daring attack on his unfeeling mother. Lady Macclesfield was seventy years of age when the life of Savage appeared, and the chief scandal of that life had been fifty years previous; so that we fully concur with Lord Brougham, that the escape of Johnson from action for libel is somewhat marvellous. The aged mother was therefore probably too conscious of the truth, if not of all, of much, that Johnson had written; still so aged a woman is not the light in which, from that life, we are prepared to regard Sayage's mother.

The miscellaneous character of Johnson's labors, as enumerated by Lord Brougham, is quite astounding during the twenty-five years of his London life, but we doubt not is far below the truth. Yet how inadequate the remuneration. "The Vanity of Human Wishes" produced him fifteen guineas! The "Irene" failed from want of dramatic interest; and it is curious to see Johnson and Goldsmith both experiencing the vanity of dress in no moderate degree. The author of "Irene," Samuel Johnson, in a scarlet and gold-laced waistcoat and gold-laced hat, fancying himself induing the fitting costume for a dramatic author. The "Rambler" appeared in 1750 and 1751. It will live in some of its papers while the language lasts. The "Idler" saw the light in 1758 and 1759. They were nearly all Johnson's own papers, unsupported, as Addison was in his "Spectator," by numerous friends. He announced the Dictionary in 1747. His dispute with Lord Chesterfield at its outset is not favorable to Johnson's amenity of disposition, a faculty in which he did not abound; nor if the story of a small pecuniary gift from the earl be true, which he neglected to acknowledge, in all respects to his seldom impeached veracity. The stipulated price was £1575; but the expenses of amanuenses for a long period of time, left him but a small gainer by it.

In 1759 he lost his mother; in 1752 his wife. He then entered on that singular line of conventional existence with Miss Williams, Mrs. Desmoulines, and Mr. Levett, an apothecary, all of whom were materially aided by his benevolence, and the second only survived Johnson. His lines on his humble companion, Levett, show both affection and imagination. Johnson had struggled on unstained by any act of meanness, subserviency, or dishonesty to fifty-four years of age. At this period Lord Bute incurred the rancor of the "North Briton" to no small extent, by conferring on the first of English lexicographers a pension from the crown of £300 per annum. How fearful an influence does party exercise! Men like Wilkes and Churchill grudging the veteran Johnson this £300 per annum, which, given earlier, had enriched England with many a noble and matured production, and enabled Johnson to write something nearer to the perfect model of an English dictionary. Wilkes did not fail to turn upon him the full force of his own definitions of a pensioner—"a slave of state paid to obey a master," and a pension, "pay, given to a state hireling for treason to his country." Both are as erroneous and prejudiced as possible, and certainly conduce in no respect to the credit of the writer of a dictionary, who ought to be unimpassioned. It is to us no sufficient answer to say, that the twenty-two years of his life that followed after the grant of the pension did not produce the same relative portion of high literary performance with the preceding twenty-five. Johnson had worked too hard to work long; his malady, too, gained on him. The "Lives of the Poets," however, his master-piece, was produced, and over this period his two pamphlets, "Taxation no Tyranny," and "On the Falkland Isles." In 1765 he commenced his intimacy with Mrs. Thrale. The circumstances of this intimacy, and the marriage with Piozzi of this lady, are not dwelt upon by Lord Brougham with the same degree of bitterness that many persons have evinced. Of the character of Mrs. Piozzi and of her subsequent passion, we presume we must call it, for Conway, the actor, and of the deception

reputed to have been practised on him relative to the disposal of her property, Johnson would probably have approved much less: but surely he could not have loved Mrs. Thrale, to which cause Lord Brougham, and we own with some appearance of justice, appears to have assigned his irate feelings on her marriage with Piozzi. But we entertain little doubt that Madame Piozzi continued to sink lower and lower in the scale of society by her marriage, and at length found herself almost entirely surrounded by mimes and musicians. We are far from insinuating that some of the highest minds of our era are not to be found among these; but the general class is unmixedly bad and frivolous, and mere pretenders to intellectuality. The life of Johnson grew more pleasant and conventional during his latter years, and tours in various parts enabled him to obtain deeper insight into mankind, which the "Rasselas" and many other of his works fail to exhibit. In 1783, when 74, he suffered from a paralytic stroke. Under this affliction he was still himself in a wonderful degree. Conscious of the blow, from a confusion and indistinctness in his head for half a minute, he prayed for the preservation of his faculties, and then turned his devotions into Latin verse, to see that he was equal to an effort of order. How similar to the death of Wollaston, who, hearing his friends speak of him as dead, motioned for a pencil, and continued to mark strokes on the paper fainter and fainter, until he expired! He recovered from the immediate effects of this first blow, but did not get his speech until the second day. For a year he remained in a weakly state, but not, however, without seeing his friends, and going out at times, but died on the 18th December, 1784, "having suffered," says Lord B., "far less from apprehension of the event than his former habit of regarding it with an extreme horror might have led us to expect." The following observations of Lord Brougham on his understanding are as sound as comprehensive:—

"The prevailing character of his understanding was the capacity of taking a clear view of any subject presented to it, a determination to ascertain the object of search, and a power of swiftly perceiving it. His sound sense made him pursue steadily what he saw was worth the pursuit, piercing at once the husk to reach the kernel, rejecting the dross which men's errors and defects of perspicacity or infirmity of judgment had spread over the ore, and rejecting it without ever being tempted by its superficial and worthless hues to regard it with any tolerance. Had he been as knowing as he was acute, had his vision been as extensive as it was clear within narrow limits, he would only have gained by this resolute determination not to be duped, and would not have been led into one kind of error by his fear of falling into another. But it must be allowed, that even in his most severe judgments he was far oftener right than wrong; and that on all ordinary questions, both of opinion and of conduct, there were few men whom it was more hopeless to attempt deceiving, either by inaccurate observation, by unreflecting appeals to the authority, whether of great names or of great numbers, by cherished prepossessions little examined, or by all the various forms which the cant of custom or of sentiment is wont to assume. Out of this natural bent of his understanding arose as naturally the constant habit of referring all matters, whether for argument or for opinion, to the decision of plain common sense. His reasonings were short; his topics were homely;

his way to the conclusion lay in a straight line, the shortest between any two points; and though he would not deviate from it so as to lose himself, he was well disposed to look on either side, that he might gather food for his contemptuous and somewhat sarcastic disposition, laughing at those whom he saw bewildered, rather than pitying their errors. To the desire of short and easy proof, and the love of accuracy when it could be obtained, and to which he sometimes sacrificed truth by striving after exact reasoning on subjects that admit not of it, we may ascribe this great fondness for common arithmetic, one of the very few sciences with which he was acquainted. With the vices of such an understanding and such a disposition he was sufficiently imbued, as well as with its excellencies. He was very dogmatical—very confident, even presumptuous; not very tolerant. He was also apt to deal in truisms, and often inclined, when he saw through them himself, to break down an argument, sometimes overwhelming it with the might of loud assertion, sometimes cutting it short by the edge of a sneer. Seeing very clearly within somewhat narrow limits, he easily believed there was nothing beyond them to see; and fond of reducing each argument to its simplest terms and shortest statement, he frequently applied a kind of reasoning wholly unsuited to the subject matter, pronounced decisions of which the dispute was not susceptible, and fell into errors which more knowing inquirers and calmer disputants, without his perspicacity or his powers of combining, would easily and surely have avoided."

The remarks on the style, the well-known Roman, of our great lexicographer, we should scarcely have been led to anticipate from a writer so close to the model of Addison and Robertson as Lord Brougham.

"The peculiarities of his style may be traced to the same source—the characteristic features of his understanding and disposition. What he perceived clearly, he clearly expressed. His diction was distinct; it was never involved; it kept ideas in their separate and proper places; it did not abound in synonymes and repetition; it was manly, and it was measured, despising meretricious and trivial ornament, avoiding all slovenliness, rejecting mere surplusage, generally throughout very concise, often needlessly full, and almost always elaborate; the art of the workman being made manifest in the plainly artificial workmanship. A love of hard and learned words prevailed throughout; and a fondness for balanced periods was its special characteristic. But there was often great felicity in the expression, occasionally a pleasing cadence in the rhythm, generally an epigrammatic turn in the language as well as in the idea. Even where the workmanship seemed most to bias the material, and the word craft to be exercised needlessly, and the diction to run to waste, there was never any feebleness to complain of, and always something of skill and effect to admire. The charm of nature was ever wanting, but the presence of great art was undeniable. Nothing was of the careless aspect which the highest of artists ever give their master-pieces—the produce of elaborate but concealed pains; yet the strong hand of an able workman was always marked; and it was observed, too, that he disdained to hide from us the far less labor which he had much more easily bestowed."

We perfectly agree with Lord Brougham that

the weight of a style like Dr. Johnson's is somewhat oppressive, and that little meaning is at times concealed under pompous expression: still, even this style without matter is better than that fearful negation of both that so many modern writers exhibit. The facility of Johnson's composition may be gathered from the fact, that he composed forty-eight printed pages of the life of Savage in one night. On these matters of facility of composition, persons must necessarily rely on the testimony of personal friends of one another. The following remarks on Johnson, who was a stiff and uncompromising Tory and a Jacobite, may not, however, be far from truth.

"Yet he so greatly loved established things, so deeply venerated whatever had the sanction of time, that he both shut his eyes to many defects in his view consecrated by age, and unreasonably transferred to mere duration the respect which reason itself freely allows to whatever has the testimony of experience in its favor.

"The established church, the established government, the established order of things in general, found in him an unflinching supporter, because a sincere and warm admirer; and giving his confidence entirely, he either was content to suspend his reason in a great majority of instances, or, at least, to use it only for the purpose of attaining the conclusion in favor of existing institutions, and excluding all farther argument touching their foundations."

His prejudices were certainly strong, both with respect to the French and Americans. His horror of infidels we like, and wish only that the feeling were more general. Johnson did not possess any knowledge of the exact sciences; hence in his criticism on Newton, whom he undertook to review, he only indicated his own ignorance. His Dictionary, however faulty, and it is most remarkably so in etymons, and faulty where we should least have anticipated it, even in Latin and Greek derivations, is—withstanding the Anglo-Saxon deficiencies, which are still greater—a work of wonderful merit.

We have stated our high opinion of the "Lives of the Poets." The omission of Goldsmith is certainly singular; and we quite agree with the noble lord before us in assigning very high merit to that of Pope, of Dryden, and of Cowley. He is also, all things considered, wonderfully impartial in his judgment on Milton. With regard to personal character and habits, we think there is mingled matter of praise and censure. Dogmatic he most assuredly was, and often dogmatically wrong; as often insufferably right, repeatedly judicious, firm, and strenuous in opinions. Benevolence he possessed in a remarkable degree; and though his morals exhibited much to regret, from that feverish knowledge he ever appeared to possess, to investigate the feelings at heart of even the most depraved, and which often led him into that society, still was he sound at heart, and regretted that, knowing his duty well, his knowledge and practice were not equal. Lord Brougham to us does not appear, in the main, to have liked Johnson, who was certainly a hearty hater; but the concluding paragraph of his life is as generous as it is just.

"He was friendly, and actively so, in the greatest degree; he was charitable beyond what even prudential considerations might justify; as firmly as he believed the Gospel, so constantly did he practise its divine maxim, 'that it is more blessed

to give than to receive.' His sense of justice was strict and constant; his love of truth was steady and unbroken in all matters, as well little as great; nor did any man ever more peremptorily deny the existence of white lies: for he justly thought that when a habit of being careless of the truth in trifling things once has been formed, it will become easily, nay, certainly applicable to things of moment. His habitual piety, his sense of his own imperfections, his generally blameless conduct in the various relations of life, has been already sufficiently described, and has been illustrated in the preceding narrative. He was a good man as he was a great man; and he had so firm a regard for virtue, that he wisely set much greater store by his worth than by his fame." (p. 85.)

The next life before us is Adam Smith. After a brief summary on economical science, commencing with Antonio Bandini, of Sienna, who in the year 1737 recommended to the Grand Duke of Tuscany a free trade in corn, and reviewing De Gournay, De Quesnay, and others, we have Adam Smith introduced: he was born in 1723. Smith, having received the rudiments of education in Scotland, entered Balliol College, Oxford. He remained at that university seven years. Oxford did not, however, rise higher in his estimation by residence, and probably, as Lord Brougham remarks, inhibiting him from reading Hume's "Treatise on Human Nature" did not much mend his dislike. In 1748 he removed to Edinburgh, and then became acquainted with most of the celebrated men of the day. Glasgow offered him the Professorship of Logic; but he soon exchanged it for that of Moral Philosophy. He taught moral philosophy for twelve years; but of these discoveries we have no remains. He was a contributor to the Edinburgh Review in 1755. His "Theory of Moral Sentiments" made its appearance in 1759, and to this was appended a "Dissertation on the Origin of Languages." He resigned his professorship in 1763, to attend the Duke of Buccleuch upon his travels. On this tour he made the acquaintance of various learned continental scholars; and among others, one whose pursuits were analogous to his own, Quesnay. He returned to England; and in 1766 his celebrated work, "The Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," made its appearance. Hume lived to see it, and to approve it. He became shortly after a Commissioner of Customs—an appointment certainly by no means suited to him, and ill chosen. In 1788 he was elected Rector of the University of Glasgow. That university conferred on him, in 1762, the degree of LL.D. The duties of his office in the Customs were extremely laborious; and no doubt the influence of these dull details affected the powers of a mind that might otherwise have produced a work to rival his "Opus Magnum." He died in 1790, and the account given in Hutton of his last interview with his friends is highly interesting. Great men mislike to see their immature productions outlive them, and Adam Smith made his friends promise that his should not survive their author; and consequently all his other writing, comprising eighteen folio volumes of MS., were destroyed, excepting his "Speculative History of Astronomy."

Lord Brougham's general summary of his character and acquirements is extremely fair.

"The true picture of the great author's intellectual character is presented by his writings; and of the depth, the comprehensiveness, the general

accuracy of his views on the various subjects to which his mind was bent, there can be but one opinion. His understanding was enlarged, and it was versatile; his sagacity, when he applied himself deliberately to inquiry or to discussion, was unerring; his information was extensive and correct; his fancy was rich and various; his taste, formed upon the purest models of antiquity, was simple and chaste. His integrity was unimpeachable, and the warmth of his affections knew no chill, even when the languor of age and the weight of ill-health was upon him; his nature was kindly in the greatest degree, and his benevolence was extensive, leading him to indulge in acts of private charity, pushed beyond his means, and concealed with the most scrupulous delicacy towards its objects. Stern votaries of religion have complained of his deficiencies in piety, chiefly because of his letter upon the death of his old and intimate friend, Mr. Hume; but no one can read the frequent and warm allusions, with which his works abound, to the moral government of the world, to reliance upon the All-wise Disposer, to the hopes of a future state, and not be convinced that his mind was deeply sensible to devout impressions. Nay, even as to his estimate of Mr. Hume's character, we are clearly entitled to conclude that he regarded his friend as an exception to the rule that religion has a powerful and salutary influence on morals, because he has most forcibly stated his opinion, that whenever the principles of religion which are natural to it are not perverted or corrupted, 'the world justly places a double confidence in the rectitude of the religious man's behavior.'" (p. 120.)

Few persons were more opposite than Johnson and Smith. Johnson loved argument—engrossed conversation. Smith sat and watched. He was one of the most absent men conceivable; few more abstracted from common objects.

The "Theory of Moral Sentiments" contains much beautiful writing; and Lord Brougham has selected some of the choicest *morceaux*. We own the notice which we subjoin rather amused us, when we read it.

"How well has he painted the man of system, and how many features of this portrait have we recognized in Mr. Bentham, and others of our day! 'He is apt to be very wise in his own conceit, and is often so enamored with the supposed beauty of his own ideal plan of government, that he cannot suffer the smallest deviation from any part of it. He goes on to establish it completely, in all its parts, without any regard either to the great interests or to the strong prejudices which may oppose it. He seems to imagine that he can arrange the different members of a great society with as much ease as the hand arranges the different pieces on a chess-board. He does not consider that the pieces upon the chess-board have no other principle of motion beside that which the hand impresses upon them; but that in the great chess-board of human society, every single piece has a principle of action of its own, altogether different from that which the legislature might choose to impress upon it. If these principles coincide and act in the same direction, the game of human society will go on easily and harmoniously, and is very likely to be happy and successful. If they are opposite or different, the game will go on miserably, and the society must be at all times in the highest degree of disorder.' 'For a man to insist upon establishing, and upon establishing all at once and in spite of all

opposition, anything which his own idea of policy and law may seem to require, must often be the highest degree of arrogance. It is to erect his own judgment into the supreme standard of right and wrong. It is to fancy himself the only wise and worthy man in the commonwealth, that his fellow-creatures should accommodate themselves to him, and not to them." (p. 129.)

We know well that Bentham looked on Brougham as his neophyte; and great indeed was his astonishment when he discovered that his lordship's truly great and original mind was not one to be merged in his own Crambo-system, or to be deceived in the conclusions from it. We know the aged man had the vanity to imagine that the Chancellor of England would exhibit Benthamism even in the courts of highest jurisdiction; we know also he was disappointed to find the chains broken, and the intellectual giant enlarged to his full dimension; and we further know, that the whole of that school and tribe has never ceased to abuse and vilify him whom they could not pen down in their Cimmerian Owlet cavern. He broke from them, for he was not of them.

Many passages of this work of Lord Brougham contain curious confessions. His lordship freely owns they hit his former party hard. We give the following:

"The leaders of the discontented party seldom fail to hold out some plausible plan of reformation, which they predict will not only remove the inconveniences and relieve the distresses immediately complained of, but will prevent in all coming time any return of the like inconveniences and distresses. They often propose on this account to remodel the constitution, and to alter in some of its most essential parts that system of government under which the subjects of a great empire have enjoyed perhaps peace, security, and even glory, during the course of several centuries. The great body of the party are commonly intoxicated with the imaginary beauty of this ideal system, of which they have no experience, but which has been presented to them in all the most dazzling colors in which the eloquence of their leader could display it. The leaders themselves, though they may originally have meant nothing but their own aggrandizement, become many of them in time the dupes of their own sophistry, and are as eager for this great reformation as the weakest and foolishlest of their followers. Even though the leaders should have preserved their own heads, as indeed they commonly do, free from this fanaticism, yet they dare not always disappoint the expectations of their followers; but are often obliged, though contrary to their principles and their conscience, to act as if they were under the common delusion." (p. 131.)

The mighty work, however, of Adam Smith is, as we have mentioned, the "Wealth of Nations." Of this we have a complete analysis placed before us. On this work political economy may be said to depend as a science. Dr. Smith's great deduction and distinction between *productive* and *unproductive* labor we always thought questionable; and Lord Brougham impeaches his conclusion. Common sense will completely confirm the reasoning so ably set forth by his lordship in the appendix to this life.

"All the branches of useful industry work together to the common end, as all the parts of each branch coöperate to its particular object. If you say that the farmer feeds the community, and produces all the raw materials which the other classes

work upon; we answer, that unless those other classes worked upon the raw materials, and supplied the farmer's necessities, he would be forced to allot part of his labor to this employment, while he forced others to assist in raising the rude produce. In such a complicated system, it is clear that all labor has the same effect, and equally increases the whole mass of wealth. Nor can any attempt be more vain than theirs who would define the particular parts of the machine that produces the motion, which is necessarily the result of the whole powers combined, and depends on each one of the mutually connected members. Yet so wedded have those theorists been to the notion, that certain necessary kinds of employment are absolutely unproductive, that a writer of no less name than Dr. Smith, has not scrupled to rank the capital sunk in the public debt, or spent in warfare, in the same class with the property consumed by fire, and the labor destroyed by pestilence. He ought surely to have reflected, that the debts of a country are always contracted, and its wars entered into, for some purpose, either of security or aggrandizement; and that stock thus employed must have produced an equivalent, which cannot be asserted of property or population absolutely destroyed. This equivalent may have been greater or less; that is, the money spent for useful purposes may have been applied with more or less prudence and frugality. Those purposes, too, may have been more or less useful; and a certain degree of waste and extravagance always attends the operations of funding and of war. But this must only be looked upon as an addition to the necessary price at which the benefits in view are to be bought. The food of a country, in like manner, may be used with different degrees of economy; and the necessity of eating may be supplied at more or less cost. So long as the love of war is a necessary evil in human nature, it is absurd to denominate the expenses unproductive that are incurred by defending a country; or, which is also the same thing, preventing an invasion, by a judicious attack of an enemy; or which is also the same thing, avoiding the necessity of war by a prudent system of foreign policy. And he who holds the labor of soldiers and sailors and diplomatic agents to be unproductive, commits precisely the same error as he who should maintain that the labor of the hedger is unproductive because he only protects and does not rear the crop. All those kinds of labor and employments of stock are parts of the system, and all are *equally* productive of wealth." (p. 212.)

A variety of curious and original letters follow; but we shall not extract from them, as this would be scarcely fair in an unpublished work, and we pass to the next life, the celebrated Lavoisier.

This eminent chemist and philosopher was born at Paris in 1743. He was of opulent parents, and being placed in the Collège Mazarin, attained a high classical proficiency. His taste, however, conducted him to science, and to its severer forms in mathematics and astronomy. Botany soon obtained his attention. He then extended his view to other subjects, and attained such proficiency in various points of scientific investigation, that he was enabled to enter the academy at twenty-five years of age. Geology, then in its infancy, (what is it now!) occupied his attention. He published his earliest paper on the "Analysis of Gypsum." Chemistry soon began to command his sole attention. In 1758 and 1759 he experimented largely with a view to ascertain that water may, by re-

peated distillations, be converted into earth; and he endeavored to determine whether or not there was any foundation for the opinion that water can, by repeated distillations, become so elastic and aeriform as to escape through the pores of vessels.

The former opinion had been held by Bonde, and Margraaf and others; the latter by Stahl. He negatived both propositions; so that to this philosopher belongs the triumph of separating the component parts of earth and water, and proving that they are not mutually convertible; and the elasticity of water was equally determined by him. The young students of chemistry in England ought to bear in mind, that Lavoisier was occupied for one hundred and one days on one of these experiments. For a short period at this time of his life the attempt to supply Paris with water occupied much of his attention. He soon resumed his chemical pursuits. Black, Cavendish, and Priestley had made numerous discoveries on the nature of gases; and Lavoisier was at this period directing his attention to the calcination of metals. He drew from his experiments the inference, that calcination is caused by the union of air with the metal, and not by the loss of any body, as phlogiston combined with it. He, by this course, negatived again the Stahlian theory. Lavoisier stood on the verge of two important discoveries, Lord Brougham justly remarks, at this period—the composition of the atmosphere and oxygen; both, however, were reserved for Priestley. Equally near was he to the discovery that the diamond is identical with pure carbon. The destruction of the diamond by fire, as Lavoisier expressed it, or the action of heat upon it, he knew well. Newton, from an opposite process of reasoning, had inferred the combustibility of the diamond; and Macquer had proved that it could be converted into charcoal. Lavoisier arrived at the inference, that the air produced during the combustion of the diamond was fixed air. How close he was on the great discovery that the diamond is pure carbon, will appear from the following words: "We should never have expected," he says, "to find any relation between charcoal and diamond, and it would be unreasonable to push this analogy too far; it only exists, because both substances seem to be properly ranged in the class of combustible bodies; and because they are of all these bodies the most fixed, when kept from the contact of air." He adds: "It is far from being impossible, that the blackest matter should come from surrounding bodies, and not from the diamond itself."

One step would have shown him that the diamond and the pure carbonaceous matter were identical, and he had before him the discovery of Black, that fixed air was produced by the combustion of charcoal. In 1773 he made some very accurate experiments on calcination, and he proved from them that the whole mass of air and metal after calcination weighed exactly the same as before the operation, and that the metal had gained what the air had lost—a most important discovery; but an inference appended to it is very remarkable for various reasons. He adds, that the atmosphere is composed of two gases, one, in the words of Lord Brougham, "capable of supporting life and flame, and of combining with metals in their calcination; the other incapable of supporting either life or flame, or of combining with metals." This was not just to others, as we

shall show. His paper was to have been read at Martinmas, 1774, and was "remis" to the 10th of May, 1777. He says, that he had a letter from Beccaria, 12th of November, 1774, but that his own memoir was then drawn up, and that an extract only was read at the November session. He does not say that the important point of the gases was then inserted, nor how long before 1777 it was added. He also omits to state a remarkable communication that Priestley made to him in October, 1774, of his great discovery of oxygen. Nor does he mention that Priestley received, in 1771–3, the Copley medal from the Royal Society, for the discovery of azote in 1772. The printed paper of Priestley is extant in the Philosophical Transactions. Lavoisier's experiments on tin in 1770, and on minium and calcination of metals in 1771, could not have given it to him. It is therefore perfectly clear, that the experiments of our countryman led him to the inference on the atmospheric gases. He says, in the "*Elémens de Chimie*," "Cet air (oxygen gas) nous avons découvert presque en même temps, Dr. Priestley, M. Scheele, et moi." The precise time of Dr. Priestley's discovery is quite apparent. Scheele, ignorant of the doctor's discovery, made the same in 1775. Priestley and Scheele then did not discover it, "presque en même temps," far less Lavoisier. In eight separate papers, printed between 1772 and 1780, not a hint of Lavoisier's claim to this discovery is apparent. It was only in 1782 he claimed to be a co-discoverer with Priestley; but even then he admits the experiments that led to it were performed in February, 1775, and Priestley had announced it in 1774. He also added in that paper, at first, the remarkable point that Priestley had discovered oxygen at nearly the same time as himself, *and he believes a little earlier*: "et je crois même avant moi." But he ungenerously omits, after a lapse of many years, to give Priestley the benefit of his own previous confession, not inserting in the "*Elémens de Chimie*," the words previously given in his paper read to the academy in 1782. Priestley's own account of the discovery of oxygen is as follows. It is extracted from his work on Phlogiston:—

"The case was this. Having made the discovery of oxygen some time before I was in Paris in the year 1774, I mentioned it at the table of M. Lavoisier, when most of the philosophical people of the city were present, saying that it was a kind of air in which a candle burnt much better than in common air, but I had not then given it any name. At this all the company, and Mr. and Mrs. Lavoisier as much as any, expressed great surprise. I told them I had gotten it from *precipitate per se*, and also from *red lead*. Speaking French very imperfectly, and being little acquainted with the terms of chemistry, I said *plombe rouge*, which was not understood till Mr. Macquer said I must mean *minium*. M. Scheele's discovery was certainly independent of mine, though, I believe, not made quite so early."

We believe Lord Brougham's inference to be irrefutable; and it is only fair to his lordship to say, that the above reasoning is borrowed from the facts elicited by himself, and published in the work before us, viz., that Priestley discovered oxygen in 1774; Scheele in 1775; Lavoisier neither in 1774 nor 1775. It was to this discovery, however, that his theory of combustion is due. Having learnt from the discoverer of oxygen its exist-

ence, he arrived at the important generalization that it is the acidifying principle, and he named his great rival's discovery oxygen in consequence. At this period, while Lavoisier was occupied on generalizing, as Lord Brougham felicitously observes, the phenomena of other discoverers, but not materially adding to the store of facts from his own, two important points were determined in England, the composition of water and of the nitrous acid. Mr. Cavendish is the undisputed discoverer of the latter; of the former, Cavendish made the great experiment upon which it rests; but Mr. Watt, from less elaborate processes, had drawn out before him the inference that water was not a simple element, but a combination of oxygen with hydrogen gas. A passage in the *New Quarterly*, vol. v., p. 451, may possibly not convey a sufficiently balanced judgment on this question, leaving it a divided point between these great men; but the merit of drawing out the inference *first*, is assuredly Mr. Watt's. Here again, we regret to say, Lavoisier claimed to himself the discovery of other men. But when Lavoisier and Laplace, before several academicians, performed the experiment on which the French claim to this discovery is made, Sir C. Blagden, who was present, told them that Mr. Cavendish had already performed the experiment, and obtained water from the combustion of the two gases. In the summer of 1783 he communicated this discovery to Lavoisier, but he found him incredulous of the fact until he had ascertained it by experiment. This wish of the French chemist is perfectly natural to claim to himself something of the light of the numerous discoveries in his art made in England and elsewhere; but still it is hardly fair, when but at the best reflecting, like a satellite, light from more luminous bodies, to claim to be the source of that light himself. Nay, he was even so ungenerous as not to mention Black in his excellent paper, "On the Combination of Fire with evaporable Fluids, and on the formation of Elastic aeriform Fluids." The author of the "Theory of Latent Heat" is not even named, and every student to whom the papers were read would necessarily infer that the theory was the invention of Lavoisier. He was also well acquainted, we repeat, with the illustrious discoverer of "latent heat," which adds to the offence. After 1784 Lavoisier's labors were principally confined to forming the new nomenclature, and, in conjunction with Seguin, to investigations on the nature of respiration and transpiration. In 1776 he had materially aided Turgot, who had requested him to superintend the manufacture of gunpowder, by increasing the explosive force of the compound one fourth. In 1791 the national assembly consulted him, and he drew up his treatise on the "Richesse Territoriale de France." Being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, he introduced some admirable arrangements. His house at Paris and all his costly apparatus were open twice a week to scientific men, and he was a generous patron of youthful merit. Surely, from public services, for the national honor simply, such a man of science ought to have been saved amid any commotions; but it was not so. The Triumvirate of 1794 seized him with twenty-seven others, whose real crimes were their possessions, and imprisoned them. Lavoisier had escaped; but learning that M. Paulzé, his father-in-law, had been arrested, he gave himself up, and was confined with the rest. He had long foreseen that his property

would make him obnoxious, and when sentenced, simply asked for a few days' respite to witness the result of some experiments which he had conducted in his confinement; but the tribunal, by the mouth of one of their body, replied, that "the republic had no need of philosophers," and he was executed in May, 1794, with one hundred and twenty-three others. Carnot might and ought to have saved him; Fourcroy was bound to do so: one only citizen, M. Hallé, had the courage to read a detailed account of the discoveries of Lavoisier and his services to his country. Carnot and Fourcroy said nothing, and the latter always labored, as Cuvier says in his memoir of him, "under the torment of the imputation of promoting the death of his rival, Lavoisier." If anything could read the nations a lesson on the advantages of fixed government, the horrors enacted by the French revolution in the case of Lavoisier and others would impart it. Learning, science, nobility, art, order, government, age, sex, all lost sight of in the pell-mell of anarchy. This was a power on the Carlyle system certainly, but it was a demon power. Lavoisier left behind him a remarkable person in his wife, who took upon herself the engraving of the plates to the "Elements." She survived him, and late in life married Count Rumford, whom she also outlived. We regret extremely that our limits will not permit us to give the analysis of Lavoisier's discoveries appended to his life. This paper will be found well worthy of deep consideration. We simply extract Lord Brougham's opinion of his merit in the closing paragraph.

"After all the deductions, however, which can fairly be made from his merits, these stand high indeed, and leave his renown as brilliant as that of any one who has ever cultivated physical science. The overthrow of the phlogistic theory, and the happy generalizations upon the combinations of bodies, which we owe to his genius for philosophical research, are sufficient to place him among the first, perhaps to make him be regarded as the first reformer of chemical science, the principal founder of that magnificent fabric which now fills so ample a space in the eye of every student of nature."

We now proceed to the last life we shall be enabled to treat—Gibbon. This great historian was descended from an ancient Kentish family. His grandfather was a man of large fortune, but it was confiscated from his share in the South Sea Company. From this, however, he recovered, and obtained again a large fortune before his death, in 1736. He left behind him the historian's father, his son, and two daughters. One of these married Mr. Elliot, of Cornwall, afterwards Lord Elliot. Edward was born April 27, 1737. His father sat for Southampton, and continued in Parliament until 1747. Gibbon's childhood was sickly; but he went to Oxford, notwithstanding, before he was fifteen. His early taste for history had already developed itself. He arrived at Oxford, he says, "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy ought to have been ashamed." Here, singular to say, the historian of the "Decline and Fall" embraced Romanism, but it is quite evident on much such imperfect grounds as many graduates there have lately done, for he was not in a state from his acquirements to form a sound conclusion. He was accordingly compelled to quit Oxford, and his father sent him to *Lausanne*. The

following remarks of Lord Brougham are both forcible and just :—

"In contemplating the account given both by Smith and Gibbon of the great university in which both resided without being instructed, the friend of education feels it gratifying to reflect that the picture which both have left, and the latter especially, finds no resemblance in the Alma Mater of the Hollands, the Cannings, the Carlises, the Wards, and the Peels. The shades of Oxford under the Jacksons, the Wetherells, the Coplestones, (friendly, learned, honored names, which I delight to bring into contrast with the neglectful tutors of Gibbon,) bear no more resemblance to that illustrious seat of learning in his time, than the Cambridge of the Aireys, the Herschells, the Whewells, the Peacocks, the Gaskins, offers to the Cambridge in which Playfair might afterwards, with justice, lament that the '*Mécanique Céleste* could no longer find readers in the haunts where Newton had once taught, and where his name only was since known." (p. 284.)

At Lausanne he embraced the Protestant faith, influenced by M. Pavilliard. The five years there spent were of great value to him. French literature occupied much of his attention at that period. He was also most sedulous in his classical pursuits, carefully perusing the whole of the great Latin authors by the aid of their commentators. He read the whole of Cicero, for example, with the Variorum notes of the folio edition of Verburius. This curriculum of classic study occupied him twenty-seven months. Few preparations for distinction have been more ample. Here he became enamored of Mademoiselle Curchod, afterwards the wife of the celebrated Necker. His father, however, objected to this match, and he resigned his claim to her hand. The story is somewhat ludicrous of his declaration of love to this lady inducing the bold experiment of throwing himself at her feet; of his inability to rise, from his bodily weakness, from that position; the lady equally unable to assist him in the dilemma from his immense weight, added to her own emotions we presume, and that the bell was resorted to as a matter of necessity to summon the servants to aid the lovers in their delicate dilemma. At Lausanne he added friendship to love, in the acquaintance of Deyverdun. He returned to England in 1769.

In 1751 he published his essay "*Sur l'Etude de la Littérature*." The composition of this work evinces his knowledge of French by composing fluently in that language; but "*literature*" is, as Lord Brougham remarks, somewhat too vague a term, and has not definitiveness enough about it. The production is aimless. About this time, June, 1759, he joined the Hampshire militia, of which his father was major, and for two years and a half was compelled to follow this irksome life to a scholar. He then paused whether he should betake himself to the study of mathematics or classics; but the latter gained the preëminence. He consequently applied himself to Greek, and the work of the father of poetry, which Scaliger had read in twenty-one days, occupied him as many weeks. He read, however, the whole of the "*Iliad*" twice in one year, with some books of the "*Odyssey*" and "*Longinus*." He had frequently meditated an historical work, and at one time contemplated a history of Florence. Before determining the ultimate subject on which he should concentrate his attention, and anterior to

going to Italy, he studied the best classic authors, Italian topography and geography, medals, &c., and went carefully through a long series of archaeological writers. In the spring of 1764 he set out for Italy, traversed the principal cities, but remained longest at Rome. The plan of his history first struck him on the 15th of October, while he sat musing in the ruins of the capitol, and barefoot friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter. He then determined to write the noble story of Rome's decay. We own the association of ideas, from its very mournfulness, would have deterred us from the attempt; but it appears to have been differently felt by Gibbon. In Italy he made the acquaintance of his friend, Lord Sheffield. Like Gibbon's other friends, this nobleman retained a great affection for him to the last. In June, 1765, Gibbon returned to England, and became lieutenant-colonel commandant of the militia. His father died about 1770, when Gibbon resigned his commission. He enjoyed, from the misfortunes, in later life of his father, simply ease and comfortable circumstances. His time was wholly his own, and it was principally spent in his library at Buriton, or in the best society in London. Yet he deeply regretted the want of a profession. He at this period planned, in conjunction with Deyverdun, the history of Switzerland. The two friends also planned an annual literary review, and published it in 1767 and 1768. Warburton's hypothesis on the 6th *Æneid* received a caustic reply from Gibbon at this period. We extract the following description of his restlessness during this period :—

"Thus there was no want of either study or literary labor to diversify the learned leisure which yet he found so irksome. The contrast is surpassingly remarkable which his description presents to the account which D'Alembert has left us, of the calm pleasures enjoyed by him as long as he confined himself to geometrical pursuits. Shall we ascribe this diversity to the variety of individual character and tastes; or to the difference in the nature of those literary occupations; or, finally, to the peculiarities of French society—affording, as it does, daily occupation too easy to weary, and pleasing relaxation too temperate to cloy? Perhaps partly to each of the three causes, but most of all, to the absorbing nature of the geometrical studies. It seems certain, however, that no life of mere literary indulgence, of study unmingled with exertions, and with continued, regular exertion, can ever be passed in tolerable contentment; and that if the student has not a regular and, as it were, a professional occupation to fill up the bulk of his time, he must make to himself the only substitute for it, by engaging in some long and laborious work. Gibbon found by experience the necessity of some such resource; and we owe to his sense of it, the '*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.'"

Three years were bestowed upon this work, which was delayed by his return to parliament for Liakard in 1774. In 1776 the first volume appeared. The style drew down both praise and condemnation. The public voice confirmed the favorable judgment of his friends on its broad merits, and the first edition of 1000 was exhausted in a few days. Bishop Watson appeared among his opponents, and certainly gained the praise of success in his condemnation of the principles embodied in the work. Gibbon published, however, a splendid vindication, of which the Rev. Mr. Milman

says justly, "This single discharge from the ponderous artillery of learning and sarcasm laid prostrate the whole disorderly squadron of rash and feeble volunteers who filled the rank of his enemies, while the more distinguished theological writers of the country stood aloof." The second volume followed in two years from the publication of the first. In 1779 he accepted the sinecure post of a lord of trade. In 1780 he lost his seat; but Lord North put him into Lymington, a seat he retained until 1784. The Board of Trade being then abolished, he again retired to Lausanne. After the publication of the third volume, he hesitated whether or not he should terminate his work at that stage. At Lausanne, however, he continued it. He also hesitated whether he should follow "the chronological order of events," or "group the picture by nations," and adopted the latter course. He began his work with spirit, finished the fifth volume in two years, the sixth and last in thirteen months. We give again his oft-cited description of the close of his toil.

"It was, he says, on the day, or rather the night of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in the summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several walks in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not," he adds, "dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." ("Life," ch. x.)

He returned to England to superintend the publication of the last two volumes, and was fully aware, before he left, that both the indecency and irreligion of his work would produce numerous opponents. On his return to Lausanne, Deyverdun was smitten with apoplexy, and died in one year after. Gibbon missed his friend severely. Lausanne, however, was visited by numerous distinguished persons at various intervals—Fox among others—who spent two entire days with Gibbon. He describes him thus:

"He seemed to feel and to envy the happiness of my situation, while I admired the powers of a superior man as they are blended in his attractive character with the softness and simplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity, and falsehood."

Lord Brougham suggests the insertion of pride for vanity in this picture, or else the omission of both substantives. Gibbon, however, felt that the recklessness of all morality and decency of Fox deserved severe censure, and he does not in the "Correspondence" spare him. The French revolution soon filled Lausanne with emigrants, among others, M. Necker. It did not find Gibbon among its advocates; on the contrary, when Burke attacked it he says of him, "I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can almost excuse his reverence for church establishments." So little did the movement enlist Gibbon's sympathies, that he argued in favor

of the Lisbon inquisition, saying, "he would not at that moment give up any old establishment." Lord Brougham justly remarks, if he censured Burke at times for his excesses, the chivalric orator might well have returned the compliment after this declaration. Gibbon stayed out the chance of the revolutionary troubles reaching Switzerland; nor would he have quitted Lausanne, had not his friend, Lord Sheffield, written to him for consolation and support, in consequence of the death of his wife. Of the truest source of obtaining these, the brilliant Gibbon was not cognizant; but to do him justice, he was never wanting in human sympathy. He was a great sufferer from severe indigestion. Erysipelas had affected his legs; gout also had attacked him, and besides this, he had an unwieldy rupture, which, singular to say, he had not mentioned to any one. Sheffield-house received him, despite all this, in as short a time as he could reach it. Immediately on his arrival he found it necessary to obtain medical aid, for he had both hydrocele and hernia. An operation for the first was performed, and four quarts of fluid removed. The water formed again: a second operation was necessary; it was performed. A third operation relieved him of six quarts; but he survived it little more than a week. He never believed himself in danger, and spoke of the continuance of his life for many years; and the world is not possessed of Gibbon's last thoughts or words under the contemplation of impending dissolution. He was buried in the vault of the Sheffield family, at Hitchin, in Sussex, and Dr. Parr contributed the Latin epitaph to his tomb. It is admirably descriptive of the style of the great historian, which, however meretricious at times, we think Lord Brougham rates somewhat too low. "*Copiosum, splendidum, concinnum orbe verborum, et summo artificio distinctum orationis genus, recondite exquisitæque sententiæ.*"

In the personal character of Gibbon we have to remark, that, except in the fearful use of irony, which always destroys the amenity of the tone of conversation, he was in mode a finished gentleman—and in feeling a kind-hearted man. Politely patient, he bore—unruffled we dare not say, but still apparently unmoved—the various attacks of his opponents, and had the candor to honor the noblest of them by special mention. It is wonderful that, with his strong conversational powers and research, he never ventured on a speech in the house. How many must have risen in fearful apprehension from his vicinity. His personal appearance must have been almost repulsive. Large head, bad and slender figure when young, and of small stature, ultimately he became a misshapen mass in form and feature. Let us, lastly, look at him as an historian. Here the picture of the inner man changes, for nothing can exceed the finished contour that many of his descriptions give to objects. Still we always thought that the title of his history was not quite correct. It cannot be considered Roman in its specialty. Its oriental portion is the worst part, singular to say, though the leaning of the writer to every robber Kurd, murderous Arab, vile Türkomaun, apostate Christian, or Muhammedan monster of any kind, made that portion a labor of love. The crusaders, the Christians, and the martyrs, fade under his fearful pencil. Athanasius alone stands out, despite of his historian, in his own bright hues. The oriental authorities do not bear out many parts of his narrative, even in the chronicle of his favorite sub-

ject, their own acts. Still is he often fair in judgment, especially in summation of the evidence for the destruction of the workmen who attempted to build the temple. Nor does his bitterness lead him to discredit Warburton on Julian, any further than a fair censure on his dogmatism and speculation. His attempt to subdue the force of the unprejudiced evidence of Ammianus Marcellinus, is subject to very different questioning. The sagacity of Gibbon, in the judgment he forms on conflicting accounts, is great; but certainly no one can think that he enters satisfactorily into details. His best efforts always seem to us a sketch of a part, but never a view of the whole. Nothing, for example, can be more unsatisfactory than his brief account of Timur; and Von Hammer supplies innumerable deficiencies even on his favorite subject, the virtues of the Ottoman. To impugn, however, the great extent of his acquirements, would be as unjust as untrue. Still Gibbon does not show much philological acuteness; and although his implicit confidence in the events of early Roman history may be carried to an excess, still, for our parts, we confess we are weak enough yet to credit Livy in preference to Niebuhr. As to the visible prejudice against Christianity, which he scarcely thinks it worth while to conceal, we repeat, that we are ignorant from what source it arose; but certainly Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume united, did her less harm than the covert attacks of the historian of the "Decline and Fall,"

"Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer."

Lord Brougham justly censures the account of Cyprian, and of the persecution of that emperor that mowed down the church of God, Diocletian, also the foul indecency of various passages that elicited the indignant censure of even one not remarkable for very rigid chastity of expression—Porson. And here we close our remarks on Gibbon. The next lives, in sequence, are Sir Joseph Banks and D'Alembert; the former, we believe, like Robertson, both the friend and relation of Lord Brougham, who has enjoyed kindred with the noblest of the earth, the men immortalized in the undying annals of fame. They may well be proud of their descendant, and look on his multi-fold acquirements with deep marvel and astonishment; for he is not a man of a single speech, or a single subject, or a single book; but one fitted to direct senates, to digest immense materials into succinct form, and to add in each successive year fresh pearls of larger brilliancy and beauty to the chaplet he has already strung of the statesmen and men of letters of England.

From the North British Review.

Annals of the English Bible. By the Rev. CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON. Two Vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

THE noontide of Papal dominion extends through the thirteenth century. Rome was then once more mistress of the world, and kings were her vassals. "The superiority of ecclesiastical to temporal power, or, at least, the absolute independence of the former, may be considered," says Hallam, "as the key-note which regulates every passage in the canon law." No bond, however sacred, was allowed to stand in the way of this church power. Promissory oaths were frequently annulled, especially when made by sovereigns to their people, as in the case of the English kings,

with reference to the Great Charter. Dispensations from the marriage vows rendered divorce and even polygamy matters of ordinary occurrence in high life. Unreasonable restrictions led indirectly to unbounded laxity and demoralization. Marriages were forbidden not merely within the limits which Nature prescribes, but as far as the seventh degree of collateral consanguinity; and in addition to this came innumerable degrees of affinity, arising out of the sacraments of baptism and matrimony. Hence "history is full of dissolutions of marriage, obtained by fickle passion or cold-hearted ambition, to which the church has not scrupled to pander on some suggestion of relationship."

Not only the appointment of bishops, but, to a great extent, the patronage of inferior benefices, was assumed by the Pope, till, "as in the history of all usurping governments, time changed anomaly into system, and injury into right." Provisions, reserves, taxation of the clergy, enormously swelled the coffers of the Roman court. Gregory IX. preached a crusade against the Emperor Frederick, in a quarrel which only concerned his temporal principality, and the Church of England was taxed by his authority to carry on this holy war. After that, no bounds were set to such exactions. "The usurers of Cahors and Lombardy, residing in London, took up the trade of agency for the Pope, and in a few years he is said, partly by levies of money, partly by the revenues of benefices, to have plundered the kingdom of no less than fifteen million pounds sterling of our money. Pillaged on every slight occasion, without law and without redress, even the clergy came to regard their once paternal monarch as an arbitrary oppressor. All writers of the thirteenth and following centuries complain in terms of the most unmeasured indignation, and seem almost ready to reform the general abuses of the church."

At length the nations began to feel restive under the galling yoke. None had been so heavily burdened as England, "obsequious beyond all other countries to the arrogance of her hierarchy; especially during the Anglo-Saxon period, when the nation was sunk in ignorance and effeminate superstition." This characteristic she retained for ages after the Conquest.

Excommunication was the lever by which the clergy moved the world. Monarchs were dethroned—dynasties changed—kingdoms given away—and national rights trampled in the dust. Invasions were encouraged, and the banner of conquest was formally and solemnly blessed, as in the memorable cases of William the Conqueror and Henry II. of England, on condition that the Pope should share the spoil; and for this even the ancient national saints and their holiest shrines were desecrated—their names, whether Saxon or Celtic, cast out as evil and profane!

"There is a spell wrought by uninterrupted good fortune, which captivates men's understanding, and persuades them against reasoning and analogy, that violent power is immortal and irresistible. The spell is broken by the first change of success. We have seen the working and the dissipation of this charm with a rapidity to which the events of former times bear as remote a relation as the gradual processes of nature to her deluges and volcanoes. In tracing the Papal empire over mankind, we have no such marked and definite crises of revolution. But slowly, like the retreat of waters, or the stealthy paces of old age, that

extraordinary power over human opinion has been subsiding for five centuries."

There grew up, by slow degrees, a conviction of "that sacred truth, which superstition and sophistry have endeavored to eradicate from the heart of man—that no tyrannical government can be founded on a Divine commission. Literature, too long the passive handmaid of spiritual despotism, began to assert her nobler birthright of ministering to liberty and truth." And when she came to prepare the way for their joint triumph at the Reformation, the art of printing appeared, to add an hundred fold to her power.

But long before the Reformation, the Papacy had to contend with a foe far mightier and more unrelenting; for literature might be bribed, and learning might be set up against learning. It had to encounter the resistance of *conscience*, roused and guided by the Word of God.

During many ages of profound ignorance, our forefathers "slept the sleep of orthodoxy," seldom disturbed by the lights of reason, or the sounds of dissent. But from the twelfth century this was no longer the case. "An inundation of heresy broke in that age upon the church, which no persecution was able thoroughly to repress, till it finally overspread half the surface of Europe." This "heresy," so called, was intimately connected with the reading of the vernacular Scriptures. As on this point the testimony of a learned and liberal layman will be accepted by some, more readily than that of an ecclesiastical writer, we shall quote a few more sentences from Mr. Hallam, who deals with religious movements in those times, merely in their relation to the progress of society.

"The ecclesiastical history of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries teems with new sectaries or schismatics, various in their aberrations of opinion, but all concurring in *detestation of the Established Church*. They endured severe persecution with a sincerity and firmness, which in any cause ought to command respect.

Considered in its effect on manners, the preaching of this new sect (the *Lollards*) certainly produced an *extensive reformation*.

Fostered by the general ill-will towards the Church, Wycliffe's principles made *vast progress* in England; and, unlike those of earlier sectaries, were embraced by men of rank and influence. Notwithstanding the check they sustained by the sanguinary law of Henry IV., it is highly probable that multitudes secretly cherished them down to the era of the Reformation."

It is to this era chiefly that Mr. Anderson has devoted his investigations in the volumes before us. He has had the rare good fortune to produce a work that was much wanted on a most important subject, and just at the right time. It evinces great learning and industry, and must have cost him vast labor. It contains an interesting and most instructive portion of English history, never before so fully or so clearly written, casting light on many obscurities, and developing some principles of vital moment in the present day—all going to prove, in a very remarkable manner, that the Book of God is not only the book of truth and salvation, but also, preëminently, the Book of Freedom; and that it has won its victories, not by the power or patronage of princes and prelates, but by

the zeal, energy, and fidelity of the people, whom they always persecuted, unless when some selfish policy withheld their hand. Such is the great and encouraging lesson which this book teaches.

We are not disposed to criticise this important work. Ours is the more grateful, though more difficult, task of presenting, as far as possible in so brief a sketch, the results of the learned and philanthropic author's elaborate investigations, and thus promoting the object which he has most at heart. We hope, however, that many of our readers may be led to seek for themselves more ample information in Mr. Anderson's own pages.

In very early times, portions of Scripture had been translated into the Saxon language. But before the thirteenth century nothing effectual was done for the English people in this department. JOHN WYCLIFFE, a native of Yorkshire, was born in 1324, and came into public view as a reformer at the age of thirty-six, maintaining a conspicuous position for twenty-four years, which were devoted to incessant labor in the cause of truth, learning, and godliness, of which he was the brightest example in that age. We have the most satisfactory evidence that his translation of the Bible told powerfully on the community, and was the principal cause of that "extensive reformation" of *manners* spoken of by Mr. Hallam.

Knighton, a contemporary, complained bitterly that "this Master John Wycliffe translated the *Gospel* out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity, and to women who could read, than it had been formerly even to the most learned of the clergy." The jewel of the church, said he, "is turned into the sport of the people, and what was hitherto the principal gift of the clergy and divines, is made forever common to the laity." Animated by similar feelings, an English council, in 1408, decreed that "the translation of the text of Holy Scripture out of one tongue into another is a dangerous thing." Therefore, translation was forbidden by them "under pain of the greater excommunication."

Notwithstanding such threats, the word of God grew and multiplied. The term "Lollard," indeed, was applied to many who did not embrace all the doctrines of Wycliffe, though they echoed his complaints against the hierarchy. In the year 1382, Knighton states that their number had very much increased, and that "every second man in the country was a Lollard," i. e. *Protestant*. He states, moreover, that their teachers always pretended to have a great respect for "Goddiss Law," to which they declared themselves strictly conformed both in their opinions and their conduct. They were also "mighty in words," and both men and women were distinguished by the same modes of speech, and "by a wonderful agreement in the same opinions."

It was not by books only that the reformed doctrines were then propagated. There was a body of itinerant preachers called "*Poor Priests*," who proclaimed the Gospel throughout the land in churches and churchyards, in the midst of fairs and markets, or wherever multitudes were convened. They were denounced by the authorities, and cited to the tribunals, because, "by their subtle and ingenious words, they contrived to draw the people to their sermons, and to maintain them in their errors." Supported in their home mission by the liberality of the faithful, they were free to fly from city to city when persecuted "by the clerks of Antichrist, as Christ biddeth and the Gospel!"—"com-

* See Hallam's *Europe during the Middle Ages*, chap. 7.

ing and going after the moving of the Holy Ghost, and not being hindered from doing what is best by the jurisdiction of sinful men." These preaching priests would not take benefices, lest they should thereby countenance the iniquity of patronage, commit the sin of simony, or be tempted to live in idleness, misspending honest folk's money.*

As to the translation of Wycliffe, it is true that he was ignorant of Greek and Hebrew, which some of the priests, 150 years after, regarded as languages newly invented by the Reformers, or by the devil. Such being the utter ignorance, in those ages, of the originals of Scripture, Mr. Anderson thinks that a translation, in the first instance, from Greek and Hebrew, would not have harmonized with the intentions of divine Providence. Latin was the language of learning, of the church, and of the authorized Bible. Against what was manifestly contained in the Vulgate nothing could be said. It was therefore fitting that, as a preliminary step, the translation should be made from that standard version. For this task Wycliffe was eminently qualified.

He did not perform it in vain. The people, even the soldiers, read it with avidity. "Dukes and earls," also, "his powerful defenders and invincible protectors," were busily engaged in transcribing and studying its precious contents. The translator, conscious that he had done a great work, frequently expressed himself in the boldest terms. "The authority of Scripture," said he, "is independent on any other authority, and preferable to every other writing." "Among his latest acts," says Dr. Vaughan, "was a defence in Parliament of the translation of the Scriptures into English. These he declared to be the *property of the people*, and one which no party should be allowed to wrest from them."

It is a singular circumstance that this translation has never been printed! The New Testament, it is true, was printed 300 years after it was finished; but the entire Bible, now 464 years old, has never been committed to the press. That it was extensively read, however, is evident from the virulent opposition it excited. "Mere gleams of light, obtained from the Sacred Word, were sufficient," says our author, "to bring down the wrath of the oppressor. During the fifteenth century, various cases of abjuration and burning for heresy had occurred. Particular periods are then to be marked as *seasons of persecution*."

It is plain, from what has been already stated, that there can be no greater mistake than that so generally committed, of ascribing the British Reformation to continental influences. It sprang from the seeds of truth, sown in the native soil long before Luther was heard of. The *written* (i. e. manuscript) Word of God in English was the grand instrumentally employed. In this respect, as we shall see hereafter, England and Scotland owed even less to their rulers than to the German reformers.

At the fall of Constantinople, in the middle of the fifteenth century, Europe was seized with a sort of literary *mania*. Crowds of learned Greeks, bearing with them the classical treasures of antiquity, settled in Italy, which became the chief point of attraction to all the learned of the west. The highest ecclesiastical authorities were so enthusiastic, that the discovery of an unknown manuscript was regarded almost as the conquest of a kingdom.

Rome was then little aware that she was furnishing to Europe polished weapons for the warfare which was to issue in the destruction of her own power, and which would be first wielded effectually by one of her own most celebrated sons—Erasmus.

While Constantinople was being stormed, and while the "brief-men" of Italy were busy with their pens transcribing the classics, Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, aided by John Fust, a goldsmith, who advanced the money, finished at Mentz, the first great work of the Press—the *Latin Bible*. Thus the earliest homage of this art—the parent of so many bloodless revolutions—was paid to the Sacred Volume. This Bible, in 2 vols. folio, consisted of 1282 pages, finely executed, by a process that was a profound secret to all except the artists employed in the work. While the wise men of Paris were ascribing it to the operation of magic and the black art, it found the warmest welcome in the city of the *Index Expurgatorius*, and its most admiring patron in the Pope. Before the close of the fifteenth century, the different works, published in Rome alone, amounted to 1000. Other cities in Italy and Germany were equally busy. Panzer has reckoned up 198 printers in Venice, and before the close of the century they had put forth 2980 distinct publications, among which were more than twenty editions of the Latin Bible. Thirty years after this glorious invention, there were more than 1000 printing-presses at work in 220 different places throughout Europe.

Such was the state of things when WILLIAM TYNDALE, the first translator of the Bible from the original languages into English, commenced his labors. The parentage of illustrious characters is sometimes involved in an obscurity which baffles all research; and it is amusing to see how biographers puzzle their brains to connect their heroes with some respectable genealogy. Mr. Anderson, with all his Christian philosophy, is not free from this—shall we call it—weakness? And, accordingly, he searches diligently and vainly in Gloucestershire for the paternal mansion of the martyr—Tyndale.

Tyndale, however, was the name of a good old stock; and our translator was *probably* the son of Thomas Tyndale, by Alicia Hunt, of North Nibley in Gloucestershire, and was born in 1484–5 or 6. He was educated at Oxford, where he was distinguished by his attainments in the classics and his knowledge of the Scriptures, which he labored to inculcate on the minds of his fellow-students. This zeal was offensive to his superiors; and though there is no reason to think he was expelled, yet says Foxe, "spying his time, he removed to the University of Cambridge, where he likewise made his abode a certain space." About 1520 he used often to preach in Bristol, and in various towns and villages in the neighborhood of Little Sodbury Manor, where he was a tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh.

There he had debates with abbots and other clergy who frequented the house; for Sir John "kept a good ordinary;" and the tutor had an opportunity of occasionally discussing "God's matters" with well-beneficed dignitaries. Once Sir John and his lady were at a banquet, given by those great doctors, "where they talked at will and pleasure, uttering their blindness and ignorance without resistance or gain-saying." Their arguments being repeated to Tyndale, he refuted them from Scripture.

"Well," said Lady Walsh, "there was such a doctor there as may dispense £100 a year, and

* Vaughan's *Life of Wycliffe*, vol. ii., p. 163.

another £200, and another £300; and what! were it reason, think you, that we should believe you before them?"

It was in this house that Tyndale conceived the purpose of translating the Scriptures.

"As long," said he, "as the clergy can keep the Scripture down, they will so darken the right way with the mist of their sophistry—with arguments of philosophy, and with wordly similitudes, and apparent reasons of natural wisdom, and with wresting the Scriptures unto their purpose—that though thou feel in thine heart, and art sure how that all is false that they say, yet could'st thou not solve their subtle riddles. *Which thing only moved me to translate the New Testament.* Because that I had perceived, by experience, how that it is impossible to establish the people in any truth, except the Scripture were plainly set before their eyes in their mother tongue."

A rumor soon spread abroad that he was tainted with heresy, and owing to secret accusations, he was summoned before the Chancellor of the diocese, "who threatened him grievously, reviled him, and rated him as though he had been a dog." Having escaped from the hands of this man, he was soon after in discussion with a learned divine, who, when forced into dilemma, exclaimed, "we were better without God's law than the Pope's." To this ebullition, so characteristic of the times, Tyndale replied, "I defy the Pope and all his laws, and if God spare my life, ere many years, *I will cause a boy that driveth the plough, to know more of Scripture than you do.*"

Finding the Italian diocese of Worcester too hot for him, and fearing that he should fall into the unmerciful hands of the spirituality, he set out for the metropolis, bringing with him an introduction to Tunstal, Bishop of London, the future burner of the New Testament. It was his first and last attempt to procure a patron, for his whole life was distinguished by a love of independence, very rare in those days even among Reformers. No public character ever evinced more noble self-reliance—none ever trusted princes less, or Providence more. He was told by the great man that his house was full—he had more than he could well find. Tyndale abode almost a year in the city, studying the church and the world at head-quarters. "I understood," said he, "at the last, not only that there was no room in my lord of London's palace, to translate the New Testament, but also, that there was no place to do it in all England."

He therefore embarked for the Continent, and remained in Hamburg about a year, busy at his translation, being supported chiefly by the liberality of a London merchant. It has been generally supposed that he went at once to Luther, and was leagued with him in this work. But this is a mistake—he never set foot in Saxony before the publication of his New Testament. From Hamburg he removed to Cologne on the Rhine in 1525, accompanied by his amanuensis, William Roye. There he committed to the press, the New Testament, in the form of a quarto volume. But the printers had not proceeded far, when the work was interdicted. They managed, however, to secure the printed sheets, and sailed with them up the Rhine to Worms, where they resumed their task in safety, and with renewed zeal. When Cochleus, an indefatigable defender of the "Old Learning," discovered, by intoxicating the printers, that the "two apostate Englishmen, learned, skilful in languages, and fluent," were actually printing

three thousand copies of the New Testament in English, with the design of "making all England Lutheran," he was "moved with fear and wonder," and induced the authorities to interpose. He also wrote to Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, "that they might, with the greatest diligence, take care, lest that most pernicious article of merchandise should be conveyed into all the ports of England."

Mr. Anderson has shown clearly, that "the undivided honor of translating the New Testament remains with Tyndale alone;" but on the value of the work as a version, he has not said so much as we could have wished—having noticed it, indeed, but slightly, and only in passing. Yet a critical examination of all our English translations, as they have been printed side by side by Mr. Baxter, so as to trace to its sources the language of our venerable standard Bible, would be interesting and instructive; however, the theme is too large to be even touched on by us at present.

"The incontrovertible proof of Tyndale's erudition, whether as a Greek or Hebrew scholar, is to be found in the *present* version of our Bible, as read by millions. The circumstance of its being a *revision*, five times derived, is an advantage altogether peculiar to itself; while, notwithstanding this fivefold revision of the Greek and Hebrew original, large portions of Tyndale's translation remain untouched, or verbally as the translator first gave them to his country. It is, indeed, extraordinary, that so many of Tyndale's correct and happy renderings should have been left to adorn our version, while the terms substituted in other instances still leave him the palm of scholarship. When the incorrect, not to say injurious sense in which certain terms had been long employed, is duly considered, the substitution of *charity* for love, as Tyndale translated, of *grace* for favor, and *church* for congregation, certainly cannot be adduced as proofs of superior attainment in the original Greek."—*Annals*, i. p. 27.

"Tyndale's prose has been read in Britain ever since, and that, too, 'every Sabbath-day;' for, notwithstanding all the confessed improvements made in our translations of the Bible, large portions in almost every chapter still remain verbally the same as he first gave them to his country. In this, it is true, he was merely a translator, but then the *style* of his translation has stood the test of nearly ten generations. It has been their admiration all along, and it will continue to be admired while the language endures."—p. 245.

The New Testament arrived in England in January, 1526. The history of this importation of "pernicious merchandise" is full of romantic incidents, and "if only the half were told, would be one of the most graphic stories" in our annals. "No siege by sapping and mining which England has ever since achieved, could furnish a tenth part of the incident, or evince half the courage by which she was herself assailed."—*Annals*, i. p. 88.

Think of the tremendous forces that were acting in combination against the introduction of the printed Scriptures into England in the native language. Henry's royal honor was staked to vindicate his proud title of Defender of the Faith, which he had won in controversy against *Lutheranism*, the opprobrious designation now employed towards all the friends of the English Testament. His chancellor, Wolsey, was next to him in power—a man of vast wealth and inordinate ambition—

an intriguing aspirant to the Papal chair, and virtually Pope of England, both from his political influence, which enabled him to dictate to the Court of Rome, and his new office as Vicar. He had just established Cardinal College in Oxford, designed to make that University the most glorious in the world; which college he amply endowed with the revenues of several small monasteries, and filled with the most talented young men he could find, in order expressly to counteract the new learning, and maintain the old faith in its integrity.

It is well known that he was unfortunate in all his high-flying schemes. His diplomacy about the Popedom, enforced by immense sums of money, utterly failed, and injured his influence; his office of Vicar-General (as well as his college and his splendid brazen statue) was assumed by the king, and became the origin of the spiritual supremacy which has ever since attached to the English crown. He also gave Henry the fatal precedent of the confiscation of small monasteries, which led the way to the seizure of them all. And moreover, many of the well-selected advocates of the "old learning" in Cardinal College became the most devoted champions of the new.

Wolsey, roused by a personal satire against himself, commenced the work of persecution by instituting a secret search for books. It was found that Garret, a curate in London, had been in the habit of conveying large quantities to "a little flock" in Oxford. He and all suspected of receiving the books were cast into prison. Among these were a number of the students of Wolsey's own college. They were immured in a dungeon, where, getting no food but salt fish for five months, four of them died.

Dr. Barnes having, in a sermon, ridiculed the cardinal's golden shoes, golden cushions, and red gloves, was called upon to "abjure or burn." After painful suspense, he was persuaded to abjure, and Wolsey had triumphant revenge. In St. Paul's, on Sabbath-day, he sat enthroned in state, and clothed in purple, surrounded by thirty abbots, mitred priors, and bishops, while Fisher preached against the "heretics," and then baskets full of books were thrown into a fire kindled without. Barnes and his fellow-abjurers were obliged to carry fagots round the fire three times before they cast them in, and the whole ended by proclaiming an Indulgence to the spectators.

Thus the work of exterminating the Scriptures went on; but it was not confined to England. In obedience to Wolsey's instructions, the English ambassador not only visited Antwerp, Barrow, Zealand, and other places for this purpose, but he made "privy inquisitions" after books at Ghent and Bruges, Louvaine, &c. He made some "good fires" of the New Testaments; but in an attempt to punish the printer of them at Antwerp, he received an effectual check from the free government of that place, which presented a happy contrast to the slavery of England. It was this ambassador, Hacket, who first suggested the idea of buying up the New Testament in order to burn it. So greatly were the bishops alarmed at the prospect of its circulation, that Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, spent £664 thus, on part of Tynsdale's first edition, and called on the bishops to contribute their share of the money, which they did, and thanked him cordially for this "glorious and blessed deed."

In 1528, persecution raged fiercely against the readers and venders of the Scriptures, till it was

providentially interrupted by the fearful epidemic, called by foreigners, "*Sudor Anglicanus*," as it attacked only the English, and seized on them wherever it found them.

"It seemed the genial air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For, *but* the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood that England then contained."

In two months 40,000 were affected in London alone, of whom 4000 died. Both the king and his chancellor made their wills, and confessed daily, that they might be ready for this terrible visitant.

It is worthy of remark that Wolsey and Bishop Gardiner were the zealous agents of Henry VIII. in trying to procure the divorce from Queen Catherine; and from what we have already stated about Dispensations, it is easy to infer, that whatever stood in the way at Rome, it certainly had nothing to do with scruples about the legality of the proceeding. The Pope would have gratified Henry's wish—for a due consideration, of course—without a moment's hesitation, only that Charles V., whom he dared not offend, was the Queen's nephew.

In January, 1529, Wolsey despatched Gardiner to Rome secretly, with orders, if necessary, to threaten that England would withdraw her obedience unless the Holy See consented to be the instrument of cutting the knot that could not be untied. To this new idea of the king's supremacy in spiritual matters, the cardinal was quickly sacrificed on the pretext that he had obtained bulls from Rome without the royal license. He had raised himself by talents, judgment, and policy from humble rank to the highest degree of wealth, power, and dignity ever enjoyed by an English subject. In an age of *power*, his tables were covered with gold and silver plate—the highest nobility were his household servants, waiting upon him in white robes, as in the king's palace. His master cook was arrayed in damask satin, with a gold chain about his neck. There were one hundred individuals daily in attendance on the person of this successor of the apostles. In his "poor house of Westminster," as he was accustomed to style his gorgeous palace, "there was of all sorts of arras, velvets, carpets, &c. &c., enough to have set up many a substantial tradesman, *besides* completely a nobleman's palace! He had ruled England, and powerfully influenced the politics of Europe for twenty years, during which he had been courted and caressed by the kings of the civilized world.

But in one day all this glory vanished! The king frowned, and the honors which were so thick upon him withered in a moment. "I have been to see the Lord Cardinal," said the French ambassador, Bellay, on that very day—"and he has shown me his case with the most deplorable rhetoric I ever saw; for both his heart and his spirit entirely failed him. I can say nothing more striking than his *face*, which has lost half its proper size." Upon his departure to the country by water, a thousand boats were on the river, crowded with people, expecting the pleasure of seeing him going to the Tower. "He died not merely in obscurity, but in disgrace; and though the charge of high treason hung over him unrefuted, with his last breath he enforced persecution." Yet on this point he should be judged in the light of the age in which he lived. He was not as bad as his

prosecutors; for one count of the indictment against him, presented to the king by the lords of parliament, with Sir Thomas More at their head, was, that he had been "the impeacher and disturber of the due and direct correction of heresies."

There lived in Wolsey's household a man who was said to be the son of a blacksmith, at Putney, near London. He had resided on the continent, visited Rome, had gathered wisdom from travel, and was now one of the cardinal's confidential servants. Two days before the parliament met that was to ruin his master, he said to a fellow-servant, "I intend, God willing, this afternoon, when my lord hath dined, to ride up to London, and so to the court, where I shall either make or mar, or I come again." This was Thomas Crumwell, the abolisher of the monasteries. He advised Henry to become himself "Head of the Church," by which means he could at once rescue his "princely authority" from the "spirituality"—"accumulate to himself great riches," and—get married. Thus he cleverly appealed to Henry's three dominant passions, the love of power, of money, and of Ann Boleyn. The spiritual authority now transferred to the king's person, was delegated to this creature, for a season, and Crumwell became president of the convocation, as Vicar-General of England. Lodge human power over the conscience where you will, it is the abomination that maketh desolate set up in the holy place; and so Britain found to her cost during all the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts!

Who does not mourn over the weakness of our nature when he finds the illustrious author of Utopia the abettor of persecution, extorting confessions of heresy by torture, and consigning men to the stake for their conscientious opinions, adding the bitterness of a defeated controversialist to the bigotry of a prerogative lawyer! How few have had sufficient virtue to rise up from the wool-sack the same men!

"As soon," says Burnet, "as More came into favor, he pressed the king much to put the laws against heretics in execution," as the best mode of conciliating the Court of Rome. Therefore, a proclamation was issued, the penal laws were ordered to be executed, books were seized, and reformers were cast into prison. Thus unhappily advised, Henry made *heresy* and *treason* convertible terms—a pernicious confusion of things civil and things sacred, whose effects remain to the present day. It was now ordained that no man should preach, teach, or keep a school, "contrary to the determination of Holy Church." The bishop was authorized to imprison all such offenders at his discretion; all secular officers were to aid in the execution of his sentence, and all state functionaries were sworn to "give their whole power and diligence to put away, and make utterly cease, and destroy, all errors and heresies commonly called *Lollardies*." The importation of religious books was also forbidden, and among these was, first and chief, Tyndale's New Testament.

In his Utopia, More had spoken against capital punishment, and inculcated perfect toleration—now, as Lord Chancellor of England, he wrote thus concerning "heretics":—"The prelates ought *temporarily* to destroy those ravenous wolves!" They were to be visited with "grievous punishments," and the "sparkle" was to be "well quenched."

The notion common among Catholics, that Henry VIII. became a *Protestant* when he cast off

the authority of the pope, and that *he* was the author of the reformation in England, is founded on the grossest ignorance of history. Reform was, from first to last, the work of the people, carried on in the face of royal persecution. The best thing that Henry, or any of his successors, ever did, even for the Bible, was to *cease to hinder*—to let it alone. How well it was doing its work in 1530, is shown in a letter from the aged Bishop of Norwich.

"If," said he, "these erroneous opinions continue any time, I think they shall UNDO US ALL. The gentlemen and the commonality be not greatly infected, but merchants, and such that hath their abiding not far from the sea."

Now, therefore, the rulers take counsel together, and here is their determination. Having selected upwards of a hundred "errors" out of "Tyndale and Fryth," they say:—

"All which great errors and pestilent heresies being contagious and damnable, with all the books containing the same, with the *translation* also of Scripture *corrupted* by William Tyndal, as well in the Old Testament as in the New, and all other books in *English* containing such errors—the *King's Highness present in person*—by one whole advice and assent of the prelates and clerks, as well of the universities as of all other assembled together, determined utterly to be repelled, rejected, and put away out of the hands of his people, and not to be suffered to get abroad among his subjects."

But they could not bind the word of God. They might burn the books in which it was written, and even the hearts on which it was engraved; but truth cannot be consumed in the flames—it "endures forever." When the Bishop of London, in May this year, had the New Testaments which he had bought piled up and burned in St. Paul's churchyard, the people were indignant, and filled with a greater love for the Scriptures and hatred to the clergy than ever. Afterwards, the New Testaments printed with the money got for those now burned, "came thick and threefold into England;" so that the bishops were informed that, if they wished to stop the supply, they must buy the *stamps* too!

While Tyndale was diligently laboring for the salvation of his country, he was in constant apprehension of his life from her ungrateful rulers, whose spies were dogging his steps, intruding into his privacy, and worming themselves into his confidence, in order to betray him. On one occasion, in a secret interview with our ambassador, Vaughan, whom he almost converted to his opinions, he uttered an emphatic sentence, which affectingly betrays at once the heart of an exile and the spirit of a martyr:—

"As I now am," said he, "very death were more pleasant to me than life, considering men's nature to be such as can bear no truth."

It was first an object with Crumwell to have him inveigled into England, in the hope of getting him to abjure in view of the fagots; but finding, from Vaughan's reports, that this was a vain hope, he instructed the latter not to try to bring him over, "because," said Crumwell, "if he were present, by all likelihood he would shortly do as much as in him were, to infect and corrupt the *whole realm*." Strange that this poor exile should so trouble the realm of England! What gave him all this power! Truth! He had ably exposed the *Practice of Prelates*, and triumphantly an-

answered the controversial writings of the Lord Chancellor, and all lovers of freedom were on his side.

Yet was he a loyal man and a true patriot, full of yearning affection for his native land, which he was never to see again. Vaughan thus describes the effect on him of some false assurances of Henry's pity and goodness:—

"I perceived the man to be exceedingly altered, and to take the same very near to his heart, in such wise that water stood in his eyes; and he said, 'What gracious words are these! I assure you,' said he, 'if it would stand with the king's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among the people, like as is put forth among the subjects of the emperor in these parts, and of other Christian princes, I shall immediately make promise never to write more, but most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal majesty, offering my body to suffer whatever pain or torture, yea what death his grace will, so that this be obtained. And till that time I will abide the asperity of all chances, and endure my life in as much pain as it is able to bear and suffer."

Influenced, no doubt, by this noble spirit, Vaughan remonstrated against the cruel policy of the English court with much earnestness.

"Let his majesty," said he, "be further assured that he can, with no policy, nor with no threatenings of tortures and punishments, take away the opinions of his people, till his grace shall fatherly and lovingly reform the clergy of his realm. For there springeth the opinion—from thence riseth the grudge of his people."

But neither Henry nor his vicar thought of anything but their own power and profit. Truly has Mr. Anderson observed, that "in the persons of her rulers at this period, no nation upon earth had surpassed Britain in her opposition to divine truth." (i., 314.)

Queen Anne was favorable to Tyndale and his cause. In 1534 he presented her with a copy of the New Testament, beautifully printed on *velum*, with illuminations, bound in blue morocco, and the name, *Anna Regina Anglie*, in large red letters outside on the margins, but without any dedication or compliment; for Tyndale, an honest and a true man, knew too well what was due to the sacred volume and its Divine Author, to flatter any mortal within its covers. At this time the Scriptures came freely into England, and were eagerly read by many without any molestation from the authorities.

At length, in 1535, the translator was betrayed by two hired spies from England, and cast into a prison at Vilvorde, where he labored on till the day of his martyrdom, which he endured with a calm heroism; his last words, uttered from the flames with fervent zeal and a loud voice, being—"Lord, open the eyes of the King of England!"—a prayer which, alas, seems to have been never answered. Thus died William Tyndale.

Cranmer made a fruitless attempt to get the bishops to prepare a new translation, and even sent them their several parts. "I marvel," said Stokesley of London, "what my Lord of Canterbury meaneth, that he thus abuseth the people, in giving them liberty to read the Scriptures, which doth nothing else but infect them with heresy. I have bestowed never an hour on my portion, and never will!"

Crumwell had brought Henry in about one mil-

lion and a half of our money, with £400,000 of annual revenue, from the confiscation of the monasteries—and, as Catherine had recently died, the friends of the old learning thought these spoliation might be stopped, and the church greatly served if Anne could be got out of the way. Her enemies were well aware, that the eyes of the capricious tyrant had begun to wander to other objects—and that, as the death of Catherine had removed all canonical difficulties out of the way of another marriage, he might still have an heir to the crown free from any charge of illegitimacy. There is scarcely any reason to doubt, that such thoughts suggested the plot against Queen Anne, of which Henry instantly availed himself to gratify his vile passions, and which he developed with his usual craft and callousness of feeling. A commission was appointed "to make up facts"—all but her father—whose name was brutally added to save appearances—being her bitter enemies, and the natural consequence was, that she must be found guilty and executed. She was first "cruelly handled" by the council; then tried in the Tower, without a single person being allowed to plead her cause, or show the least interest in her favor. Notwithstanding the efforts to exclude the public from this mock trial, it was everywhere muttered abroad, that "the queen had cleared herself in a most noble speech."

The shriek of anguish which burst forth from the people when her head was struck off, was quickly drowned in a discharge of artillery! Whence this savage accompaniment? Where was her royal husband!

"The oak is still standing in Epping Forest under which the king breakfasted that morning, his hounds and his attendant train waiting around him. He listened, it has been said, from time to time, with intense anxiety. At length the sound of this artillery boomed through the wood. It was the preconcerted signal, and marked the moment of execution. 'Ah, ah! it is done!' said he, starting up, 'the business is done! Uncouple the dogs, and let us follow the sport!' On the day of the execution he put on white for mourning, as though he would have said, 'I am innocent of this deed—and the next day he was married. Could he have given more powerful testimony of the innocence of the departed, and of his own guilt? After this, few will doubt the saying of Sir James Mackintosh, 'Henry, perhaps, approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature would allow.'"

Such was the holy prelude to the royal pope's first council or convocation, in which Crumwell, as vicar-general, was seated above all the bishops. In this assembly there arose much discussion and confusion between the parties of the old learning and of the new, the latter being led by Crumwell and Cranmer, who was generally willing to do right when he dared, for he labored under great constitutional timidity, which had been beaten into him by his first schoolmaster. When the tumult was at its height, down came certain "articles" from the king, "to establish Christian quietness and unity among us, and to avoid contentious opinions." These articles were subscribed by Crumwell, the two archbishops, sixteen bishops, forty abbots and priors, and fifty archdeacons and procurators.

While Henry was thus asserting his headship, the word of God was spreading among the people.

From 1525 to 1530, there had been six impressions of the Scriptures in English. From that to the year of Tyndale's martyrdom, there had been seven or eight editions; and during that year nine or ten more issued from the press, all opposition proving confessedly futile. The martyr had not finished the Old Testament, when he died, but it was completed by his friend John Rogers, and published under the name of Thomas Matthews.

And moreover, in 1535, there was a complete translation of the Bible published by MILES COVERDALE, employed for the purpose by persons in authority, who bore the expense. He was a competent scholar, and did his work respectably, but he followed too much the Latin version, retaining *penance for repentance, &c.* It was printed with the king's license, to whom there was a flattering dedication, in which Queen Anne also was mentioned with honor—an awkward circumstance; for after the printing, and before the publishing, she had been beheaded as a traitor. In some copies they altered her name with the pen into *Jane*.

Although the existing circumstances in high places were so favorable to this version, it was soon superseded by Tyndale's, the name of the translator being suppressed, as obnoxious to the authorities. Cranmer was much pleased with this Bible, (Matthews' so called) and used his influence earnestly, through Crumwell, to get the royal license for the printing of it—which was obtained, and which, he said, gratified him more than if he had got a thousand pounds. Thus Providence unexpectedly and wonderfully overruled all parties, the king, Crumwell, and the bishops—to adopt the work of the man whom they had so hated, denounced, and persecuted!

The fluctuations of state policy and royal caprice gave the old learning party the ascendancy in the king's councils once more; and it being expedient that Henry should retain on the continent his character for orthodoxy, he listened to the abettors of persecution. Having decided, infallibly of course, that baptism was necessary to salvation—and being informed that there were some Germans in the country who did not believe this dogma, and who had come hither to escape persecution, he resolved to seize on so good an opportunity of signalizing his zeal. A commission was appointed "to execute the premises, notwithstanding part of them might be contrary to the customary course and form of law." The result was, that two men and a woman were obliged to bear fagots at St. Paul's Cross, and two others were burned at Smithfield.

Another man who had committed himself by writing against Transubstantiation, appealed to the king—when Gardiner artfully suggested that he might win golden opinions on the continent, and silence all insinuations as to his being a favorer of "heretics," by proceeding, in this case, "solemnly and severely." Accordingly he summoned his nobles and prelates to London. Seated on his throne, the bishops on his right, and the peers on his left, the lawyers in scarlet robes behind, the Royal Head of the Church was arrayed in white, as the emblem of spotless orthodoxy and unsullied sanctity. Several bishops in succession labored in vain to convince Lambert, the confessor, that Christ is corporeally present in the sacrament. He was burned to ashes, amidst circumstances of peculiar barbarity, exclaiming at the stake—"None but Christ! none but Christ!"

Crumwell, describing this scene to the English

ambassador in Spain, spoke of the princely and excellent gravity in which Henry discharged "the very office of supreme Head of the Church of England," declaring that the bloated and blood-stained tyrant, who knew no law human or divine but his own foul and furious will, was "the very mirror and light of all the other kings and princes of Christendom!"

At this time printing was executed much better at Paris than London; and owing to a singular conjunction of circumstances, Crumwell got a license for Grafton and Whitchurch to print the Bible *there*. Little could Tyndale, with all his faith, foresee that in less than twenty years his translation should be reprinted at a Parisian press, at the request of his own sovereign, and with the sanction of the persecuting French king himself! The work was, however, interrupted by the Inquisition, when not only the sheets, but the types and printers were carried to England, to the great improvement of the art there. The Bible was soon finished, and a copy of it ordered to be set up in every church in the kingdom; and the priests were forbidden to hinder the people from reading it there, on pain of deprivation. Thus did God bring to nought the counsels of the wicked, and thus mightily did the word of God prevail. And thus were fulfilled the words of Tyndale the martyr, when he said, "If God spare my life, ere many years, I will cause a boy that drives the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

"It was wonderful," says Strype, "to see with what joy this book of God was received, not only among the learner sort, but generally all England over, among all the vulgar and common people; and with what greediness God's Word was read, and what resort to places where the reading of it was! Everybody that could, bought the book, or busily read it, or got others to read it to them, if they could not themselves. Divers more elderly people learned to read on purpose; and even little boys flocked among the rest, to hear portions of the Holy Scriptures read."

Mr. Anderson judiciously adds,—

"The modern reader may now very naturally exclaim—'Oh, could these men in power then have only been persuaded to have let such people alone! Could they have only understood the doctrine of noninterference?' Yes, and instead of encumbering a willing people with help, or tormenting them by interposition, have stood aloof in silence, and permitted these groups or gatherings to have heard the unambiguous voice of their God, and to have gazed upon the majesty and the meaning of Divine Truth!"—*Annals, &c.*, ii. 41.

Since the edition of 1539, partly printed in Paris, there were four others of the large Bible, printed at an expense of £30,000 of our money, which was advanced by Antony Marler, a citizen of London, who obtained an order to have them set up in the churches. The price was fixed by authority at £7, 10s., and for the bound copies £9. The king, however, advanced no money, but rather made some by the fines which were levied on those who neglected to have them in the churches.

In 1543, the parliament enacted a preposterous law, forbidding all women, except *gentle-women*—all artificers, apprentices, journeymen, yeomen, husbandmen, or laborers, to read the Bible or New Testament to themselves or any other, on pain of one month's imprisonment. But the fierce despot

died at last, and the nation began to breathe freely. The brief reign of Edward was marked by non-interference with the Bible, the people were left to themselves, and the demand for the Scriptures greatly increased; and with it flourished the art of printing. It was, of course, the interest of those engaged in this business to supply the popular demand, and that demand emphatically expressed itself in favor of the work of the poor hunted exile. During this reign, Tyndale's Bible was printed more than thirty times, while of that with Cranmer's revision, only half the number was called for.

Mary ascended the throne, and hastened to undo the work of reformation as far as in her lay, and had it been the work of her predecessors, she might have succeeded. But it was divinely planted, and too deeply rooted in the soil to be seriously affected by any changes of earthly sovereigns or dynasties. The storm of persecution, however, blew fiercely. From 800 to 1000 learned Englishmen, as well as multitudes of others, were obliged to fly to the continent. A Lasco, with 157 Poles and Germans, Italians and Spaniards, French and Scotch, all of one faith, left the Thames, and arrived off the Danish coast; but they were not suffered to land, though driven by stress of weather, because they had not signed the *Lutheran Confession of Faith*!

At home, the new queen, unchastened by adversity, let slip Bishops Gardiner and Bonner, who began to lap blood greedily. "Men and women, of whatever character or condition, even the lame and blind, from the child to the aged man, who had any conscientious opinions, not in harmony with the old learning—all were appointed unto death." In less than four years, it is calculated, that 318 persons perished either by fire, or starvation, or slow torture, or confinement in noisome dungeons. This mortality was greatest in places where the Scriptures were most read. Sometimes a lot of human beings, in one instance to the number of thirteen, was consumed on the same pile! The surrounding population assembled in thousands "to strengthen themselves in the profession of the gospel, and to exhort and comfort those who were to die." Any persons having books containing "heresy, sedition, or treason," and not immediately burning them, were, "without delay, to be executed according to martial law." At a burning in London, when proclamation had been made, strictly commanding that no one should speak to, or pray for the martyrs, or say, "God help them," a heroic minister cried out—"Almighty God! for Christ's sake, strengthen them!" Immediately with one voice, the whole multitude loudly responded, "Amen! Amen!"

Such dreadful deeds passed not without retribution, even in this life. During Mary's reign the Bench of Bishops had put to death five of their own number, including Cranmer. But, in a little more than the same time, thirty of themselves died "by the visitation of God;" and such was the mortality among the priests generally, that "in divers parts of the realm, no curates could be gotten for money."

In 1568, the tenth of Elizabeth, the first edition of the Bible, superintended by Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, was published. It was revised from the preceding versions by him, in conjunction with certain brethren of the bench and others, and hence called "the Bishops' Bible." "It was a decided improvement on the whole. The copy

presented to the queen was by far the most splendid that had ever been published." It is quite clear, from the circumstances connected with this publication, that it was not undertaken by royal command, and that Elizabeth had no property in it whatever. It did not cost her a shilling, nor was the printing of the sacred volume any exclusive privilege in the crown printer for the time being.

The history of the Bible-printing patent is not the least curious or valuable part of Mr. Anderson's work.

Elizabeth was economical in her expenditure, and unwilling to call often on the commons for supplies; but, in order to have money to reward her favorites, or rather to put them in the way of getting it themselves, she hit upon the unfortunate expedient of granting monopolies by patent to certain parties, who then farmed or sold them. This evil grew to such an extent that parliament was obliged to interfere. Salt, coal, leather, cloth, steel, lead, tin, glass, Spanish wool, and Irish yarn, were thus converted into monopolies for the benefit of individuals. Sir Thomas Wilks was the first who obtained a patent as queen's "printer of the English tongue."

This naturally alarmed the Stationers' Company, who complained, "that it would be the overthrow of the printers and stationers within the city, in number 175, besides their wives, children," &c., causing "an excessive price of books, and false printing of the same;" and farther, "John Jugge, besides the being her Majesty's printer, hath gotten the privilege for the printing of Bibles and Testaments, the which was common to all the printers."

On the 28th September, 1577, one Barker obtained the extensive privilege of printing the Old and New Testament, of whatever translation, with all notes and comments! In eighteen months, this gentleman expended £30,000 on issues of the Scriptures, so great was the demand. From 1560 to 1603, there were 130 distinct editions of Bibles and Testaments. All this time, the crown did nothing except impose a heavy tax on the purchaser of the Word of God.

We have now arrived at the accession of James, who became the first king of "Great Britain." Before noticing his connexion with the English Bible, we may as well glance for a moment at the progress of the cause in Scotland.

This country came in for its share of the early importation of Tyndale's New Testament, through the instrumentality of "divers merchants." As usual, the printed word was soon followed by the living voice. Nowhere were the laity more ready to receive the truth, and nowhere was the hierarchy more embittered against it. Hence a series of persecutions, whose history is full of the deepest interest, but so well known that we need not attempt to detail any portion of it here, even if our space allowed. The last words of Patrick Hamilton at the stake were—"How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this realm! How long wilt Thou suffer this tyranny of man!"—He did not suffer it long. In 1535, the Scottish parliament passed an act, requiring all persons having the Scriptures to give them up to their ordinary, under the penalty of confiscation and imprisonment. The prohibition was renewed by proclamation in May, 1536. But parliaments, however chosen, must ultimately obey the popular voice. A few more martyrdoms, and Scotland will be free.

On the 1st of March, 1539, the inhabitants of

Fife and Mid-Lothian saw a large fire blazing on the esplanade of the castle of Edinburgh. Five of the best subjects in Scotland were then consumed in that fire, in the presence of their king, solely because they had read "the book of heresy," which, as one of their executioners said, had "made all the din in the kirk." But Beaton and his party labored in vain that "the New Testament in the vulgar tone should not go abroad;"—for in 1543, the parliament enacted "that the Scriptures might be read by all, without any limitation," the prelates, of course, protesting, since they could do no more.

It is remarkable, that "no Bible even so convenient as that of an octavo size, had been printed in Scotland till 107 years after Tyndale's New Testament had been first imported." The Bible, printed on Scottish ground, was not published till seven years after the death of John Knox.—(It is little more than sixty years since the first Bible was printed in America.)—The first *Scottish* edition of the Scriptures was published at £4, 13s. 4d., and yet the Bible was in *almost every house*! The fact was, that the English monopoly led to constant importations from Holland; and the superiority of those printed there, is attested by no less an authority than Laud. He said, "the books which came from thence were better *print*, better *bound*, better *paper*, and for all the charges of bringing, better *cheap*." Such was the working of the patent!

James' characteristic progress from Edinburgh to London, furnished no favorable omen of the spirit in which he was about to assume the awful responsibilities of his office as the vicegerent of God in church and state; in which light he himself regarded it. He hunted most of the way, conferring honors so profusely, that when he reached the capital, he had dubbed 150 knights. During the ensuing summer, the plague broke out, and 6385 persons died in London alone; and ere the year ended, the mortality reached 30,000. Yet James and his merry party kept hunting all the time, and as he and his retainers proceeded from place to place, they brought the plague with them wherever they came.

The king's expenses were extravagant in the extreme. His journey to London and coronation cost £30,000, an immense sum in that day. He spent £40,000 in feasting ambassadors; and though he sold a number of peerages for considerable sums, and created an order of hereditary baronets, for which he got £1000 a piece, yet he was plunged so deeply in debt, that the very shopkeepers would not give credit to the palace. "My lord-treasurer was much disquieted to find money to supply the king's necessities, and protested he knew not how to procure money to pay for the king's diet!" In these circumstances, his majesty was not likely to advance funds for the translation of the Bible.

He has, however, the merit of acceding to the proposal for a fresh revision of the Bible, made by Dr. Rainolds, a man of high character, and the most eminent for learning in the kingdom; with whom also, and *not* with the king, originated the determination to exclude marginal notes from the new version. His majesty approved also of the selection that had been made of translators, and ordered the bishops to promote the poorest of them to livings as soon as they could, and also to contribute money for the expenses of the work;—which last request they *all* totally neglected! Neither

the king nor the bishops paid anything for the accomplishment of this great work. Forty-seven of the most learned men in the kingdom were engaged on it four years; the revision of the translation by twelve of their number, occupied them nine months more; and the sheets were two years in passing through the press. The twelve revisers had 30s. a week each while at work in London; but "before they had nothing."

The AUTHORIZED BIBLE was finished and first issued in 1611.

"This venerable translation," says Greenfield, "which has been universally admired for its general fidelity, perspicuity, and elegance, was corrected, and many parallel texts added, by Dr. Scatrigood in 1683; by Bishops Tenison and Lloyd in 1711; and afterwards by Dr. Paris at Cambridge. But the latest and most complete revision is that made by Dr. Blayney in 1769, in which the errors found in former editions were corrected, and the text reformed to an unexampled standard of purity."

The cost of the revision in 1611 was £3500, which was paid neither by the church nor the state, but by Barker, the patentee, whose family and their offspring enjoyed this vast monopoly for 132 years, down to the 8th of Anne in 1709, during which time they had a pecuniary interest in every copy of the Word of God printed in England. Thus the public were heavily taxed, with the disadvantage of bad and incorrect printing into the bargain. In a number of impressions they left the word "*not*" out of the seventh commandment, for which they were fined by Laud.

The monopoly, however, has been defended by lawyers, and even judges, on the plea that the copyright of the Bible was in the crown; because, as they alleged, the translation was made at the king's expense; which notion Mr. Anderson has shown to be a pure historical fiction. The present admirable, though not perfect version, made its way without any act of parliament, proclamation, or canon in its favor; and, in about forty years, gradually superseded all others. This result was accomplished by no human authority, no king, parliament, church, sect, or party. To none of these does the Bible belong. "It is the property of the people"—their book. Royal authority, whether for or against it, has proved utterly impotent. God himself worked with it, and none could effectually hinder. Even the London Polyglot, "the most complete collection of the Scriptures ever published, and far surpassing all former works of the kind, was published *by the people* and *for the people*."

The number of Bibles and Testaments printed in English from 1800 to 1844 has been estimated as follows:—

The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued	9,400,000
Printed in Scotland independently,	4,000,000
General sales besides these,	9,000,000
Or, in round numbers, 22 millions.	

The British and Foreign Bible Society, up to May, 1844, received £3,083,436, 18s. 3d., and expended £3,036,698, 0s. 3d.

Since the year 1800, four millions sterling have been spent on the sacred volume in the English tongue. It appears now that nearly one million of this has gone into the pockets of the privileged printers, over and above the fair profits of their trade! When the patent expired in Scotland, Bibles became very cheap, and the British and

Foreign Bible Society found it expedient to reduce their prices. But this, in six months, involved them in a loss of £13,000!

"Meantime, the free trade prices in the North could not remain a secret, and before the close of the year the people of England were paying for their English Bible from 150 to 200 per cent. more than in Scotland!"

What did the London committee now do? Of course they agitated the country, and petitioned parliament to save their constituents, and the Christian public at large, from such an enormous tax on the Bread of Eternal Life, of which they were the official guardians; and availed themselves of their extensive organization and metropolitan position to do the work of reform effectively. Nothing of the kind. The secretaries came forward, and begged "most distinctly to say that *they would not touch the question of the monopoly at all!*" Why not? Did not the monopoly touch the society? Did it not raise the price of the Scriptures 150 to 200 per cent., for the benefit of private individuals, to the great detriment of the cause of truth? Yet, strange to say, the auxiliary societies were equally apathetic. Not one in London, Dublin, or Edinburgh moved.

The society was not to have the glory of this great reform. They were "too many" for God to work by. In perfect harmony with the whole history of the English Bible, marked all along by independence on official authorities or institutions, the monopoly was brought down by three private individuals! These were—Mr. Childs of Bungay, Dr. Thomson of Coldstream, and Dr. Campbell of London. The latter gentleman threw all his characteristic energy into the movement, and by his accurate calculations, and powerful appeals through the press, contributed largely to rouse the public mind. Monopoly was compelled to capitulate, and the patentees suddenly reduced their prices to less than one half.

Now the press sends forth of copies of the Scriptures in English, "19,000 every week, 3000 every day, 300 every hour, or five every minute of working time!" When this fact is considered in connexion with the increasing predominance of the English language throughout the civilized world, the vast extent of our empire, the rapid growth of our colonies, and the probability that many of them will yet become independent nations, it is fitted to awaken deep solicitude in the Christian mind—to produce an almost overwhelming sense of responsibility, and to call forth the most strenuous exertions, that wherever the accents of our noble language are heard, there the English Bible may be known and valued as the Rule of Faith.

"Not one hour of the twenty-four," says Richardson, "not one round of the minute hand of the dial is allowed to pass, in which, on some portion of the surface of the globe, the air is not filled with accents that are ours. They are heard in the ordinary transactions of life; or in the administration of law—in the deliberations of the senate-house, or council chamber—in the offices of private devotion, or in the public observance of the rites and duties of a common faith."

Be ours the endeavor that the volume which contains the inspired record of this faith, shall not only be maintained in its supreme authority at home, but borne on the tide of emigration to every land, till it do for the new and rising nations of the west and south still greater things than it has done for Britain!

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

BEAUTY and Truth, in Heaven's congenial clime,
Inseparable seen beside the Almighty throne,
Together sprung, before the birth of time,
From God's own glory, while he dwelt alone;—
These, when creation made its wonders known,
Were sent to mortals, that their mingling powers
Might lead and lure us to ethereal bowers.

But our perverse condition here below
Oft sees them severed, or in conflict met;
Oh, sad divorce! the well-spring of our woe,
When truth and beauty thus their bond forget,
And Heaven's high law is at defiance set!
'Tis this that good of half its force disarms,
And gives to evil all its direst charms.

See truth with harsh austerity allied,
Or clad in cynic garb of sordid hue;
See him with Tyranny's fell tools supplied,
The rack, the fagot, or the torturing screw,
Or girt with bigotry's besotted crew;
What wonder, thus beheld, his looks should move
Our scorn or hatred, rather than our love!

See beauty, too, in league with vice and shame,
And lending all her light to gild a lie;
Crowning with laureate-wreaths an impious name,
Or lulling us with syren minstrelsy
To false repose when peril most is nigh;
Decking things vile or vain with colors rare,
Till what is false and foul seems good and fair.

Hence are our hearts bewildered in their choice,
And hence our feet from virtue led astray;
Truth calls imperious with repulsive voice
To follow on a steep and rugged way;
While Beauty beckons us along a gay
And flowery path, that leads, with treacherous
slope,

To gulfs remote from happiness or hope.

Who will bring back the world's unblemished
youth;

When these two wandered ever hand in hand;
When truth was beauty, beauty too was truth,
So linked together with unbroken band,
That they were one; and man, at their command,
Tasted of sweets that never knew alloy,
And trod the path of duty and of joy!

Chiefly the poet's power may work the change;
His heavenly gift, impelled by holy zeal,
O'er truth's exhaustless stores may brightly range,
And all their native loveliness reveal;
Nor e'er, except where truth has set his seal,
Suffer one gleam of beauty's grace to shine,
But in resistless force their lights combine.

Blackwood.

LORD, My voice by nature is harsh and untunable, and it is in vain to lavish any art to better it. Can my singing of psalms be pleasing to thy ears, which is unpleasant to my own? yet though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow, yea rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst thou given me a better voice I would have praised thee with a better voice. Now what my music wants in sweetness, let it have in sense, singing praises with understanding. Yea, Lord, create in me a new heart (therein to make melody,) and I will be contented with my old voice, until, in thy due time, being admitted into the choir of heaven, I have another, more harmonious, bestowed upon me.—*Fuller.*

CHANGING CARS.

JEAMES ON THE GAUGE QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH has received from that eminent railroad authority, Mr. Jeames Plush, the following letter, which bears most pathetically upon the present Gauge dispute :—

"You will scarcely praps reckonize in this little skitch the haltered liminints of I, with woos face the reders of your valluble mislry were once similiar—the unfortnt Jeames de la Pluche, fomly so selabrated in the fashnabble suckles, now the pore Jeames Plush, landlord of the Wheel of Fortune public house. Yes, that is me; that is my haypun which I wear as becomes a publican—those is the checkers which hornymment the pillows of my dor. I am like the Romin Genral, St. Cenatus, equal to any emodgency of Fortun. I, who have drunk Shampang in my time, aint now abov droring a ½ pint of Small Bier. As for my wife—that Angel—I've not ventured to depight her. Fanny her a sittn in the Bar, smilin like a sunflower—and, ho, dear Punch! happy in nussing a deer little darlint tosaywotay of a Jeames, with my air to a curl, and my i's to a T!

"I never thought I should have been injuiceed to write anything but a Bill agin, much less to edress you on Railway Subjix—which with all my sole I *obass*. Railway letters, obligations to pay hup, ginteal inquirys as to my Salissator's name, &c., &c., I dispiase and scorn artily. But as a man, an ushad, a father, and a freebon Brittn, my jewty compels me to come forwoode, and igspress my opinion upon that *nashnal neosance*—THE BREAK OF GAGE.

"An interesting ewent in a noble family with which I once very nearly had the honor of being kinected, acurd a few weex sins, when the Lady Angeliina S——, daughter of the Earl of B——res, presented the gallant Captng, her usband, with a Son & hair. Nothink would *entassfy* her Ladyship but that her old and atacht *fandy-chamber*, my wife Mary Han Plush, should be present upon this hospicious occasion. Captng S—— was not jellus of me on account of my former attachment to his Lady. I cumented that my Mary Hann should attend her, and me, my wife, and our dear babby acawdingly set out for our woable friend's residence, Honeymooa Lodge, near Cheltenham.

"Sick of all Railroads myself, I wisht to poast it in a Chay and 4, but Mary Hann, with the hobstenacy of ber Sex, was bent upon Railroad travelling, and I yealded, like all hushinds. We set out by the Great Westa, in an eavle Hour.

"We didnt take much luggitch—my wife's things in the ushal handboxes—mine in a potmancho. Our dear little James Angelo's (called so in compliment to his noble Godmamma) cradle, and a small supply of a few 100 weight of Topsanbawtems, Farinashious food, and Lady's fingers, for that dear child who is now 6 months old, with a *perdidgus appatite*. Likewise we were charged with a bran new Medsan chest for my lady, from Skivary & Moris, containing enough rewbub, Daffy's Alixir, Godfrey's, with a few score of pargles for Lady Hangelina's family and owsehold. About 2000 spessymins of Babby linnng from Mrs. Flummary's, in Regent Street, a Chayny Cressng bowl from old lady Bareacres (big enough to immus a Halderman,) & a case marked 'Glass,' from her ladyship's ineddicle man, which were stowed away together; had to this an ormylew

Craddle, with rose-colored Satting & Pink lace hangings, held up by a gold tuttle-dove, &c. We had, ingluding James Hangelo's rattle & my umbrellow, 73 packidges in all.

We got on very well as far as Swindon, where, in the Splendid Refreshment room, there was a galaxy of lovely gals in cottn velvet spencers, who serves out the soop, and 1 of whom maid an impresshn upon this Art which I shoold n't like Mary Hann to know—and here, to our infantit disgust, we changed carriages. I forgot to say that we were in the secknd class, having with us James Hangelo, and 23 other light harticles.

"Fast inconvenience; and almost as bad as break of gage. I east my hi upon the gal in cottn velvet, and wanted some soop, of coarsie; hut seasing up James Hangelo (who was layin his dear little pors on an Am Sangwidg) and seeing my igspresshn of hi—'James,' says Mary Hann, 'instead of looking at that young lady—and not so *very* young, neither—be pleased to look to our packidges, & place them, in the other carriage.' I did so with an evy Art. I eranged them 23 articles in the opait carriage, only missing my umbrella & baby's rattle; and jest as I came back for my bayon of soop, the beast of a bell rings, the whizzling injians proclayms the time of our departure—& farewell soop and cottn velvet. Mary Hann was sulky. She said it was my losing the umbrellla. If it had been a *cotton velvet umbrellla* I could have understood. James Hangelo sittn on my knee was evidently unwell; without his coral: & for 20 miles that bleesid habby kep up a rawring, which caused all the passangers to simpithize with him igceedingly.

"We arrive at Gloster, and there fanny my disgust at bein ableged to undergo another change of carriages! Fanny me holding up noughis. tip-pits, cloaks, and baskits, and James Hangelo rawring still like mad, and pretending to shuperintend the carrying over of our luggage from the broad gage to the narrow gage. 'Mary Hann,' says I, rot to desperation, 'I shall throttle this darling if he goes on.' 'Do,' says she—'and go into the *refreshment* room,' says she—a snatchin the babby out of my arms. 'Do go,' says she, 'youre not fit to look after luggage,' and she began lulling James Hangelo to sleep with one hi, while she looked after the packets with the other. 'Now, Sir! if you please, mind that packet!—pretty darling—easy with that box, Sir, its glass—pooooty poppet—where's the deal case, marked arrowroot, No. 24!' she cried, reading out of a list she had.—And poor little James went to sleep. The porters were bundling and carting the various harticles with no more ceremony than if each package had been of cannon-ball.

"At last—bang goes a package marked 'Glass,' and containing the Chayny bowl and Lady Bareacres mixture, into a large white handbox, with a crash and a smash. 'It's My Lady's box from Crinoline's!' cries Mary Hann; and she puts down the child on the bench, and rushes forward to inspect the dammdige. You could hear the Chayny bowls clinking inside; and Lady B.'s mixture (which had the igreck smell of cherry brandy) was dribbling out over the smashed handbox containing a white child's cloak, trimmed with Blown lace and lined with white satting.

"As James was asleep, and I was by this time uncommon hungry, I thought I *would* go into the Refreshment Room and just take a little soop; so I wrapped him up in his cloak and laid him by his

mamma, and went off. There's not near such good attendance as at Swindon.

"We took our places in the carriage in the dark, both of us covered with a pile of packages, and Mary Hann so sulky that she would not speak for some minutes. At last she spoke out—

"Have you all the small parcels?"

"Twenty-three in all," says I.

"Then give me baby."

"GIVE YOU WHAT?" says I.

"Give me baby."

"What have n't y-y-yoooo got him?" says I.

"O Mussy! You should have heard her squeak! We'd left him on the ledge at Gloster."

"It all came of the break of gage."—*Punch*.

GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

In furtherance of the objects of this most useful charity, it is in contemplation to establish a school, for the purpose of preparing young ladies destined to be governesses, for the situations they are intended to fill. The necessity of teaching those who are to be teachers, and of instructing the governess how to govern, is obvious; the pupils, accordingly, will learn all the modern languages and accomplishments—geography, astronomy, the use of the globes, and so much of moral philosophy as includes the true principles of education. But as the social position of a governess is a peculiar one, being, as a novelty, rather uncomfortable, though, like a certain process to which eels are subjected, nothing when anybody is used to it, one great object of this school will be to familiarize the pupils with the life they may expect to lead. Its arrangements will therefore comprise a system of training calculated for the inculcation of an amount of practical as well as moral philosophy adequate to this purpose.

To the institution will be attached a servants' hall, wherein, at stated times, will attend a number of footmen and other menials, to intercourse with whom the future governess may be habituated, and whose insults and impertinences she may learn betimes to put up with. A nursery will also be connected with it, in order to exercise her patience in the management of refractory children, at which probation the students will take turns. The children will be selected from the most proud families, and their mammas will drop in every now and then, daily, and reprimand and find fault capriciously and unjustly with their preceptress, so as to inure her to such treatment. Some charitable ladies of great style in the vicinity of Russell Square, have volunteered their services in this particular. One of these ladies will, moreover, preside regularly at dinner to teach the language of looks, that the learner may understand, from a glance, when she is to refuse wine, or to decline another helping.

Evening parties will be given occasionally, in the schoolroom, and to them will be invited a number of agreeable men, that the "young persons" may know how to behave in society; that is, to hold their tongues and sit still. For the due enforcement of these proprieties, one of the ladies aforesaid will also be present, accompanied by her daughters, by whom the scholars are to be studiously snubbed, by way of a lesson to them in meekness under contumely. The novices, during leisure hours, are to sit in separate apartments, accessible to all the servants, who, however, will

not be allowed to wait upon them, or bring them any refreshment, if hungry from the insufficiency of their meals. Their dresses are to be such as a young lady can afford upon twenty pounds a year, finding herself in everything but her victuals, and not having, by half, as much of those as she can eat.

Thus, it may be hoped, will governesses be provided with qualifications high enough, wants few enough, and spirit humble enough, to meet the views of any lady in the land.—*Punch*.

MUSICAL BEDS.

THERE is a paragraph in the *Nonconformist*, which states, that some genius has invented a musical bed, that begins to play a tune directly you lie down, and can be wound up to play another tune when you are desirous of waking.

There is one advantage about a bed of this description, namely, that you can always rely on having it well aired by means of the favorite airs of some of the most popular composers. We should think, however, that there must be some tact required in adapting the musical compositions to the required purposes. It would be very injudicious, for instance, to attempt to send any one to sleep with a quadrille of Musard, while to try and wake any one up with a bit of Sebastian Bach, or a *morceau* of Juvenile-England classicality, would be equally preposterous. The invention certainly opens quite a new field to many of those long-haired and turn-down-collar composers, who will now have a splendid chance of bringing their composing talents to bear upon those who are soliciting the sometimes-obstinate Morpheus. There are several rising young men, who have been rising for the last twenty years, who are admirably adapted to the task of setting four-posts and French bedsteads to somniferous music. We presume that the idea has been taken from the Chamber concerts, which have recently become popular.

Considering the awful infliction it is, to be compelled to hear the music of certain persons whom we could but will not name, the addition of their music to a bed might turn it into a regular *hit de justice*, or shocking instrument of cruelty.

The arrangement by which one is to be woken up at any hour, comprises a march, with drum and cymbal accompaniments. Such a *charivari* might not be always very welcome when it came; for, though one often goes to bed with a very valiant determination to get up very early, it is extremely natural to alter one's mind by the morning. If we often get angry with the person calling us, and disturbing our rest, what should we say to the drums and cymbals going through a regular march, at a most unreasonable hour? For our own parts we should muffle the drums at once with our bolster, and suffocate the cymbals with our goose-feather bed. We should recommend that, if the principle is carried out, the airs chosen should be appropriate to the kind of beds they might be adapted to. "Oh rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe," would do very well for an infant's cot, while "Rise, gentle Moon," would be suited to the purpose of waking a celebrated alderman.—*Punch*.

A CHEAP TRIP.—Upwards of 7,000 tons of gravel have been shipped from New York since September last for the purpose of beautifying the parks and gardens of London. According to this, a Yankee domiciled in London would be able to tread again his native soil without going any further than Hyde Park.—*Punch*.

From Chambers' Journal.

USAGES OF SOCIETY

A CORRESPONDENT, a great stickler for etiquette, hands us the following hints; a knowledge of which, however commonplace, he thinks may be useful to those not up to the mark in this weighty subject.

"I shall begin with calls. When you call at the house of an acquaintance, or indeed call anywhere, and do not happen to find the party at home, you should leave your card. Leaving your name will not do; because names left verbally are seldom correctly delivered, if delivered at all, and your call may be said to go for nothing. Your card is the enduring evidence of your visit. The card is one of the most useful things in modern society. All are supposed to carry a small stock of these paste-board representatives about with them, and the giving of one is very handy on many occasions. For example, in visiting, instead of sending in your name by a servant, hand in one of your cards, and then you may be sure there will be no mistake.

"Having either seen your acquaintance, or left your card, it is now the duty of your acquaintance (supposing it is a call of ceremonial intercourse) to return the call within a reasonable time. If he do not call, you do not repeat your visit. And why so? Because it may be his wish to drop your acquaintance, and your continuing to call on him may be disagreeable. Knowing that such is the rule, a second call from you seems like forcing yourself on his notice—a determination that he shall not rid himself of you. The rule of call for call, therefore, is on the whole not a bad one. It affords every one an opportunity of dropping an acquaintance when his society is no longer wanted. In good society, no one ever complains that an acquaintance has not returned a call—the thing is silently dropped.

"Calls of ceremony, which are not usually performed till past one or two o'clock, are seldom expected to last more than ten or fifteen minutes, and, as everybody knows, are performed in a plain walking-dress. Gentlemen, in making forenoon calls, or attending soirées, do not lay down their hat in the lobby, but carry it in their hand into the room, and never let it go, however long they stay. This is a very odd piece of etiquette, that has often amused me. I frequently see gentlemen walking about a drawing-room for hours, each cuddling his hat below his arm, as if it were a crime to part with it even for a moment. A man might as conveniently carry about a child's drum under his arm; yet he cannot well escape from the annoyance. If left in the hall at large parties, and worth the stealing, the unfortunate hat will in all probability be never more seen by its owner; for there appears to be nothing like conscientiousness in the matter of hats. How far the dread of losing the hat led to the practice of parading about with it under the arm, is of little consequence. The modern custom of keeping fast hold of it during short or extempore visits, is considered to indicate that you do not intend to stay any great length of time, nor expect an invitation to remain to dinner, or any other meal; in short, that it is your design to vanish after a little friendly chit-chat. Thus, laughable as it seems, there is really a meaning, and not a bad meaning either, in the practice. A host who wishes you to remain, or at least not to go in a hurry, will beg to relieve you of your incumbrance.

"Next as to invitations. When you ask a per-

son to dinner, let it, if possible, be done a week or ten days in advance; because, to ask a person only a day or two days before, looks as if you had been disappointed of somebody else, and had asked him as a mere stop-gap. A short invitation is only allowable for off-hand parties, or with strangers who are passing through a town.

"When you invite a person to dinner, or any other party at your house, specify only one day. Don't say you will be glad to see him on either of two days, as Tuesday or Wednesday next. And why? Because this person may not wish to dine with or visit you at all; and so far from a choice of days being thought an act of kindness, it may be considered one of servility, if not rudeness. Always state only one day; and let the invitation, like the answer, be unequivocal.

"Invitations for several weeks in advance are almost as bad as invitations for alternative days; because long invitations convey the impression that the inviter is desperately ill for guests, and wishes to insure a number at all risks. The person invited is also apt to feel that it is not *his* pleasure or convenience that is consulted; and to raise a feeling of this kind is anything but consistent with true politeness.

"The receiver of an invitation has a duty to perform as well as its giver. It is incumbent on him to say *yes* or *no* at once—not to allow a post or a day to elapse before answering. The reason is obvious: a delay on his part looks as if he were waiting for a better invitation before he made up his mind. Not to send a speedy reply, therefore, is one of the worst pieces of breeding of which a man can be guilty. It is also not using the inviter well: for a dinner party usually consists only of a certain number; and if you cannot accept the invitation, say so, in order that time may be allowed to invite another person in your place. Let the answer also be distinct: no uncertainty is allowable: and if the invitation be accepted, let it be kept.

"The answer to an invitation should be directed to the lady of the house.

"I now come to the fulfilment of the engagement. Some time ago it was fashionable to be rather late—twenty minutes after the hour being considered a fair thing. Now, prompt to the hour is the rule, which is a great improvement. In attending two or three dinners lately, I found that all had assembled within the space of ten minutes.

"A drawing-room is the domain of ladies, and on entering, you first make your obeisances to the lady of the mansion, who is of course ready to receive you. Leading the ladies down stairs to the dining-room is a simple affair; yet one may be a novice in this as well as in everything else. The rule is, for the lady you take down to sit on your right hand, if that can be managed conveniently. But when you take down the lady of the house, you sit on her right hand—that is, you have the seat of honor. It will not do for any guest to rush forward to offer his arm to the lady of the house. The honor of leading her down, if not assigned by the host to a favored guest, is taken by the most elderly gentleman, or by the party of highest rank present. To save all doubt on this point, the host always asks one of the party to be so good as take Mrs. So-and-so down stairs. Where the party are generally strangers to each other, it is customary for the host to make a similar request to the other gentlemen as respects the other ladies. The host selects the lady of greatest consequence, and leads

her off first. The hostess waits to go down last—sees all go down before her.

"In going down stairs, the lady should have the widest side, supposing the stair to have a narrow and a wide side, as is the case with winding-stairs. Better, however, take the wrong side, than make any fuss about correcting so small an error.

"A custom, lately come in, seems to be deservedly gaining ground: instead of sitting at the top and bottom of the table, the host and hostess sit opposite each other at the middle; by which means they are more at ease, more in the centre of their guests, and better able to communicate with each other. George IV. adopted this practice twenty years ago: it is followed by the present queen. According to this arrangement, two persons can be accommodated at each end of the table—not a bad point where there is limited accommodation.

"A dinner-party usually lasts four hours. If you go at six, you may order your carriage at ten: if at seven, it may come at eleven; and so on. What dinner hours are by and by to come to, I cannot tell. Not many years ago, dinner at five o'clock was thought mighty genteel; then we had half-past five; next came six, and six and a half—both of which are now general; but seven is also far from uncommon. That the fashionable dinner hour will be pushed on to eight, to nine, or to ten, is what we may reasonably expect. When it comes to this pass, will dinner bound back to its ancient hours, or will it be extinguished as a formal meal?

"So much for dinners: now for a little about personal decoration: and here I address myself chiefly to ladies. In giving a dinner or evening party, take care to dress somewhat less elegantly than any of your expected guests; because, were you to dress much more elegantly, it might be supposed that you invited the party only to astonish them with your finery, or at least to show them that you could afford to dress better than they—a thing not likely to be agreeable to their feelings. As under-dressing may be considered disrespectful to guests, it is equally to be avoided with over-decoration. Good taste will suggest the proper medium.

"I must say a word on tokens of sympathy. 'If you wish me to weep, you must weep with me,' says the Roman poet. Quite reasonable this. If you wish to condole with a friend, you must at least employ the emblems of woe. In calling on an acquaintance who is in mourning, put on a little mourning also—don't go in flashy attire, out of character with the occasion. If your correspondent seals his letters with black, seal your replies with black also. These may be trifles, but if they tend to give any one gratification, why not practise them? A thousand comforts in life depend on what are intrinsically trifles.

"The prompt answering of letters is considered an unequivocal mark of a gentleman and a man of business. Why is delay the reverse? Because not to answer a letter (supposing it deserves to be answered) is the same thing as not answering when you are spoken to; and everybody knows that that is bad enough. Yet some people, who mean nothing wrong, but are only ignorant of what is due to

the feelings of others, are most remiss in the answering of letters, and will allow days and weeks to elapse before despatching a reply. When letters are conceived in an impertinent or intrusive spirit, it is of course allowable and reasonable to let them remain unanswered. Persons of notoriety, for example, who are pestered with letters on all sorts of frivolous subjects, frequently for no other purpose than to get hold of their autograph, may very excusably take some latitude in regard to this rule.

"In asking after the health of a person's relations, give each his or her proper name and title, unless it be a child. Ask for Mrs. —, or Miss —, and so on: never say, 'How is your wife?' 'I hope your daughter is well,' &c. Any such mode of address is intolerably over-familiar, and is almost certain to give offence. Calling persons 'My dear sir,' or 'My good fellow,' in speaking to them; also holding them by the button—an offence denounced by Chesterfield—are, for the same reason, objectionable."

COURT CIRCULAR FOR THE FRENCH.

THE French are a polite nation; therefore we expect that they will return a compliment very largely paid them in this country. We allude to the adoption of cant terms borrowed from their language by British journalists, in order to denote the things and transactions of high-life. As, by calling the most fashionable sort of people the *élite* or *ton*, and speaking of a dancing tea-party as a *thé dantant*; whereas it is the party that dances, not the Hyson; and the tea is quite distinct from the caper.

Also, by describing a person of dignified demeanor as *distingué* instead of dignified, a rout as a *soirée*, and a meat-breakfast as a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, just as if everybody does not use a fork who has a Yarmouth bloater for that meal. If we, out of admiration for the French language, employ it when we might full as well talk plain English, the French ought surely to reciprocate the civility, particularly since we go out of our way in deference to them, often using a phraseology which is at the same time Frenchified and nonsensical. Accordingly, in their fashionable journals, we shall expect to find such announcements as the following:—

Hier au soir *came off*, à sa maison, dans la Rue St. Honoré, le grand *hop* de MADAME LA COMTESSE DE VANILLE. La compagnie était ornée par presque tous les *swells* les plus *tip-top*.

Aujourd'hui, M. DE FRICANDEAU donnera, à son hôtel, un *spread* magnifique; où plusieurs *nobs* de la première distinction se trouveront autour de son *mahogany*.

On dit qu'il y a sur le Kidderminster une alliance nuptiale entre un Marquis bien connu parmi les *crack* cercles, et une demoiselle de *fin*, héritière à un millionnaire Anglais,

Au plein *tog* et *fancy ball* de MADAME DE PAPILLOTE, assisteront une foule de *first-rate* gens. L'affaire était extrêmement *spicy*.

Our neighbors must really consent to a free interchange, amongst other commodities, of fashionable slang, or we shall never believe in the *entente cordiale* that they talk about.—Punch.

From the *Columbian Magazine*.

THE NEIGHBOR IN LAW.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember: her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened all the time as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you had ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue called her the neighbor in law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbor in law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street: I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "It is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs

for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty began to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time; if I hear one word of complaint you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "mind how you do that. If you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under these enlivening influences, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By and by, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last, Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music box; and after a while she opened it and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered, in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were con-

cluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt, since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbor would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier line of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Did n't I tell you Mrs. Turnpenny was very neat? Pray, make haste and sweep it up. I would n't have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out, with brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile, that was intended as a declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean scraggy animal that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather also had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behavior in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of the door, without being saluted with a growl, and a short sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run in the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbors' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved that he would be scalded first; that he would. He could not have been more firm in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the

poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions, she rushed in to her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; you'll see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to sling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarreling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her if I did not keep the switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "that will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you are a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you need n't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after a while they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron: "We will try them a while longer, and if they

persist in quarreling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon, the neighbor kicked, and hit another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with all fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you're hit.' Just so I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning. Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Remember how the fight in the barn yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon, the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," said she; "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child can enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See, how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stunted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand them.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she; "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like the dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Mrs. Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time she would say, "Well, really, my ground is too full. Here is a root of lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds, that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good-natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded with flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw upon Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbor in law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it never was thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such

pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music teacher thought her more than almost handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others; and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage, on her wedding-day, she threw her arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

To whiff! to whiff! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made!

Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do,
I gave you a whisp of hay,
But did 'nt take your nest away.
Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

To whiff! to whiff! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made!

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb tree to-day!

Not I, said the dog, bow wow,
I would n't be so mean, I vow,
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I, said the dog, bow wow!
I would n't be so mean, I vow.

To whiff! to whiff! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made!

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb tree to-day!

Coo coo! coo coo! coo coo!
Let me speak a word too,
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow breast?

Not I, said the sheep, oh no,
I would n't treat a poor bird so,
I gave the wool to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa baa! said the sheep, oh no,
I would n't treat a poor bird so.

To whiff! to whiff! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice nest I made!

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb tree to-day!

Coo coo! coo coo! coo coo!
Let me speak a word too,

Who stole my pretty nest
From the little yellow breast!

Caw! caw! cried the crow,
I should like to know,
What thief stole away
A bird's nest to-day!

Cluck! cluck! said the hen,
Don't ask me again,
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together!
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame!

I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.

'Tis very cruel too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!

A little boy hung down his head
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From the poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n't like to tell his name.

ON THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS PLUTER,

Who organized and commanded a troop in the late Polish Revolution; and when the independence of Poland was finally crushed, died of a broken heart.

THE missile with resistless fury sent,
Though fragile be its nature, in that flight
Gains fresh endurance and unwonted might,
Through all opposing strength to force a vent;
But that new nature, for the purpose lent,
Enduring only till its task is o'er,
It then resumes the same it owned before,
And falls and shivers as its power is spent;
Thus was a woman's heart, for Poland's sake,
Inspired with energy before unknown,
And armed with strength and firmness not its own.

Thus did that heart, its trial ended, break,
To prove, when all that made it move was past,
That it was still but woman's at the last.

R. F.

From Chambers' Journal.

MY NEPHEW THE LAIRD.

THE prophetic doubts of my good aunt, the captain's shrewd-judging lady, did not fail in time to be very painfully realized. Though widely separated from my Highland kindred, I had kept up a correspondence with the principal members of my brother's family, sometimes hearing from himself of some new golden project, now and then from his wife—latterly to complain of an increasing dullness in the neighboring society—and very constantly from the elder children, to whom I had had the extreme comfort of sending a young woman, of superior understanding, as their governess. About the time that my two eldest nephews came to England, to a public school, rumors of my brother's embarrassments began to be current around him. Without any very expensive habits, he and his lady got through large sums of money, which even the better resources of their improved management failed to supply. Besides their hospitable summers, there were winter visits to Edinburgh, Dublin, and sometimes London; with no farm at hand to aid in house-keeping, when some ready money being of absolute necessity, it had often to be raised at ruinous interest. Then came the system of long credits, bills renewable, a trust-deed—all vain attempts to stave off, for some indefinite period, the crash, which every expedient to avert tended but to aggravate the weight of. It came at last, and it was overwhelming. The trustees entered upon the administration of the property, and my brother had to remove with his family, to live where he pleased, on a very slender annuity.

At first they went abroad, but the continent not suiting either himself or his wife, principally from their ignorance of modern languages, they were advised to fix at Cheltenham, to which they were the more inclined, as we were enabled to lend them a house there. Our Indian uncle, the colonel, had bought a villa on the outskirts of what was then a pretty village, and this his widow had lately left to me. Soon after the completion of this arrangement, our younger brother, who had gone out early in life to Madras as a writer, returned home a wealthy man; and he too settling at Cheltenham, to be near the "laird"—for never has he been heard to call his elder brother by any other name—and also with a view to the happiness of his wife, who was of a Gloucestershire family, he gathered his scattered children from their various homes, and, applying to the "laird" for advice in every circumstance of the life equally novel to both, the old age of two men, used to the most active habits in totally dissimilar spheres, where each had commanded, is gliding away, I believe, in quiet happiness. I had feared that my brother "the laird" would have felt very painfully his descent in position: but no; his seems to be a mind which accommodates itself without effort to events. He considers himself the victim of philanthropy; and, persuaded that his patriotic attempts to improve his place and people were the sole cause of the ruin brought on him and them, he hardly even regrets it. It was the consequence of good intentions; and the schemes in the Highlands failing, he has begun another series in the south, not so costly at any rate, being principally confined to his study, where his fertile brain and ready pen occupy him very profitably,

as he writes for several of the higher-toned periodicals.

My sister-in-law is certainly more in her natural sphere where she is. She does not affect to conceal that the change is agreeable to her. The perpetual little party-giving is quite to her mind; so are the dressing, the morning calls, the card-playing: her taste for this mode of getting through part of her time having rather increased as more youthful inclinations have declined. Unluckily for my brother, the too she so much delighted in was not always limited; but years had brought some degree of prudence along with them, and her gains are beginning to preponderate over her losses. She was still a fine-looking woman when I last saw her: ten years at least younger in appearance than her real age. She had latterly devolved the management of her household on her eldest daughter, who has been taught by adversity the prudence ordinarily the result of half a life's experience. The second daughter, who, from the more intellectual expression of her countenance, surpassed even her mother's early beauty, had married just as the family were leaving the Highlands. She had married greatly—the young "master" of the neighboring noble domain, who discovered, at the prospect of parting, that he had been cultivating the society of the brothers for the sister's sake. Though the bride was portionless, she was received with affection, and parted with without elation: like sought like. There was nothing the Highlanders considered uncommon in an accident which we, more worldly-minded, thought so fortunate.

My brother's eldest son, he more peculiarly the subject of my present sketch, had been educated, while at school, with my own boys, passing, too, the most of his holidays with us. Before his college days, the funds were wanting to complete what had been begun: he studied one year only at Edinburgh. The two following he spent at a German university, which he left to accompany his family home, upon their tiring of the continent. We thought him anything but improved by his foreign travels, and we fancied his character still further deteriorated by a couple of seasons at Cheltenham, where, as a handsome beau—à moustaches—he lounged away the mornings, with other idlers, in the High Street, or in the billiard-rooms, or on the cigar benches, while at the evening balls he was the coveted partner of every fair exhibitor, unchecked in his advances by any maternal frowns; it being well known that the Highland estate was entailed, and of course redeemable. His mother rather encouraged his numerous flirtations, almost glorying in his easy conquests: his father, occupied in his study, knew little of what was going forward: the gentle rebuke of his sister he only laughed at. Suddenly he vanished: he joined a party to shoot in the Highlands, and returned no more. He had ventured to his own glen; he wrote his sister word; and he meant to remain there on a visit to my old friend the forester. The next thing we heard of him was, that he was in Edinburgh at college again; then domesticated in some farmer's house in the Lothians; next back to the Highlands; and then came a joint letter from the trustees to announce that, being dissatisfied with the gentleman hitherto charged with the management of the property, they had relieved him from his duties, and had appointed in his stead the person most interested in the retrieval of its difficulties, and, in their esti-

mation, best qualified for a task of such delicacy, from the high testimonials he had brought forward both as to character and abilities. In short, the new manager was my nephew, who, awakened to the value of all he was well-nigh losing, had been fitting himself to attempt the recovery of his birth-right. We regretted his next step; for, after a year or two, he married a wife of high degree, brought up in a home of luxury—a daughter of the noble house into which his sister had been adopted. Years passed on, and when events brought my nephew into prominent notice again, the measures he was carrying through necessitated my brother's revisiting Scotland, from whence he returned indeed landless—having made over his whole inheritance to one sole trustee, his son, forever; who took upon himself every existing debt, and commenced his reign of undivided authority by doubling the annuity paid by the estate to his father.

All the news that ever reached us from the north indirectly, told of the wonderful improvements my nephew the laird had been successfully carrying on there. But a few appeals had been made directly to the old laird concerning the consequences of certain of his son's changes, which had filled his affectionate heart with grief. In some cases whole families, whose existence upon the lands had been coeval with our own possession of them, having been deprived of their small holdings, had emigrated to America; others had abandoned their homes to settle in the burgh town, or to seek their precarious fortunes elsewhere; while a few lingered on where they were born, loath to leave scenes that were dear to them, though without any means of subsistence beyond the charity of their relations. My brother felt some delicacy in interfering with a son who had acted so generously to himself, while he was distressed at the idea of abandoning the interests of those over whom Providence had once placed him as their protector. From my nephew having passed so much of his boyhood in my family, he knew that he had an old affection for me, and that I had some influence over him; so he thought it would be of considerable use to all parties if I could make up my mind to pay a visit to the glen. It was not altogether an agreeable duty; but it was one which seemed to have been thrown in my way, and from which, therefore, I did not feel it right to shrink; so I consented.

My former journey north had occupied nearly a fortnight: we were five days on the road between London and Edinburgh, and five more between Edinburgh and the glen, with a rest in Edinburgh, much needed. On the present occasion we landed at my nephew's door on the third evening after leaving town, travelling by railway to Liverpool, by steamboat along the coast, and up the lochs to the new pier, built out near the promontory where stands the church, just concealed by a bank of weeping-birch from the castle. A thriving village had risen round the pier, in which was a good inn, several shops, and a post-office—the mail now going regularly across that part of the country which was formerly termed the new road; besides two coaches—one daily, the other thrice a week—and an omnibus, for tourists only, who engaged it for the trip, which always occupied the same number of days, and embraced the same round of scenery. A road really new to me turned up from this village through the glen, passing the old castle, and stretching up across part of the forest

to meet another new line of road, connecting districts hardly known before. The castle was in high preservation, the pleasure-grounds much extended, and beautifully kept; while the wide meadow on either side the stream lay in large level fields, bearing the most luxuriant crops, far up into the birch wooding. My nephew did not live there. It was let, with the shooting, to an English millionaire; who paid nearly as much for his six weeks' amusement as supported my poor brother's diminished state at Cheltenham. My nephew lived in the new house, as it was still called; for the captain and his worthy lady were both dead. The widow had indeed been living when my nephew first returned to the glen; and he had gone, at her desire, to visit her—a visit which never ended, for they remained together till her death, when he inherited all her worldly goods, all the gatherings of her later savings, all the labors of her busy years, with the various heirlooms of the family, carefully collected and treasured up by this last of the old race. I had expected improvements to have been made at the mansion, but I was quite unprepared for their extent. The bare moor had become a perfect garden; large fields lay around, intersected by belts of plantations almost to the door, from which they were separated by a shrubbery, enclosing a perfect gem of a little flower-garden, with a small conservatory attached to the house. One of the square wings was gone, its materials having assisted in the erection of a commodious set of offices behind, to which all the straggling sheds of former days had also contributed. The other wing had had its front wall carried up to a gable end, its two narrow casements below altered into one large bay-window, the terraced roof of which, filled with flowers, served as a balcony to the two enlarged casements above. A wide porch had been added to the doorway, covered with creeping plants. And this in a wild Highland glen!—wild no longer. The mountain range around, and the little foaming river, now scantily fringed with birch, were all that remained of the rude Highlands.

The change within was even greater. My mother's parlor and bedroom, thrown into one long room by the help of supporting pillars, was fitted up as a library, and was the sitting-room of the family. In the recess of the bay-window was placed a large, round table, covered with books and writing-materials; in the side-wall, doors of glass opened into the conservatory; at the farther end a pianoforte, a violoncello-case, and a high stand full of music, denoted the happy employment of many an evening hour; near the fire was the old cornered chair, new-covered with needle-work, exactly copied from the faded, worn original: all my mother's chairs found places, too, as stationaries, intermixed with some of a lighter make; the little tea-table, with its egg-shell china, was set before a side window, opening on a small courtyard at the back of the greenhouse appropriated to pet birds. The whole thing spoke of home-occupations and home-happiness, to increase which, every memorial of the past appeared to have been studiously introduced; and it affected me even to tears when I found myself alone there, after walking up from the steamboat a mile and a half or more, unnoticed by any one; for we had not been expected—they had not looked for us till the next boat, not reckoning on our timing our changes of conveyance so accurately. By the

advice of the governess, who shortly made her appearance with the younger part of her happy-looking charge, I occupied the time that must be passed before the return home of my nephew and niece with their elder children, in taking a review of the pretty cottage into which the old house had been metamorphosed. Taste and comfort were happily blended throughout all the arrangements, united with the most economical simplicity. Nothing my good Aunt Nelly had left was missing, though there were many additions suited to modern refinement. The old dining-room had been shortened, to give my nephew not a study, but an office; for it was plain that business was in earnest pursued here. The back "jamb" had been extended indefinitely as part of a range of farm-offices, evidently superintended by a lady's eye. The entrance-hall alone looked feudal; for in it were neatly arranged upon the walls my father's swords, the captain's pistols, and some old battle-axes, leathern shields, old claymores, and such-like antiquities, intermixed with stags' horns and stuffed otters, which my nephew had fallen upon in the garrets when remodelling his residence. I was particularly touched with this careful preservation of every object connected with the olden time; for even the flower-case and the filigree box of my poor old French governess remained in their own place, though the drawing-room did duty now as the children's study. Where the Grecian and Egyptian curiosities had taken refuge, I know not: probably in the bedrooms of the castle; for no remains of them were to be seen in the cottage, and the millionaire had entirely refurnished his reception-rooms in what he called the Highland style—all tartan, dirks, broadswords, and bog oak.

I was warmly welcomed by my nephew and niece; made of the family at once; consulted, and employed, and appealed to as another of themselves; where all big and little, master and servant, parent and child, seemed to have but one common interest. We were early up, early to bed, busy all day; and we enjoyed our short evening as only those can enjoy the hours of relaxation who have earned them by daily duties well performed. We did not live alone. Several of the nearer landed proprietors, whose pursuits were beginning to assimilate in some degree with my nephew's, with the addition, occasionally of the family retainers, formed an agreeable society, amongst whom no formalities existed, and who seemed to enjoy the easy intercourse prevailing in their unceremonious visits to one another all the more, that display was altogether unthought of as a mode of entertainment. Higher sources of enjoyment have opened upon the rising generation than were ever dreamt of by their ancestors. Conversing with my nephew on his wonderfully altered habits, he told me that he dated the change from the time that a sense of duty dawned upon him. He had awakened from the follies of a frivolous existence to see the inheritance of his family passing from them; the people, whose interests had been delegated to his care, suffering from his desertion. His pride of birth, first humbled, was then aroused, and the keen desire to redeem his station took entire possession of his very energetic mind. Encouraged by the forester, stimulated and assisted by the captain's widow, he first fitted himself for the serious task he had undertaken; and then beginning by managing for others' he proved himself to have become the best manager for all. His character had won him his wife. Her little fortune, and her

father's influence, had been of considerable use to him in assisting plans he still pursued as a trustee. He lived upon the allowance he received as manager, grudging no outlay on the estate that would afterwards pay, yet restricting even that to a certain annual sum, while faithfully, year after year, relieving the property of its heavy encumbrances. He had no factor, managing all his own affairs himself. He had two working grieves and a forester, who received their daily orders, and had their labors daily inspected; and he had a book-keeper, chosen, like his other assistants, not for his kindred or his destitution, but for his efficiency in his particular department. His farms were models; and he had many—for here it was that the young laird had offended. The good of the property was his aim so exclusively, that he never permitted private feelings to interfere with what he thought essential to it. He said that where he had found it possible, he had left all the old people in their old places; but that the change of manners had necessitated many removals. He required no band of idlers round him; therefore some were thrown out of bread, whose former dependent existence had quite unfitted them for regular work. A few he had quite reclaimed; some partly; some were not to be reclaimed, and they had either hung on at home, living on more industrious relations, or they had enlisted or emigrated, often assisted by himself, as he owed them help, and was willing to give it. He had had most trouble with his class of small tenants—honest, respectable men, living poorly enough on the few acres their ancestors for centuries back had tilled, much in the same style, too, with their own slovenly system of management; for they were proud, idle, poor, and doggedly opposed to any innovations on the habits of their forefathers. These continued to live in the smoky turf-huts, and to lie in the airless box-beds: they called trees big weeds, and thought flowers an encumbrance; and the better crops, and the increasing comforts of their more docile neighbors, all so many preparations for expediting the approach of the day of judgment. With such thorough men of the old school, it had been extremely difficult to deal. It was these principally who had emigrated to the new world rather than conform to the times in their old places; and some of them, despite their obstinacy, I could not but regret; for from amongst them, when thrown by different accidents into the current of the world, had sprung men who left these lowly roofs to rise, by their own exertions, to the highest honors of the state. But my nephew was not of an age or a temperament to believe there would ever be any want of force to fill the vacancies: to him these sturdy fathers of the great were so many obstinate old men, who were predetermined never to try to extract its full value from the soil; and therefore, in his eyes only encumbering it, he joyfully seized every opportunity of assisting in their removal.

He was opposed to the whole system of jobbing. He said it had hitherto been the ruin of the country, as we might see in our own family, and in that of my poor Aunt Grace, the last of whose descendants, the boy she brought over the lake to see me on my former visit to the north, having just started for Australia, after parcelling out what was once a fine property amongst a whole bevy of small purchasers. He would put none into situations they could not honestly fill; he would help the unfortunate to the best of his ability; but he would leave no land with Black Donald's son, or

any other body's son, who would not or could not improve it; nor should old Bell's grandson mismanage a saw-mill, had the old woman been foster-sister to a score of lairds. The factor, our cousin's son, need not have bristled up at the ill usage he met with in being passed over for a stranger. He required no factor: the stranger bookkeeper did what the cousin could not do—work; to which he had been bred, and for which he was well fitted. With these sentiments all in active operation, the glen had indeed made strides. Three or four large farms, managed by my nephew's advice, were in the hands of young scions of some of the old stocks; the rest he superintended himself, and cultivated to the utmost—large, level, well-fenced, thorough-drained fields, bearing crops that were a marvel in the Highlands. Still I, like the old useless retainers, felt some regret. A wise writer has remarked, that the actual living present has little interest for the bulk of mankind; that the young are looking hopefully forward to the unknown future; while the elderly return in thought to the sadly-cherished past, where the melancholy which forms the tenderest part of memory mingles with all recollections. It must have been this natural inclination of the mind which made me, in thinking of my native glen, pass over its present flourishing condition, and revert to it as I knew it in my youth, during the summer I spent among its beauties when my brother was the laird. The people were then just beginning to arouse from the sleep of ages; new ideas and new wants were just dawning upon the rising race, while the old feelings, and habits, and prejudices, were still the creed of their fathers. It was this that made them so interesting, so unlike the world we left when we came to visit them in the recesses of their mountains; and this was wearing gradually away before the advance of more useful business habits. I could never reconcile myself either to the smoke, and the fizzing, and the racket of the steamboat rushing over our once secluded lake, or to the bustle of the village on its shore. I missed too, through the glen, all the pretty crofts, stolen, as it were, from the birch-woods: they were all gone, the timber of their hanging banks cut and stacked for sale, the heights and hollows levelled, and all the little wild paths through this once graceful wooding, leading from one little sheltered farm to another, existed now only in the memory of such as I, who had loved to linger the long summer hours among scenes so quietly beautiful.

In the forest too, we no longer came upon the solitary woodman felling and barking his tree, or on a half-ruined saw-mill with its leaking water-course, offering itself to the pencil with all its picturesque infirmities—the sawyer lazily reading, while the tardy log moved on. All this had vanished. A small part of the forest was cut down in rotation yearly, immediately enclosed, and left to nature to replenish. One band of active workmen felled, another barked, another stacked; all roots were raised; horses for the purpose carried the logs to the only mill, an immense building, with a large artificial supply of water, and a yard attached, where the wood was sorted. The thorough air of business interested me here in spite of myself: the regularity astonished me; as did the amount of work done, by which no one, however, seemed oppressed—method making all easy, even to Highlanders. With his workmen my nephew was a favorite, nor can I say that he was out of favor

with any, even of those drones whom he would banish from the hive. He was forgiven much, on account of his position—acting, as they insisted, for my brother; redeeming his father's property at his own risk—and they excused his stern utilitarianism, on account of the several disadvantages he had labored under. A foreign mother, a foreign nurse, latterly a foreign education, they could not expect his heart to be all Highland. The wiser among them were beginning, too, to be quite sensible of the substantial benefits his rule had brought with it; money, with all the comforts it can buy, being no longer scarce with the industrious. They had regular pay, good houses, shops in the village at hand, a market at their door for their produce, help in sickness, a good minister, and a good school. It was in these latter departments that my nephew's wife most interested herself.

My niece was scarcely handsome, being fair and slight, and wanting height; yet she grew on me as beautiful, from her sweet, cheerful temper, her goodness, her activity, and her cleverness; all these resources of her mind, too, called forth solely by her love of home. It was to enliven her home that he produced her accomplishments, to improve her home that she exerted her various talents; regulating her household so quietly, pursuing her various employments so steadily, associating her elder children with all her works. She was really a help-meet for her husband, beloved throughout his whole estate, the support and the solace of all around her. No "lady" had ever yet so truly possessed the affections of the people. She was of ancient Highland blood too, and understood their ways, and shared most of their feelings. The young laird owed more of the respect he met with than he was at all aware of to the "gentle Lady Anne." The employment which, next to her home duties, appeared the most particularly to interest her, was her charge of the newly-founded schools, where she taught daily, not as in the old times of birch rods and Latin grammar, but according to the improving views of the age upon this most important subject. Then she had a school of industry upon a plan of her own, where all of any age got work, if they wished for it, with a small magazine where their labors were sold. A dispensary was under the care of an hospital assistant, whose practice was directed by the weekly visit of the doctor from the neighboring town, and who received a small salary from the laird to compensate for the low price of his advice and medicines. A soup-kitchen and a linen store belonged to the institution, carefully superintended by my active niece. And all this was done so easily, so cheaply, time being much more abundantly bestowed than money.

Such is the glen as my nephew has made it—changed by the progress of years, aided by the energies of one powerful mind. He has taught his people to help themselves; he has altered their blind submission into a reasonable attachment; and though, from circumstances as much as from character, he may have been a little rigid in the straight course, the end was certain, and worth achieving at any price. Though the poetry of the connexion between the laird and the vassal has undoubtedly suffered by the tie to the *race* being broken, yet affection for the *man*, always given when deserved, may be a higher and a surer bond between them. With such thorough business habits, it will not be supposed that he much en-

couraged the gaieties formerly so essential to the happiness of the Highlander. He kept up the ball and supper at harvest-home, the dinner at Christmas, and the feast in the hill at the sheep-shearing; but there was no whisky admitted to the entertainments, and they were early over. He discountenanced in every way the expensive funerals, the noisy weddings, the numerous excuses for gatherings, which seldom ended in the good of the younger part of the company. Indeed, the tastes of the people were outgrowing the mirth raised by the punch-bowl; a tone of higher enjoyment was gradually expanding over their feelings, which was assiduously fostered, and wisely directed.

The minister was another of my nephew's lucky hits—a truly well-educated man, anxious for the morals of his flock, proving by his own habits the worth of the Christian precepts he inculcated. He was neither kith nor kin to our family. He preached well, visited his flock unceasingly, abounding in the works of truly gospel charity. His congregation was large, and extremely attentive, but by no means so interesting to me as that of former days. The young men in their fashionable attire did not look half so well as in the plaid. The smart caps, or the very finely-trimmed bonnets of the younger women, were frightful to me, whose thoughts returned to the glossy snood-bound hair of their comely mothers. Old age was less marked, youth was less picturesque; there were few high caps, no groans, no dogs; and the psalms, skillfully sung in parts by the children of my niece's schools, had no resemblance to the line-by-line-delivered noises of the ancient precentor, taken up in every key and every tune guessed at by the congregation.

The world has reached the glen; every-day life now meets us there: the romance of the Highlands is gone; they will soon offer few distinctive peculiarities. Another generation will very faintly trace the remains of the manners of their primitive forefathers, and the records of scenes I have lived in will be as Robin Hood's tales to my grandchildren.

I took leave of my nephew with sorrow. At seventy odd years, old ladies, even in these days of steaming comfort, travel uneasily. I felt, when I quitted the glen, that its beauties, except in memory, had closed on me forever.

From the Tribune.

CAROLINE.

THE other evening I heard a gentle voice reading aloud the story of Maurice, a boy who, deprived of the use of his limbs by paralysis, was sustained in comfort, and, almost, in cheerfulness, by the exertions of his twin sister. Left with him in orphanage, her affections were centred upon him, and, amid the difficulties his misfortunes brought upon them, grew to a fire intense and pure enough to animate her with angelic impulses and powers. As he could not move about, she drew him everywhere in a little cart, and, when at last they heard that sea-bathing might accomplish his cure, conveyed him, in this way, hundreds of miles to the seashore. Her pious devotion and faith were rewarded by his cure, and (a French story would be entirely incomplete otherwise) with money, plaudits, and garlands from the bystanders.

Though the story ends in this vulgar manner, it is, in its conduct, extremely sweet and touching,

not only as to the beautiful qualities developed by these trials in the brother and sister, but in the purifying and softening influence exerted by the sight of his helplessness and her goodness on all around them.

Those who are the victims of some natural blight, often fulfil this important office, and bless those within their sphere more, by awakening feelings of holy tenderness and compassion, than a man, healthy and strong, can do by the utmost exertion of his good will and energies. Thus, in the East, men hold sacred those in whom they find a distortion or alienation of the mind, which makes them unable to provide for themselves. The well and sane feel themselves the ministers of Providence to carry out a mysterious purpose while taking care of those who are thus left incapable of taking care of themselves, and, while fulfilling this ministry, find themselves refined and made better.

The Swiss have similar feelings as to those of their families whom cretinism has reduced to idiocy. They are attended to, fed, dressed clean, and provided with a pleasant place for the day, before doing anything else even by very busy and poor people.

We have seen a similar instance in this country of voluntary care of an idiot, and the mental benefits that ensued. This idiot, like most that are called so, was not without a glimmer of mind. His teacher was able to give him some notions both of spiritual and mental facts, at least she thought she had given him the idea of a God; and though it appeared by his gestures that to him the moon was the representative of that idea! yet he certainly did conceive of something above him, and which inspired him with reverence and delight. He knew the names of two or three persons who had done him kindness, and, when they were mentioned, would point upward as he did to the moon, showing himself susceptible, in his degree, of Mr. Carlyle's grand method of education—hero-worship. She had awakened in him a love of music, so that he could be soothed in his most violent moods by her gentle singing. It was a most touching sight to see him sitting opposite to her at those times, his wondering and lack-lustre eyes filled with childish pleasure, while in hers gleamed the same pure joy that we may suppose to animate the looks of an angel appointed by Heaven to restore a ruined world.

We knew another instance in which a young girl became to her village a far more valuable influence than any patron saint who looks down from his stone niche, while his votaries recall the legend of his goodness in days long past. Caroline lived in a little quiet country village, quiet as no village can now remain, since the railroad strikes its spear through the peace of country life. She lived alone with a widowed mother, for whom, as well as for herself, her needle won bread, while the mother's strength and skill sufficed to the simple duties of their household. They lived content and hopeful, till, whether from sitting still too much, or some other cause, Caroline became ill, and soon the physician pronounced her spine to be affected, and to such a degree that she was incurable.

This news was a thunderbolt to the poor little cottage. The mother, who had lost her elasticity of mind, wept in despair, but the young girl who found so early all the hopes and joys of life taken from her, and that she was left seemingly without any shelter from the storm, had, even at first, the

faith and strength to bow her head in gentleness and say, God will provide. She sustained and cheered her mother.

And God did provide. With simultaneous vibration the hearts of all their circle acknowledged the divine obligation of love and mutual aid between human beings. Food, clothing, medicine, service, were all offered freely to the widow and her daughter.

Caroline grew worse, and was at last in such a state that she could only be moved upon a sheet and by the aid of two persons. In this toilsome service, and every other that she needed for years, her mother never needed to ask assistance. The neighbors took turns in doing all that was required, and the young girls, as they were growing up, counted it among their regular employments to work for or read to Caroline.

Not without immediate reward was their service of love. The mind of the girl, originally bright and pure, was quickened and wrought up to the finest susceptibility by the nervous exaltation that often ensues upon affection of the spine. The soul, which had taken an upward impulse from its first act of resignation, grew daily more and more into communion with the higher regions of life permanent and pure. Perhaps she was instructed by spirits which, having passed through a similar trial of pain and loneliness, had risen to see the reason why. However that may be, she grew in nobleness of view and purity of sentiment, and, as she received more instruction from books also, than any other person in her circle, had from many visitors abundant information as to the events which were passing around her, and leisure to reflect on them with a disinterested desire for truth, she became so much wiser than her companions as to be, at last, their preceptress and best friend, and her brief, gentle comments and counsels were listened to as oracles from one enfranchised from the films which selfishness and passion cast over the eyes of the multitude.

The twofold blessing conferred by her presence, both in awakening none but good feelings in the hearts of others, and in the instruction she became able to confer was such that, at the end of five years, no member of that society would have been so generally lamented as Caroline if death had called her away.

But the Messenger, who so often seems capricious in his summons, took first the aged mother, and the poor girl found that life had yet the power to bring her grief, unexpected and severe.

And now the neighbors met in council. Caroline could not be left quite alone in the house. Should they take turns and stay with her by night as well as by day?

"Not so," said the blacksmith's wife. "The house will never seem like home to her now, poor thing, and 't would be kind of dreary for her to change about her 'nuses' so. I'll tell you what; all my children but one are married and gone off; we have property enough. I will have a good room fixed for her and she shall live with us. My husband wants her to as much as me."

The council acquiesced in this truly humane arrangement, and Caroline lives there still; and we are assured that none of her numerous friends dread her departure so much as the blacksmith's wife.

"Tant no trouble at all to have her," she says; "and if it was, I should n't care; she is so good and still, and talks so pretty. It's as good to be with her as goin' to meetin'."

De Maistre relates some similar passages as to a sick girl in St. Petersburg, though his mind dwelt more on the spiritual beauty, evinced in her remarks, than on the good she had done to those around her. Indeed, none bless more than those who only stand and wait. Even if their passivity be enforced by fate, it will become a spiritual activity, if accepted in a faith higher above fate than the Greek gods were supposed to sit enthroned above misfortune.

VISIT TO THE CROCODILE CAVES.*

ON a fine sunny morning, with a light wind, my boat floated quietly down the Nile, its broad waters reflecting village after village, and grove after grove of date-trees. Long lines of pelicans edged the sand-banks: they did not move for us. I mused on the same, with my constant friend by my side—my pipe: all was tranquillity. I could but lament that, in a few short weeks, I must bid adieu to a country which had so much interested me; and with deep regret I contemplated the time when, in sketches and recollections, I must try and conjure up the magic scenes by which I had been so many months surrounded. I had revelled in temples, (pardon the expression,) I had lived in tombs, I had boiled my tea-kettle with mummies' bones, descended into labyrinths of passages—poking up from their long-hidden places birds and beasts; in short, I had become artist, naturalist, and half-Arab. I had ridden a camel, and I had shot at—but never *killed*—a crocodile. Here my train of musing was at once cut short by the remembrance that I had never been in the crocodile pits—so graphically described to me by my French companions at Thebes. True, they said it was a dangerous undertaking—that few accomplished it; nay, they had a story of some traveller having either lost himself, or some of his people: but what of that? If one never attempts a difficulty, he can never experience the pleasure of overcoming one. So with this reflection I filled my pipe, took up my map, just to see whereabouts the place might be; and to my no small pleasure discovered that by to-morrow morning we should arrive at the spot—*Manfalout* * * * bene—my mind was made up. The rest of the day I teased the Arabs with questions and cross-questions, to see if I could procure any information; and in the evening, when joined by my fellow-travellers—Mr. G., an English gentleman, with an abundant stock of good-nature, and my French friend, Monsieur D., with a violin—it was settled to make a party.

About five in the morning we awoke by the keel grating on the sand, and the lullaby of the Arab sailors ceasing from their rowing. They make a rascally noise, but travellers praise it—like Tasso's songs by the gondoliers in Venice. I've heard them both, and when I've not been in a

* This sketch is slightly altered from the Art-Union of March, in which it appears, with illustrations from the pencil of its lamented author—the late William Muller. "It is," says the editor of that elegant journal, "a graphic description of a most extraordinary scene; and a striking record of one of the many perils the accomplished writer underwent in his search after knowledge. It was written by Mr. Muller for the Art-Union many months ago; he had previously furnished us with the sketches, which we immediately engraved. We were, however, for some time under the impression that the descriptive matter had not been prepared; fortunately, it was found entire, and ready for the printer, among his papers, and was kindly transmitted to us by his brother."

very poetical mood, wished both the Arab sailors and Venetian gondoliers at * * * I won't say where. Alleck was despatched to the town to inquire for a guide, and procure eggs. We commenced washing—that is to say, myself and my English friend; but Monsieur D. forestalled his morning labors by a tune on that diabolical fiddle. It was found broken one day, and right glad was I of it—it put an end to the music for a time. In half an hour, just as the sun began to peep over the sand-hills of the desert, as if 't was a novelty to him, our breakfast was announced—boiled rice, dates, figs, coffee, eggs, and new bread—and we did justice to it. Shortly after, our guides made their appearance, and informed us that the pits were on the other side of the river, at Amabdi. This was soon obviated. We cast loose, and got into the stream, and a few minutes took us to the other side, where we found the boat of an English gentleman, who was returning from India, but, by an injury to his arm, from a fall from his camel at Thebes, had been an invalid—had put himself under an Arab doctor, been cupped with a cow horn, and martyred with certain little insects which make the acquaintance of strangers with great pertinacity. He was a gentleman of considerable information, and fond of pursuits of a much higher nature than ordinary travellers. In geology and botany he had made considerable advance; and many pleasant evenings I had spent with him in Upper Egypt, generally gaining much valuable information. Our meeting was a pleasure; and, on his hearing our intention of visiting the crocodile pits, he requested permission to join our party: of course we were most happy.

The guides informed us it was necessary to take arms, as in the desert there were some very bad men; and soon the inhabitants of Amabdi saw us loading guns, flourishing sabres, &c. But now came the most difficult part—as to the reward of our sworthy servitors. After much banter, noise, and gesture, we agreed to give them thirty piastres; so, forming a line of march, our party advanced, consisting of about fifteen persons, guides, boatmen, ourselves, &c. Our way lay along the plain, through beautiful clover-fields, the fragrance of which was most grateful; its luxuriant growth astonishing. Half an hour brought us to the margin of the desert; and it is curious to see what a positive line vegetation makes with the sand: just as far as the waters rise during the inundation, you have rich fertility; but past that, eternal sand.

Our path lay by a ruined convent, long deserted; and then we began to ascend the hills, which are here of considerable height—some thousand feet. We found abundance of shells in the rocks: the echinus was common. We kept on loading our guides, and should have had a very pretty museum, if the cunning rascals had not kept throwing away in nearly the same proportion as we gave them. Having crossed the hills, we came once more into the sandy plain, bounded by hills in the distance—the peculiar character of most deserts. Our guides now pointed to a small spot in the wide expanse; this was the mouth of the pit, and the object of our search. On arriving at it, I found a perpendicular hole, or shaft, of perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet, partly covered by a large block of stone, and the entrance surrounded by numbers of fragments of crocodiles, as also a great number of small pebbles, which that animal at times swallows—I believe to assist digestion. Amongst

these, I was informed by a Jew at Cairo, they sometimes find stones of value, that must have been washed from the mountains of Abyssinia, and carried down by the Nile.

Our party made a halt, our guides threw off their clothes, and, with the assistance of the sash worn round the waist, I descended, followed by a guide. On arriving, however, at the bottom, I could not discover, at the first instant, where in the name of fortune our direction would be; but as the eye became accustomed to the change of light, I observed a small hole, just large enough to admit a person to enter by lying flat on his chest. The place had a disagreeable smell, different from any mummy-pit I remember; and what did not enhance its general appearance, was a number of large black insects crawling about. The Arab lit some wax candles, motioned to me, and at once placing himself flat on the ground, extending his arm with the candle, commenced to enter this mysterious abode of silence. I followed, and then there was room for the rest of my friends to come down. Mr. N. declined the attempt, as his arm was far from well. We proceeded; the passages being tortuous, and the bats most numerous, insomuch that at times we feared they would extinguish the lights. We soon, however, arrived at a small chamber, when we left off practising our lizard-like exercise, and began to look at one another, and to rest for a second; but *en avant*. We now changed our previous order: my stout friend G. went before: the passage became narrower, insomuch that more than one or two bats that were hanging to the roof came to an untimely end by being squeezed to death by the backs of the foremost of our party; and poor G., who was much the stoutest of our 'set,' in one place stuck fast and firm. My laugh was unavoidable; but it sounded strange to the ear, as it echoed through the long passage. By dint of much exertion he got free; and once more we came to a chamber of rather large dimensions, the roof ornamented with hieroglyphics. Several small holes surrounded it: our guides fixed on one, and we again continued our route. The heat was tremendous; and it was with no small pleasure we found ourselves in a vast cavern, the roof of which I could not well see with our small means of lighting it. We sat down on some large blocks of stone, and began to take breath, for our exertions had been great. The guides, who looked like two fiends from the infernal regions, began to undo a piece of wood, (made from the fibre of the date;) this they tied to a large stone, then commenced searching about for the entrance to the next passage. All this caused a suspicion on my mind, and I determined to mark the passages as we entered and as we left them. I think, in the sequel, I, as well as my companions, had much reason to be thankful for this precaution.

We went once more creeping, the last Arab taking in his hand the cord, and came to chamber No. 4. Here large blocks of stone formed the ground, until a chasm, the depth of which I know not, presented itself. We summoned our courage and our strength to jump it, and all gained the other side: it was a place, to use the words of a favorite author of mine, (Forsyth,) 'that curiosity might stand appalled to gaze within.' We entered another passage, which led us to the largest chamber we had yet been in. Here it was discovered that the cord had broken—the thread to our labyrinth gone! The two guides began now looking

about for the next passage, but in vain : amongst the many they could not determine. They entered some, and then came out again : we heard them shouting to one another, as the voices of some demons, but all to no purpose. We sat with patience ; we had been under ground an hour, or very nearly so ; our candles began to burn short ; our patience, much like our candles, could not continue forever. The *guides* began crying, beating themselves, and performing a very pretty farce ; but it would not get us on, and we made them signs to return ; but in this we were as unfortunate. Passages on all sides of the chamber, they knew not which to take ; and now came the full horrors of our situation before us. We might have strayed so far from the right path, that in case of our friend and servants seeking us—and they had no guide—they might not find us. Where and to what may not these passages lead ? How far may they continue ? And to what extent ? These were questions which forced themselves upon our minds. Our candles went on burning, and, much like time to the ill-fated man about to be executed, each moment shortens both. Truly our consternation was great—to be buried alive in such a place !—without light, without assistance, without the means of making ourselves heard. We gazed on one another, and the full truth of our situation seemed to occupy our minds past the power of utterance. This, then, might be the termination of all our travels, of all our hopes. In vain had our pretended guides sought the path by which we entered ; they sat down, and for a moment all was silence. That black gulf over which we jumped presented fresh horrors ; the little narrow winding thread-like passages, all came before the eye, and the picture was despair. No word spoken—silence, deep and profound, alone seemed to occupy this abyss : the moments seemed hours. Still the candles burned : the knowledge of this roused us. We for the first time, in a low voice, began to communicate our ideas one to the other : the voice now sounded like some discordant noise. How different from when we entered !—the laugh, the jest ; then all was mirth, now all gloom.

We knew well that those who were without—our servants and friend—might never have it in their power to assist us ; the former from superstition and fear, (the loss of poor Legh's guides in this place must be fresh on their minds ;) and the latter (Mr. N.) could have little power to cause us to be sought. We had tried all in our power to discover the passage ; we talked over all the probabilities of finding it. In vain I had sought my piece of paper. All was despondency : the ideas of a lingering death—famine in its worst form—haunted the brain, and filled it with terrible forebodings. The candles were becoming shorter and shorter : the truth of this seemed to flash upon my mind more than on my companions, and at once I determined to act. That determination I believe saved us. How absurd to waste that on which our only power of escape existed—the means of light ! I immediately proposed the putting out all but one, dividing the few matches we had between two of our party, and then commencing a search for the paper with the utmost attention, as that was our only clue. We left our French friend sitting alone ; not but that he was a man of courage and considerable thought. I could not help at the instant expressing a wish that he had his "*violin pour passé le temps* ;" he gave me such a look. But I dislike melancholy as much as I did

my situation ; and if the worst came to the worst, our entertainment promised nothing better than eating our lean, dry, brown Arabs up—and that was not exactly the thing one would like. These reflections came into my head as I was poking it into one hole after the other : and how I regretted the wax that kept on falling drop after drop ; how we may want it in this infernal petrified region !

We had gone on nearly round the chamber, when all seemed hopeless. There remained but one or two holes more. A shout of joy broke from us both : there was the paper ! But was it possible we had entered by that little hole ? It must be so. It was truly so small, that we had overlooked it in our former search, and not regarded it as we crawled into the cavern. Huzza ! Poke up those black devils, and come along, my boy ! In our joy, the Arabs were more frightened than before : they must have thought it was our song previous to a cannibal feast. But how the rascals showed their teeth when they saw us light the candles, and begin the crawling exercise ! With our passage out I will not inflict the reader : he must be as tired as we were, especially as he has to descend again. We gained the fresh air, all perspiration and sand : we congratulated one another, had a good draught of water, lit our pipes, and instructed our servant, in particular set terms, to abuse the pretended guides. They looked rather queer when they found we did not intend paying them. But we had not seen the crocodiles.

We were regretting this, when on a sudden we saw an old man with a long beard coming across the desert : he was of a most venerable appearance. All shouted out, *this is the true guide* : this is * * * I forgot his name. He laughed with a sort of inward satisfaction when he heard our story, and told us he expected it. He had heard of our departure, and, with anticipation of its proving unsuccessful, came after us, had brought some candles, &c. : this was civil. I liked the look of the old gentleman. I had faith in him ; indeed so we all had, and we disliked being foiled in anything we attempted. We made certain we should go down again ; and so we did ; but we took with us our interpreter, followed a different route, and did not pass the chasm or the large hall. He showed us his marks on the sides of the rock, scratched into the stalagmite, which was of a beautiful brown color. Could the exhalations of the bitumen have mixed with it ? He gave us particular caution as we began to enter one passage, to mind and not let the candle fall on the inflammable substances by which the ground was covered—date leaves and old pieces of rag.

On proceeding a little farther, judge of our surprise : we were literally crawling over the bodies of once living human beings—*nummies* ! Were these the *red-haired*—sacrificed to the crocodile, as some authors assert ! The head I brought out with me, and afterwards sent to Bombay, had *red hair*—the learned must decide. There was something a little novel in this. We continued thirty or forty yards, when the old man stopped, turned round and pointed, then touched himself, and then something on the ground. This was the body of a man ; just behind him another. These were the remains of Legh's guides : they died from the mephitic vapor, he narrowly escaping. One was better preserved than the other : it was in a bent-up position, dried with all the flesh on, and part of the

blue dress still left. I lifted it. It may have weighed ten or fifteen pounds.

We now entered the chamber of crocodiles, the object of all our pursuit and adventure. There they lay, of all sizes, from five inches to twelve feet, and I dare say more: thousands packed on thousands, and so packed for thousands of years. I soon obtained a fine large head, and some half-dozen small crocodiles, all bandaged in cloth. There was little to observe in this sanctum sanctorum, and no knowledge how far it continued: it evidently had not been much visited. At the end of the passage, which might have been twelve or fifteen feet high, the bodies formed a solid mass. It was from the sides I obtained the specimens.

Our return, however, was rather ludicrous: one of the Arabs stuck the head on a spear, and looked a little like David of old. I chalked, or rather printed, the line of Dante over the entrance—

“Lasciate agnè speranza voi che entrate.”

We gained our boats at a late hour in the evening, enjoyed boiled rice and fruit; and just as we were commencing to light our pipes, the fiddle struck upon my ear, with “Dunois the brave.” I wished him at a place in the country he was bound to—Jericho.

One by one the stars shone out, the sky became of a deep purple, then to an indigo, the moon was high in the heavens, the plumed date-trees slept in her silver light, the slender minarets of Manfalout painted into the clear vault of the sky. All was repose. My friend's music had long ceased. All was silence. “How beautiful is night!” At least so I thought. My mind, nevertheless, turned to friends. I had few to trouble my mind about that time; and then to HOME—that was more easily disposed of, for I had no particular spot in the world so called. After these and various other subjects, but all in vain, I hit upon the right one—*sleep*. But my kind-hearted musical friend was of a different opinion. He opened a box, took out a little miniature, and then I heard a sort of smacking noise. Ay, ay, my fine fellow; my head to a handful of split peas you won't do that ten years hence. I pulled my beurnouse tighter over my face. What he did next I could not see; but in the middle of the night I awoke with the idea that the boat was on fire: it was only Monsieur writing a long letter by camp-light, to * * * no matter whom. Good night, again, M. B.; and once more to sleep, with hopes of an early breakfast.

LORD BROUGHAM.

(From Mr. Walsh's letter to the National Intelligencer, dated May 5.)

You are aware that Lord Brougham makes, in parliament, displays, or performs feats, sometimes skilful and creditable, oftener ridiculous or mischievous. His exhibition, on the 30th ultimo, in the high debate on the lord chancellor's *religious opinions belief bill*, is the subject of pungent French as well as derisive British commentary. It is pretty notorious that his lordship's composition does not include a particle of religious faith or sentiment. Yet how keen his alarm at the free importation of papal bulls into the British dominions, and how solemn his protest concerning the Gallic orisons for the return of the British people to the Roman Catholic fold! Can any text—as we con the speaker—be pleasanter than this:

“He had heard *with great concern* that a very

extraordinary proceeding took place in another country with which he was connected by the ties of friendship and residence, and for the preservation of the strictest ties of friendship between that country and this no one on either side of the channel was more anxious. He had heard that the government of France had permitted prayers to be offered up by the Archbishop of Paris for the conversion of the sovereign and the people of this country from their heresies to the true Catholic church. He thought that it was very strange, as his learned friend M. Guizot was not a Catholic but a Protestant, that this should have been allowed. *Nothing could be more embarrassing* than that the religious authorities of one country should interfere with those of another. It was the more objectionable in this case, for the object to be obtained would make our queen forfeit her crown, towards whom the French people entertain feelings of love and loyalty as strong almost as those held by her own subjects, and who were most anxious that she should pay a visit to that country, where no one could be more popular than she was. [Hear, hear.] He was sure that they had no wish of the kind; but if these prayers were fulfilled, that would be the result; for it was a forfeiture of the crown for any sovereign of this country to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. He therefore said that he never had heard of anything more embarrassing, and it could only have arisen from an oversight, and he was sure that such a proceeding would be prevented for the future. He was not likely to be connected or influenced by any Catholic superstition, but he had great respect for those who professed this religion; yet he could assure his noble friend near him (Lord Camoys) that the prayers of his church in his (Lord Brougham's) behalf would be thrown away.”

Lord Camoys, if he had lived in the time of Voltaire and Rousseau, whose libertinism of every description Lord Brougham has labored to excuse, if not to embalm, would have as readily anticipated success for the prayers of the church in their behalf. In every material statement, the universal genius must commit some mistake of fact: the Archbishop of Paris did not designate Queen Victoria, and no permission or agency of government was thought of; at the present juncture, his pastoral letter was not the most judicious for his cause. A morbid terror about popery, produced by Puseyism, and the further plunges of its professors, revives in England; to aggravate it could not help Catholicism. Lord Aberdeen, quite a precisian in creed and ritual, would have been a little embarrassed, if his usual chosen interlocutor on foreign affairs had—uninvited and untutored—called for an official expostulation with his learned friend, Mr. Guizot, the Calvinist. The *entente cordiale*, however, would have been well turned and felt in the correspondence. The Journal des Debats, usually tender of Lord Brougham, who is a devout worshipper, public and private, of Louis Philippe, noticed his sally in apt and ingenious terms:

“Lord Brougham on this occasion indulged in one of those eccentricities which for some time past have been so habitual to him. He quarrelled with the French government, and especially with M. Guizot, for having permitted the Archbishop of Paris to offer up publicly prayers for the conversion of England to the Catholic church. The illustrious orator said that these prayers tended to nothing short of the forfeiture of the crown of

Queen Victoria. The sovereign of England is, in fact, obliged by oath to profess and uphold the Protestant religion; but we will observe to Lord Brougham that the Archbishop of Paris causes prayers to be put up for the conversion of the people of England in general, and not for that of the queen in particular, and that if England were to be converted it is probable that she would not depose the queen for acting in the same way as herself. In any case a complaint of this kind is the most extraordinary thing in the world on the part of such a man as Lord Brougham. We should have thought that the old and eloquent defender of the ideas of liberty and propagandism would have been the last to take offence at such a manifestation. Governments would not complain if they had only to contend against crusades and prayers, and it appears to us that the purely spiritual means to which the Archbishop of Paris has recourse for the conversion of those whom he regards as heretics are infinitely more in conformity with liberty of conscience than the acts of parliament which have just been repealed. Every man speaks, preaches, and prays for what he believes to be the truth. The Protestants have a simple means of replying to the prayers of the Archbishop of Paris. Let them resort to reprisals. Let the Archbishop of Canterbury ordain prayers for the conversion of France to the Anglican church. Lord Brougham may be assured that nobody here would see in such a step any attack upon liberty or upon the government."

You understand that all Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst's zeal for religious toleration has burst forth since his marriage with a Jewish lady, a fortunate influence for all the Christian recusants! Neither the Bishop of London nor his brother of Exeter, any more than Lord Brougham, is spared by the London press for the part they took in the curious debate on the surviving penalties and restrictions "in more than thirty acts of parliament" of which the chancellor and Lord Camoys exposed the enormity and absurdity. British writers have often shuddered and wailed over the *code noir* of the southern states of our union; it might still be deemed a white or blushing code by the side of the British statute-books in the various legislation with regard to Papists, Dissenters, Jews, and Jacobites. So far as statute-books exemplify the spirit of liberality, Christianity, and humanity, and, of course, real civilization, or the reverse, those of the Union, and even of any of its members, might be proudly compared with any European whatever. The *Times* and the *Daily News* are particularly irreverent towards the mitred alarmists: if you wish your readers to be properly acquainted with Lord Brougham, you will copy the editorial sketch of the *Times* of the 28th ultimo. The protectionist writers have discovered that the noble lord, in the second volume of his lives, &c., just issued, has brought out and applied the doctrines of Adam Smith, whose life is of the number, in such a way as to invalidate, by that great authority, the cause of the repeal of the corn-laws, which the biographer advocates in parliament. It is, in fact, impossible for him to be consistent, sincere, or steadfast.

From the Truth-Seeker Magazine.

THE AGES.

SOCIETY, from the earliest ages to the present, has ever been in progress. The first dawns of

secular history—the twilight of the past—reveals it as rude and savage. Men, banded together as families and clans, made incessant war upon each other.

There was no law, but the law of the strongest.

This gave way before an increasing population, and the necessity of settlements. Hence arose the Feudal System.

A powerful proprietor secured to himself absolute right over a large body of dependents, whom he summoned, ever and anon, to make aggression upon some neighboring baron. Thus was presented the spectacle of servile dependence and irresponsible authority, and the consequent shock and tumult of irregular power. The elemental forms of society were in frequent and dread collision.

But population pushed wider its limits—the strength of contending families and factions, by repeated measurings, became known and defined, and, therefore, less turbulent.

A more fixed order was educed, which gave birth to a fairer civilization.

Then came the Age of Chivalry. It was the triumph of women. Devotion to the fair sex its basis—a courteous and gentle bearing its badge and symbol. It was the starlight age of nations.

At the sound of trumpet, forth came Rank and Beauty to the tented field, to witness, at joust and tournament, the pride and prowess of steel-clad knights.

The proud scion of a noble house sought distinction among his compeers by deeds of heroic gallantry or feats of perilous daring; or, to win the approving smile of some fair damsel, by fearful adventures in gloomy woods and haunted caverns. He assailed enchanted castles, encountered giants, and fought with fiery dragons. He thus achieved the desires of Love and Beauty.

But this gorgeous pageantry, and these fantastic forms passed into deeds of sterner truth and intenser character.

The church pointed to Palestine. A chord was touched that thrilled through the whole heart of society. The ardor of the knight was kindled by a holier fire; he assumed "*the cross*," and went to battle with the Infidel for the holy sepulchre.

It was an event to stir up men's minds, and operate on future generations. The old monotony was broken up by new and marvellous activities. A wider knowledge and more thoughtful habit were diffused among the nations of Europe.

The crusades came to an end; and soon, arose, in distinctive forms, the contest between the church and the civil powers; and in the dim uncertainty, the true principles and limits of government began to be studied and shadowed forth. Commerce, and the spirit of discovery, were, in the meantime, gloriously awakened. Liberalizing ideas were set loose and began to float through society, and right notions of liberty took root and grew.

Ere long the art of printing was discovered; and scarcely had that stupendous engine of moral power been planted on the firm earth, than a voice of thunder was heard reverberating through the forests of Germany, and amongst the mountains of Switzerland—re-echoed even with a louder note from the hills of Britain and the wildest glens of Scotland. It was the voice of many multitudes aroused from the sleep of centuries.

The foundations of the Vatican trembled, and the papal empire underwent an irreparable disruption. The whole moral aspect of Christendom

was changed. The nations stood forth in the freshness of a new creation.

Philosophy, which had already begun to revive, now fully arose from its torpor; shook off the weight and dust of ages, and expanded in its orb of freedom.

Letters, which had suffered a long eclipse, reappeared with more than original power and splendor.

Every succeeding age has witnessed nobler triumphs of science, and the genial progress of civil and religious liberty.

Commonwealths are settled, or are being settled, on the basis of utility; communities are become orderly, and kings constitutional. From this freer state of the human mind, and happier condition of society, innumerable institutions have arisen for the intellectual, social, and moral elevation of mankind. "As one star differeth from another star in glory"—so do these in fitness and effect; while of this bright circle of benevolent influence THE GOSPEL is, and ever must be, the glorious source and centre.

Conspicuous and foremost among the lights of our moral firmament is the *Temperance Reformation*.

Fitly harmonizing with the beautiful tendencies of modern civilization, it will become a grand instrument in working out the era of universal enlightenment and blessedness. Reflect on the opinion it attacks—the fatal spring of a thousand ills and a thousand woes;—on the habits it proposes to eradicate—incompatible with a high state of intellectual moral attainment:—and its vast and comprehensive bearings immediately rise before the view.

It is no pitiful thing of sentiment—no puny bantling of a spurious philanthropy:—but a child of Truth and Science, and whose lineaments show it to be of giant race.

It is yet in its infancy; but the manhood of the moral Hercules will come. Its present achievements indicate its power, and foreshadow its final triumph.

Would that all who are engaged in its service could rise to a due conception of its importance, and ever steadily regard it from that high vantage ground;—would that the whole field of possible results were distinctly mapped out before the intellectual eye;—then would there be no lack of zeal and no faltering of purpose. The magnitude and sublimity of the end would attract us on to its consummation.

Rightly is it cast upon the present eventful era—this crisis of the world—this momentous point where the old things of the past are closing, and from whence the new things of the future will issue and expand.

Strong, glorious, and hopeful is the contrast of the life and tendency of the nineteenth century, with the savage selfishness of the early peoples and of every intervening epoch of the world's progress. The past has been accumulating the present; this shall be resolved into wider issues, and these again expand into vaster ends and aims.

History is the unfolding of the high capacities of man, or rather of the benevolent wisdom of God; and less sublime is the glory of the opening day than this outbeaming of Heaven on the destinies of earth. The climax shall be—falsehood and vice put down—truth and virtue triumphant; and but one song shall be heard throughout the realms of intelligent being—"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

From the New York Observer.

LICENSED? TO DO WHAT?

LICENSED to make the strong man weak;
Licensed to lay the wise man low;
Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow.

* LICENSED to do thy neighbor harm;
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain;
And rob him of his very last;
Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crown thy work at last.

Licensed, like spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
To mock his struggles—suck him dry—
Then cast the worthless hulk away.

Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease and want and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below.

X.

THE WAY THE IRISH WOMAN TOOK TO STOP HER HUSBAND FROM GETTING DRUNK.

A rosy daughter of Erin was busy at her wash tub, when some looker on observed that she wrung out the clothes with her left hand. "What, Judy, are you left-handed?" "Niver," she replied; "it is not left-handed I am, since there's only two things that I do with my left hand. One is to do what you see me doing now." "And what is the other?" "An' the other is to whip Jemmy." "What, whip your husband! How is that?" "An' I'll tell you how it is, plase ye: Jemmy would get drunk, and so I whipped him." "Well, did that make him leave off?"—"Niver a bit; for sure, the more I whipped him the more he got drunk." "And what did you do then, Judy?" "Oh, an' plase ye, I left off myself. As Jemmy would n't leave off getting drunk for my whipping, why, jist then, like a rasonable woman, I left off whipping him for gettin' drunk. And I took him on another tack. Says I to him, one bright evening, as we two were sitting alone, 'Jemmy,' says I, 'What is it, my Judy?' said he. So says I, 'Jemmy, if ye is not agoing to lave off getting drunk, I'll tell ye what I am going to do next.' 'What's that?' said Jemmy, looking up to see if I was in earnest.—'Well, I'll tell ye,' says I; 'I am going to getting drunk myself.' 'Don't do that, Judy,' says he. 'An' sure, I will,' said I. 'An' it will not be a spree now and then that I'll have, but I'll spree all the time. It is not the getting drunk every Saturday night that'll do me, but I'll be drunk every day in the week, and every night to.—An' we'll sell our table and our chairs, and our bed too, Jemmy, to buy rum.—An' we'll put little Jemmy into the work-house, and we'll be turned out of doors because we can't pay our rint.. an' then the officer shall come and carry us off to jail!' 'Stop! stop!' says he, 'an sure you don't mean so.' 'An' sure I do,' said I.—Jemmy hung down his head and said nothing. Says I, 'Jemmy!' But he said nothing, and pretty soon he got up and went to bed. The next morning he was up betimes, and after breakfast says he

to me, 'Come Judy, my dear, put on your things and go along with me.' 'An' where is it ye are going?' said I. 'Never mind that,' said he, 'come along.' So I went with him, and we both signed the pledge, and niver a drop of the critter has he tasted since."—*Dew Drop*.

DR. SENTER'S JOURNAL.

THE Historical Society of Pennsylvania has lately done itself credit by the publication of this work from the original manuscript. Dr. Senter, a native of New Hampshire, was pursuing the study of medicine at Newport, R. I., when the battle of Lexington opened the revolutionary war. He immediately joined a body of Rhode Island troops as surgeon, and having reached Cambridge, where the American army was encamped, he was shortly after appointed to the detachment entrusted to General Arnold for the invasion of Canada, by way of the Kennebec river. This little work is a plain but graphic narrative of the difficulties, dangers and sufferings, of that memorable expedition. A large part of the forces abandoned the enterprise in despair; the undaunted remainder pushed on and reached Quebec, after the most dreadful sufferings from hunger, cold and want of every necessary of life. At Quebec they were joined by General Montgomery, who had previously taken Montreal. It is evident from this journal that, had the American General had double the number of men, Quebec must have fallen into his hands, and the province of Canada might now constitute a portion of our union.

The party left Cambridge in September, 1775, and passed through Newburyport and Salem to Newbury, where they embarked in transports for the mouth of the Kennebec, up which river they sailed to a short distance above Gardiner's town, now called Gardiner. Here they took to their batteaux, and after sundry accidents by water, and having to carry their boats across a number of portages, around rapids and waterfalls, they reached, on the 24th of October, a part of the river where they found it impossible to proceed any further with the remainder of their boats, except by hauling them from the shore by towing lines. Their provisions had fallen short, and on that day the doctor joined "Colonel Greene's division, waiting for the remainder of the army to come up, that they might get some provisions ere they advanced any further." They were "almost destitute of any eatable whatever, except a few candles, which were used for supper and breakfast the next morning by boiling them in water gruel," &c.

"A council being here held whether all or part only should proceed, it was decided by a majority of one vote that all should proceed. Lieut. Col. Enos, however, who had been in the majority, shortly after changed his mind and joined the returners. The party that resolved to proceed were now one hundred and fifty-four miles from the Canadian inhabitants, with a howling wilderness between them. On the 27th of October, the doctor says:—"Our bill of fare for last night and this morning consisted of the jawbone of a swine, destitute of any covering.—This we boiled in a quantity of water, that, with a little thickening, constituted our sumptuous eating." Their way led them over mountains and through swamps and thickets, previously untrodden by the foot of civ-

ilized man. They frequently had snowstorms of great violence, and disease thinned their ranks. November 1st he states:—"Several had been entirely destitute of meat or bread for many days. These chiefly consisted of those who devoured their provisions immediately, and a number who were in the boats. The voracious disposition many of us had now arrived at, rendered almost anything admissible. Clean and unclean were forms now little in use. In company was a poor dog who had hitherto lived through all the tribulations, who became a prey for the sustenance of the assassins. This poor animal was instantly devoured, without leaving any vestige of the sacrifice.* Nor did the shaving soap, pomatum, and even the lip-salve, leather of their shoes, cartridge-boxes, &c., share a better fate." On the 8th of November they reached Point Levi, opposite Quebec. "The confusion in Quebec was very great. But if we had been in a situation to have crossed the river immediately upon our arrival, they would have fallen an easy prey." Five British vessels sailed down the river, supposed to be laden with valuable effects. On the night of the 13th they crossed the river without discovery from the British fleet, and without the loss of a man.

The bad condition of their arms, and a deficiency of ammunition compelled them on the 18th of November to raise the siege and proceed eight leagues up the St. Lawrence, whence they despatched messengers to Montreal to apprise Gen. Montgomery of their position and condition. On the 1st of December Montgomery joined them with part of his forces, and in a few days Quebec was again besieged. The doctor details some of their transactions in language altogether medical, thus: "Monday 11th—Agreeable to prescription, fifty-five more of the fire-pills were given to the Carletonians last evening. Operated with manifest perturbation, as they were [as usual] alarmed. Bells beating, dogs barking, &c. Their cannonade still continued on the battery, but to no advantage. Forty-five more pills as cathartic last night." Among other works the Americans built a battery of ice, but were obliged to abandon it. A most interesting account of the attack upon Quebec and the death of Montgomery is next given, but it is too long to transcribe.

Arnold was severely wounded in this assault, and displayed great courage on the occasion. "We entreated," says Dr. Senter, "Col. Arnold for his own safety, to be carried back into the country where they would not readily find him when out, but to no purpose. He would neither be removed nor suffer a man from the hospital to retreat. He ordered his pistols loaded, with a sword in his bed, &c., adding that he was determined to kill as many as possible if they came into the room. We were now all soldiers, even to the wounded in their beds were ordered a gun by their side." In June, the army evacuated Canada. The doctor describes their "unaccountable misfortunes" either to the neglect in the generals' not apprizing congress of the state of the army from time to time; or to the neglect of congress to provide for their necessities.—*Pennsylvanian*.

* This dog belonged to Mr. Steele, of Pennsylvania, brother of the late Gen. John Steele, of the Philadelphia custom-house. We shed tears for his loss, whilst his comrades were eating him.

From the Athenæum.

MR. JAMES, THE NOVELIST.

The Step-Mother. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

THERE is in rapidity of production a suggestion of power, which leads the mind, *ex mero motu*, to look for the qualities by which the rapidity and its inference are to be alike justified. It is true that this rapidity is quite as likely to have another source—that a consciousness of power and an unconsciousness of weakness may have a common expression, as temerity affects to speak the language of strength—that a great moral authority has described the fool as being often more forward than the angel on the same ground—and finally, that it is entirely illogical to accept quantity as in any degree a measure of quality:—still the prejudice exists—mere accumulation has its own dynamic value—and extent is assumed, on its first suggestion, to imply depth. When we see issue after issue from the same intellectual treasury, our first inference is of its wealth; and we recur for illustration rather to the multiplied creations of Scott and the sudden marvels of Michael Angelo, than to the garrulity of the gossip or the manufactured ingenuities of the merchant of delf.

The author before us abounds in this sort of imputed strength. The acreage of his literary estate is now very considerable—and fast increasing: but a strong suspicion of its want of value is spreading amongst readers. Each new addition is purchased by him, there is too much reason to think, at less and less of intellectual cost—and yet was less worth the purchase than the last. In fact, it is believed, in many quarters, that Mr. James started in life with but a slender literary capital; and early invested it in a particular form of fiction which yielded him an excellent return: and that this return he has been unwisely expending since in barren additions to his literary seigniorship—whose plashy waters, flavorless fruits, and colorless flowers are, in each new instance, less and less of temptations to “a generous and discerning public.”—But leaving the language of metaphor—which has caught our critical garment in walking over this last of Mr. James’ enclosures—we have, in fact, been curious to inquire into the disagreement between the promise of this author’s abundant production and the very unsatisfactory result which continually remains as its fulfilment;—to trace, if possible, the secret of those devices by which the facility is made to grow, as the force is declining—whereby the complement, menaced by the failure of means, is kept up by the substitution of their appearances; and we think we have made some discoveries, the communication of which may be useful to novel writers of Mr. James’ class.

The first and most obvious contrivance for the attainment of quantity is, of course, dilution; but this resource has practically its limit, and Mr. James had reached it long ago. Commonplace in its best day, anything more feeble, rapid—*sloppy*, in fact (for we know not how to characterize this writer’s style but by some of its own inelegancies)—than Mr. James’ manner has become, it were difficult to imagine. Every literary grace has been swamped in the spreading maramas of his style. Gossipry of the quality which proverb has assigned to the tea-table—sentimentalities such as are beloved of ladies’ maids, &c.—faded moralities, that look wan from their great age and originally doubt-

ful constitution—mix up with the vulgarities of a genteel writer, (for Mr. James is a very genteel writer,) into a farrago whose flatness has one only redeeming circumstance. An air of easy self-esteem presides over the delivery of all these platitudes which, out of the very heart of weariness, will raise an occasional smile; and this is now and then exalted into an absolute enjoyment by the ludicrous effects which the writer’s utter carelessness of manner produces, and his perfect unconsciousness of any such effect.

Mr. James’ dedications we have always thought models in their kind. Much may be learned of a man by his dedications. Something of the character will peep out in these treacherous reporters, where a writer commits himself to them freely. The preface and the dedication are, of course, carefully written parts of a book. Standing as each does prominent and detached—having no support for its weakness from the other portions of the volume—it has to make its impression by its own particular merits, and is usually put into attitude with sufficient care. Nowhere, then, do this author’s feebleness of manner and smirking intention show more conspicuously than in his dedications. His highest key-note is here touched; and it falls after this flat and unvarying fashion on the expectant ear:—“My dear —, a few words will be sufficient for the dedication of this book to one for whom I have so great a regard, and who, I am proud to believe, has so great a regard for me.” This is the very style of the “Complete Letter-Writer.” The comfortable reciprocity, too, which it announces, runs through all Mr. James’ compositions in this kind, in forms of about equal ingenuity and with a fine monotony of tone and intention. All his dedicatees are very distinguished men, as he assures them—giving them, at the same time, to understand that a leading proof of their title to distinction consists in the manner in which they have distinguished himself. On his own showing, this writer would seem to have the uncommon friendship of a larger number of gifted persons than fall as friends to most men’s share; and his design appears to be to reward (or perhaps secure) each with a separate dedication. It is pleasant work enough, this dedication-writing, as Mr. James manages it; because he never fails to make it render tribute, in the shape we have mentioned, or some other, to himself. In the present instance, we do not think he has been fortunate in his treatment of this delicate instrument—because while he assures, as usual, the gentleman who is the object of his dedication, that he (the dedicatee) possesses uncommon powers, it is incautiously added that he has given little proof of it.

To return, however, to Mr. James’ contrivances for getting three volumes out of small materials—and then three more out of the same by turning them. For this purpose, Mr. James has found great resource in description. Every man, woman, and child, town, village, house, tree, brook, and field that comes in his way is largely described—and most of them re-described. Then, the component parts of such of them as have component parts susceptible of description, are separately described—and this, of course, is ticklish work which leads to mistakes. Next, Mr. James will find out that something is beyond description, and therefore cannot be described; and having taken a somewhat unfair advantage of the reader by winning his ear to the explanation of this impossibility

—he then proceeds to describe it! We will confess that this has more than once tried the imperfection of our tempers sorely; because our immediate feeling was that we had been imposed on: but we have usually restored our good humor to the author at the second thought, which brought the sense of his ingenuity.—All these devices, however, Mr. James has found far from sufficient to eke out the paucity of narrative material; and before we proceed to relate the author's grand and paramount discovery, we must point out a few of the many supplementary means which the necessity of the case suggested to his invention as feeders. They form curious examples of adaptation. Our readers are to understand that the gain of a single word is of importance in our author's system; and like a man who has a sum to make up by a given day, with difficulty in doing so, he will not reject the smallest coin. Hence iteration, redundancy, and tautology, are brought to bear on the demand; and a page or two perhaps obtained by the appearance of such epithets as "exact" and "precise," repeating and confirming each other, in the same sentence. To this class of helps, too, belong expletives—which are very abundant; and interjections—a favorite example of which insinuates itself under the guise of a fond and confidential intercourse with the public; and, in the affectionate form of "dear reader," makes altogether a not inconsiderable amount of contribution to these volumes. It is, also, one of the writer's most successful pleasantries. Paraphrase and circumlocution next do something for him. For example, if he wishes to inform the reader that it is half-past one o'clock, he gives it in the form of a problem. The former is told that it was that time of the day which is represented by the hour finger on the dial pointing between the figures 1 and 2, while the minute finger was passing, or would shortly pass, over the figure 6. And the purpose for which this paraphrase is adopted is skilfully concealed under the pretence that it is offered as a grace of language.—An affectation of minuteness in matters indifferent is less successful in hiding its purpose—though the gain for which this exposure is incurred is, after all, but trifling. It is a very frequent device, however. "It was about four o'clock in the afternoon," Mr. James will say, speaking simply this time, but recovering his loss from doing so as follows—"or it might even be a few minutes earlier." Of course, the reader will suppose, as we did till we became accustomed to the sort of thing, that the words have some significance—do service of some kind—that a careful marking of the time is important to the incidents—that the addition, in fact, is not a mere redundancy. Absolutely and positively, as Mr. James would say, nothing else! The words are utterly without purpose, mere loungers—filling conspicuous situations, but enjoying them as sinecures; though the writer would perhaps again offer them as style—conveying the impression of reality. If Mr. James can give no reality to his incidents from within, he will scarcely animate them by such tricks as this. In the present volume Mr. Timothy Quatterly had passed his meridian—"being fifty-eight, if not fifty-nine:"—and so on, to an amount that makes an appreciable figure in the account. From moral reflections the author gains important assistance; and this resource is accordingly worked, we are bound to say, altogether beyond the limits of conscientiousness. Curiously enough, however, while these lengthen

the book for the author they shorten it for the reader—because he skips them. It is not in human strength to read them. We dare not offer one of the heavier passages to our own readers; but will give the most cheerful we can find—made cheerful by the fact that it is intended as at once a specimen of the reflections in question and of the author's liveliness. We do earnestly hope that the reader will not find the very liveliness a heavier thing than the heaviness which we have avoided for his sake: but if happily he can float upon this example as we just can ourselves, we ask him to think what effect pages upon pages of moralities—intruding themselves everywhere, incumbering all the incidents, keeping up a regular chorus—not Greek—and beside the most cheerful of which this looks lively—must have upon the spirits:—

"Intense selfishness is a very excellent thing—in some respects—for those who possess it; for although they may be very sensitive upon the one central spot, yet, at every other point, where all the rest of the world are vulnerable, they are guarded with triple steel. I wonder when Lord Bacon wrote his essay upon the wisdom of the ancients, he did not show that the character of Achilles was a mere allegory of the blind Greek to represent a perfectly selfish man; for there cannot be the slightest doubt that such was the case. Take his whole history, and it is evident; first, he was dipped in Styx, that hellish stream which rendered him invulnerable to all the slings and arrows of the general enemy. There was but one point in which he could be wounded, and that was the lowest point of his whole frame, his right heel. What could this mean but that he could not be reached through the head or the heart? This gave him very great advantages over all his companions, and he was able to overcome, and even kill, a great many much better men than himself; but still it did not secure him happiness, nor obtain for him ultimate success. What a fine moral to the allegory!—and at length a Phrygian boy, in a night-cap, found out the weak point, and despatched him with a missile!"

Let us, while we are on the article of liveliness, illustrate the author's manner of being lively in his general style, by a simple and accidental example—but one of an endless family:—"Oh, promises, promises! pie-crust is adamant to you, and puff-paste is not more fragile."—With reference to the philosophical portions of Mr. James' volumes to which we have alluded, we may observe, too, that there are many parts of them, as well as the openings of his descriptions and some other parts of his works, which are probably kept stereotyped. "There are moments in the life of every man" alone yields no inconsiderable supply of text to these volumes; most of the chapters begin with some little ornamental bit—and frequently the same—like an initial letter; and we scarcely remember any novel of Mr. James' before this, in which "two horsemen might not be seen riding up (or down) a hill"—the one being always young and cheerful, and the other older, stouter, and more thoughtful—but the two obviously contrived by the author to fit into any landscape.

But we are not yet at the end of Mr. James' devices for filling up the prescribed amount of paper; and the next is a clumsy one indeed—clumsy in itself, and looking clumsier beside the neatness of some of the others. It affects the conduct of his incidents, and may be called Repetition. The course of those, as in most other

stories, carries the writer backwards and forwards from place to place; and compels him to deal with a set of actors in one who are necessarily ignorant of what is doing, at the same moment, in another. These separate links of the tale have, of course, to be afterwards connected; and this is done in the works of others, either by assuming the necessary communication—or by letting us know that it was made, without going into the terms. Mr. James will not throw away matter in any such manner. After having gone through a series of events with ourselves, supposed to be lookers-on, he repeats them in our hearing for those who were not. Men recapitulate to each other what we already know to have passed, instead of being supposed to do so—knit together their separate threads of narrative before our eyes—and, so far as this particular book is concerned, in as coarse and bungling a manner as we remember to have seen such workmanship performed. Thus, we have the same portion of the narrative two, and occasionally three, times over. Nothing but the very productive character of this contrivance could, we should think, have reconciled the author to its awkwardness; but in his system that becomes a most important element, whatever its defects, which adds a third or fourth to the raw material of his volumes.

The last and greatest of Mr. James' discoveries in the way of resource, however, returns to the original field of Description—and throws all such minor contrivances into shade. When Mr. Pitt discovered the window tax, he was considered to have carried taxation to its most transcendental point; because, however all other forms of imposition might be crippled by man's evasion or self-denial, a certain portion of light and the air which is its accompaniment, is essential to the mere existence of the human plant; and it was a triumph of the financial imagination to intercept the elemental provision as it came direct from heaven, and "excise" a nourishment which is indispensable. A new world of resource was opened up to Chancellors of the Exchequer. Pitt was the Columbus of taxation, and the window tax his America. Expatiating in a region less sublime, Mr. James' discovery is as boundless for his purposes; and we see no reason why, by its means, he should not complete his project in favor of his distinguished friends by a book per man. His new and most ingenious application deals with objects, alike sensible and speculative, no longer by their positive, but by their negative qualities—describes them not by properties but by the absence of them. Now, whatever any particular object may be, there are so many things which it is *not*, that we see scarcely a limit to this mode of dealing with a subject. The hint appears to have been taken, no doubt, from an Irish form of direction to a party inquiring out some place or abode—whose elaboration has often been quoted as having a whimsical relation to the negative result. The formula, as our readers are aware, is something like this:—"You know the house that stands somewhat forward in the middle of the street, with a bow window, three chimneys—one with a pot on—a brass knocker on the door, and a crack in the centre pane of the middle first floor window?" "Yes! I know it perfectly."—"Well, *that's not it!*" Accordingly, Mr. James gives long accounts of what happens in some cases, for the purpose of informing the reader that it does *not* happen in the one before him—doing so, be it observed, in pure and gratuitous speculation.

With the accustomed economy of his entire system of prose-spinning, too, he applies this invention in minute, as well as large, instances—infusing its genius throughout his style. The very first sentence, in the very first description in these volumes informs us that "a certain county in England cannot exactly be called a *midland* county, because at one point it comes within a few miles of the sea." It is in a spirit somewhat akin to that of this last contrivance, that effects are occasionally produced which strike us with the sense of an imposition practised, already mentioned as generated by another of the author's ingenuities. After giving some pages at the very outset of his volumes—when our attention is particularly engaged, because we desire to know the parties and positions with which we are about to deal—to an elaborate description of a certain nobleman, he has no remorse in presenting us with the following *non sequitur*:—"Now, doubtless, the reader may imagine" (doubtless, indeed,) "that, because we have introduced this noble lord before any one else to his notice, and have spoken of himself and his dwelling somewhat at large, we intend to make him one of the principal characters in the story, and introduce him frequently upon the stage. *But such is not at all the case.* You have seen him, dear reader, and you will never see him again." Dr. Kitchiner's prescription for dressing a salad suggests itself at once:—very particular directions are given as to the preparation of the ingredients—followed up by the final one to *throw the prepared mixture out of the window!*

Such is the loose, rambling, incoherent, unmeaning style in which a popular novelist thinks fit to entertain (we dare say Mr. James would even call it instruct) the public! Anything that can fall from his pen is supposed to be, by virtue of its origin, good enough for the purpose; and Art is held altogether below the necessities of a writer of so many books as Mr. James. We will not dwell, in the presence of these more serious charges, on mere grammatical slovenliness; such schoolboy errors were sure to follow in the train of a literary truancy like this. Nor will we dwell much upon the story itself—far more reprehensible than all the rest. "We have led the gentle reader by the hand," says Mr. James, "all about the little town of Mallington, and the paths in that neighborhood. If we had been the surveyor of the roads for that district, we could not have laid them out with greater accuracy." Perhaps so; nay, it is too true; their tracing is laborious enough: but we fancy the surveyor of the district must have laid them out with greater clearness, or lost his place. The issue of Mr. James' multiplied and minute descriptions is, to create, at length, a maze, in which the reader can by no effort see his whereabouts, and wanders vainly about, like the babes in the wood, till he gives it up, like them, from very hopelessness. So, also, with the incidents of the tale. Situations are complicated and events return upon themselves, in the attempt to get the effect out of their number which the author cannot communicate to their kind; till we lose the sense of where we are in the story—and, in a fit of indifference, at last give up the attempt, and let the author lead us about where he will. We know not if he will think it a compliment to be told that he has thus obtained involuntarily another mystery to add to the many which he has sought. Be that as it may, however, this confusion of situation and incident, mixed up with

these commonplaces of sentiment, will be full of attraction for circulating-library readers; and yet this writer has not a chance at an entanglement against the literary parent of "Susan Hopley." Of the less exceptionable characters we shall say nothing, (which is just what they demand,) beyond earnestly recommending Mr. James never to be seduced into trying his hand at the facetious again. It is inconceivable how a man of sense, as Mr. James is, can have been betrayed into folly so like a schoolboy's as the production of *Lawyer Quatterly*. But the worst remains behind. On the present occasion Mr. James has descended into the vicious school of "Jack Sheppard;" and nowhere have its immoralities seemed grosser than in his page—from the coarseness, yet feebleness, of the drawing. Never did slang sound so vulgar as in these volumes, because so impressive and uncharacteristic: never has the face of ruffianism looked so dirty, because never so pale. Murder, robbery, and seduction are the staple of the book; and look only the more hideous in their masques because Mr. James has not succeeded in making any one of them speak its natural language.

How long are the public to feed on garbage like this! How long are the growing thirst for what is knowledge, and taste for what is beautiful to have no better representative than such works in a favorite branch of our literature! How long are we to appear before the stranger by such literary ambassadors as these! How long are such things to be called literature at all! While the popular mind is awakening to hear, never was the popular teaching which speaks by fiction at so low an ebb. The passion for literary fame has yielded to the mere love of literary reputation (which is not the same thing;) the self-respect of genius to a cold calculation of gain. The taste for the high and pure is exchanged for a sordid ministry to what is corrupt in feeling and vicious in instinct. It is of the class, not the individual, that we are speaking now. Is the literary conscience extinct amongst our novel-writers! Have they deposed Art! But the principle of redemption lies finally in that under-current of improvement which we have described as going on; and which, if it did not finally purify the literary atmosphere to which it is exposed, must itself perish. The two conditions cannot much longer coëxist; and we have faith in the latter, because it is the healthy one. An idle, vulgar, unmeaning literature like ours of to-day must give place to something higher and nobler, before the better sympathies and purer cravings that are abroad:—and such a work as Mr. James' "Step-Mother" is, we think, calculated to help on the welcome change.

A FOREST WALK.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A LONELY sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of birds and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale my steps have won,
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers:
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind
In nature's lone recesses lose:
The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside:

All weave on high a verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green,
Within the columned vaulted scene.

Sweet forest odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;
Where pine cones dropped, leaves piled and
dead,

Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick elastic carpet spread;
Here with its mossy pall, the trunk
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light:
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling, radiance darts
Down the dark stems and breaks below;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan flower is bathed in gold:
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle o'er the laurel's gloss;
The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast;
And, as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where with crouched limb, and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread;
Here showers the light in golden dots,
There sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended, that the very air
Seems network, as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep-rolling drum
Afair has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near;
The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue laughing sky I trace:
On each side shrinks the bowery shade;
Before me spreads an emerald glade;
The sunshine sleeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud with song;
A spot of life and light it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press,
In luxury of idleness;
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings and sky,
Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye;
While murmuring grass and waving trees
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone
The passage of the hours is known.

THE WORLD IS NOT SO BAD AS IT IS BELIEVED TO BE.*

I VENTURED this observation to my companion over an excellent breakfast in the travellers' room at the Crown Inn, Devizes. He was a veritable "traveller," arrived late the night before; but I had been such by courtesy only, while making this inn my head-quarters for some preceding days, devoted to antiquarian researches in the neighborhood. "No," said I, in answer to a remark which I thought too depreciatory of men in general, "the world, in my opinion, is *not* so bad as it is believed to be."

"The world," replied my new acquaintance, "I think a very wicked world. It shows its wickedness by its suspicion. It trusts nobody; and why! Because it knows it is not worthy to be trusted. And so, as I expect it will place no confidence in me, I place no confidence in it. 'Trust no man any farther than you can see him;' that's my maxim."

I was provoked by this to relate a little "incident of travel," which, occurring to myself not above a week before, had proved, to my own satisfaction at any rate, that the world *will* sometimes trust those whom it does not know. I had reached Salisbury after dark, and all the shops were closed. Notwithstanding, I presumed to knock at a bookseller's opposite my inn, and beg to be allowed to purchase a "guide" to Old Sarum and Stonehenge, as it was my wish to employ an hour or two in recruiting my knowledge (then wholly derived from reading) of those interesting antiquities, the better to enjoy a personal inspection of them the next morning. The worthy tradesman was "out of the guide," but would with pleasure lend me a book—a portly volume, and with plates, which, he assured me, contained all the information I required. Surprised, I stated that I was only at the—naming where the coach had set me down—for a night, and should quit in all probability soon after daybreak. "That," he said, "need make no difference; you can leave it for me at the inn." Even my desire to make a proper compensation for the loan was not acceded to, on the delicate ground that, as the books did not "circulate," he, the bookseller, was ignorant of the proper charge. As I told my story, methought the traveller's eyes opened wider; and when I had done, he was so rude as to give the lowest possible whistle. But, apologizing, "I'll believe you," he said; "though it's the strangest way of turning stock, I ever heard of. Not very likely to make fifty per cent. of his money. Well, people are not always awake. But I say still, 'Trust no man any farther than you can see him.'" Long before our conversation had proceeded thus far, we had, I should think, equally arrived at the opinion, that two persons could hardly be more unlike each other, in their whole turn of mind and pursuits, than were my companion and myself—he entirely devoted to business, and I the rather given to literature; he a keen man of the world, and I—an antiquary. But, nevertheless, we got on surprisingly well together; and our discourse, I am persuaded, gave a zest mutually to our breakfast.

It appeared that we were going the same road; though he only as far as Reading, and I through

that town to London. Having settled with the "house," therefore, we took up a position in front of the "Crown," to be ready to mount the first coach from Bath. In those days stage-coaches were in their glory; and several, whose destination was the metropolis, changed horses at Devizes daily. But, for a reason which I forget, coach after coach came up, and not a place, outside or in, could be obtained. My friend bore the arrival and departure of the fully-loaded vehicles with true traveller-like equanimity; but my—yes, I confess it—my ill-humor grew with every disappointment: and when the last day-coach was gone, and we were left without another chance until the evening, I had so little of the traveller's heart remaining in me, as to turn a deaf ear to the suggestion of my brother in misfortune—that the best way to fill up the time would be by "dinner and a bottle." To tell the exact truth, I employed the intervening hours in a spiritless inspection of some relics of early Norman architecture possessed by the oldest church in the place, taking a solitary snack at a small road-side inn, in preference to a good meal with fair companionship at the "Crown." My conscience smote me for this, when, on returning, I saw my friend already at his post, on the spot we had so fruitlessly occupied in the morning. I thought too that his greeting was not quite cordial. But almost immediately the evening coach drove up; it had room for both outside; and as we sat together I took an opportunity to say that vexation at the imagined possibility of being kept another night at Devizes, when it was of great consequence to me to be in London early the next day, had rendered me not "i' the vein" for good fellowship. The excuse was accepted; and our talk was cheerful until we had passed, as daylight was failing, the great barrow of Silbury, which my restored companion seemed interested to learn was not, as he had always supposed it to be, a rather considerable natural hill. When informed, however, that this same barrow was a work of the ancient Britons, and might boast an antiquity of at least two thousand years, he hoped he should be allowed to "tell *that* again with some discount."

But now a new unpleasantness began to be felt by one of us. It was early summer; and, for a brief week's excursion, I had not thought of an equipment adapted to a night-ride through almost frosty air. My friend observed my deficiency; and remarking that, as a traveller, he was very differently provided for, proposed to invest me with a most capacious box-coat, which, he said, he could perfectly well spare, having another top-coat and a cloak besides. I demurred to the offer, since I should be only the worse off for having accepted it when he got down at Reading. "But my coat need n't get down at Reading," was his reply; "here's a card of our house in town; you can forward it when you arrive." The conversation of the morning flashed through my mind, and I hardly repressed an exclamation of astonishment. What! the traveller, the man of business, and of the world, confide a coat that must have cost seven or eight pounds, and which, as I had seen in the daytime, was still in excellent condition, to a perfect stranger, to one whose name even he did not know, and as to whose whereabouts "in town" he made no inquiry! As I donned with thankfulness the comfortable habiliment, having first deposited my card with its owner, I could not avoid repeating, "Trust no man any farther than you can see him." "Pooh!" said he; "safe as the bank at Salisbury." He shook my hand

* From a pleasant little volume, entitled *Literary Florets*, by Dr. Thomas Cromwell, consisting of short pieces in prose and in verse—"the products," according to the author, "of moments calling for no more important employment." London: J. Chapman. 1846.

heartily when he alighted at his destined hotel; and a nap I soon afterwards obtained in his coat was forwarded, I made no doubt, by my often murmured repetitions of, "The world is not so bad as it is believed to be."

WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?—A lady had written on a card, and placed it on the top of an hour-glass in her garden-house, the following simple verse from the poems of J. Clare. It was when the flowers were in their highest glory.

"To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card. Well would it be if all would ponder upon the question—act in view of, and make preparations for an unknown state of existence.

"To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
O! where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend ETERNITY?"

Banner.

EASTER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—A correspondent of the London Daily News, quoted in the English Churchman of May 14th, concludes a description of the Easter services, in a church at Constantinople, with the following singular picture:

"The throng was great; yet there was room to move about. I was struck by the picturesque confusion which prevailed among the crowd, the variety of costumes, and the expressions of the wearers. I saw nothing in their deportment which reminded me that I was in a church, except the reverent bearing of the poorer and simpler sort, the rustic pilgrims who had poured from their wild villages, to be present at the solemnities. The city-people talked about in groups, swaggered up and down, climbed up into pulpits, crowded the pulpit-stairs, sat, swinging their legs, sheathed in embroidered greaves in the window-benches, lounged, and stared, and fluttered their fustians, twirled their mustachios, and fired their pistols. I was prepared for this singular custom; but I cannot describe the strange effect which these profane reports had in the midst of all those sacred and solemn symbols of devotion, leaving behind them a heathenish smell of gunpowder. Now, a fire-arm would crack off at your ear, now, at a distant corner of the church. An order had been issued to prohibit this strange custom. However indecent the practice appears to our notions, it is extremely ancient, perhaps coeval with the use of gunpowder among the Greeks. They paid accordingly but little attention to the prohibition. A kavass, however, had introduced himself into the church in disguise, and marked with a piece of chalk the jackets of all he found discharging, or armed with pistols. This unfortunate being was detected in making his chalk signs. A dreadful row instantly ensued. He was beaten on the head with pistols, and after getting half killed was kicked out of the church. The doors were closed, and no one was permitted to enter who did not answer to the salutation from within, 'Christ is arisen.' Neither, indeed, was any force used on the part of the body of kavasses placed outside; but, at the end of the ceremony, they made prisoners of the ringleaders

of the tumult, when they came forth, without any difficulty, and led them off to prison, taking care to pay them off on the way for their rough treatment of the spy."

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Parts of Mr. Walsh's letters from Paris to the National Intelligencer.)

13 April.

PELIGOT, an eminent and very learned chemist, was delegated by the Paris Chamber of Commerce to examine the exhibition of manufactures opened at Vienna on the 15th May last. He has made an extensive, impartial, and able report. He represents Austria as possessing all the *material* elements of a great industrial power. Within the last thirty years past she has advanced greatly, the government having attended to "the development of production." The Polytechnic Institute of Vienna is highly extolled. Austria is wedded to the protective system. On the whole, her fabrics are sensibly inferior to those of France, according to M. Peligot.

The volume by Amedée Renée, which completes Sismondi's History of France, continuing it to the convocation of the States-General, in 1789, has won the sanction of competent critics. Sismondi is *charged* with having pronounced sentence under an unfair *republican* bias, on the monarchs who had done the most for the grandeur and political unity of France, and yet having dealt too severely with the revolutionary governments. In fact, Sismondi was a rigid moralist—a conscientious inquirer and writer. Hence, he spared neither king nor demagogue. His history does not reach the revolution; his ideas of it are merely conjectured from his moral reflections and judgments, and his essential character. More reliance is to be placed on his narrative than any other, prior or subsequent. The twenty-nine volumes are too much for readers of this day; the plenitude of the work will prove its misfortune.

Dumas, the first of French chemists, has just issued the eighth and last volume of his *Chemistry applied to the Arts*, and the fourth and last of his *Organic Chemistry*. Liebig's work on *La Médecine Opératoire* has already been translated into German, English, and Spanish.

The *Courrier du Havre* discusses the British and French intervention in Rio de la Plata, with facts and opinions like those of the able writer in your Democratic Review. Sir Robert Peel's subterfuges are roundly exposed and censured. Due stress is laid on the danger and insufficiency of the plea that the prolongation of the struggle between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo injured French and British trade—as if most wars did not affect commerce in general. By the same logic, if France and England should quarrel and fight, the whole of the rest of the trading nations of the world might combine to assail and cripple one or the other, or both. *La Presse* of the 4th instant has a long and interesting private communication from Rio on the intervention. The Brazilian minister of foreign affairs formally denied to the legislature that he had ever contemplated the least coöperation in hostilities on Buenos Ayres, or ever anticipated them. The Anglo-French intervention was so unpopular in Brazil that a French newspaper, established at Rio, barely escaped, through a change of title, "summary execution" by a mob. The correspondent says: "For cotton and tobacco, Paraguay is, in the southern hemisphere, what Louisiana and Texas are in the north. Its crops

may even prove the most considerable. Hence, England's projects of colonization in Paraguay, which cannot be accomplished unless the navigation of the Parana and its tributaries be free. What she therefore fears most is competition, either political or commercial. You thus may understand her enmity to Rosas, and her measures of violence to open the interior for her free access. It is a master stroke to have involved France in the strife—to render the odium common to them, though the fruits of the outrages would not be in anything like an equal measure." Mr. Brent's protest is described as an important document, which had produced a great effect.

25 April.

An official report states the number of political refugees in France, last year, to have been twelve thousand two hundred and three, of whom seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight were supported by the French government. Nearly four thousand Poles are included in the latter description. About a thousand Poles supported themselves. It may be conjectured that the chief business of the great majority was the prosecution of schemes of insurrection in the north. The thousands of Italians and Spaniards were employed in the same way for their respective countries. This is very serious work for the governments north and south, and naturally causes France to be regarded as the revolutionary furnace.

Didot advertises at length Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, translated into French by Amedée Pichot, in three volumes octavo, price eighteen francs: with an account of ancient Mexican civilization and a life of Cortes.

Our exports to Great Britain and her dependencies, observes the *Journal des Debats*, are double what they were ten years ago. They now amount to one hundred millions of francs, while the consumption, in France, of British products does not exceed twenty millions. The British money directly spent in France is incalculably more than the French spent on the other side of the channel. Our numberless British visitors are not perhaps aware how much of the welcome which they experience even at court is due to the consideration of that kind of shower in which Jupiter descended into the lap of Danaë.

2 May.

For a fortnight past our heads have swarmed with princes, pachas, marquises, lords, and right honorables of every notch. Viscount Palmerston left us on Tuesday last, surrendering our capital to Ibrahim Pacha, whom he beat out of Syria. The Viscount made himself the eastern lion, and played his part skilfully. His manners and pretensions ingratiated him with the heads of the government and the dynastic circles. He entered the chamber of peers with the Duchess Decazes, wife of the grand referendary, most complacently leaning on his arm. Ibrahim Pacha's journey from the Pyrenees to this capital was an uninterrupted ovation. Here, he enjoys a royal residence, and a royal welcome, and feasting such as might seem due only to the Sublime Porte. The ambassador of the Turk would present himself at the Tuileries simply as the vassal of his master. At the grand dinner with which Marshal Soult regaled him yesterday he gave this toast: "To France, protectress of Egypt." The British government will feel no jealousy nor apprehension. Ibrahim remembers how he was forbidden, on the field of Nezib, by a French express, from marching to Constantinople;

and Mehmet Ali hardly forgets the dénouement or catastrophe of his reliance on French protection before and at the period of the battle. I refer you to the printed accounts of Ibrahim's imperial honors and splendid excursions. He eclipses, with his suite, the Moorish magnifico, whose costume and retinue delighted the public gaze. Mr. Jomard, of the Institute, is to accompany me, next week, on a formal visit to Ibrahim, "the Conqueror;" so that I shall be able to describe graphically his highness, and the sumptuous hospitality of the government.

I have gone through the number of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* delivered yesterday. The first article, on the kingdom of Lahore and the Sikh war, is from a writer of authority (Count Edward de Warren) on India affairs. He concludes that the fate of the kingdom is sealed by the terms which the British imposed and can enforce. Nothing else in *La Revue* claims immediate notice, except some advices from Mexico recorded in the political chronicle. Paredes, according to them, was pledged to the support of a monarchy in Mexico. "We have seen," say the chroniclers, "a memorial from Santa Anna to the three courts of France, Spain, and England, in which he offers to put himself at the head of an expeditionary army to plant monarchy on the Mexican soil. He places all his influence and resentments at the disposal and for the service of a foreign dynasty. He has, we know, made overtures to Paredes." You may, I ween, without dread or the least danger, suffer the Mexicans to try a king, and any European dynasty to try the Mexicans. Neither might be envied if the experiment were feasible.

6 May.

On the subject of Ireland, there is abundance of the most instructive and impressive information in all the discussions on the Coercion bill, in the letters of the commissioners in Ireland, of the London Morning Chronicle, and the Daily News. I margined for quotation several passages of the letters; but, truly, the details of wretchedness are so harrowing that there would be a sort of cruelty in the act. *Distress and Crime, Fever and Famine*, placed at the head, are weak introductory phrases. The present Coercion bill is the eighteenth. The *Times* calls it a strait waistcoat for a people raving from starvation. The best part of Sir Robert Peel's speech (27th ultimo,) on the measure is this apostrophe:

"I, for my part, think that one of the evils—excuse me, I know you distrust the feelings of Englishmen on this subject; I can only declare for myself that I lived for six years in that country, and that I left it with every feeling of good will for the people of Ireland—excuse me, therefore, if I say, that one of the evils of the country is, that you rely too much upon the powers of the executive government. [Loud cries of hear, hear.] You always say the government ought to interfere—the legislature ought to pass this measure, or it ought to pass that. Believe me, you have it in your own power; the landlords of Ireland have it in their own power to effect immensely more good than the legislature ever can. It is my firm belief that if you would meet together—absentee as well as resident proprietors—that if you would meet together and consider what are the real evils of the country, and what are the real obligations imposed upon you, the landlords, you would benefit the country more than the legislature could do. I speak of your rights; but when you, armed with the legal powers, turn out the resi-

dents on your estates from their houses on a winter night without considering how provision is to be made for them under such dreadful circumstances, what can ensue but misery, ruin, and desperation? while by the exercise of a little liberality you would accomplish more than all the measures the legislature could adopt."

A commentator has well remarked that in this text of Sir Robert Peel, fairly amplified, he finds as strong an argument, as distinct an admission, in favor of repeal, or the creation of a separate Irish legislature as has come from any mouth. The landlords could hold counsel efficaciously for the people only as part of a deliberative assembly equally representing the people; and thus restrained, enlightened, and assisted, they might perceive and accomplish the salvation and weal of all parties. Some time ago, perusing a cogent editorial article of the *Morning Chronicle*, this paragraph struck me:

"We, the people of England, are the real criminals. We, by our detestable system of confiscations, and our yet more detestable penal laws, intentionally impoverished and degraded the people of Ireland. We fostered the pride and selfishness of the intruders, whom, after endowing with the land of the country, we upheld in a demoralizing immunity from every check which interest, fear, and sympathy impose on the rich of other countries. We planted the seeds of that system of mutual outrage of which the fruits amaze and shock us. Ours was the guilt; ours is the duty of reparation. Our task it must be to remove the causes of mutual outrage, by placing restraints on the oppressions of one party, and taking away the exciting causes of the other's revenge."

Such a British acknowledgment has, indeed, weight and desert; but is the task practicable by any other than domestic Irish agency?

14 May.

On Saturday last, in the chamber of peers, the bill from the deputies, respecting modifications of the tariff, gave rise to an able and important discussion which finished only yesterday.

The Duke d'Harcourt, a neat orator, fond of epigrammatic turns, delivered a set discourse on the excellence of free trade, the beauty and value of Sir Robert Peel's measures, and the blindness or backwardness of the French ministry. He assailed the minister of commerce in particular for the *protectionist* speech which I heretofore reported to you. The diplomatic tactics of the minister of foreign affairs rendered it difficult to ascertain his real opinions. Baron Charles Dupin, who best understands the subject, entered the lists on the side of moderate protection. He would rejoice if the Zoll-Verein could acquire great maritime consequence. It was important for France that other continental nations should be directly interested in the liberty of the seas. The Zoll-Verein had a right to complain of the illiberality of Holland. Now that the former had opened a passage and issue through Belgium for German products, the Dutch would be more reasonable concerning the route of the Rhine. He, the baron, would be glad to hear of ocean vessels built at Cologne, and reaching the seas below Rotterdam. The Zoll-Verein would, ere long, count thirty millions of population. Some weight in the scale of neutral rights. The baron enlarged on the case of India, whose cotton fabrics England long protected, but finally and utterly sacrificed to her own manufactures. He asked whether, if India had remained

independent, her own industry might not have prospered; whether she would have blindly immolated it to free-trade; whether her cities, once so busy and flourishing, would be, as they are, a spectacle of decay and ruin? On this point I am struck with the language of Wilson in his history of British India. "The British trade, both export and import, obtained a considerable augmentation under the new charter of the company, the modification of the monopoly; articles entirely unknown in the annals of Indian imports were exported thither from Great Britain to an immense amount, to the extinction of similar products of domestic labor. This effect was prepared for by an iniquitous abuse of the power of Great Britain in excluding from her own consumption the principal manufactures of India, and in opening the ports of India to those of Britain free of charge." * * *

You perceive to what the independence of Belgium amounts. If she hold it desirable and proper for her to establish a customs union with France, England and Prussia and Austria peremptorily forbid the bans. If, with the Zoll-Verein, France is resolved, pledged, ready, "not to suffer it;" she keeps a close overweening watch. The truth is, that the French cabinet has allowed Belgium material advantages in the commercial convention; the policy of keeping her detached relatively from the German sirens, and binding her by the friendship of interest to her French cousins, is not the only motive. Her worthy king is the son-in-law to his majesty Louis Philippe; the family alliance must appear to enable Leopold to secure special kindness and benefits for his little realm. In the sitting of the 11th instant of the peers, the Marquis of Gabriac delivered quite an original and a most satisfactory critique of the vulgar notions and clamors respecting foreign *literary piracy*. It should be translated *in extenso*, for the instruction of your petitioners and sticklers for *international copyright*. The marquis contended that the cheap re-printing abroad of French publications was a signal and manifold demonstrable benefit and triumph for France. His details of fact and considerations of argument are curious and conclusive. He exploded the whole delusion of wrong and detriment.

16 May.

At the last two sittings of the deputies the topic of the execution of the law modifying negro slavery in the French West Indies fell under debate. The minister of marine announced perseverance in the plan of emancipating the negroes of the public domain within five years.

I am struck with the annexed language of the *London Standard* of the 14th of this month: "The United States would seem to be, of all places in the world, the worst adapted for manufactures—abundant land, dear labor, no neighboring market; yet the United States are making rapid progress in manufactures, and it is a remarkable fact—not, we believe, as generally known as it ought to be—that nearly all the recent mechanical contrivances introduced into our factories, for dispensing with human labor, are of American invention; proof that, where money or credit can be had, a dense population is not, as has been supposed, necessary for the advancement of manufactures." American ingenuity is so superior, intrepid, and various that a repressive, and baffling policy, or any other than one of encouragement and scope, would seem against the favor of Providence and the march of destiny.

From the N. Y. Albion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO.

GENERAL Waddy Thompson, lately the American plenipotentiary to the republic of Mexico, has just given to the world his recollections of that beautiful and interesting country. It is an octavo volume, published by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, and issued in London and New York.

We do not know when we have been more interested than while perusing this volume. It is written without effort or pretension, bearing marks of being struck off with true Virginian impulse, rather than finished with elaborate authorship; but its interest is nevertheless kept up through every chapter, and the author has contrived to throw a great deal of popular information into its pages. Nor is this all; Mr. Thompson writes in a free and liberal spirit; gives much credit to the Mexicans as a people, and portrays their magnificent country in favorable colors. He is remarkably proud of his own race, and religiously believes that the Anglo-Saxons are destined to conquer the whole continent with their civilization. He entered freely into the society of the British merchants he found in the capital of Mexico, and disabused his mind of the pernicious notion that England was anxious to acquire any part of the dominions of that republic. He has wisdom enough to see that England has territory in abundance—that her object is to improve what she already possesses, rather than to acquire more. Trade and commerce she cherishes—these are her compass and polar star—and they will assuredly lead her to the haven of prosperity. Like every Virginian gentleman we have ever met with, Mr. Thompson glories in his English ancestry. "I would not sell," he says, "for the seas' worth my share of the glory of my English ancestry—Milton, Shakspeare, and John Hampden, and those noble old barons who met King John at Runnymede." Thus much for the author; and we need not tell our readers how delightful it is to travel over three hundred pages with such a companion.

Mr. T. assumes that the produce of precious metals from the mines are as great, or nearly so, as at any former period. This we did not think was the case. We agree with him, however, in believing that they are far less profitable, owing to the expensive nature of the machinery now employed by the English miners, and also in consequence of the high price of quicksilver. The dearness of this latter article is, as Mr. Thompson describes, owing to the monopoly of the Rothschilds, who rent the mines of Almadin, in old Spain. From the mines of Almadin come nine tenths of all the quicksilver of commerce; and these mines are farmed out by the cabinet of Madrid to the capitalists just named at an enormous rental, which is, of course, put on the selling price of the commodity. Not only does this circumstance add to the cost of producing the gold and silver, but it lessens the quantity prepared for the mint—the less valuable ores being cast aside as not being worth the quicksilver employed to separate the metallic portion of the mass. So long, then, as the necessities or the policy of the Spanish cabinet continue

to put such a tax on quicksilver, so long will the precious metals bear a very enhanced cost in producing them. The monopoly then, it is clear, is not strictly with the Rothschilds, but with the Spanish government. Mr. Thompson adduces the following figures.

Baron Humboldt gives the gross produce of the mines of Mexico from 1690 to 1803 as \$1,358,452,020, or about twelve millions per annum.

The highest product was in 1796, when the mines yielded \$25,644,566.

Mr. Ward states the annual produce for a few years prior to 1810 at per annum \$24,000,000.

During the revolutionary struggle the produce fell to three millions annually. In 1842 the official custom house returns give \$18,500,000.

As there is an export duty of six per cent. on all the precious metals, much is sent out of the country clandestinely, say some three or four millions; thus bringing up the whole amount to, or nearly so, its original standard.

It is gratifying to learn that the Mexicans are not so irretrievably sunk in ignorance as many suppose. Mr. Thompson says that during his residence at the capital he never had a Mexican servant that was not able to read and write. Persons from the country, too, were generally able to read the signs over the shops in the streets of Mexico. The Lancasterian system, it seems, has been very generally introduced, and is working a favorable change in the rising generation. Mr. Thompson attributes the introduction of these schools to the patriotic exertions of Signor Tornel. Let us hope that good fruit will by-and-bye grow from this seed; that the people may become enlightened and duly sensible of their own advantages; that party feuds be superseded by true patriotism, and thus an end be put to those frequent and deadly civil contests that distract the mind and tear the bosom of the country.

We have given among other extracts the entire chapter on California; and Mr. Thompson affirms that such is the value of that country that he would rather have twenty years' war than see England in possession of it! If it be worth twenty years' war to the United States it may be worth twenty years' war to England. Would it not be better, then, that neither should have it, or that it become independent! Or would it not be better still, that both England and the United States make an effort to preserve the country to its proper owner, Mexico; and that Mexico in return for such assistance make all the valuable harbors free ports? This seems to us to be the more rational mode of dealing with such a bone of contention, and we feel pretty confident that the European powers will so consider it. But although Mr. Thompson is thus anxious that California should not pass to another power, he by no means betrays any improper craving for Mexican territory, for he closes his twenty-first chapter with the following honorable and noble-minded paragraph.

"It is risking very little to say that if Mexico was inhabited by our race, that the produce of the mines would be at least five times as great as it now is. There is not a mine which would not be worked, and as many more new ones discovered.

In five years, with such a population, and only of an equal number with that which Mexico now has, I do not hesitate to assert that the mineral and agricultural exports alone would nearly equal all the exports of any other country of the world. The last time I examined the tables upon that subject, the whole exports of the produce of British labor was about two hundred and sixty millions of dollars per annum. Mexico, in the possession of another race, would approach that amount in ten years. Recent manifestations of a rabid, I will not say a rapacious, spirit of acquisition of more territory on the part of our countrymen may well cause a race so inferior in all the elements of power and greatness to tremble for the tenure by which they hold this *El Dorado*. 'T is not often, with nations at least, that such temptations are resisted, or that 'danger winks on opportunity.' I trust, however, that our maxim will ever be—'Noble ends by worthy means attained,' and that we may remember that wealth improperly acquired never ultimately benefited an individual or a nation."

EXTRACTS.

Kindness and Courtesy—Society of Dinner Parties and Entertainments—Mexican Ladies wanting in Beauty—Do not dance well—Charity—Routine of daily life—Coarseness of Dress—In the streets—Women generally smoke—A day in the Country.

"Notwithstanding the general prejudice which existed in Mexico against me when I first went there, I was treated, although somewhat coldly, always and by all classes with the most perfect respect. In this particular the higher classes of all countries are very much alike, but I doubt whether there is any other country where the middling and lower classes are so generally courteous and polite. There is no country where kindness and courtesy are more certain to meet with a proper return. It may be that three hundred years of vassalage to their Spanish masters may have given the Indian population an habitual deference and respect for a race which they have always regarded as a superior one. No people are by nature more social, none less so in their habits. It is not the fashion to give entertainments of any sort. And what I regarded as a little remarkable, the members of the Mexican cabinet, most of whom were men of fortune and had ample means at hand, not only never gave entertainments, even dinner parties to the members of the diplomatic corps, but never even invited them to their houses—when invited to such parties however by any of the foreign ministers, they never failed to accept the invitation. With any other people there would be a seeming meanness in this. But such was not the case. No people are more liberal in the expenditure of money. General Santa Anna had two very large dinner parties whilst I was in Mexico, and two or three balls; but I heard of nothing else of the kind, except at the houses of the foreign ministers. Santa Anna's dinners were altogether elegant, and he presided at them with great dignity and propriety. On such occasions he was joyous and hilarious. The company, without exception, had the appearance and manners of gentlemen; I sat next to him on these occasions, and his aides-de-camp, who were not seated at the table, would occasionally come to his seat and say some playful thing to him. I was much struck with the style and intercourse between them; marked by an affectionate kindness on his part, and the utmost respect, but at the same time freedom from restraint, on theirs.

"His balls were very numerous attended. The company was by no means select. In fact I saw there very few of the ladies belonging to the aristocracy; but very many others who had no business there. This, however, is unavoidable in a revolutionary country like Mexico. Every President holds his power by no other tenure than the caprice of the army, and he is forced, therefore, to conciliate it. If a corporal, who has married the daughter of the washerwoman of the regiment, has risen to the highest station in the army, his wife cannot be slighted with safety—and such cases have occurred.

"I wish that I could in sincerity say that the ladies of Mexico are handsome. They are not, nor yet are they ugly. Their manners, however, are perfect; and in the great attributes of the heart, affection, kindness and benevolence in all their forms, they have no superiors. They are eminently graceful in everything but dancing. That does not 'come by nature,' as we have the authority of Dogberry that reading and writing do; and they are rarely taught to dance, and still more rarely practise it.

"I think that in another, and the most important point in the character of woman, they are very much slandered. I am quite sure that there is no city in Europe of the same size where there is less immorality. Indeed, I cannot see how such a thing is possible. Every house in Mexico has but one outside door, and a porter always at that. The old system of the duenna, and a constant espionage, are observed by every one, and to an extent that would scarcely be believed. I have no doubt, however, that whatever other effects these restraints may have, their moral influence is not a good one. The virtue which they secure is of the sickly nature of hot-house plants, which wither and perish when exposed to the weather. Women, instead of being taught to regard certain acts as impossible to be committed, and therefore not apprehended or guarded against, are brought up with an idea that the temptation of opportunity is one which is never resisted.

"I do not think that the ladies of Mexico are generally very well educated. There are, however, some shining exceptions. Mrs. Almonte, the wife of General Almonte, would be regarded as an accomplished lady in any country. The Mexicans, of either sex, are not a reading people. The ladies read very little.

"The general routine of female life is to rise late, and spend the larger portion of the day standing in their open windows, which extend to the floor. It would be a safe bet at any hour of the day between ten and five o'clock, that you would in walking the streets see one or more females standing thus at the windows of more than half the houses. At five they ride on the Paseo, and then go to the theatre, where they remain until twelve o'clock, and the next day, and every day in the year, repeat the same routine. In this *dolce far niente* their whole lives pass away. But I repeat that in many of the qualities of the heart which make women lovely and loved, they have no superiors.

"The war of independence was illustrated with many instances of female virtue of a romantic character, one of which I will mention. And I again regret that I have forgotten the name of the noble woman whose virtue and love of country were so severely tested. The lady to whom I refer had two sons, each of whom was in command of a detachment of the patriot army. One of them was

made prisoner, and the Spanish general into whose hands he had fallen, sent for his mother and said to her, 'If you will induce your other son to surrender his army to me, I will spare the life of the one who is my prisoner.' Her instant reply was, 'No! I will not purchase the life of one son with the dishonor of another and the ruin of my country.' This fact is historic, and is more true than history generally is.

"The ladies of Mexico dress with great extravagance, and I suppose a greater profusion of 'pearl and gold'—I will not say more barbaric—than in any other country. I remember that at a ball at the President's, Mr. Bocanegra asked me what I thought of the Mexican ladies; were they as handsome as my own countrywomen! I of course avoided answering the question; I told him, however, that they were very graceful, and dressed much finer than our ladies. He said he supposed so, and then asked me what I thought the material of the dresses of two ladies which he pointed out had cost; and then told me that he had happened to hear his wife and daughters speaking of them, and that the material of the dresses, blonde, I think, had cost one thousand dollars each. I asked on the same occasion, a friend of mine who was a merchant, what he supposed was the cost of an ornament for the head thickly set with diamonds of the Señora A. G. He told me that he knew very well, for he had imported it for her, and that the price was twenty-five thousand dollars; she wore other diamonds and pearls no doubt of equal value.

"I have said that there are very rarely anything like evening parties, or tertulias; social meetings, or calls to spend an evening are quite as unusual, except among very near relations, and even then the restraint and espionage are not at all relaxed. Persons who have seen each other, and been attached for years, often meet at the altar without ever having spent half an hour in each other's company. Ladies of the better classes never walk the streets except on one day in the year, the day before Good Friday, I believe it is. But they make the most of this their saturnalia; on that day all the fashionable streets are crowded with them, in their best 'bibs and tuckers,' and glittering in diamonds.

"The streets are always, however, swarming with women of the middling and lower classes. The only articles of dress worn by these are a chemise and petticoat, satin slippers, but no stockings, and a rebozo, a long shawl improperly called by our ladies a mantilla. This they wear over the head and wrapped close around the chin, and thrown over the left shoulder. Whatever they may be in private, no people can be more observant of propriety in public; one may walk the streets of Mexico for a year, and he will not see a wanton gesture or look on the part of a female of any description, with the single exception, that if you meet a woman with a fine bust, which they are very apt to have, she finds some occasion to adjust her rebozo, and throws it open for a second. This rebozo answers all the purposes of the shawl, bonnet and frock-body.

"The women of Mexico, I think, generally smoke; it is getting to be regarded as not exactly *comme il faut*, and therefore they do it privately. As the men generally smoke, they have the advantage which Dean Swift recommends to all who eat onions, to make their sweethearts do so too.

"One of the favorite and most pleasant recreations of the Mexicans is what they call *un día de campo*, a day in the country. A party is made up

to spend the day at Tacubaya, or some other of the neighboring villages, or at some house in the suburbs of the city, where a dinner is prepared, and a band of music sent out; and the day and a large portion of the night spent in dancing. Never have I seen a more joyous and hilarious people than they are on these occasions.

"I shall never forget one of these parties which was given to General Almonte, just before he left Mexico on his mission to this country. It was a genuine, roistering, country frolic. We got into boats, and with the music playing, were rowed for some distance by moonlight, in the canal which terminates in the Lake of Chalco, and then amongst the Chinampas or floating gardens, which are now nothing more than shaking bogs. The very thin stratum of soil which had formed on the water of the lake is made more unsteady, when a small space of an acre or two is surrounded by a canal. There are now none of the floating gardens described by the conquerors, which were formed by artificial means, and moved about from one part of the lake to another.

"The men who are met in the streets, are almost exclusively officers and soldiers of the army, priests and leporos, the latter quite as useful, and much the least burdensome and pernicious of the three classes. The Mexicans of the better classes generally wear cloth cloaks at all seasons of the year, and the Indian blankets; for ornament, I suppose, for the weather is never cold enough to make either necessary. One thing, however, I could never account for, I did not feel uncomfortably cold in a linen coat, nor uncomfortably warm with my cloak on. All the physical peculiarities of the Indians of Mexico are precisely the same as those of our own Indians; they are, however, much smaller. Their appearance is very much the same in all respects as those of the straggling Indians who are seen about our cities; nothing of the elastic step and proud bearing of our natives of the forest. Such a noble looking fellow as the Seminole Chief, Wild Cat, would create a sensation there; he might possibly get up a *pronunciamento*—I have no doubt he would attempt it. In a word, I am by no means sure that in exchanging the peculiar civilization which existed in the time of Montezuma for that which the Spaniards gave them, that they have improved the condition of the masses; they have lost little of the former but its virtues, and acquired little of the latter but its vices. I have already remarked that, although there are no political distinctions amongst the various castes of the population of Mexico, that the social distinctions are very marked. At one of those large assemblies at the President's palace, it is very rare to see a lady whose color indicates any impurity of blood. The same remark is, to a great extent, true of the gentlemen, but there are also a good many exceptions.

FRIENDSHIP WITH ENGLISHMEN.

"The generous and honorable sentiment so well expressed by the Englishwoman of Puebla leads me to remark that my residence in Mexico furnished me more evidences than one, of the powerful sympathy of race. Even the revengeful character of the Spaniard yields to it. Notwithstanding the recent termination of the fierce and sanguinary civil war which has raged between Mexico and the mother country, no other people are so favorably regarded by the Mexicans as the Spaniards. And I can say with truth that I never met an Englishman there that I did not feel the full

force of "the white skin and the English language"—and I had no cause to believe that the same feeling was not entertained towards me by the English gentlemen in Mexico; and why, in God's name, should it be otherwise? I would not sell "for the seas' worth," my share of the glory of my English ancestry, Milton, Shakspeare, and John Hampden, and those noble old barons who met King John at Runnymede; and on the other hand, Englishmen should have a just pride in the prosperity and greatness of our country. In the beautiful language of a highly-gifted and liberal-minded Englishman, Mr. Charles Augustus Murray, "whether we view the commercial enterprise of America, or her language, her love of freedom, parochial, legal or civil institutions, she bears indelible marks of her origin: she is and must continue the mighty daughter of a mighty parent, and although emancipated from maternal control, the affinities of race remain unaltered. Her disgrace must dishonor their common ancestry, and her greatness and renown gratify the parental pride of Britain. Accursed be the vile demagogue who would wantonly excite another and fratricidal war between the two greatest and only free countries of the earth!"

I should not satisfy my own feelings if I were not to notice here the circle of English merchants, who reside in Mexico. I have nowhere met a worthier set of gentlemen—enlightened, hospitable and generous. I can with great truth say, that the most pleasant hours which I have spent in Mexico were in their society, and I shall never cease to remember them with kindness and respect. I now and then met with a little of the John Bull jealousy of this country, but I playfully told them that I could pardon that—that it was altogether natural, for that the English flag had waved on every sea and continent on the face of the globe, and that for the last thousand years it had rarely, if ever, been lowered to an equal force, except in conflicts with us, where its fate had always been to come down. I believe that I may say that their greatest objection to me was, that I was rather too fond of talking of General Jackson and New Orleans. There is no single name which an Englishman so little likes to hear as that of General Jackson, and none so grateful to the ears of an American in a foreign land, only excepting that of Washington. I do not doubt that it will be known and remembered long after that of every other American who has gone before him, except Washington and Franklin, is swallowed up in the vortex of oblivion. I have been the political opponent of General Jackson, and should be so now upon the same questions. I believe that he committed some very great errors, but that he did all in honor and patriotism. I have at the same time always had a just admiration for his many great qualities and glorious achievements, and I should pity the American who could hear his name mentioned in a foreign land without feeling his pulse beat higher.

CALIFORNIA.

The California Question—Captain Suter's Settlement—Value of the country—Importance to the United States—English influence in Mexico—Annexation of Mexican provinces to the United States—Present relations.

I confess that in taking the high ground which I did upon the order expelling our people from California, that I felt some compunctious visitings, for I had been informed that a plot had been arranged and was about being developed by the Americans

and other foreigners in that department to reëact the scenes of Texas. I had been consulted whether in the event of a revolution in California, and its successful result in a separation from Mexico, our government would consent to surrender their claims to Oregon, and that Oregon and California should constitute an independent republic. I of course had no authority to answer the question, and I would not have done so if I could.

The inhabitants of California are for the most part Indians, a large proportion naked savages, who not only have no sympathies with Mexico but the most decided antipathy.

Mexico has no troops there, and the distance of the department prevents any being sent.

Captain Suter, who was one of Bonaparte's officers, and, I believe, is a Swiss, has for many years had an establishment there, and is the real sovereign of the country if any one is, certainly so *de facto* if not *de jure*. The government of Mexico has done none of those things, such as settlement, extending her laws, and affording protection, which alone give to a civilized people a right to the country of a savage one. As to all these, the natives of California are as much indebted to any other nation as to Mexico; they only know the government of Mexico by the exactions and tribute which are levied upon them—it is literally a wail, and belongs to the first occupant. Captain Suter has two forts in California, and about two thousand persons, natives and Europeans, in his employment, all of them armed and regularly drilled. I have no doubt that his force would be more than a match for any Mexican force which will ever be sent against him. He has once or twice been ordered to deliver up his forts, and his laconic reply has been "Come and take them."

From all the information which I have received, and I have been inquisitive upon the subject, I am well satisfied that there is not on this continent any country of the same extent as little desirable as Oregon, nor any in the world which combines as many advantages as California. With the exception of the valley of the Wallamette, there is scarcely any portion of Oregon which is inhabitable except for that most worthless of all—a hunting population—and the valley of the Wallamette is of very small extent. In the south the only port is at the Columbia river, and that is no port at all, as the loss of the Peacock, and others of our vessels, has proved. To say nothing of other harbors in California, that of San Francisco is capacious enough for the navies of the world, and its shores are covered with enough timber (a species of the live oak) to build those navies. If man were to ask of God a climate he would ask just such an one as that of California, if he had ever been there. There is no portion of our western country which produces all the grains as well; I have been told by more than one person on whom I entirely relied, that they had known whole fields to produce—a quantity so incredible that I will not state it. The whole face of the country is covered with the finest oats growing wild; sugar, rice and cotton, find there their own congenial climate. Besides all these, the richest mines of gold and silver have been discovered there, and the pearl fisheries have always been sources of the largest profits; and more than these, there are the markets of India and China with nothing intervening but the calm and stormless Pacific ocean.

The distance from the head of navigation on the Arkansas and Red rivers to a navigable point of

the waters of the Gulf of California is not more than five or six hundred miles; let that distance be overcome by a railroad, and what a vista is opened to the prosperity and power of our country. I have no doubt that the time will come when New Orleans will be the greatest city in the world. That period would be incalculably hastened by the measures which I have indicated, which would throw into her lap the vast commerce of China and of India. Great Britain, with that wise and far-seeing policy for which she is more remarkable than any other government, has already the practical possession of most of the ports of the Pacific ocean—New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, and very soon the Society Islands also. We have a commerce in that ocean of more than fifty millions of dollars, and not a single place of refuge for our ships.

I will not say what is our policy in regard to California. Perhaps it is that it remain in the hands of a weak power like Mexico, and that all the maritime powers may have the advantage of its ports. But one thing I will say, that it will be worth a war of twenty years to prevent England acquiring it, which I have the best reasons for believing she desires to do, and just as good reasons for believing that she will not do if it cost a war with this country. It is, perhaps, too remote from us to become a member of the Union. It is yet doubtful whether the increase of our territory will have a federal or a centralizing tendency. If the latter, we have too much territory; and I am by no means sure that another sister republic there, with the same language, liberty and laws, will not, upon the whole, be the best for us. If united in one government, the extremities may be so remote as not to receive a proper heat from the centre—so, at least, thought Mr. Jefferson, who was inspired on political questions if mortal man ever was. I am not one of those who have a rabid craving for more territory; on the contrary, I believe that we have enough. I know of no great people who have not been crowded into a small space—the Egyptians, the Romans, the Greeks, and another people who have exercised a greater influence upon man and his destiny than all others, the Jews; and, in our time, the English. I want no more territory, for we have already too much. If I were to make an exception to this remark, it would be to acquire California. But I should grieve to see that country pass into the hands of England, or any other of the great powers.

Whenever the foreigners in California make the movement of separation, it must succeed. The department of Sonora, not half the distance from Mexico, has been in a state of revolt for the last four years, and the government has been unable to suppress it. The civil war there has been marked by acts of horrible atrocity, which are almost without precedent in any country. It is true that they do not eat the flesh of their enemies, but they leave them hanging on the trees to feast the birds of prey. There is scarcely a road in the whole department where such spectacles are not daily exhibited.

There is a great mistake, I think, in the opinion which is general in this country of the great ascendancy of English influence in Mexico. It is true that Mr. Pakenham had much influence there, which his great worth and frank and honorable character will give him anywhere; but my opinion is, that the general feeling of the Mexicans

towards the English is unfriendly. They have a well-grounded jealousy of the great and increasing power which their large capital gives them; and, if the feelings of the Mexican people were consulted, or the opinions of their most enlightened men, England is the very last power to which the Mexicans would transfer California, or any other portion of their territory. I am quite sure that they would prefer that it should be an independent power, than to have any connection or dependence of any sort upon England. The most valuable of the Mexican mines are owned and worked by English companies, and at least two-thirds of the specie which is exported goes into the hands of the English. The British government keeps two officers, or agents, in Mexico, with high salaries, to attend to this interest alone. It is with the money thus derived that the English establishments on this continent and in the West Indies are supported.

The amount of the specie annually obtained from Mexico is more than half as great as that which is kept at one time in the Bank of England. The stoppage of this supply would very much derange the whole monetary system of England; on this account, it is to be apprehended that in the event of a war between the United States and Mexico, that England would very soon be involved in it. If the coast of Mexico should be blockaded, England will demand that the line of steam-packets to Vera Cruz should be exempted from its operations. These packets, although commercial vessels, possess a sort of quasi government character. This, of course, our government could not concede; and the interruption of the regular supply of the precious metals from Mexico would be most disastrously felt in England. Knowing all this, I was well satisfied that all that we have heard about England stimulating Mexico to declare war against this country was ridiculously absurd. Such a war would injure England more than either of the belligerents. All her interests are opposed to it, unless, indeed, she intended to participate in that war. I have the best reasons for saying, that there is no other power in the world with which England would not prefer to engage in a war; not that she fears us, for England fears no nation, nor combination of nations, as all her history proves; but such a war would be, more than any other, disastrous to her commercial, manufacturing, and all other industrial pursuits.

England has no single motive of a war with us. It is not of this country that she is jealous, but of the northern despotisms of Europe, and mainly of Russia, and has been so since the seizure of the fortress of Azaczo, in 1788. And well may England and all Europe tremble under the shadow of that terrible military despotism now holding one-eighth of the territory of the globe, and continually extending its limits and its power. All the wars of the present century which have weakened other European powers have resulted in the aggrandizement of Russia. The government is not only a despotism, but essentially a military despotism. The studies in which her people are educated are principally those of war and diplomacy. Russia and the United States are antipodes and antagonists. The wise and far seeing statesmen of England see this and calculate as well they may, upon our sympathy, in a conflict with Russia. I repeat, England wants no war with us, although we may force her into one. "That old and

haughty nation proud in arms" will never submit to injustice or insult.* But to return from this perhaps uncalled-for digression to the jealousy of England which is felt in Mexico.

A leading member of the Mexican cabinet once said to me that he believed that the tendency of things was towards the annexation of Texas to the United States, and that he greatly preferred that result either to the separate independence of Texas or any connection or dependence of Texas upon England; that if Texas was an independent power, other departments of Mexico would unite with it either voluntarily or by conquest, and that if there was any connection between Texas and England, that English manufactures and merchandise would be smuggled into Mexico through Texas to the utter ruin of the Mexican manufactures and revenue.

In one of my last interviews with Santa Anna I mentioned this conversation. He said with great vehemence, that he "would war forever for the reconquest of Texas, and that if he died in his senses his last words should be an exhortation to his countrymen never to abandon the effort to reconquer the country;" and added, "You, sir, know very well that to sign a treaty for the alienation of Texas would be the same thing as signing the death-warrant of Mexico," and went on to say that "by the same process we would take one after the other of the Mexican provinces until we had them all." I could not, in sincerity, say that I thought otherwise; but I do not know that the annexation of Texas will hasten that event. That our language and laws are destined to pervade this continent, I regard as more certain than any other event which is in the future. Our race has never yet put its foot upon a soil which it has not only kept but has advanced. I mean not our English ancestors only, but that good Teuton race from which we have both descended.

There seems to be a wonderful adaptation of the English people to the purpose of colonization. The English colony of convicts at New South Wales is a more prosperous community than any colony of any other country. That the Indian race of Mexico must recede before us, is quite as certain as that that is the destiny of our Indians, who in a military point of view, if in no other, are superior to them. I do not know what feelings towards us in Mexico may have been produced by recent events, but whatever they may be, they will not last long; and I believe that the time is not at all distant, when all the northern departments of Mexico, within a hundred miles of the city, will gladly take refuge under our more stable institutions from the constant succession of civil wars to which that country seems to be destined. The feeling is becoming a pretty general one amongst the enlightened and patriotic, that they are not prepared for free institutions, and are incapable themselves of maintaining them. There is very great danger that the drama may close there, as it has so often done in other countries, with anarchy ending in despotism—such is the natural swing of the pendulum. The feeling of

all Mexicans towards us, until the revolution in Texas, was one of unmixed admiration; and it is our high position amongst the nations, and makes our mission all the more responsible, that every people, struggling to be free, regard us with the same feelings—we are indeed the "looking-glass in which they dress themselves." As a philanthropist, I have deeply deplored the effects of the annexation of Texas upon the feelings of the people of all classes in Mexico, towards this country, as diminishing their devotion to republican institutions; this should not be so, but it will be. Ours is regarded as the great exemplar Republic in Mexico, as everywhere else, and the act which they regard as such an outrage, must have the prejudicial effect which I have indicated—still more will that effect be to be deprecated, if it should throw Mexico into the arms of any great European power.

The northern departments of Mexico contain all the mines, and more of the wealth of the country than any others; and they all hang very loosely to the confederacy;—they receive no earthly benefit from the central government, which in truth they only know in its exactions. All the money collected from them is expended in the city and elsewhere, and they have not even the satisfaction of knowing that it is beneficially or even honestly used. The security which would be given to property, as well as its great enhancement in value, would be powerful inducements with all the owners of large estates which are now comparatively valueless. The only obstacle that I know of to such a consummation, infinitely desirable in my judgment, to the people of those departments, less so to us, would be in the influence of the priesthood. They are well aware that such a measure might very soon be fatal, not only to their own supremacy, but that of the Catholic religion also—but they would have on the other hand a powerful motive in the security which it would give them to their large church property—no motive but interest would have any influence with the people of Mexico, for they certainly do not like us. Their feelings towards us may be summed up in two words, jealousy and admiration—they are not going to declare war against us. I have never doubted for a moment about that. Public opinion in Mexico, to all practical purposes, means the opinion of the army, and the very last thing in the world which the army desires, is such a war—nor do I believe that one Mexican in a thousand does, however they may vaunt and bluster—just as a frightened school-boy whistles as he passes a grave-yard in the night. I have just as little idea they will negotiate now, or until matters are adjusted between England and this country. I doubt whether they will do so even then, for the government of Mexico owes our citizens as much money as they could expect to get from us for their quit claim to Texas, and Mexico, therefore, will have no motive to negotiate as long as she is not pressed for these claims; and the restoration of official intercourse is not of the slightest consequence to her. The few Mexicans who would come here, would be in no danger of being oppressed, and nothing would be more convenient to Mexico than that we should have no minister there to trouble the government with complaints.

PATRIOTISM OF SANTA ANNA.

Another, and a very important one to many Americans in Mexico, was that which prohibited

* Our worst enemy among the sovereigns of Europe is Louis Philippe, the catspaw-king. Every people struggling to be free look to the United States for light and aid, and it should be a source of pride to us that every despot regards us with fear and hatred. Well may the treacherous citizen-king exclaim with reference to America, with the fallen archangel to the sun—

"How! oh sun, I hate thy beams."

the privilege of the retail trade to all foreigners—all my efforts to procure a rescision of this order were ineffectual, and this is the one exception to which I have alluded. One of the members of the diplomatic corps, the French minister, had felt it his duty to write a note on the subject, which Santa Anna regarded as very harsh in its terms and spirit. After I had discussed the matter with him for some time he said, "I know nothing about these questions of international law, I am only a soldier, and have spent my life in the camp—but eminent Mexican lawyers tell me that we have the right to enforce such an order, and if we have I know that it will be beneficial to Mexico. These foreigners come here and make fortunes and go away; let them marry here, or become Mexican citizens, and they may enjoy this and all other privileges." He added that if all the other ministers had taken the same course that I had, that he might have consented to rescind the order, but that whilst he was the president he would cut his throat (suiting the action to the word with great vehemence) before he would yield anything to insult or menaces—alluding to the note of the French minister. He became very much excited, and with his fine eye flashing fire, went on in a strain of real eloquence.—"What," said he, "has Mexico gained by her revolution, if she is thus to be dictated to by every despot in Europe; before, we had but one master—but if this is permitted we shall have twenty. We cannot fight on the water; but let them land, and I will drive them to their boats a little faster than I did in 1839"—and then casting his eye to his mutilated leg, with that tiger expression which Mrs. Calderon noticed—he said, "they have taken one of my legs, they shall have the other, and every limb of my body before I will submit to their bullying and menaces. Let them come, let them come as soon as they like, they will find a Thermopylæ."

"These were his very words. If he did not feel what he said, I have never seen the hero and patriot better acted. Again I thought of General Jackson. The reader may be assured that whatever may be the faults of Santa Anna, he has many points which mark him "as not in the roll of common men."

When I first visited him at Encerro, he was examining his chicken cocks, having a large wicker then depending—he went round the coops and examined every fowl, and gave directions as to his feed; some to have a little more, others to be stinted. There was one of very great beauty, of the color of the partridge, only with the feathers tipped with black, instead of yellow or white; and the male in all respects like the female, except in size. He asked me if we had any such in this country, and when I told him that we had not, he said that if that one gained his fight he would send him to me—he was the only one of fifteen which did not lose his fight: and shortly after my return, when I visited New York, I found the fowl there. I had thought no more about it, and had no idea that he would.

After examining his chicken cocks we returned to the house, and then he was all the president—and to have listened to the eloquent conversation which I have sketched, one would not have supposed that he had ever witnessed a cock-fight.

The taste for this amusement, which amongst us is regarded as barbarous and vulgar, is in Mexico by no means peculiar to Santa Anna. It is universal, and stands scarcely second to the bull-fight.

NICHOLAS' WIFE IN ITALY.

TAKE heart, poor milliner girls! and, though poorly paid, and sadly overworked, thank Heaven you are not the empress of Russia. Though you are fagged, you are not dehumanized by adulation—you are not flattered into insanity—you are not made one fester of human pride by the abasement and adoration of millions. The hearts in your bosoms are not petrified by imperial blood; they may yet bound with kindly impulses; they may yet thrill with a sympathy that the wife of Nicholas—poor victim of state!—can never know. Late accounts from Italy present a sad picture of the unfortunate woman. It appears that she is very sick—but not nearly so sick as arrogant. Could pride have killed her, she would have died long ago—every one of her nine lives been rendered up.

It seems that the King of Naples has beggared himself for a year or two, to do the handsome thing for his Russian guest; and she did little other than turn the poor man out of his own house.

"On the first day of her arrival, the empress sent her chamberlain to invite the King and Queen of Naples to dine with her in his own dining-room, which meant—'to-morrow I shall dine alone.' The poor King of Naples understood it immediately, and was in great trouble to know where he should dine with his family, or receive his court."

And these are the folks who—according to the tribe of Jenkins—are the patent manner-mongers for the rest of mankind!

At Florence, she refused to take the arm of her host, the Grand Duke, and took that of the Russian Admiral. It is said that in one of her letters to the emperor, she wrote—

"Since our marriage I have never asked you a favor, but now I have a request to make, which I hope you will not refuse, since it is of consequence to my health, and probably my life may depend upon it—*make me a present of Sicily*."

—with Etna to boil the royal tea-kettle! What a pity that the emperor could not, by a ukase, give her the man in the moon as a little flunkey! Still, we have some compassion for the empress. She is the wife of Nicholas, and that may account for much. Nevertheless, milliners, *Punch* says, again and again—thank Heaven you are not the Empress of Russia. Surely, it is better to feel want and oppression, than to be educated out of the feeling of all human sympathy.—*Punch*.

CHINESE BENEVOLENCE TO A BRITISH CHARITY. —The governors and friends of the Seamen's Floating Hospital will be highly gratified to learn that the universal principle which governs that charity (the relief of sick seamen of all nations) has not escaped the observation of that enlightened and distinguished personage, Keying, the High Commissioner to his imperial majesty the Emperor of China, who has requested Rear Admiral, Sir Thomas Cochrane, commander-in-chief there, to record his name as a donor of \$900 (about £190) in aid of this benevolent object. Well might Sir Henry Pottinger eulogize the high character of this eminent Chinaman, since he has shown, by this uninvited display of beneficence, that he can feel for the possible necessities of his countrymen in a far distant land, and can so munificently mark his gratitude to foreigners for the care taken of them.—*Times*.

From the Canada Temperance Advocate.

STUDIES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

THERE are few young people who have been brought up in an inland district, to whom their first visit to the ocean does not form a remarkable era in their juvenile life. The scene is so perfectly new, everything is so strange, the shores abound with so many glittering pleasures, while the prospect of the vast expanse does at the same time inspire a kind of solemn awe, that the youthful mind is filled and impressed with recollections that never afterwards fade. A long-promised visit to the sea-coast was at last accomplished, and a beautiful autumn evening found us for the second time wandering on the smooth white sands of the shore. The receding tide had left dry the far-sloping beach; the sea was still and placid, with now and then a slight ripple glittering in the sun: a few boats and distant ships glided with their white sails on the deep, nearly as like things of life as the agile sea-birds that dipped and sported in the shallow water. The hearts of the young people bounded with an exquisite and new joy; and after skipping about for some time in many circles over the sands, they returned to me to give words to their novel delight.

"How lovely is everything to-night!" said Elizabeth. "I have now got familiar with the great ocean. I confess my mind yesterday was filled with a strange dread; those noisy and foaming breakers seemed so angry like; the waves came one after the other, rolling up to us like so many coiling serpents; and my heart shuddered as I looked far, far onward, and saw nothing but one dim expanse of green water; but now the waves, instead of menacing us, have retired far out. All is lulled and quiet, and such a beautiful beach is left us, that I never shall tire wandering over it, and exploring its curious productions."

"We have been fortunate, my dears, in this our first and short visit, to witness the ocean in its two extreme phases. Yesterday was indeed a storm; less, however, in its violence in this locality than it must have been seaward; for the swelling waves and high surf extending in that vast circular line which you witnessed with such astonishment, indicated that a high wind at a distance had raised the commotion."

"I had many strange dreams last night," said Henry, "about vessels foundering, and the cries of sailors clinging to the broken masts, or dashed among the rocks, and dying without any to help them. Nor shall I forget the appearance of last night's sun, as it set redly amid dark purple-looking clouds, which came in huge masses careering with the wind, while the frothy spray dashed up among the hollow rocks. Beautiful as the scene before us now is, I almost regret that it is so changed. I hope we shall have another storm before we go; for I delight to watch the turmoil of the waters, the screaming of the sea-birds, and the roar of the surf against the rocks. What, after all, is our lake, and hills, and green fields at home, compared to this magnificent scene! I long to launch upon those waters, and explore them to their uttermost boundaries."

"So Henry is become a sailor at once," cries Mary; "but he shall never speak ill of our loved home; and instead of sailing over the seas, let us go and collect beautiful shells and pebbles to carry home with us."

"Mary is right," we exclaimed; "instead of

speculating about untried enjoyments, let us improve those which the present time presents. The storm of yesterday has been at work for our gratification; the beach is strewn with the treasures of the deep: marine plants have been torn up and drifted along the shore; shells and marine animals have been scooped from their caves and hiding places; and all are now exposed to view, and await our inspection. You see those piles of seaweed!—that is the vegetation of the deep; and though differing greatly in form and appearance from land plants, yet they are not without their importance, nor are they without their admirers."

"Do trees, then, grow in the sea?" inquired Mary.

"Not exactly trees," I replied, "but a kind of simple plants called *fuci*, having stems and broad leaves of a soft leathery structure, nearly resembling the lichens which I have shown you on our rocks, and bearing seeds of a very simple kind like them. You see they are of all sizes, from this small delicate tufted plant to those large-leaved tangles of many feet in length. Indeed many parts of the ocean, to the depth of several hundred feet, are clothed with a vegetation as luxuriant as that on land, the tangled stems and leaves of which form the abiding places of myriads of fishes and marine animals of various kinds. We shall now pause at this spot, and examine a few of the plants. That long cord-like specimen which Henry draws out to the length of ten or twelve feet, is very common in the northern seas; in Orkney it is called sea-catgut, with us sea-lace. It grows in large patches, just like long grass in a meadow, attaining a length of from 20 to 30 feet. This other plant, with the tall round stem, terminated by a broad and long leaf, is a very common one, called the *laminaria*, or sea tangle, of which there are several species, those of warm seas growing to the height of 25 feet, with a stem as thick as that of a small-sized tree. The gigantic fucus of South America attains a height much greater than this, but with a diameter of stem not more than an inch. Captain Cook describes these fuci as attaining the astonishing length of 360 feet. They flourish in immense groves throughout the Southern Ocean, and are all alive with innumerable animals, that take shelter among and derive their sustenance from them."

"The sea, then," said Henry, "can boast of taller vegetables than the land; for, if I recollect rightly, the tallest palms do not exceed 150 feet, and the *araucaria* of New Holland is not above 60 feet more."

"You are quite correct, Henry; and I may mention another sea-plant, which is said to reach 500 to 1500 feet in length. It is a slender weed, called *macrocytes*; the leaves are long and narrow, and at the base of each is placed a vesicle, which is filled with air, and which serves to buoy up and float the plant near the surface of the water, otherwise, from its weight, it would sink to the bottom."

"And what is the use of all these plants?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Like land vegetation, they fulfil the important office of affording food and shelter for the myriads of animals with which the sea, like the land, is peopled. They are also not without their uses to man. These heaps of drifted weed form the best of manures for the soil. In some countries sea-weed is collected and burnt, and the ash, which is called kelp, produces soda. Several kinds are also capa-

ble of being boiled down into a sort of glue; and here is the little rock-weed, which is erroneously termed Irish moss, but which is, in fact, a sea-plant (*chondrus crispus*.) This plant, when well washed, so as to free it of its salt, and then slowly boiled in water, forms a light and nutritious jelly, of which, I think, you have often partaken when made up with milk and sugar."

"But look here," said I, pointing to a small object lying under the heap of wreck which we had just been examining; "what do you take that to be?" They all pronounced it to be a small marine plant just like many of the others strewn round. "Now, scrutinize it particularly," said I. Henry took it up with his hand, and laid it on a piece of paper prepared to receive some other plants. To their surprise the object made several movements; it again moved, and again was still; they watched it with some eagerness, and not without some dread. At last I picked off two or three of the branches of the apparent plant; a claw of an animal now was visible; I continued to pick off more; a head of a crab-like creature was displayed; and finally, cleaving off the whole, a small but complete and living creature of the crustaceous family was exhibited to their wondering gaze. A flood of questions now assailed me. "This little crab (*macropodia phalangium*) is an inhabitant of our sea-shores, and is remarkable for its instinctive propensity of adopting the disguise of a vegetable. It, in short, lives a continued life of masquerade. For this purpose it selects the branches of a small fucus just about its own size, and sticks them so artfully over its limbs and body, that the whole is masked, so as to represent exactly the plant which it has selected. Whether the pieces of plant adhere by their own glutinous juices, or whether the animal spreads over its body a juice peculiar to itself, I cannot tell, but certain it is the animal is found always thus dressed; and it would appear to change its coat whenever it becomes old, for the leaves are always fresh and unshrivelled. The reason of this disguise is evidently concealment—either to conceal itself from its own foes, or to enable it the better to pursue its prey, or, perhaps, for both these purposes. At all events, the instinct is a very singular one. There is another crustacean, and a better known one than the other—the hermit crab. This fellow likes a good comfortable house, but he will not build one for himself, so he looks about for the first empty shell that will fit him, and in he walks back foremost. You see how he looks out at his door, and now he scampers off with his house upon his back. To convince you that the creature takes up its abode in a chance shell, here are several more of them, and all the shells you see are of different forms. As the young animal increases in bulk, it leaves its first small shell and takes to a larger. You see this well exemplified in the various sizes of the animals before us."

Mary had now got hold of a large shell, the waved buccinum, and had applied it to her ear, listening to the hollow sound which it thus emitted. She had been prompted to this from having practised the same thing with shells at home, and I now asked Henry if he recollected Lander's verses in allusion to this circumstance. He promptly called to mind those shells

"Of pearly hue

Within, for they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,

His chariot wheel stands midway on the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

"Sure enough it murmurs," cries Mary; "but if we carry it away with us, will it still preserve this mysterious union with the ocean?"

"It will still continue to sound when applied to your ear wherever you carry it; but so will any other hollow thing—a tin box, a cup, an empty tumbler, or any such—and yet I am sorry thus to dissipate with plain matter of fact the beautiful fancy of the poet."

"What is the real matter of fact, then?" inquired Henry.

"It is simply that the concave sides of the shell reverberate the current of warm air which is always passing off and upwards from the surface of our bodies, its place being as constantly taken by a fresh supply from the surrounding atmosphere. The hollow murmuring is the slight sound produced by the air-current striking against the sides of the shell, and being echoed, as it were, from every point, and returned again to the ear."

"I am almost vexed you have explained this to me," said Mary, "for at home I have often pleased myself with the thoughts that the shell roared or murmured when the tides of its parent ocean flowed in, and that it was silent until the time of the flowing tide returned. So bewitching is fancy! And yet, after all, I believe I shall be more satisfied with truth. I shall carry this shell home with me, however; and when I wish to recall the dashing of the sea-waves and the roar of the surf along the sands, and up among the rocks, I will have only to apply this talisman to my ear. In this respect it will be to me still the shell of the poet."

As we continued our walk, several little tracks in the sand attracted our attention. Henry determined to follow up one of them, in order to ascertain their cause: he continued to trace one for more than ten yards, and at last stopped almost at the brink of the water. We hastened to the spot, and perceived that the trail was made by the common cockle. It was curious to mark the creature pushing out its single foot from between its two-valved shell, and pressing it against the soft sand, thus pushing itself onward step by step. It had thus travelled at least ten to fifteen yards in the few hours since it had been left on the beach at high water, and now it seemed to be returning to the sea to feed. A little onwards we came to two other well-known edible shell animals—the oyster and mussel. Unlike the cockle, both these were stationary animals. They were securely anchored to stones, and we spent some time in examining the fine silken fibres (the *bysus*) which proceeded from their bodies, and were fixed by the other end to the rocks, thus forming a secure cable.

The frequent lash of the returning tide, and the rapidly descending sun, now warned us that it was time to return home.

We did so reluctantly, and paused for a moment to take a look at the descending luminary. How different was the sunset from last evening. The sky was one sea of soft mellow light, curtained above by stripes of filmy clouds of the brightest hues. The sun was just dipping its orb into the deep, and sent a long line of flickering rays athwart the glassy mirror, even reaching to our feet. Sea-birds were speeding along on swift wing

to the shore; one or two little boats were seen gliding homewards; but the distant ships steadily held on their way, now almost lost in the misty distance—night and day pursuing their course over the vast deep. As we ascended the aloping beach, we were recalled from our visions of the sea by objects reminding us of the land. The cattle from the neighboring fields had wandered down to the beach, and their dark massive forms were seen between us and the sky, as they straggled along the shore. "I think these cattle are actually feeding on the sea-weed," cried Henry; "I am sure I see one cow busily chewing a piece of sea-tangle."

"That is the very object," I replied, "which has made them wander here. Why should not cows and oxen love the sea-side as well as we? All graminivorous animals are exceedingly fond of salt, and of every substance which contains it. Hence they chew with avidity the sea-weed and lick the salt incrusted on the rocks. Nay, they will also feed with avidity on fish."

"At the western extremity of the island of Lismore, on the Argyleshire coast," says Dr. Macculloch, 'are some rocks separated at low water, where the cattle may be daily observed resorting, quitting the fertile pastures to feed on the sea-weed. It has erroneously been supposed that this practice, as well as the eating of fish, was the result of hunger. It appears, on the contrary, to be the effects of choice, in cattle as well as in sheep, that have once found access to this diet. The accuracy with which they attend to the diurnal variations of the tide is very remarkable, calculating the times of the ebb with such nicety, that they are seldom mistaken even when they have some miles to walk to the beach. In the same way, they always secure their retreat from these chosen spots in such a manner as never to be surprised and drowned by the returning tide. With respect to fish, it is equally certain that they often prefer it to their best pastures. It is not less remarkable that the horses of Shetland eat dried fish from choice, and that the dogs brought up on these shores continue to prefer it to all other diet, even after a long absence.'

"Herodotus mentions that the inhabitants in the vicinity of the lake Prasias were in the practice of feeding their horses and cattle on fish. The Icelanders and Faroese do the same, both with fish and dried whales' flesh, which they generally serve up as a soup, with a small quantity of fodder. 'In the northern parts of the state of Michigan,' says Captain Marryat in his diary in America, 'hay is very scarce, and in winter the inhabitants are obliged to feed their cattle on fish. You will see,' says he 'the horses and cows dispute for the offal; and our landlord told me that he has often witnessed a particular horse wait very quietly while they were landing the fish from the canoes, watch his opportunity, dart in, steal one, and run away with it in his mouth.'"

'This surprises me,' said Elizabeth, "I thought animals, if left to their own choice, would always confine their taste to the particular kind of food to which they were destined by their structure."

"As a general rule this holds true; few carnivorous animals, I believe, would be disposed to exchange their beef for greens; but then, again, those who live on greens seem to have a hankering now and then after a piece of beef. I dare say you may have observed at home how pertinaciously a cow

will keep chewing at a bone a whole day, to the utter neglect of her grass, and to the no small dismay of the dairy-maid in the evening, when the cow returns without a drop of milk!"

"I have observed it frequently," cried Henry, "and I have been taught to creep close to said cows when so employed, and throw into their mouth a handful of sand and small pebbles; this, by mixing with their favorite morsel, spoils the whole, and they then reluctantly throw the mouthful out, and take to their grass."

Darker and darker now grew the evening shadows as we slowly took our way landwards. The waving sand-hills at last shut out our view of the ocean, and its hollow murmurs only reached our ears. We bade it a last adieu, after having spent two delightful days admiring its wonders, and having brought away with us numerous trophies, to remind us of our studies on the sea-shore.

VERSES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE CELLAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the breakfast-time round to the day,
I see neither Saxon nor brute.
O Solitude! where 's the attractions,
That sages have seen in your face!
Better dwell in the midst of the Saxons,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish the Session alone,
Ne'er cry "hear!" to an illigant speech,—
Sure I start at the sound of my own.
Them beasts, the attendants and waiters,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unaccustomed to Marthyrs,
Their coolness is shocking to me.

Society—blarney—abuse—
Gifts dear to the boys of my name!
O if I had the wings of a goose,
It 's soon I 'd be out of this same.
I then might enliven my gloom
In the ways of repalers and men,
Might learn from the wisdom of Hume,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of Ben.

Ye Mimbers, that make me your sport,
O convey to this desolate door
A Times, with a faithful report
Of the house I shall visit no more.
My friends, sure they now and then send
A joke or a laugh after me!
O tell me I yet have a frind,
Though Bentinck I 'm never to see.

The attendant is gone to his rest,
The Saxon lies down in his lair,—
While I think of the Isle of the West,
And turn up my bed * in despair.
But whisky is still to be had;
And the whisky—encouraging thought!
As it is not by any means bad,
Half reconciles me to my lot.

Punch.

*The Martyr is accommodated with a very neat "folding bed."

From the British Quarterly Review.

- (1.) *Le Moniteur*.—(2.) *Le Messager*.—(3.) *Le Journal des Débats*.—(4.) *Le Constitutionnel*.—(5.) *Le Siècle*.—(6.) *La Presse*.—(7.) *Le National*.—(8.) *La Gazette de France*.—(9.) *La Quotidienne*.—(10.) *Le Globe*.—(11.) *Le Corsaire Satan*.—(12.) *Le Charivari*.—(13.) *L'Esprit Public*.—(14.) *La Réforme*.—(15.) *La Démocratie Pacifique*. Paris, 1845, 1846.
- (16.) *Histoire Edifiante du Journal des Débats*. Paris: Baudry.
- (17.) *Vénalité des Journaux, Révélations accompagnées de Preuves*. Par CONSTANT HILBEY. Ouvrier, Tailleur. Paris, chez tous les Libraires. Septembre, 1845.
- (18.) *L'Ecole des Journalistes, Comédie en 5 Actes*. Par MDE. EMILE DE GIRARDIN; suivie d'une Lettre de M. JULES JANIN; et d'une Réponse de M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC. Troisième Edition, Paris, 1840.

It were a curious and instructive study to trace the progress of the Newspaper Press of France, from the earliest times down to our own day;—to record the history of the ancient *Gazetier* and the modern *Journalist*;—of the old *Gazette* of times long gone by, as well as of the modern *Journal*. In the French of the 17th century, the *Gazetier* signified the Editor of a periodical publication, as well as the Publisher; but the word is not now used in this latter sense, and generally bears an ill signification.

Though any frivolous inquiry into the origin of words, in the present age of facts and realities, be for the most part idle, yet it may be permitted to us to state, that the word *Gazetier* is derived from *Gazette*, a denomination which the earliest journal received from the piece of Venetian coin, "*Gazetta*," which the reader paid for each number in the Piazza de St. Marco, in the seventeenth century. The first regular *Journal* which modern times has known, however, appeared in England in 1588. It bore the title of the "*English Mercury*," and probably suggested to the French nation the idea of the "*Mercurre François, ou Suite de l'Histoire de la Paix*." This publication commenced in 1605, the *Septennaire* of D. Cayer, and extended to the year 1644, forming altogether a collection of 25 vols. The curious compilation was, till 1635, edited by John Richer, and continued by Theophile Renaudot.

The "*Mercurre Galant*," which gave birth to the "*Mercurre de France*," and to the "*Mercurre François*" of 1792, commenced in February, 1672, under the editorship of Visé, and subsequently counted among its contributors and editors some of the first names in French history. Another "*Mercury*," not merely gallant, but historical and political, appeared in 1686, under the editorship of Sandras de Courtiltz; and to this periodical the great Bayle did not disdain to contribute. It survived to a good old age, and died in its 76th year, in 1782. The publication of the "*Public Intelligencer*" in England, in 1661, which met with a success signal and decisive, soon found copyists in France. Loret, in imitating it, composed his pitiable "*Gazette Burlesque*," or "*Muse Historique*," which was followed by the "*Journal des Savans*," beginning in 1665, and continued without interruption down to 1792.

Recommended in 1797 by Sallo, who took the pseudonyme of "Hédouville," it attained its greatest renown about 1816. In any sketch of the

history of journals or gazettes, the "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*" should not be forgotten. This work was originally undertaken by Bayle, Le Clerc, Basnage, and some other illustrious savans, and under their management continued to give that which is oftener sought than found in our own day—a just and impartial account of the works reviewed. Among the political and literary gazettes of a somewhat later epoch, "*La Clef du Cabinet des Princes*," commenced at Luxemburg, in July, 1704, by Claude Jordan, and continued under the title of "*Journal de Verdun*," because it appeared in that town, had the greatest success. Towards the end of the republic, the celebrated bookseller, Panckoucke, borrowed this title for a well conducted journal, "*La Clef du Cabinet des Souverains*," a daily paper, to which Garat and Roussel contributed excellent articles.

The name of the "*Moniteur*," so often cited, not merely in France, but in every civilized country in the world, was borrowed from the English journal of that name which appeared in 1759. France, whose object it always seems to have been, "to tread upon the knees of England," possessed in the following year (1760) a *Moniteur* of her own—a periodical journal, containing moral and political articles. The graveurs and the printers' art did not alone suffice for our restless and volatile neighbors. There were not wanting speculators, scandalous and shameless enough to send under an envelope to their abonnés, a manuscript bulletin of all the tittle-tattle trivialness, gossip, scandal, roudies, and lies of Paris. These letters, called "*Nouvelles à la Main*," were invented by a discreditable demirep, one Mde. Doublet, who kept a regular scandal-shop, where persons of both sexes resorted, and where characters were blackened, and reputations destroyed, for any consideration that malevolence might offer or infamy accept.

Some small rivulet of truth occasionally meandered through this vast meadow of médisance; but fiction, not fact, was the dame's staple article. It is certain that this clandestine publication gave some concern to the government; for, on the 6th of October, 1753, the Marquess d'Argenson wrote to the lieutenant of police of Berryer, that the "*nouvelles*" could not fail to produce an ill effect, seeing that Mde. Doublet kept a regular registry of scandal, which was not only spread through Paris, but dispersed all over the provinces. The minister went on to state, that though such conduct was displeasing to the king, yet his majesty had requested, before severer means were resorted to, that his minister should see Mde. Doublet, with a view of representing to her that the abuse and the scandal should cease, and that she should no longer permit those who encouraged such infamies to frequent her house. Notwithstanding these threats, the injunctions of the police were not, it appears, obeyed; for, in 1762, the Duke de Choiseul, then minister of Louis XV., complained again to Berryer, and at the conclusion of his letter of the 24th of March thus expressed himself: "His majesty has directed me to order you to repair to Mde. Doublet, and to announce to her that, if any more '*nouvelles*' are issued from her house, the king will cause her to be immured within the walls of a convent, from whence she can no longer send forth '*nouvelles*,' not merely impertinent and improper, but contrary to the rules of his majesty's service." Mde. Doublet persevered, nevertheless, in her course. The police now

sought to corrupt some of the habitués of her bureau, and for this purpose pitched on a certain Chevalier de Mouchi, who made a report to the minister to the effect, "that there was and had long been at the house of Mde. Doublet, a 'bureau de nouvelles,' which was not the only one in Paris; but her employés wrote a great deal, and profited largely by it." It cannot be denied that this Mouchi, author of the "Mille et une Faveurs," played, in reference to this bad woman, the part of a base mouchard. He had been received at the officina of Mde. Doublet as a man of letters, and he singled out in his report M. and Mde. Argental, Mde. du Bocage, the authoress of the "Colombiade," Pidanzat de Maïrobert, one of the authors of the "Memoirs Secrets," better known as the "Memoirs of Bauchaumont," the Chevalier de Choiseul, and many medical and literary men among the contributors.

According to the report of Mouchi, one Gillet, valet de chambre of Mde. d'Argental, was at the head of the bureau. This base, unlettered lacquey, after having collected together all that was said in the best houses of Paris, sent his bulletins (as some infamous Sunday journals in our own day were sent) into the provinces at six and twelve francs the month; his despatches being literal copies of what Mde. Doublet circulated through the capital, on the morning of the same day, under the title of "Nouvelles à la Main." The more iniquitous and odious the government, the more extensive the sale and distribution, and the more formidable the influence and effect of the publications. In 1771, the Duke de la Vrillière exercised increased severity towards the authors of this scandalous chronicle. M. de Vergennes proceeded still further, for he would not permit literary men to carry on a correspondence with foreign countries, though the censor, Suard, was ready to certify to their character and conduct. This species of correspondence, wrote the minister, ought to continue prohibited, and those who persevere in it notwithstanding the prohibition, shall be severely punished. Good advice has proved valueless, and rigorous measures can alone prove effective.

We have already spoken of three Mercuries, but have not said a word of one, of which La Bruere was the "titulaire," as it was called. This privilege of titulaire was worth, to that fortunate man, 25,000 livres de rente, and having died one fine morning at Rome, about the year 1757, while the court was at Fontainebleau, Marmontel, who was there passing an hour with Quesnai, was sent for by Mde. de Pompadour, who said "Nous avons dessein d'attacher au nouveau brevet du Mercure des pensions pour les gens de lettres. Vous qui les connaissez nommez moi ceux qui en auroient besoin et qui en seroient susceptibles." Marmontel named Crebillon, d'Alembert, Boissy, and some others. Boissy obtained, through Marmontel's instrumentality, the brevet of the Mercure, but Boissy, though able enough to edit the journal, was incompetent to sustain it for any length of time. He had neither resources, nor activity, nor literary acquaintance, and he could not turn to the Abbé Raynal—for he did not know him—who was the man of all work in the absence of La Bruere. In this emergency Boissy held out a signal of distress to Marmontel, and wrote to this effect. "Prose ou vers ce qu'il vous plaira tout me sera bon de votre main."* Marmontel passed a sleepless and

feverish night in consequence of this unexpected demand being made upon him, and in this state of crisis and agitation it was, that the idea of a tale first suggested itself. Alcibiade was the result, and at Helvetius' dinner the day after, this anonymous article was attributed by the first ceanoisseurs of the day to Voltaire or Montesquieu. Such was the origin—and this is a curious piece of literary history—of those very "Contes Moraux" which have since had such vogue in Europe. Boissy did not long enjoy this brevet. At his death, Mde. de Pompadour said to the king, "Sire, ne donnez vous pas le Mercure à celui qui l'a soutenu?" The favorite meant Marmontel, and Marmontel obtained it accordingly. Well would it be for princes and people if favorites never less abused their privilege than the Pompadour did on this occasion. The Mercure, when Marmontel undertook it, in 1758, was not merely a literary journal, in the strict sense of the term. It was formed of diverse elements, and embraced a great number of subjects. It was not simply a gazette, but a register, so to speak, of theatres and spectacles. It entered into a full and generally a just appreciation of literary publications, into the discoveries in the useful arts, and local and social interests, into everything, in fact, but the great cardinal questions of government representation and general politics. It would be difficult to imagine a journal more varied, more attractive, and of more abundant resources, in so far as regarded science, literature, and the fine arts.

But, alas! all is not "couleur de rose" in the life of a journalist, as the initiated know but too well; and Marmontel confesses that he soon found out that to come to Paris to edit a newspaper was to condemn himself—to use his own words—"au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaïdes." Some of the first literary names in France were at this moment connected with the "Mercure" and its editor. Among others we need only name D'Alembert, L'Abbé Morellet, L'Abbé Raynal, Marivaux, and Chastellux. Nor was this collaboration exclusively confined to Frenchmen. The Abbé Galiani, Caraccioli, and the Comte de Creutz, were among the contributors; and the chansonniers Panard, Gallet, and Collé, occasionally lent their blithesome aid.

But this voluminous journal was soon to be suspended by the Revolution, not, however, before its columns had been enriched by the pens of Chamfort and Guinguéné. The former delicate, ingenious, brilliant, and witty writer, furnished the Tableau de la Revolution, in which the remarkable events of that remarkable time are eloquently retraced. Of these, Chamfort composed thirteen livraisons, each containing two tableaux, and the work was afterwards continued to the twenty-fifth by M. Guinguéné.

We have not spoken of the "Journal Etranger," to which the Abbé Arnaud and Prevost, Toussaint Fréron, (the famous Fréron, of whom more anon,) Favier Herandex, J. J. Rousseau, Grimm, and other celebrated men, were contributors. The editorship of this miscellany was undertaken by Suard, afterwards of the Academy, in 1754, and its object was to introduce to the notice of France all that was remarkable in the literature of England, Spain, and Germany. The paper existed until the month of June, 1763, when it ceased to appear. Towards the close of the same year, Suard, and his friend Arnaud, were commissioned by the government to undertake the "Gazette de France,"

* Memoires de Marmontel, tom. ii. p. 79.

each with a salary of 10,000*fr.* A void, however, was created by the demise of the "*Journal Etranger*," which the two friends determined to supply by the creation of the "*Gazette Littéraire de l'Europe*." This new periodical, protected by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, bore no more charmed existence than its predecessor, and when it died a natural death, Suard and Arnaud were paid by their subscribers to the tune of four volumes in advance. Where should we find such easy gullible subscribers now-a-days in the new world or the old? and echo answers, where, in mournful response to curious and inquiring aspirants to authorship.

Let the meanest among the dregs of the Row and Grub-street, pluck up "heart of grace," however, for be it known to all the dullards and dunces for their comfort, that among the most complaisant and contented contributors to this journal were the famous Denis Diderot, and the gentleman philosopher Saint Lambert. Nor were other appliances wanting to success. Suard had married one of the cleverest and most agreeable women of the day, Mdlle. Panckoucke, the sister of the famous printer and bookseller. His house and hearth were patronized by the "grand monde," under the title of "*le petit ménage*;" and here the munificence of the prince de Beauvau, and of the Marquis de Chastellux were exhausted, to place the *petit ménage*, to use the language of the biographer of Suard, "*en état de donner des festins à la haute littérature*."* It is the fashion among some Englishmen to cry up their own country at the expense of France; but where, we would ask, can any Englishman lay his finger on prince or marquess who exhausted, not his munificence, but who contributed one hundred pounds, either in gifts or otherwise, to place the "*petit ménage*" of an English journalist in a condition to worthily entertain men of letters?

It is not our purpose, and it would far exceed the compass of an article, to go over the journals and newspapers of the Revolution. Most of them were scandalous—many of them were bold—a few useful; but there was one journal which sprung out of this great crisis, which has survived that stormy and terrific epoch, and which has lived to see many great changes even in our own day. We allude to the "*Moniteur Universel*," the official journal of the French government. Born of the first Revolution, and a witness of all the political revolutions which have succeeded it, the "*Moniteur*" has had the rare advantage of surviving times of trouble and civil strife, without losing any portion of its high consideration, and without changing either its character or its language.

The founder of the "*Moniteur*" was a great and enterprising bookseller, of the name of Charles Joseph Panckoucke, the father of Madame Suard, of whom we have just spoken, and celebrated by the publication of the "*Encyclopédie Méthodique*." Panckoucke had, in a journey to England, been struck with the immense size of the London journals. He resolved to introduce a larger form into France. This was the origin of the "*Moniteur Universel*," which first saw the light on the morning of the 24th November, 1789. But the "*Moniteur*," in its infancy, did not, as the reader may well suppose, possess its present organization. A very small space was allotted to the report of the proceedings of the National Assembly, and the debates were often incorrectly given. Shortly after

this period, M. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, and who was editor of the "*Bulletin de l'Assemblée Nationale*," agreed to incorporate his paper with the "*Moniteur*,"* and soon after became the first rédacteur en chef of the latter journal. As Maret was an admirable short-hand writer, the paper became, to use the words of his biographer, a *tableau en relief*. It was not merely fidelity of expression that was transmitted, but the spirit of the debate was embodied, and the gesture and demeanor of the orator described. Something more, however, than mere reports were needed, and a series of articles were determined on, comparing the parliamentary system springing from the Revolution, with the system that prevailed anteriorly. The exact and conscientious Peuchet undertook this difficult task. His articles, under the title of an introduction, form the first volume of the collection of the "*Moniteur*."

From this period the principal and the most precious recommendation of the "*Moniteur*" was, and is, that it is a repertory of all the important facts connected with the annals of modern France. The "*Moniteur*," indeed, is the only pure wall of undefiled historical truth, though occasionally dashed and brewed with lies, more especially in the Napoleonic time, from which a thorough knowledge may be obtained of the parties and history of France. Tables compiled with diligence, method, and clearness, and published for each year, facilitate the researches of the student, and conduct him through the immense labyrinth of facts which have been accumulated during half a century. Men of extraordinary merit have occasionally coöperated, either as men of letters or as philosophical writers or as publicists in the editing of this remarkable journal. We have already cited the Duke of Bassano, who was rédacteur en chef, to the end of the Constituent Assembly. Berquin, the author of "*L'Amie des Enfants*," succeeded him at a time when Rabaut de St. Etienne, La Harpe, Laya, the author of "*L'Ami des Lois*"; Framery; Gouguené, author of a Literary History of Italy; Garat, who was minister and senator; Suard, of the Academy, of whom we have before spoken; Charles His, Gallois Granville, Marsilly, La Chapelle, and others, enriched the very same pages with their united labors. Under the Convention and the Directory, M. Jourdan performed the duties of rédacteur en chef, and was assisted by Trouvé, Sauvo, and Gallois. Under the Consulate, Sauvo was placed at the head of the "*Moniteur*," and is, or lately was, editor in chief. It may be in the recollection of our readers, that during the crisis of the ministry of Polignac, that weak foolish man sent for M. Sauvo, and handed him the famous ordonnances which produced the Revolution of July, with a view to their publication in the official journal, when the courageous journalist remonstrated with the president of the council, and pointed out to him the folly—the madness—of his course.† The minister refused, even at the twelfth hour, to listen to the voice of wisdom, and our readers know the result. During a period of nearly forty years, M. Sauvo has written in the "*Moniteur*" the principal portion of the matter under the head *Théâtres*; and all parties most capable of judging of such matters admit the taste and the tact he has uniformly

* Souvenirs du Duc de Bassano, par Mde. Charlotte de Sor. Bruxelles, 1843.

† Mémoires de Lafayette, par Sarrans. Procès des Ministres de Charles X. "England and France; or, the Ministerial Gallomania."—Murray, 1832.

* Vie de Suard, par Charles de Rozior. Paris, 1839.

exhibited in this department of his labors, his criticisms being extended not merely to the pieces, but to the actors and actresses. If these essays were published separately, they would form no mean course of dramatic literature. Among the numerous collaborateurs of M. Sauvo, from the Consulate and Empire to our own day, we may mention Peuchet; Tourlet; the learned Jomard; Champollion, of the Academy des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; Amar; Tissot, of the Academy; Kératry; Petit Radel; David, formerly consul-general in the East; Aubert de Vitry, and Champagnac. The "Moniteur" is the only journal, it should be observed, which reproduces exactly the debates of the Chambers, for other journals have recourse to analysis and abridgments. The only certain basis of an exact analysis would be the words of the "Moniteur;" but this journal, contrary to its agreement, which imposes on it the obligation of furnishing proof sheets to all the journals on the evening of its publication, appears after the latter have been printed off, and cannot consequently be of the least use for an analysis of the debates. It were, perhaps, a piece of supererogatory information, to state that the "Moniteur," which forms a collection of more than 100 volumes, is furnished to all the higher functionaries of the state, and is constantly referred to, not merely in France, but in every civilized country. It is the best repertory of contemporaneous history, and complete copies of it are therefore very rare, and always fetch a high price.

During the emigration, Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., had a species of *Moniteur* of his own, under the title of "Journal de Monsieur," in which the Abbés Royon and Geoffroy, the latter afterwards so celebrated as the feuilletonist of the "Débats," both wrote; but this paper necessarily expired the moment his majesty landed on the French soil. The Abbé Geoffroy, indeed, played an important literary part after the Restoration; but before we speak of him, it will be necessary that we should enter into the history of that journal, which he rendered so celebrated by his criticisms. In so doing, it is indispensable that we should speak somewhat at length of the very remarkable founders of the "Journal des Débats," the MM. Bertin. These two brothers, François Bertin the elder, and Louis Bertin, commonly called Bertin de Vaux, were the men who first elevated journalism in France into a power in the state, and made of newspapers a great instrument, either for good or for evil. François was the elder brother of the two, and continued till the period of his death "Rédacteur en chef et Gérant" of the "Journal des Débats." Louis, the other brother, after having been fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies was, soon after the Revolution of 1830, sent ambassador to Holland, and elevated to the Chamber of Peers.

Bertin the elder was a man of large and liberal views, intelligent, instructed not merely in letters, but in politics and legislation—a man of the world, in the best sense, generous, indulgent, and great, not only in accomplishments of the mind, but what is rarer, and better, in virtues of the heart.

Bertin de Vaux, his brother, was an active, indefatigable man of business, and at the same time a distinguished and spirited writer, and a scholar of no mean pretensions, especially in classical literature. Both these remarkable men were born at Paris, of a rich and respectable family. Their father, who was secretary to the Duke de Choiseul, premier of

France, died young. Their mother, a woman of sense and talent, afforded them the advantage of the best and most careful education. In the revolution of 1789 they were both young, but the elder was old enough to have witnessed many of the horrors of 1793. He assisted at some of the tempestuous and sanguinary debates of that epoch, and was saved from being a victim by his extreme youth.

It is not our purpose to go over the history of the press during the consulate. It will be sufficient to state that soon after Bonaparte had established himself in the seat of power, he practically annihilated the decree of the ninth of September, 1789, which declared that the liberty of the press was one of the inalienable rights of men. With one stroke of the pen, the little Corsican decided that among the numerous political journals existing, twelve should alone survive, and to these was conceded the exiguous liberty of publishing the list of sales of real and personal property by auction and otherwise, the bulletins and recitals of battles published in the "Moniteur," the new laws, and dramatic criticisms on the spectacles of the day. It should be remembered, that in those days the largest journal was no bigger than a quarto sheet, and that charades and rebusses were then more in vogue than political disquisitions. It was in such a season as this that Bertin the elder purchased for 20,000 francs, or £800, of Baudoin, the printer, the name and copyright of a "Journal d'Annonces." With the sagacity of a man of profound sense, M. Bertin soon perceived that the journal of which he had become the proprietor ought neither to resemble the journals of the ancient regime, such as the "Mercure de France," of which we have already spoken, nor the journals of the revolution, such as the "Orateur du Peuple," formerly conducted by Dussault, of whom more anon, nor the journal, reeking with blood, of the cowardly Hebert, called the "Père Duchesne." The "Mercure de France," though supported by Marmontel, and the beaux esprits of the court, was but a pale reflection of the inane vanity and emptiness of the old monarchy. But the journal of the "Père Duchesne" was the very image of the blood and fury and worst democratic drunkenness of the revolution. Such journals as either the one or the other were impossible, under a strong and intelligent government. Neither as consul nor as emperor, had Napoleon permitted their existence; and even though he had, the nation would not have long supported it. It was a difficult task to hit the house "betwixt wind and water," to use the familiar phrase of Burke, in speaking of the wonderful success of the wonderful Charles Townshend in the house of commons, and no less difficult was it for M. Bertin to hit the will of the emperor, and the humor, whim, and caprice of the good people of Paris. It was, indeed, an up-hill task to make a journal palatable to a successful soldier, who had made himself emperor, and who desired that neither his laws nor his victories might be discussed or criticised. And nearly as difficult was it to conciliate the good will and favorable attention of a people accustomed to the rank and strong diatribes of the democrats. Any other man than Bertin the elder would have given the task up in despair—but the word "despair" was no more to be found in his vocabulary than the word "impossible" in the vocabulary of the emperor. To create a journal without freedom of speech were indeed hopeless. M. Bertin spoke, therefore, freely, but

he was freely outspoken only of literature and the théâtres, holding his peace on higher and more dangerous topics.

The history of the rise and progress of the "Journal des Débats" is a moral and psychological study, not without its interest. Tact, and management, and moderation were necessary in order to write at all in that epoch, but the moment Bertin obtained permission to put pen to paper, he used the two-edged weapon so discreetly, that governor and governed were equally content. To use the phrase of Burke, he hit the ruler and the ruled "betwixt wind and water." What was the cause of this success? Bertin called to his aid men of science, learning, talent, and art, but all inexperienced in the art of journalism. There was not one among them who had ever before written a stupid leading article, or graduated in the stenographic tribune of the constituent or national assemblies, but they were men of mind and education—not what in England are called literary men—i. e., men without letters—who have failed in other callings, but scholars "ripe and good," brimful of learning. The greater number of the earlier contributors had been bred in the schools of the Jesuits; some among them were intended for the priesthood, but all were deeply imbued with the literature of Greece and Rome. Among the earliest regular contributors of the new journal were Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, and Delalot. On a second floor, in a small, dingy, damp hole, in No. 17, in the Rue des Prêtres, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where was situated the office of the journal, these choice spirits met. After having traversed a dirty court, whose sweltering walls conducted to the first floor, they groped their way to the second floor, where the elder Bertin sat enthroned in all the pomp of editorial majesty. When the lively, intelligent, witty, and spiritual populace of Paris—for, after all, they are but a populace—but the cleverest and most gifted under the sun—when this mob of something more than fine gentlemen, though less than perfectly reasonable beings, read the first number of a journal written with moderation, yet vigorously; witty, yet with the air of good breeding and good society; learned, yet without the rust of the schools; bitter and incisive, yet without personal malignity—the town was amazed and delighted, as though a new pleasure had been invented, or, what is equivalent in France to a new pleasure, a new sauce. And a sauce piquante certainly was invented, for Julien Louis Geoffroy, the most ingenious critic of our age, and the civilized French nation, so improved and expanded the feuilleton, that it may in his hands have been pronounced a new creation. A distinguished scholar of the Jesuits, at the school of Rennes, Geoffroy afterwards entered the college of Louis le Grand. He subsequently was admitted to the Collège de Montaigue as Maître d'Etudes, and was ultimately named Professor of Rhetoric at the College of Mazarin, where for three years he successively obtained the prize for Latin prose. This success procured him the editorship of the "Année Littéraire," in which he succeeded Fréron, the redoubtable adversary of Voltaire, after Renaudot the founder of the journal in France. In the first years of the revolution his monarchical opinions pointed him out as the colleague of Royou, in the editorship of the "Ami du Roi;" but in the reign of terror he did not aspire to the crown of martyrdom, and escaped it by hiding his proscribed head in a small village, where he exercised the calling of a schoolmaster. After

the 18 Brumaire (18th Nov., 1799,) he returned to Paris, and was soon after chosen as theatrical critic to the "Journal des Débats." It was difficult, indeed, within the limits to which we are confined, to explain the immense vogue which his articles obtained. Every other day there appeared one of his feuilletons, of which the occasional bitterness and virulence were pardoned because of the learning and the wit. It was, indeed, the liveliest and most pungent criticism, but frequently partial and unjust. It was, above all, partial and unjust, in regard to some of the most remarkable actors and actresses of our own day, as Talma, Mde. Contat, Mlle. Duchenois, &c. The virulent war carried on by Geoffroy, also, against Voltaire, was indiscriminate and unjust, and in some respects ridiculous. Venality, in respect to contemporary authors and actors, has been more than once imputed to him; and it is openly said in the "Histoire du Journal des Débats," that he received cachemires, services in porcelain, bronzes, statues, cameos, clocks, &c. But without giving too much heed to these imputations, it may be truly said that his constant and unvarying adulation of Bonaparte is not a little disgusting and suspicious. This servile trait in his character is energetically castigated in an epigram, whose coarse, gross energy may be pardoned under the circumstances:

"Si l'Empereur faisait un pet,
Geoffroy dirait qu'il sent la rose;
Et le Senat aspirerait
A l'honneur de prouver la chose."

Notwithstanding these and other defects, however, the feuilleton of Geoffroy "faisait fureur parmi toutes les classes." The lively, learned, alert, ingenious, mocking manner of the ex-abbé had been unequalled since the time of Fréron. The vogue and popularity of the "Journal des Débats" were, therefore, soon established, and the people, who were beginning to be tired of war and Te Deums, desired no better pastime than to read the accounts of new actors, new books, and new plays, by Geoffroy and Dussault. An unheard-of prosperity was the result. The "Journal des Débats" soon had 32,000 subscribers, a number never equalled, we believe, even by the "Times" for any lengthened period, though surpassed on particular occasions. Jules Janin relates that a friend of his saw in Provence a travelling showman, with magic lantern in hand, who exhibited for two sous the heads of the most remarkable men in France. The first of these was Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, &c.; the second was Geoffroy, writer of the feuilleton of the "Journal de l'Empire," as it was originally called, and indeed as it continued to be called till 1805, when it took the name of "Journal des Débats." The manner in which the "Débats" treated public topics was dexterous in the extreme. It was not then possible or practicable, indeed it was dangerous, to dilate openly on politics; but in speaking of the prose and poetry of Boileau and Racine and Fontenelle, the ingenious writers generally insinuated, as it were, "par parenthèse," a word or two on great questions of state, by which their political opinions were rather suggested than expressed. Thus was literature the wicket by which they entered into this vast and fertile domain, which they subsequently made their own in fee. Bonaparte would not at this period have tolerated an opposition to his government and pol-

ity, though he allowed an opposition to his literary opinions—to his ideas of tragedy and of a perfect epic. When he drove M^{de}. de Stael from France, that woman, of a genius so masculine and profound—of feelings so deep and impassioned—the illustrious authoress of “*Corinne*” was sustained and comforted by the support of the “*Débats*.” Chateaubriand, too, was understood, sustained, and defended, in the “*Journal de l’Empire*,” at a period when Bonaparte would allow no superiority but his own, and it is now a well-known fact that the proof sheets of “*Atala* and *René*” were corrected by the friendly, conscientious, and critical hand of the elder Bertin.

The history of the “*Journal des Débats*,” therefore, naturally divides itself into two distinct epochs. First, there was the “*Journal de l’Empire*,” which at the beginning was more literary than political; and, secondly, there was the “*Journal des Débats*—the same journal under a new name—which, in becoming openly political, did not cease to be literary. It is hardly possible to overrate the benefits which the “*Journal de l’Empire*” conferred on literature and on France. Its editors and contributors were the first to revive sound literature and a better taste. They raised up and placed on their proper pedestals the ancient models, forgotten, and cast down, without unduly depreciating any innovators distinguished by ingenuity, talent, or learning. The principal writers in the “*Journal de l’Empire*,” were Geoffroy, who died in his 70th year, in 1814; Dussault, who in 1793 published the “*Orateur du Peuple*”; Feletz, Delalot, Hoffmann, Malte Brun, and Fievée.

The articles of Dussault were always signed Y.; but such was the spirit, taste, and immense erudition that they disclosed, that they principally contributed to establish the literary infallibility of the journal. M. de Feletz was a man of a different order. He was a gentleman of the old school, polished, perfumed, polite, satirical, witty, instructed, writing paragraphs à la Pompadour, and articles à l’ancien régime. But this veteran of Versailles had such a varnish of finesse d’esprit, that his collaboration was of the greatest advantage. Delalot subsequently became an eminent member of the Chamber of Deputies. Hoffmann, a German by birth, was distinguished by a light, agreeable, transparent style, eminently French. He was a man of real depth and learning, and who gloried in the position of a public writer—a condition of existence he would not have changed with kings or emperors. Distinguished by a love of labor and of letters, he wrote with extreme facility, and could make the very essence of a book his own in a shorter time than any man of his day. He left behind him a noble library, within the four corners of whose walls he spent the happiest days of his existence.

Hoffmann became connected with the “*Journal des Débats*,” then called, as we before remarked, the “*Journal de l’Empire*,” in 1805. The connexion was promoted and facilitated by his friend Etienne, formerly secretary of the Duke of Bassano, and who was named by the emperor, “*Censeur du Journal de l’Empire*.” Hoffmann was possessed of rare qualities. He was learned, not merely as a classical scholar, but as a man of science. He was exact and scrupulous in reading and meditating on the works which he was about to criticise. He had a hatred of coteries and cliques, and a love of independence and impartial-

ity. These creditable feelings induced him to leave Paris for Passy, in order that he might live isolated and remote from all solicitation and influence. It was from this retreat at Passy that he attacked mesmerism and somnambulism, in articles full of wit and talent. It was from Passy, too, that he wrote that series of criticisms on the works of Chateaubriand, de Pradt, and Madame de Genlis, and those celebrated articles on the Jesuits, worthy of Pascal himself, which raised the paper to 18,000 or 20,000 abonnés. Such was the effect of good literary management, that at the end of the year 1805, the Messrs. Bertin were said to be making 200,000 francs, or 8000*l.* a year by their paper. Hoffmann continued to write in the “*Débats*” till the middle of April, 1828, towards the close of which month he died suddenly, in the 68th year of his age. The last time we met him was at the table of a common friend, on Twelfth-day, 1828, since also numbered with the dead. His learning, modesty, and rare companionable qualities, made on us an impression which time has not effaced.

Articles on foreign politics became, from the period of Napoleon’s letter, addressed directly to George III. (14th January, 1805,) a principal feature in the “*Journal des Débats*.” The greatest number of these articles from 1806 to the end of 1826, were written by the famous Danish geographer, Malte Conrad Brun, more commonly called in France, Malte Brun. Malte Brun was a brilliant but not a profound writer; but it must to his credit be admitted, that he was the first to render the study of geography attractive in France. It is a curious fact, yet perfectly true, and which we may state, en passant, that of the three great geographers of whom France is so proud, not one is a Frenchman. Brunn, or Malte Brun, to use his French name, was a Dane, Oscar M’Carthy is of Irish origin, and Balbi is an Italian. Of Fievée, we shall only say that his literary articles were considered solemn decisions, from which there was no appeal. He passed judgment of life or death on books, like an infallible, immovable judge, and was rewarded by his sovereign with a prefecture. We manage these things very differently in England. No critic, however eminent in England, ever obtained the place of police magistrate, from which an unknown Mr. Twyford has been dismissed, or the place of consul, at Calais, to which a too well known Mr. Bonham has been appointed. Such were the men who sustained the “*Débats*” up to the year 1814, when Geoffroy died, in the 71st year of his age. The gratitude and good feeling of the proprietors of the journal, of which he had been so long the glory and the pride, secured to his widow a pension of 2400 francs, a sum equal, at that period, to 200*l.* a year in England now-a-days.

We have heard and believe, that such good and generous things have been done by the “*Times*” in reference to old writers and reporters, and in the days of Mr. Perry, at the “*Morning Chronicle*,” but we do not believe that in any English journal, however liberal, the example has been as generally followed as it ought to have been.*

The death of Geoffroy, and the official occupa-

* The “*Morning Herald*” is said to have passed, recently, into the hands of Mr. Edward Baldwin, a gentleman distinguished by munificent liberality, and the most gentlemanly feelings. It is therefore to be hoped that the good example of the “*Débats*” will be more liberally followed in this country.

tions of Fievée obliged the elder Bertin, who had been for some time judge of the Tribunal de Commerce of the Seine, to look out for recruits. The restoration had now taken place, and a new era dawned on literature. Men breathed more freely, and dared to utter their thoughts in a somewhat bolder tone. A hundred thousand new ideas, stifled amid the clangor of battle and the din of arms, now found free expression. The reign of terror had passed, and the reign of despotism. Men were sickened with the smell of gunpowder, and fatigued with the sound of cannon. The pen, now that the sword was sheathed, began to be used. Mind vindicated itself against matter—intellect against mere brute force. There was on the throne of France a learned and philosophic sovereign, a gentleman and a man of letters; a royal author, if not a noble one; for Louis the Eighteenth had translated Horace with spirit and fidelity, and was the writer of the "Voyage à Coblenz,"—not exactly a tour, but a forced march, or flight from France, made by himself on the 21st June, 1791. It was therefore a moment propitious to letters and progress. Chateaubriand gave full rein to his imagination; Lamartine composed his first "Méditations Poétiques," Victor Hugo started into literary life, and Scott, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller, found hundreds of translators and imitators. The classic taste of the learned and voluptuous old king recoiled from much of the new literature; but he resolved that, at least, the Muse should be free, that the thoughts of man should range unconfined, and that no padlock should be clapped on mind. The "Journal des Débats" was the first to understand the new era. Bertin the elder was a keen observer, and he comprehended the distinctive character of the restoration as readily as he had understood the quality of the empire. New and fresh, if not young blood, was infused into the rédaction of the paper. Duvicquet—the worthy and excellent Duvicquet, so fond of a good glass of Clos Vougeot, and so devoted an admirer of the plats truffés—had succeeded to Geoffroy. But Duvicquet was a rigid classicist, and it was necessary to find some one who would read and comprehend the rising literature of France, and not be disposed to make a holocaust of it. Charles Nodier, a man of an easy and facile character, of gentle manners, but of solid learning, a pupil of the school of Chateaubriand, was the censor chosen to stretch out the friendly hand to the new band of innovators. It were difficult to fix on a happier choice. Nodier was not merely a classical scholar, in the best acceptance of the word, but a man well read in the modern and living literature of England and Germany. His articles were learned without pedantry, and distinguished by an admirable freedom, freshness, and grace. While Nodier yielded to the spirit of progress in literature, the high political doctrines of the journal were maintained by Casteljau, Clausel de Cousserques, and the famous De Bonald.

In March, 1815, the proprietor of the "Débats" followed the king to Ghent, and in the September following was named President of the Electoral College of the Seine. Soon after, he was appointed to the Secretariat Général du Ministère de la Police. Meanwhile the columns of the "Débats" resounded with the eloquent prose of Chateaubriand, and this was a step in advance of the ultra and excessive royalism of 1814. Men of genius in every walk of life were now encouraged

to write in the paper, and in such a season it was that the Abbé de Lammenais, since become so famous in a democratical sense, composed some remarkable articles, not yet forgotten after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The old classical school of literature in France was fast disappearing, and Bertin soon perceived that the classical school of criticism must disappear with it. He again cast about him for young writers, and fixed upon M. St. Marc Girardin, then a nearly unknown young man, but whose "Tableau de la Littérature Française," subsequently to 1839, obtained the prize of eloquence from the French Academy, and who is now one of the most learned professors of the Sorbonne, and M. de Sacy, the son of the celebrated Orientalist, a young and learned advocate, of ripe studies and a pure taste. Both these gentlemen still afford their valuable assistance to the paper, and both are among the ablest writers in France. Previously to this period, Salvandy, the present minister of public instruction in France, had written some remarkable articles, distinguished by a felicitous imitation of the style of Chateaubriand. From the period of the death of Louis XVIII., in September, 1824, of whose character he gave an admirable sketch, till the present day, M. Salvandy may be considered among the contributors to the *Débats*. There are few public men in France who have more of the talent of the journalist than Narcisse Achille de Salvandy. To an extreme vivacity of intellect he joins great power of expression, an energy and enthusiasm almost inexhaustible. Some of the best and most bitter articles against the Villèle ministry proceeded from his pen, and he it was who, from his country-house near Paris, dealt, in some very able leading articles, the deadliest blows against the Polignac ministry. To this deplorable ministry the "Débats" was as much opposed as the "Constitutionnel," and both waged an inextinguishable war against the Jesuits.

From the death of Hoffmann, in 1828, Eugene Béquet, the last of the old school, took a more prominent part in the literary department. His productions were distinguished, not more by sound sense than by exact learning, and a pleasant vein of humor.

In 1826-7 the "Débats" counted not more than 12,600 subscribers. This was not owing to any lack of interest or ability in its articles, for it was conducted with amazing tact and talent; but a formidable competitor had appeared, in the shape of a journal called the "Globe," to which some of the ablest and most educated young men of France contributed. Among others, M. de Rémusat, one of the deputies for Garonne, and minister under Thiers, and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, one of the deputies for Cher, MM. Duchatel and Dumon, now ministers of the interior and of public works respectively, and M. Piscatory, minister of France, in Greece.

Against that illegal ordonnance of Charles X. which abolished the press, the "Débats" made no such energetic remonstrances as the other journals. In speaking of the tumultuous groups of workmen traversing the boulevards, the writer of a leading political article remarked, "*On s'attendait à des actes énergiques de la part de l'autorité, l'autorité ne se fait remarquer que par son absence.*"

When, however, the insurgents obtained the upper hand, the note of the writer suddenly changed, and Lafayette was then spoken of as "*le viel et illustre ami de la liberté, le défenseur intro-*

pide de l'ordre, dont l'âge ne refroidit pas le zèle patriotique."

This was in the first days of August, and within seven weeks afterwards M. Bertin de Vaux was named minister plenipotentiary to the King of Holland. In a very little while afterwards, Armand Bertin, the present *gérant* responsible of the journal was appointed "commissaire" of the Académie Royale de Musique.

After the revolution of 1830 Duvicquet retired to his native place, Clamecy, and the *feuilleton** of the "Journal des Débats" passed into the hands of Jules Janin, who had previously been connected with the "Messager," the "Quotidienne," and the "Revue de Paris," and who was then better known as the author of "L'Âne Mort et la Femme Guillotinée," published in the year previously. The modern *feuilleton* under his management, no longer resembles the ancient. Whether it has been improved is, we think, more than questionable, and it certainly no longer possesses the authority which it enjoyed in the time of Fréron, Geoffroy, Feletz, and Hoffmann. The earlier *feuilleton* was distinguished by learning, judgment, critical acumen, and discretion, and a measured moderation of tone. It was occasionally dry, sometimes smelling too much of the rust of the schools, almost always ignorant of, and invariably intolerant towards, foreign literature. But though it did not exhibit the variety and vivacity of tone of the modern *feuilleton*, it was devoid of its shallowness, pretension, and parade. The ancient *feuilleton* aspired to instruct, the modern seeks merely to amuse. If the ancient *feuilleton* adhered somewhat too strictly to certain canons of criticism, certain cardinal principles in literature and art, the modern has too freely trifled with received notions, too much in paradox, and a *laissez aller* style. In seeking to avoid a heavy, pedantic manner, the modern *feuilleton* has become affected, mincing, and *maniérée*. The ancient *feuilleton* was too learned and too erudite—the modern is too ignorant and superficial. The ancient frequently dived too deep into the subject in hand for a daily newspaper—the modern almost always skims too lightly over the surface of the subject, if it does not give the real question the go-by.

The great abuser and perverter of the modern *feuilleton* has undoubtedly been Jules Janin. There is, as it appears to us, in everything that he has written, what has been well characterized a "marivaudage de bas étage." He seems always to wish to be saying things uncommonly fine, witty, and clever, and to be fully persuaded that it is his duty not only to write, but to think, differently from other people. To accomplish this, he performs all sorts of mental gyrations and contortions, all sorts of grey-geese antics. Sometimes

* An explanation of the word "*feuilleton*" may be needed by some of our readers. Till within the last ten years, that part of the newspaper separated by a line of demarcation from the politics and mere news, was called the *feuilleton*. It consisted of small, short columns, and was devoted to literature and literary criticism. It was in these columns that the Geoffroys, Hoffmanns, and other able and learned men of the day, produced articles worthy of a permanent place in the standard literature of France. This was the ancient *feuilleton*, which degenerated in the hands of Janin. Though subsequently sought to be restored to its pristine purity by Evariste, Dumoulin, Saint Beuve, Nisard, Gustave Planche, and others, the ancient *feuilleton* has now expanded into the "Roman *feuilleton*," in which all sorts of literary monstrosities are perpetrated.

he is seized with a forced gaiety, which is, after all, but an abortive and lugubrious hilarity; anon he assumes a melancholy, which, if not sickly and sentimental, is put on as a mask to suit the occasion. Jules Janin is just the man who, for effect—to use the phrase of Curran—"would teach his tears to flow decorously down his cheeks; who would writhe with grace, and groan with melody." He has sought the pretty, as Longinus sought the sublime. He delights in ingenious paradoxes, which he presents to you in ten different fashions: sometimes all rude and naked; sometimes with a thin robe of gauze; sometimes painted, powdered, and patched, with flounce and furbelow to match. Janin is seldom deficient in delicate irony, but is always full of mincing airs and graces, and an esprit à-la-mode de Paris. But in his gallon of sugared sack, there is but a "ha'porth" of bread, after all. In the stream of pet phrases which he pours forth, there is a tininess, if not a tenuity of idea. His style might be stereotyped. It would be a great saving to the "Débats" to have certain fond familiar words always set up, standing in case. Scores and scores of times, speaking of *débutantes*, he has said: "Pauvre jeune fille aux joues roses, aux mains blanches, elle si pure, elle si candide."

Would he describe an age or an epoch, here are his words:—"Ce XVIII^e siècle en manchette, en dentelles, en talons rouges, en velours, en paillettes, avec ses mouches, son rouge, ce XVIII^e siècle si fardé si corrompu," &c. This carillon of click-clack, this fredon—to use a musical term—of phrases; this floritura of variations and doubles, called by musicians "*folia di Spagna*," is very contemptible; but it has had great vogue; for the object of this writer is more to amuse than to inform the reader, more to be playful than profound, more to be satirical than solid or satisfying. It is, therefore, no matter of marvel that Janin has many admirers and many imitators, and is the rage of men, women, and children.

One of the burning and shining lights of the higher *feuilleton* of the "Débats" in 1830 and 1831, was Loève Weymar, who had become known in 1828 and 1829, by translations from the German. His articles were distinguished by considerable brilliancy, and secured the approbation of the minister of the day. He was, in consequence, sent on a kind of literary mission to Russia. At St. Petersburg he married a young Russian lady, with 700 or 800 slaves for a dowry, and is now consul-general of France in some part of the eastern hemisphere. This is a sort of accident which has never happened, we believe, to any writer in the "Times" or "Chronicle," literary or political. Ministers in England claim no kindred, and have no fellow feeling, with the press; and if the "sublime of mediocrity," the descendant of the Lancashire cotton-spinner, has anything to give away, he bestows it, not on writers or literary men, but on the stupid son of some duke, who calls him Judas and traitor, or on the thirty-first cousin of some marquess, who tells him, for his pains, that he is no gentleman, and does not know what to do with his hands; or on the nephew of the Countess of Fashington,* who simpers out, with a seductive smile, that the premier is like Thresher's best silk stockings, fine and well woven on the leg, but, after all, with a cotton top.

The "Débats" was also enriched shortly after

* This is the *mot* of a fashionable countess.

the revolution of 1830, by the letters and articles of Michel Chevalier, an élève of the "Ecole Polytechnique," and former editor of the "Globe." Some of his earliest productions in the "Débats" were the Letters from America—letters remarkable in every respect, and well entitling this celebrated economist and engineer to the renown he has subsequently attained. On the early freaks of M. Chevalier as a St. Simonian, it is no part of our business to dwell. He has outlived those follies, and is now pursuing a useful and prosperous career, not merely in the "Débats," but as a professor in the university; and what is better still, in his profession.

Another recruit obtained in 1830, was our excellent friend, M. Philarete Chasles, one of the half-dozen men in France who are learned in ancient lore, and complete master of their native language. M. Chasles is one of the very few Frenchmen well versed in Greek literature. He accompanied Marshal Soult to England in 1837, and wrote the articles and letters on his visit which appeared in the "Débats" at that time. M. Chasles was then also deputed, on the part of the government, to inquire into the scholastic and university system of England; and from conversations we had with him on the subject, we can take upon ourselves to assert, that he had a more accurate knowledge on those matters than falls to the lot of the great majority of Frenchmen. M. Chasles' familiarity with ancient literature in no respect indisposes him to the modern; and he is well read in our English historians and poets.

We have now gone through with the greater number of regular writers in the "Débats," and of these M. de Sacy, M. St. Marc Girardin, M. Philarete Chasles, and others, still afford their valuable aid. At the head of the establishment is M. Armand Bertin, the son of one of the late proprietors and the nephew of the other—a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of large and liberal feelings. The great boast of M. Armand Bertin is, that he is a journalist, and nothing but a journalist; and for renowned journalists of all countries M. Bertin has a predilection. With one of the most celebrated journalists that England ever produced, he was on terms of the warmest friendship; and we are ourselves in possession of his last gift to his and our departed friend, the rarest edition of Lucan, according to Brunet, beautifully bound by Koehler, which bears this autograph, "To my friend, Thomas Barnes. Armand Bertin."

But the writers who afford a literary support to the "Débats," and whose names are not known, or at least not avowed, are of as much, if not more, consequence to the journal, than the regular contributors. There has been scarcely, for the last forty years, a minister of France or a councillor of state of any ability, who has not written in it; and since the accession of Louis Philippe in 1830, its columns have been open to all the king's personal friends, both in the Chamber and in the House of Peers. In the Chamber of Deputies alone there are eight or ten members attached to the king personally, aid-de-camps and employés on the civil list, and such of these as are capable of wielding a quill, place it at the service of the "Débats." Among the feuilleton writers of this journal, are some of the most celebrated in Paris—as Jules Janin, Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, &c. Since the size of the journal has been increased, the lucubrations of Jules Janin appear more rarely, and Theophile Gautier, too, does not

seem to write so often; but Alexandre Dumas often fills ten of the smaller columns with the productions of his inexhaustible pen. From two to four columns are generally dedicated to leading articles. The price of the journal is seven francs a month, 20 francs for three months, 40 francs for six months, and 80 francs for a year. The price in London is 3*l.* 10*s.* the year, 1*l.* 15*s.* the half-year, and 17*s.* 6*d.* the quarter.

The "Journal des Débats" is said now to have 9,000 or 10,000 abonnés; and 10,000 abonnés at 80 francs a year, we need hardly say, is equivalent to 20,000 at 40 francs, the price at which the "Constitutionnel," the "Siècle," the "Presse," and other journals, are published. The political articles in the "Débats" are superior in style and reasoning to anything in the English periodical press. They are not merely distinguished by first-rate literary ability, but by the tone of well-bred and polished society. For these articles large sums are paid in money; but they bear a value to the writers far above any pecuniary recompense. An eminent writer in the "Débats" is sure of promotion, either to a professorship, to the situation of maître de requêtes, or conseiller d'état, to a consulship, or, peradventure, to the post of minister at some second or third-rate court—a position attained by M. Bourquenay, a fourth or fifth-rate writer in that paper at the period of the July revolution. It was the well-founded boast of the "Times," little more than a twelvemonth ago, that it had made the son of one of its proprietors, and its standing counsel, Mr. (now Baron) Platt, a judge; but the "Journal des Débats" may boast, that it can give power as well as take it away. It has made and unmade ministers, ambassadors, prefects, councillors of state, and masters of requests, as well as poets, historians, orators, musicians, dancers, modistes, perruquiers—nay, even to that ninth part of a man called a tailor, or to that eighteenth fractional part of a man, unknown in England, called a "tailleur de chemises."

The "Constitutionnel" was, about twenty or twenty-five years ago, (i. e., from 1820 to 1825,) the most successful and flourishing, and certainly one of the best conducted papers in France. It had then a greater circulation than any paper in Paris, as the following figures will prove:—

Débats,	13,000 abonnés.
Quotidienne,	5,800 —
Journal de Paris,	4,175 —
Courrier Français,	2,975 —
Etoile,	2,749 —
Journal de Commerce,	2,380 —
Moniteur,	2,250 —
Constitutionnel,	16,250 —

But the "Constitutionnel" had, from 1815, two or three staple articles to trade in, of which it made a great literary market. First, there were the Voltairian principles and opinions, which it put forth daily; 2ndly, there were denunciations of the "Parti Prêtre" and of the Jesuits, and the affair of the Abbé Contrefaite; and 3rdly, there was the retrograde march of the government, caused by the intrigues of the Pavilion Marsan, which promoted, and indeed justified, a vigorous opposition. The soul of this opposition was Charles William Etienne, who had shortly before, somewhere about 1817 or 1818, acquired a single share in the paper. Etienne started in Paris as secretary to the Duke of Bassano, and was named, in 1810, as we have stated, one of the higher political writers of the

"Journal des Débats." From this position he was removed after the Restoration, and throwing himself with heart and soul into the "*Minerve Française*," produced by his "*Lettres sur Paris*," a prompt and prodigious success.

It was soon after these letters had been collected in a volume, and had gone through several editions, that Etienne became a shareholder in the "*Constitutionnel*." His lively and piquant articles, full of strength and spirit, soon contributed to raise the paper. These efforts, so every way useful to the liberal cause, had fixed public attention on the most successful writer on that side of the question, and on a man who joined to this renown the additional merit of being the author of some of the very best comedies in the French language; such, for instance, as the "*Deux Gendres*," the "*Intriguante*," "*Une Heure de Mariage*," "*Jeannot et Collin*," &c. &c. The department of the Meuse selected him, therefore, in 1820, as one of its deputies; and from that period to 1830, he continued to figure as one of the firmest and steadiest defenders of the liberties secured by the charter. M. Etienne displayed at the tribune the spirit and taste with which his literary productions are imbued. Some of his discourses produced a prodigious effect on the public mind, and his general political conduct procured for him the warm friendship and esteem of Manuel, who frequently contributed to the "*Constitutionnel*." Within three years after this period, Manuel rendered him a signal service, in introducing to his notice a young and unknown writer, who within ten years was destined to be a minister of France. This was none other than Louis Adolphe Thiers, who had then just published, in conjunction with Felix Bodin, the two first volumes of his "*Histoire de la Révolution Française*." M. Etienne, with the sagacity of a practised man of the world, saw from the first the talent of his young contributor, and at once opened to him the columns of the "*Constitutionnel*." The articles of Thiers bore the impress of that clearness and logical vigor, of that liveliness and lucidity of style, which constitute his greatest charm. For six years Thiers continued to write in the "*Constitutionnel*;" and it was not until August, 1829, when he founded the "*National*," in conjunction with the late Armand Carrel, of which Thiers was rédacteur en chef, that he abandoned the small room in the first floor of the Rue Montmartre, No. 121, in which we have often sat in the last days of 1828, when Etienne conducted the paper, and in which very chamber our last visit was paid to M. Merruau—at present, rédacteur en chef—in the month of April, 1846. During the period of Thiers' collaboration, his friend and countryman, Mignet, occasionally wrote articles, distinguished by neatness of style and correctness of view. During the Villèle administration, the "*Constitutionnel*" may be said to have attained its highest prosperity. It then numbered nearly 30,000 subscribers, and existed on the cry of "*à bas les Jésuites!*" The "*Constitutionnel*" of those days had no Roman feuilleton, and lived altogether on its reputation as a political paper. Many were the prosecutions which this journal had to undergo; but the most celebrated, perhaps, was that in which its articles were accused of "*a tendency to bring the religion of the state into contempt*." It was on the occasion of this suit, that M. Dupin, the friend and counsel of M. Etienne, shut himself up for a month in his study to read theology, in order to be enabled to tear to tatters the "*acte d'accusation*," or indictment,

of the attorney-general. In this he was successful, as was proved by the arrêt, or decision of the Cour Royale, and the triumph redounded to the credit of the advocate, while it greatly tended to increase the circulation of the paper. From the period of the Revolution of 1830, however, the "*Constitutionnel*" began to decline, and in 1843, three years ago, it had but 3500 abonnés. In changing hands in 1844, the new proprietors reduced the price of the journal one half, i. e., from 80 to 40 francs, while they raised the remuneration for the feuilleton from 150 to 500 francs. In consequence of this judicious liberality, the most popular writers of Paris contributed to its columns. From the 1st of April, 1845, Alexandre Dumas bound himself to produce only eighteen volumes in the year—nine in the "*Presse*," and nine in the "*Constitutionnel*;" and Eugene Sue has also lent his exclusive coöperation to the "*Constitutionnel*" for a period of fourteen years, for which he is to receive an immense sum. "*La Dame de Monseigneur*," by Dumas, and "*Les Sept Péchés Capitaux*," by Eugene Sue, have both had an immense success. The "*Constitutionnel*" has agreed to give Eugene Sue 10,000 francs a volume, to take him from the "*Presse*;" and Dumas receives a sum very nearly equal. There are half a dozen other novels at this moment in publication in the columns of this journal; among others, the "*Cabinet Noir*," by Charles Rabou; and the subscribers are to receive (gratis) all that has appeared in what they call their "*Bibliothèque Choisie*."

In the political department, the "*Constitutionnel*" has now first-rate assistance. De Remusat, ex-minister, Duvergier d'Hauranne, one of the most enlightened deputies of the Chamber, and M. Thiers, often lend their able aid. The editor of the "*Constitutionnel*" is M. Merruau, an able political writer, and a gentleman of the blandest and most winning manners. It was Merruau who reviewed the "*History of the Consulate and the Empire*," by Thiers, in the "*Constitutionnel*." The "*Constitutionnel*" consists of twenty columns, of which five are devoted to advertisements. The price in Paris is 40 francs a year, and the number of abonnés is 24,000—a number equal to the "*Presse*," but falling far below that of the "*Siècle*," which is said to possess 42,000.

The "*Courrier Français*" is one of the oldest of the Parisian papers, but it has undergone many transformations of late. In 1827-28-29, it supported the same cause as the "*Constitutionnel*," with greater spirit, if not with equal talent. When the "*Constitutionnel*" had become rather indifferent or lukewarm towards those principles with which its fortunes originated, the "*Courrier Français*," though poor in respect to fortune, as compared with the "*Constitutionnel*," was foremost boldly to attack the ministers, and to defy persecution, imprisonment, and pecuniary punishment, whilst the "*Constitutionnel*," like those individuals who have amassed immense wealth, acted a more prudent part, and was content to appear as a safe auxiliary. The principal editor at the period of which we speak, was Benjamin Constant. His articles were remarkable for a fine and delicate spirit of observation, for a finesse and irony which, in saying the bitterest things, never transgressed the bounds of good breeding. The charm of his style, too, was most attractive. Shortly before the Revolution of July broke out, Constant had undergone a severe surgical operation, and had retired from Paris into the

country; Lafayette wrote to him in these words—"Il se joue ici un jeu terrible: nos têtes servent d'en jeu; apportez la votre." Constant at once came and had an interview with the monarch now on the throne, who made to him certain propositions, to which Constant replied, "Je veux rester independant, et si votre gouvernement fait des fautes je serai le premier à rallier l'opposition."* The faults of the new government hastened his death. He expired within a few months, almost despairing of the liberties of his country. Though the "Courrier Français" was, from 1825 to 1830, supported by the eloquent pens of Constant, Villain, Cauchois, Lemaire, and Mignet who was at one period its editor, yet it never, in these days, numbered above 5000 abonnés. There is no more practical truth in literature than that no amount of good writing will raise the fortunes of a falling newspaper. To write up a failing literary enterprise is a task for the pen of angels, and is almost beyond the power of mortal man. After the death of Constant there were many editors, among others, Leon Faucher, original editor of the "Temps"—a paper founded by an homme à projets, named Jacques Coste, originally a cooper at Bordeaux, and subsequently one of the editors of the "Constitutionnel." This gentleman, who is an able, pains-taking, and well informed man, and who has recently made himself more advantageously known by a work called "Etudes sur l'Angleterre," continued at the "Courrier" till the end of 1842. Under him it represented the Gauche, and he had the merit of operating a fusion with the Centre Gauche; but notwithstanding this fact, and the occasional appearance of good articles, the fortunes of the "Courrier" did not improve. A change in the distribution of parts was next tried. M. Adolphe Boule was named directeur of the journal; M. E. de Reims secrétaire du comité du Centre Gauche, rédacteur en chef, with M. Eugene Guinot as feuilletoniste, but this combination was no more successful than all previous ones. Sometime at the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, the "Courrier" was sold, and it is now conducted by M. Xavier Durrieu, by M. de Limerac, and by M. Du Coing, the defender of Rosas. The circulation is not more than 3000 or 4000.

The "Gazette de France," as we stated at the beginning of this article, is one of the oldest newspapers in France. Under Villèle and Peyronnet, in 1827 and 1828, it was converted into an evening paper, and substituted for the "Etoile." It was then the organ of the Jesuitical party, and expressed in all its hideous nakedness the frenzy of the most fanatical ultraism. It had in 1827 no support whatever from private subscribers, but drew all its resources from the treasury, where it had powerful and influential friends. The Bishop of Hermopolis—Count Frassynous—at that period minister of worship and of public instruction, was one of its most able and influential supporters; M. de Genoude, then a married man, now an abbé and a priest, was the theatrical critic, and M. Benabini, formerly of the "Etoile," his associate. Genoude having since become a widower, entered holy orders, and is now a mundane abbé, so devoured by ambition, that he looks to the cardinalate. Though a regular priest, Genoude is a thorough Jesuit at heart, and we verily believe neither honest nor sincere as a priest or a politician. Like Henry of Exeter, his great object is personal advancement,

* We are indebted for these details concerning our lamented friend to Monsieur J. P. Pagès.

and he endeavors to compass his ends by all and every means: to-day by flattering the aristocracy; and to-morrow, by pandering to the lowest tastes of the lowest rabble. De Genoude pretends to write under the inspiration of M. de Villèle, who lives at Toulouse, altogether retired from public life, but it may be well doubted whether so able a man would commit himself in any way with such a charlatan. It would be unjust not to admit that there are occasionally (there were the contributions of Colnet, from 1836 to 1837) good articles in the Gazette; but, on the other hand, it must be averred that it is generally an unreadable paper, unless to such as are strongly tinged with a Carlist or priestly bias. The great writer and chief support of the "Gazette de France"—Colnet—died of cholera, in May, 1832. The last time we spent a day in his company, was in September, 1831. We had just returned from Russia, where the cholera was raging furiously, and well remember his making many inquiries as to the progress of the complaint, which had then reached Germany, and which he predicted would soon rage in France. Within four months afterwards, it had reached France, and within seven, poor Colnet was a victim to it. Colnet was born a noble, being the son of a garde-du-corps who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy. His first studies were made at the Military College of Brie, then at the Military College of Paris, where Bonaparte and Bertrand were his fellow-students and associates. Neither his taste nor his feeble health allowing him to enter the army, he studied medicine under Cabanis and Corvisart, but expelled from the capital, in 1793, as a noble, he passed more than two years in solitude at Chaunay, at the house of a poor apothecary. Returning to Paris in 1795, he established himself as a bookseller at the corner of the Rue du Bac, opposite the Port Royale. He was so prosperous in this enterprise, that in 1805 he was enabled to establish a second shop in the Quai Malaquais. Here, in a little room which he called his caverne, he assembled around him some able writers, a majority of whom were hostile to the imperial government. These half dozen men were deemed so formidable, that Fouché tried every means to silence or bribe the chief. But Colnet was as inflexible as incorruptible. During fifteen years, i. e., from 1816 to 1831, he labored at the "Gazette de France," signing all his articles with his name; and it may be truly said, that nine out of every ten readers only took up the journal to read Colnet. His lively and learned attacks against the apocryphal memoirs in vogue about twenty years ago, which he exposed with the hand of a master, induced the Minister of the Interior, Count Corbière, to thank him in a friendly and flattering letter. But we order these things differently in England. A man might now write with the eloquence of Burke, the wisdom of Plato and Socrates, and the wit of Sheridan, and neither the Peels, nor the Gladstones, nor the Goulburns, nor any of the mediocre fry whom we in our besotted ignorance call statesmen, would take the least notice of him. It was not always so. The minister Wyndham, within the memory of living men, wrote to that racy writer of pure Saxon, Cobbett, thanking him for his aid, and saying that he deserved a statue of gold. By the means of translations and open plagiarisms from Colnet, a late Right Hon. Secretary of the admiralty and great Quarterly Reviewer, obtained the praise of being a good French scholar and historian. The staple of most of the articles on French literature and

memoirs, published about ten or twelve years ago in the "Quarterly," was contraband, stolen from Colnet, and smuggled into the Review as though it were native produce. There was not a critic in England to detect or expose this plagiarism, or to prove to our countrymen that there was scarcely an original thought in the articles, all being borrowed or literally translated from the French. The ignorance of France and of French literature in England is astonishing. With the exception of Mr. Crowe, recently foreign editor of the "Morning Chronicle," we do not believe there is a single man at the press of England well informed on France and French literature.

Under the ministry of Villèle, Genoude was made a *Conseiller d'Etat*. He then placed the prefix to his name, and obtained, although son of a limonadier of Grenoble, letters of nobility. Now it suits M. de Genoude to demand *assemblées primaires*—or a general council of the nation—in the hope—the vain hope—that the people would call back the elder branch of the Bourbons. This cry has failed to cause any fusion of ultra-royalists and republicans. The people well know that Genoude and his party are not sincere, and that he and they only clamor for universal suffrage, under the impression that power would be transferred from the bourgeoisie to the grands and petits seigneurs and their dependents. M. Lourdoux, formerly an *ex chef des Belles Lettres* in the Ministry of the Interior, is supposed to write many of the articles conceived in this spirit. He is undoubtedly a man of talent, but, to use a vulgar phrase, he has brought his talent to a wrong market. Theatres are supposed to be reviewed by M. de la Forest, and a few years ago the place of Colnet was filled—though his loss was not supplied—by another bookseller, M. Bossange, author of a theatrical piece.

M. de Nettelement, son of the late consul-general of France in London, frequently writes in the "Gazette de France," and also in the "Corsaire Satan," another paper of M. Genoude. The circulation of the "Gazette de France" has diminished within the last year. It had, a couple of years ago, about 1500 subscribers in Paris, and about 4000 in the provinces, but now the abonnés in Paris are scarcely a thousand, and it is said not to have 3000 in the provinces. The legitimist press is reported to have lost 4000 subscribers since the *feuilletons* of Alexandre Dumas, and of that lively writer, Theophile Gautier, have been admitted into it. Both these gentlemen are liberals, and your true Carlist, too much like some of the same breed among ourselves, would scorn to be instructed, and will not deign to be even entertained by the most amusing liberal in Christendom.

The "Quotidienne" was a most furiously bigoted high church paper in the days of Villèle, and it is so still. It detests the very name of the revolution, and abhors the memory of all those who remained in France during its progress. In 1827 and 1828, the "Quotidienne" was written in a most obsolete and barbarous style, by young seminarians, who had never seen the world, and who were taught to admire the ages of monks and inquisitors. During the Martignac administration, the "Quotidienne" was enthusiastically supported by the pure Ultras, at the head of whom were La Bourdonnaye, Delalot, and Hyde de Neuville. M. de la Bourdonnaye, then the leader of the centre opposition, and afterwards, for a short period,

a member of the Polignac administration, frequently wrote in it; and one of the recognized editors at this period was the founder of the journal, Joseph Michaud, author of the "History of the Crusades." M. Merle used to write the theatrical, and M. Balzac the *feuilletons*; but of late, this latter person has ceased to write. The circulation of the "Quotidienne" is under 4000.

We are now about to speak of a remarkable man and a remarkable journal—the man, the late Armand Carrel—the journal, the "National." Carrel was born at Rouen, in 1800, of a legitimist family. From his earliest youth, though his family were all engaged in commerce, he exhibited a predominant passion for the military profession, and was entered of the college of St. Cyr. While a *sous-lieutenant* of the 29th regiment of the line, in garrison at Belfort, he took an active part in the conspiracy of 1821, which failed miserably. He was not either discovered or denounced, and proceeded with his regiment to Marseilles.

The war of 1824 had just broken out in Spain, when, impelled by a love of adventure, he resigned the military service of his country, embarked on board a fishing-boat at Marseilles for Barcelona, and entered the French regiment of Napoleon the Second. This foreign legion, after much adverse fortune, capitulated to the French troops. The capitulation included the French as well as the Spanish soldiers. They were, nevertheless, thrown into prison, and ultimately dragged before a council of war. Carrel was tried and acquitted. But this affair put an end to all hope of preferment in the army, or, indeed, to a military career, and Carrel thought of studying the law. But he was not a Bachelor of Arts, or, as the French say, a Bachelor in Letters, and the law, too, he was obliged to renounce. He became the secretary of a distinguished historian, and in this way it was that his literary and political labors commenced. He wrote a *résumé* of the Histories of Scotland and Modern Greece for the booksellers; and various articles in the "Revue Americaine," the "Constitutionnel," the "Globe," the "Revue Française," and the "Producteur." In 1827, he published, in his twenty-seventh year, his "Histoire de la contre Révolution en Angleterre," a work of sterling merit, and was rising into the first eminence as author and journalist, when, in 1829, Jules de Polignac was called from the embassy of London, to fill the place of president of the council of ministers in France. Carrel's eager mind, weary of what appeared to him the languor and indifference of the other journals, conceived the idea of founding the "National." He communicated his intention to Thiers and Mignet. It was agreed that they should each in turn take the place of *rédauteur-en-chef* for a year. Thiers, as the eldest of the three, was first installed, and conducted the paper with energy and spirit till the revolution of 1830 broke out. From the first the "National" set out with the idea that the dynasty was incorrigible, and that it was necessary to change it. The leading principle of the journal was Orleanism, yet at this period Thiers had never seen the Duke of Orleans, now Louis-Philippe.* The effect produced by the refusal of a budget, and the refusal to pay taxes, was immense—a

* He has stated this in his last famous speech, in the month of March, in the chamber of deputies.

refusal owing altogether to the spirited counsels and articles of the "National." The crisis and the coup d'état of the incapable ministry were hastened, if not produced, by this journal.

On the 26th of July, 1830, the editors behaved nobly. At the office of the "National" it was, that the famous protest was drawn up and signed, which proclaimed the right, and exhibited the example, of resistance. The authors of this remarkable document were Thiers and Rémusat—both afterwards ministers—and Cauchois Lemaire, a journalist and man of letters. To issue such a document was to put one's head in peril; yet it was signed, and speedily, too, by the soldiers of the pen. On the following day the office of the paper was surrounded by the police, aided by an armed force, and there the presses of the journal were broken, Thiers and Carrel protesting against this illegal violence. It was Carrel's turn, after the revolution had been happily accomplished, to take the conduct of the paper, for Thiers and Mignet had both received employments in the new government. Ably for some time did he fulfil his task, till public opinion pointed him out as the fittest person to be sent on a pacific mission to the insurgent west. On his return from this mission he was named Prefect du Cantal, and also offered promotion in the army; but he rejected both offers, and resumed the editorship of the "National," now the firmest as well as the ablest organ of the democracy. In the columns of the journal, which he conducted with such surpassing ability, he never concealed or mitigated his radical and republican tendencies. His idea of a supreme magistrate was, that he should be elective and responsible; that the second chamber should be elective, and the press inviolable. Political reforms were, in his opinion, the only sure logical and legitimate mode of producing social reforms. To the arbitrary and high-handed ministry of Périer he opposed a vigorous resistance. When the rich banker, merchant, manufacturer, and minister, who had all the arrogance of a nouveau riche, and all the insolence of a vieux talon rouge, wished to proceed to extremities against the press, Carrel said, in the "National," "that every writer, with a proper sense of the dignity of a citizen, would oppose the law to illegality, and force to force—that being a sacred duty, come what might." The minister hesitated in his plans, and Carrel remained victor. The masculine breadth of Carrel's style—his bold, brave, and defiant tone—which, to use the graphic description of his friend, M. de Cormenin, "semblait sonner du clairon et monter à l'assaut," procured him many enemies; and there were not wanting those who speculated to rise in life, by coming into personal encounter with a man so formidable, and filling so large a space in the public eye. Just, generous, disinterested, Carrel was intrepid as a lion—chivalrous, and, like all noble natures, somewhat touchy on the point of honor; prompt to take offence, yet forgetful of injuries. He became engaged in a miserable quarrel or squabble, which was not his, and this remarkable man, and most eminent writer—to the irresistible ascendancy of whose character all who came in contact with him bowed down—was shot, in 1836, by the hand of M. Emile Girardin, the editor of "La Presse."

Thus perished, in his thirty-sixth year, the founder—the creator—the life and soul of the "National"—a person of rare courage—of a bold

and manly eloquence—the eloquence of feeling, not of phrases or of words—and a political writer of the very highest order. There was a simplicity, a clearness, a firmness, and a noble coloring and grandeur in all he said and in all he wrote, for he was a man of heart and conviction, simple, sincere, and straightforward. The two greatest geniuses of France—representing the poetry and prose of our epoch—followed him to the tomb. His friends Béranger and Chateaubriand wept over his mangled remains, and have recorded—the one in undying verse, the other in imperishable prose—their deep and mournful sense of the loss which France sustained in his premature and melancholy end. Carrel was tall and handsome, with a countenance sicklied over with the pale cast of thought. His air was chivalrous, and that of a soldier, but his manners were somewhat haughty and stern. His habits and tastes were what would be called aristocratic, and he was no lover of equality or of communism. He had engaged, a few months before his death, to write the life of Napoleon, and had he lived he would have produced a work worthy of the subject—worthy of himself. It was so arranged, also, that if he had been spared a month longer, the chamber would have resounded with his earnest and eloquent voice, but the hopes of his friends and his country concerning him were soon to be forever blighted. Since the death of Carrel the "National" has been conducted with much less talent, and with a total absence of judgment. It has ever remained a pure republican paper, and conscientiously so; but it is possible to be purely republican without sowing noxious national hatred, or seeking to set Englishmen and Frenchmen by the ears, as it now does designedly, and with malice prepense. We desire a good intelligence with all the world, but a friendly, a kindly intelligencé with France. "The Douglas and the Percy both together" are more than a match for all the other nations of the earth. The "National" now reflects the opinions of a portion of the French working classes, but it has not above 3000 or 4000 abonnés. In 1836, before Carrel was killed, it had 4300 abonnés. But though the number of subscribers was then small, the influence of the journal was immense. This is no uncommon thing in France. The "Globe," under the restoration, though far from having so many subscribers as the "Constitutionnel," had much more influence—influence not merely upon the men, but upon the ideas of the epoch. A journal may have a great and wide publicity, without a great many subscribers. The publicity of the "Reforme" and the "National" is as real and as great as the publicity of the "Siècle" and the "Presse." They may have less abonnés, but they have as many readers. It were a great mistake to suppose that the numbers of a French journal subscribed for, or sold, is any test of the number of its readers. The "Débats," for instance, has about 9000 subscribers, and probably not above 20,000 readers, i. e., two and a fraction to each paper, whereas, the "National," with only 4000 abonnés, probably has 24,000 readers, or six to each paper.

Every Frenchman, high or low, is more or less of a politician, and therefore newspapers are in greater number, and circulate through infinitely more hands than in England. This is true of the dearest among them, the organ of every government, the "Débats;" but it is true in a ten-fold degree, of a paper appealing to popular style, and

advocating doctrines which obtain a ready acquiescence and favor among the working classes. In every cabinet de lecture—in every restaurant—in every café—in every gargote—in every guinguette—on the counter of every marchand de vin—in every workshop where ouvriers are congregated—such a paper is to be found. In the workshop it is read aloud by some one workman, pro bono publico—in the restaurant, the café, the gargote, and the guinguette, it is eagerly passed from hand to hand. Though, therefore, it may be admitted that the “Débats” has more abonnés than the “National,” and makes more money, yet the “National” makes more converts, for its sentiments are diffused more widely and take deeper root. La Roche and Marrast, formerly of the “Tribune,” conducted the “National” subsequently to the death of Carrel. It is now, we believe, conducted by Bastide and Thomas.

The “Siècle” is a paper which, though established within the last eleven years, has a greater circulation than any journal in Paris. This is owing partly to its having been the first journal to start at the price of forty francs a year, at a period when every other journal was published at a cost of from seventy to eighty francs; partly to its being published under the auspices of the deputies of the constitutional opposition—and partly to its being what the “Constitutionnel” was, from 1820 to 1825, the journal of the shop-keepers and epicier. Since it started into being, every journal in Paris, with the exception of the “Débats,” has lowered its price, and all of them have enlarged their form; but these mutations and transformations have not injured the “Siècle,” because it represents the opinion of the majority—the opinion, in a word, of la petite bourgeoisie—the small shopkeepers in cities and towns, and the proletaires throughout the country. The “Siècle” is said to have 42,000 abonnés, and the shares of 200 francs, which have always borne an interest, have been nearly reimbursed to the proprietors, and are now worth five or six times their original cost. Ten years ago there were only two journals which paid, as a literary and commercial speculation; these were the “Gazette des Tribunaux” and the “Constitutionnel;” but now the “Siècle” and the “Presse” are the most successful as commercial speculations. To show the vicissitudes of newspaper property in France, it may be here stated, that in 1839 the “Presse” was sold for 1200 francs, but in 1841, two years afterwards, it was worth a million to its new proprietors.

The editor of the “Siècle” is M. A. Chambolle, a member of the chamber; and M. Gustave Beaumont, the author of a work on Ireland, forms a portion of the conseil de rédaction. The painstaking and laborious Leon Faucher also writes in the political department. That very dull, common-place, pompous, overrated man, Odillon Barrot, to whose family comprising brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles, and nephews, the revolution has given 110,000f. a year, and concessions of land in Africa, valued at 42,000f. a year, is the object of the “Siècle’s” idolatry. This is not to be wondered at. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of Odillon, a writer, and a share-holder in and supporter of the “Siècle,” received 24,000f. as avocat du Trésor; and on the first of May, in the past year, one of the editors of the “Siècle” obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honor. No wonder, then, that the writers in this journal call the ex Volontaire Royal, who wept over the boots of Louis the

Eighteenth the night of his departure for Ghent, and who received in recompense of his loyal tears, at the period of the second Restoration, as a gift from the king, a place which he afterwards sold to the Jew advocate, Crémieux, for 300,000f.—no wonder that they call this patriotic recipient and dispenser of good fat sinecures, “orateur eminent, homme politique considerable.” If a pompous and prophetic tone, a magisterial and solemn air, and common-place ideas and sentiments, suffice to make an eminent orator, and the postponing of electoral reform till liberty is secured by the erection of the enceinte continuée, a considerable politician—what an anti-climax!—then is Odillon Barrot an eminent orator and a considerable politician.

The “Siècle” has not enlarged its size. It consists of twelve columns, exclusive of advertisements, and is about eighteen inches long, and twelve and a half broad. The feuilleton consists of six columns, and is much better written than any other portion of the paper. Alphonse Karr, the author of the “Guêpes,” is one of the principal contributors, and Frederic Soulié has sold his pen as a feuilletoniste for six years to the “Siècle” and the “Presse” conjointly. The “Siècle” has always appeared to us a dull paper—probably it is necessary that the writers should level themselves down to the intellect of the genre epicier—and indifferently written. The review of Thiers’ History, which made some noise, was by Chambolle, the editor, as the review in the “Constitutionnel” was written by Merruau, the friend of Thiers. But a far more correct, comprehensive, copious and fairer review of this work, appeared just after its publication, in No. 69 of the “Foreign Quarterly Review,” published in the month of April, last year.

We are now to speak of the oldest of the new order of journals—we mean “La Presse.” This paper was founded in June, 1836, by M. Emile de Girardin, said to be a natural son of the Count Alexander, or his brother, Stanislas Girardin, by an English mother. The revolution of 1830 saw Emile de Girardin an Inspector des Beaux Arts. Shortly after that event, he became the editor of the “Journal des Connaissances Utiles,” of the “Panthéon Littéraire,” of the “Musée de Familles,” and of the “Voleur;” but all these journals died in quick succession. He then published a book called “Emile,” which had no great success.

This is certainly no proof of want of talent, or, at best, but negative proof, while it affords positive evidence of no common energy, and very great industry. As M. Girardin had no fortune, and had married the pretty Delphine Gay, (daughter of Sophie Gay,) who had nothing but her pen and poetry, it was necessary he should do something to create an existence, or a name and an existence, if that were possible. Conjointly, then, with an homme à projets, one M. Boutmey, who had invented a machine called paracrotte, or mud-defender, which was to be attached to the heels of pedestrians, and another instrument, called a physiotype, the ingenious Emile launched on the waters of the Seine, the project of the “Presse.” As the journal was larger and cheaper than all other French journals—as it was a joint-stock company on a new plan, as applied to newspapers—as, in a word, there was a garish, slap-dash flourish, and melodramatic charlatanism about the thing, and a certain varnish of cleverness, shrewdness, modest assurance, novelty, and rouerie—the prospectus took; the shares went off briskly; and,

lo, and behold! the journal was born, a strong and healthy babe, after no long or painful gestation. In 1837, when only a year old, it had 15,000 abonnés; and in 1838, the product of its advertisements amounted to 150,000 francs. It must, in justice to this journal, be stated, that it was the first to teach the French public the use and advantage of advertisements. Twenty years previously, there were not two columns of advertisements in any French paper; whereas, two years after the existence of the "Presse," it could boast of five columns well-filled. The mother of Mde. Emile de Girardin—Sophie Gay, née Lavalette—had published, under the title of "Causeries du Monde," a periodical work, of which she had sold the copyright to Alphonse Karr, the sharp writer of the "Guêpes." This maternal precedent, doubtless, suggested to the daughter, then of the ripe age of thirty, but of considerable beauty, no mean accomplishments, of rare talents, and already favorably known as a poetess, to help her husband Emile in his new avocation. She started accordingly in the "Presse," with a series of articles called "Causeries Parisiennes," signed the Vicomte de Launay, which papers had immense success. Many of the vulgar-minded and title-worshipping of our countrymen—and their name is Legion—will suppose that this was from the aristocratic pseudonym with which the articles were signed; but no human being in France cares a rush for a title, unless the bearer of it has something better to recommend him. In Paris, and, indeed, in all France, society has agreed that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the *good* for a' that."

If De Beranger, Chateaubriand, and De la Martine, were in a salon in France with the De Montmorencys, the De Levis, the De Guiches, the poets and men of genius would march to the *salle à manger* before the feudal, territorial, and mentally undistinguished aristocracy; and the place of honor would be assigned them in any assembly. Not so, indeed, in free and liberal England. It was not therefore, because of the aristocratic name attached, that the "Causeries" were read, but because of the ease, grace, spirit, and talent, which they disclosed. That they were what is called a "lucky hit," and pleased readers, there can be no doubt. Meanwhile the paper was practically conducted, and in a most mercantile spirit. The interests of the commercial and shopkeeping classes, as well as of the very numerous class of *petits rentiers*, were considered, sustained, and pandered to. In the political department, the journal had no very fixed or staple principles, and took for its motto, "Au jour le jour." As to political creed or conviction, the thing never entered into the head of Girardin, unless as a means to wealth, consideration—and what the French call, a position. But the man was adroit, confident, ready, and full of resources, and never despaired even when his prospects were of the gloomiest. With all his address and management, he barely paid his expenses. The Russian emperor and the Russian system of government, however, were without a champion at the Parisian press, and Girardin entered the lists. That this was done from pure love and affection, all Paris believes; for everybody knows that the Russian emperor never pays literary men either in paper roubles or silver roubles. Whether they are ever paid by him in Dutch ducats, or malachite vases,

or bills drawn by the Baron Stieglitz, the Jewish banker, on the English Quay, at Petersburg, is best known to those who pay and to those who receive, what Frederic of Prussia called the "yellow hussars." Though variable in other sentiments, feelings, and opinions, Girardin has ever been true to the monster Nicholas, and his system; and whenever he dare say a word in favor of either the one or the other, he is sure to do so. His pure love for the Cossack might be pardoned, and would be unsuspicious, if it were not contemporaneous with a fierce resentment against England, and the English. There is not a vile or a base imputation, which the "Presse," in its murky malignity, does not calumniously cast at perfidious Albion. Inhumanity, savage barbarity, fraud, trickery, hypocrisy, avarice, and corruption, are weekly, if not daily, imputed to us, by a man whose journal is conducted in the most shopkeeping spirit—by a print which seeks to put all classes under contribution, from the autocrat of the Russias to the smallest actor and actress of the Odeon or Porte St. Martin, or to the most miserable tailor who pants for notoriety. If this be doubted, the proofs are at hand. Among the works placed at the head of this article, is a pamphlet, intitled, "Venalité des Journaux, par Constant Hilbey, Ouvrier." This poor tailor tells us, at p. 12 of his pamphlet, that not only did he pay two francs a line for the insertion of a poem in the "Presse," according to the tenor of the receipt in the marginal note at foot,* but that at the request of one of the editors, (Granier de Cassagnac) who had noticed his volume of poems, he sent that person, who first wished for a silver teapot, value 200 francs, four couverts d'argent and six small spoons. A couvert d'argent, as the reader is aware, means a silver fork, a silver spoon, and a silver-handled knife. Thus was the tailor put under contribution for four silver forks, four silver spoons, four silver-handled knives, and six small spoons, the cost of which, at the very least, must have been 200 francs. This was pretty well for a column and a half of criticism, even though the critic spoke of the author (as he did) in conjunction with Brutus, Cassius, Staberius, Quintus Remius, Quintus Cecilius, Atticus, Abelard, Cardinal d'Ossat, St. Paul, the Magdalen, and Victor Hugo.

Perfidious Albion should not, however, despair. If she should ever think the advocacy of the "Presse" worth the having—a not very likely supposition—Emile will take her brief, if the quidam honorarium be forthcoming. What though he be now the most untiring vilipender of our name and our country—calling us robbers in China, and butchers in India; what, though he be the most curt and contumelious in his epithets of abuse, crying, Death and hatred to the English government! what though he revel in prosperous and well-paid malignity, offer him but the brief to-morrow, and he will straightway become our zealous advocate. The scales will then fall from his eyes, and our sanguinary and sordid policy will not appear so utterly indefensible as it did when he had a retainer from Russia only. The financial prosperity of the "Presse" is said to have been in a great measure due to M. Dujarrier.

* "La Presse, Rue St. George, 16.

"Reçu de M. Hilbey la somme de cent soixante francs, pour insertion dans le journal. Nature de l'insertion, poésie; A la Mère de celle que j'aime.

"Le Caissier, PRAVAs.

"Paris, 7 Septembre, 1839."

Though M. Emile lived in 1839, "en grand train," possessing a fine, well-furnished house; or, to use the words of Jules Janin, "aussi bien logé que les agents de change,"* with pictures, livery-servants, carriages, horses, &c., yet somehow or other there was nothing to justify this; for the journal was sinking by little and little, and the shareholders were perpetually required to pay fresh calls. From the moment M. Dujarrier entered the concern, however, things wore a flourishing aspect; and though the expenses of management amount to 282,000 francs annually, yet each cinquantième share originally negotiated at 4000 francs, now sells from 30,000 to 35,000, albeit the shareholders have yearly received ten per cent. for their money. An unlucky fatality seems, however, to hang over this journal. In 1838, as we before stated, Girardin, the principal editor of the "Presse," shot, in a duel, the able and eloquent Carrel; and in March, 1845, Dujarrier, the associate and co-editor of Girardin, lost his life in a duel with a person of the name of Rosemond de Beauvallon, till within the last three weeks an exile in Spain,† in consequence of an arrêt of the Cour Royale de Rouen, which declared that he committed "un homicide volontaire sur la personne de M. Dujarrier, et d'avoir commis cet homicide avec préméditation."

In 1843, at the suggestion of Dujarrier, the "Presse" published, under the title of a supplement, "Le Bulletin des Tribunaux," adding 20 francs to its price. Six thousand additional subscribers were in consequence obtained in a very few months. The last accounts published by the "Presse" place its profits at 200,000 francs, or £8000 a year; and if its agreement with the "Compagnie Duveyrier" prove a successful speculation, it is estimated that its net profits will be 300,000 francs, or £12,000 a year, at the end of 1846.

To the English reader, some explanation of the "Compagnie Duveyrier" is quite indispensable. This company farms out the advertisements of certain journals, allowing the proprietors so many thousand francs a year net. To the "Presse," for instance, Duveyrier and Co. allow 100,000 francs, or £4000; and for this sum, the "Société General des Annonces," as it is called, has a right to so many columns of the journal. The head office of the society is in the Place de la Bourne, No. 8; but there are 214 bureaux d'insertion in various quarters of Paris, or from five to a dozen in each arrondissement, according to its population, commerce, &c. There is a scale of charges peculiar to the society. What are called "les annonces agréées," are charged at two francs la petite ligne, or twelve francs la grande ligne, en petit texte. It is a great problem whether this company will be successful—a problem which time alone can solve; but it is the opinion of an excellent friend of ours—the editor of the "Constitutionnel"—M. Merriau—that the undertaking will be successful. Though the small teasing and worrying usually thrown at the English by the "Presse," may have made it popular with a portion of the populace of Paris, yet its greatest success (apart from the Roman feuilleton) is owing to its com-

mercial intelligence, to its dramatic accounts of robberies, murders, fires, and sudden deaths; not forgetting its chronicle of affairs before the Police Correctionnelle.

What is the Roman feuilleton! our readers will naturally ask. It is a novel or tale, written in the most ad captandum and exaggerated fashion, from seven to fifteen small columns of which is published daily, with a view to obtain readers, and, by necessary implication, advertisements; for the advertiser will assuredly go to the journal which is most read. The "Presse" was the first to invent this execrable system, by which literature is made alternately the prostitute and decoy duck of the most sordid venality. Before 1830 the main feature and distinguishing characteristic of each French paper was its political party or color. The greedy spirit of speculation has changed this. The desire of the traders in newspapers now is by the feuilleton to absorb all literature, unless such as is published in their own pages, and to render such literature as they put forth, tributary to this soul-degrading money-grubbing. The great object of the Girardins and Cassagnacs is to get money, money, money. "Rem quocunque modo rem" is their stereotyped motto. In their anxiety to procure customers—i. e. readers and advertisements—they may be likened to the Hebrews of Holywell street, or the old-clothes men of Monmouth street and Rag-fair, who, to use the cant of the trade, are of the "pluck you in" school. The "Presse" and the "Epoque" are of the "pluck you in" and frippier school in literature. In their morality any trick is fair to gain an abonné or an annonce at two francs the "petite ligne," or, still better, at twelve francs "la grande ligne en petit texte." Journalism and literature run equal dangers from these tricky tradesmen. In seeking to make newspapers books, and books newspapers, these men destroy the distinctive character and nature of books and newspapers. The book in being cut up into fragments, and written not to portray truth and nature, but to suit the journal and its customers, is written to sample and pattern. At the end of the tenth, or twelfth, or seventh column, as the case may be, there is an interesting situation, where the tale breaks off, on the Monday. The grocer's daughter, the dyer's wife, the baker's cousin, and the priest's niece, are in raptures, and look for the paper on Tuesday with eager expectation. The tale or the novel is therefore like Peter Pindar's razors, not made to shave, but to sell; not written to represent life as it really is, but to present it as a series of startling incidents and surprising contrasts. It will result from this system that as a political authority the journal must be lowered, and as a literary effort the book discredited. Independently of this consideration the public taste becomes as a consequence daily more and more vitiated and perverted. All relish for serious literature, or matured, well reflected productions, is lost. The moral, the political, and the literary views of the question are sacrificed to the mercantile, mechanical, and money-getting. Romances are now ordered by the wholesale houses, in the journal line, by the square yard or the square foot, with so many pounds of abuse of priestcraft; so many grains of double adultery; so many drachms of incest; so many ounces of poisoning; so many scruples of simple fornication or seductions of soubrettes; and so many pennyweights of common sense to knead

* Lettre à Mde. Emile de Girardin, par Jules Janin.

† Since this was written M. Beauvallon has returned to France and taken his trial.—See the "Journal des Débats" of the 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st March; the "Morning Chronicle" of the 3d, and the "Daily News" of the 4th April.

together the horrid and disjointed masses of parricide, fratricide, incest, murder, seduction, suicide, fraud, covin, gambling, robbery, and rouverie of all sorts, of which the odious whole is compounded. The Girardins and Cassagnacs, notwithstanding all their shrewdness and sharpness, are of that vulgar order of men who think that with money at command they can do anything and obtain everything. Hence it is that the "Presse" pays nearly 300 francs per day for feuilletons to Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, De Balzac, Frederic Soulié, Theophile Gautier, and Jules Sandeau. But what will be the result in 1848! That each of these personages will have made from 32,000 to 64,000 francs per annum for two or three years for writing profitable trash of the color of the foulest mud in Paris; marked with the mark of the beast, and furnished according to sample, as per order of Girardin, Cassagnac and Co. They will have had little labor and much money, it is true; but they will also have forever lowered their names and fame; and, what is worse, they will have lowered literature and literary men for many a long day to come. To be the hack of booksellers is no doubt to suffer unutterable bondage; but to be the hack of scheming political adventurers and chevaliers d'industrie is the last and worst of human calamities. The literary men of France may well say, with our own Cowley—

"Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;

Come sink us rather in the sea,
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down,
Come God's sword rather than our own.

In all the bonds we ever bore

We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before."

It is not only with existing literary celebrities that the "Presse" plays these gainful pranks, but the death of men of eminence is speculated upon during their lifetime, and an ostentatious post obit publication of the memoirs of Chateaubriand, and the souvenirs of La Martine is promised so soon as these illustrious authors shall have ceased to breathe. That the feuilletonists of the "Presse" are all men and women of genius and talent cannot be denied; but one of them, with all his genius and talent, is an arrant literary imposter and quack. Only think of Honoré Balzac, who came to Paris in 1820, a poor printer of Touraine, sporting the "gentilhomme d'ancienne souche," and wearing a cane studded with precious stones, worth £80, to which Mde. de Girardin has consecrated a volume. The pretentious, aristocratical airs of this very foolish man, but who as a writer may be called a literary Rembrandt, or Albert Dürer, so bourgeoisie and Flemish is his style, so detailed and minute his finishing, were properly treated, according to the Gazette of Augsburg, by a monarch, for whom we have no love, but who, for once in his life, was right. After the admirable and truthful book of M. de Custine had laid bare the infamies and atrocities of the Russian system, the Czar expressed a desire that it should be answered by a Frenchman. Balzac, on this hint, started for Petersburg, and on his arrival forwarded to his imperial majesty a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"M. de Balzac l'écrivain et M. de Balzac le gentilhomme sollicitent de sa majesté la faveur d'une audience particulière."

On the following day, one of the gentlemen in

ordinary of H. M. suite delivered to Balzac a letter written in the royal and imperial hand, to the following effect:—

"M. de Balzac le gentilhomme et M. de Balzac l'écrivain peuvent prendre la post quand il leur plaira."

The fault of Balzac is the incorrigible permanency, notwithstanding ten thousand humiliations and exposures, of a most glowing, yet most despicable vanity. The foolish fellow believes himself poet, historian, metaphysician, statesman, dandy of the first water, journalist, dramatic author, man of family, man of fortune, and, above all, charmant et beau gargon! Not content with being one of the cleverest observers and painters of manners of a certain class or classes, he aspires to be as diplomatic as Talleyrand and Metternich combined; as poetic as De Beranger, Chateaubriand, and La Martine; and as fashionable and foppish as the De Guiches, D'Orsays, Septeuils, and Canouvilles. This universal pretension has destroyed the little that remained of De Balzac's waning reputation; and the man whose productions, a dozen years ago, were read in every clime, is now fast sinking into unpitied obscurity.

"The nations which envied thee erewhile
Now laugh, (too little 'tis to smile,)
They laugh, and would have pitied thee, (alas!)
But that thy faults all pity do surpass."

To return, however, to the "Presse." For a short time Girardin, the editor, was deputy of the Meuse. At his election, his civil rights as a Frenchman were ungenerously and unjustly attempted to be called in question. For many years the influence of Count Molé was paramount at the "Presse," and even still his opinions are visible in some articles; but at present this journal must be considered as the organ of M. Guizot, and of his forty or forty-five personal adherents, who think him the only possible minister. We have said that the "Presse" is an authority on commercial subjects. M. Blanqui writes much on these topics, and his name is sufficient to create a reputation.

As to general intelligence, this paper is well made up. There is not a fact of the least importance, nor a promotion in the army, navy, the clergy, the municipal body, &c., which is not published. There is not a scientific, mechanical, or commercial discovery, nor an important cause pleaded, nor a change in the value of merchandize or commodities, of which it does not give an account. Yet it is neither a respectable, nor an honorable, nor a truth-speaking, nor a purely, nor honestly conducted newspaper; and it has done more to degrade the press and literature, and to corrupt and debase literary men, than any other journal, always excepting the "Globe," and the "Epoque."

The "Globe," commenced in 1841 by Granier de Cassagnac, when that person quarrelled with his co-editor, Girardin, cannot be said to have died, though it never had above 2000 abonnés. The "Globe" fell to 1800 before it expanded into the "Epoque," which arose from its ashes. Cassagnac wrote under or conjointly with Girardin in the "Presse," but now they are deadliest enemies, and in their war of ribald personalities have disgraced themselves, and degraded the press.*

* Girardin says that Cassagnac is an impudent Gascon, who was struck at Toulouse, and flogged in the public street till he took refuge in a diligence; and Cassagnac replies that Girardin, "tiring by his wife, the pretty and

Cassagnac was originally the editor of the journal "Politique et Littéraire de Toulouse," and transferred his services from this provincial journal to the Parisian press. He is a writer of considerable talent and incontestable sharpness, but prone to personalities and utterly unscrupulous. As to Bohain, his associate, he is well known—too well known in our own metropolis, as the editor of the "Courrier de l'Europe." The "Epoque" is an immense journal, the size of a "Morning Chronicle," before that journal adopted a double sheet, and consists of ten separate departments; 1. Journal politique; 2. Journal de l'armée et de la flotte; 3. Journal des cultes; 4. Journal des Travaux publics; 5. Journal administratif et commercial; 6. Journal de l'instruction publique; 7. Journal des sciences et médecine; 8. Journal du droit et des tribunaux; 9. Journal commercial et agricole; 10. Journal littéraire, (feuilleton.) The price half yearly is 22f., and the price of advertisements is in proportion to the number of abonnés—one centime for every 1000 abonnés for the annonces omnibus; three centimes for every 1000 abonnés for book-sellers' and commercial advertisements; four centimes for railways, &c.

Cassagnac is the political editor of the "Epoque." He is devoted to Guizot. Desnoyers is the rédacteur of the feuilleton, at a salary of 8000f. a year, assisted by Eugene Guinot.

The theatres are under the supervision of Hippolyte Lucas, formerly of the "Siècle." The rédacteur en chef receives 12,000f. a year; and the feuilleton is paid at 150f. or 5l. 5s. per day. The circulation of the "Epoque" fluctuates considerably; but we believe it has never exceeded 3000.

"La Democratie Pacifique" is a journal published at forty francs a year, which is not sold, but given away. It is the organ of the communists, and is conducted by the disciples of Charles Fourier, of whose life and theories we should wish to have given some account, but we have already exceeded the space allotted to us. The doctrines proclaimed are not unlike those of Robert Owen. The founder and principal editor of this journal is Victor Considerant, an élève of the Polytechnic School, and an ex-officer of engineers. He is assisted in his labors by Dr. Pellarin, author of a life of Fourier; by La Vernaude, a native of the Mauritius; De Permont; Victor Daly, an architect, of Irish origin; Hugh Doherty, a writing master; Brisbane, an American; Meill, a German; and a John Journet, a working man. The "Democratique" is, as the reader will see, a universal cosmopolitan journal. There are editors of all coun-

tries. Doherty, an Irishman, writes the French language, if not with purity, at least with originality; but when he touches on religious subjects, he is "sou à liér." Brisbane has established many Fourierist journals in America, and comes every year to France, but does not write in the French language. Meill, the German, is a tailor by trade, and a Jew by religion. He is a self-educated man, and writes French like Doherty, more originally (so to speak) than correctly. He is a lively, active, turbulent man, who would play an important part in any civil commotion. Journet is a working man, who travels through France from end to end, proclaiming the doctrines of the sect. He is dressed in a paletot à capuchon, and wears a long beard, like all good Fourierists.

Every Wednesday evening there is a soirée at the office of the "Democratique Pacifique"—a soirée of men only—where the initiated talk and weary themselves and others, and drink large tumblers of eau sucrée and rum cobbler. Sometimes the soirées are diversified by a wonder in the shape of a musician, a traveller, a somnambulist, or a mesmerist, who relieves the natural dullness of the assembly. Several eminent avocats and hommes de lettres are members of this sect, and among others, M. Hennequin, the son of unquestionably the most learned advocate of France. We may be thought to have paid too much attention to the reveries of these enthusiasts, but the professors of these doctrines may play a most important part in France before the end of 1850.

As the "Epoque" rose out of the ashes of the "Globe," so did the "Esprit Public" out of the ashes of the "Commerce."* The "Commerce," some years ago, was the property of our friend Mauguin, who purchased it, it is believed, at the request, if not with the money, of the ex-king of Spain. It was then a journal avowedly in the interest of the Bonaparte family; but after the insane attempt of Prince Louis, at Boulogne, in July or August, 1840, this cause seemed hopeless, and the abonnés of the "Commerce" rapidly declined. The pecuniary embarrassments of Mauguin induced him to part with the property to a proprietary imbued with Napoleonic ideas. Subsequently, M. Guillemot, who had managed the "Capitole," the avowed organ of Prince Louis, became the editor. It then passed into the hands of the eloquent and philosophic De Tocqueville, deputy for La Manche, and author of the very able work, "De la Democratie en Amerique." It represented the jeune gauche in opposition to the gauche Thiers. Not proving successful, however, it fell into the hands of M. Lesseps, who had formerly been secretary to M. Mauguin. M. Lesseps is a middle-aged Basque, smart, self-willed, and with some talent as a writer, but the "Commerce" did not, under his auspices, improve. In fact, it was a journal which had obtained a bad name, and, as we before observed, it requires the pen of an angel to write such a journal up. On the 1st August, 1845, the paper was put up to auction at 100,000 francs, but could find no purchasers. It was ultimately sold at 6000 francs, or 240l., with a burden of debt of 400,000 francs, or 16,000l. of our money. Out of the débris of the "Commerce" arose the "Esprit Public," of which Lesseps is the acknowledged editor. It is the cheapest daily journal in Paris, being published at a cost of

clever Delphine Gay, was struck at the opera before 3000 persons. Girardin says that Bohain, Solar, and Cassagnac, the proprietors of the "Epoque," sent about loads of prospectuses of their journal to the subscribers of other papers by itinerant commis voyageurs; Cassagnac replies, that the electors of Bourganau preferred Vidocq, the police spy, to Emile de Girardin, and twits the latter with the affair of the coal-mine of St. Bérain, and asks who pocketed the money. Girardin says, that Cassagnac ordered gaiters of a particular cut for the colporteurs of his journal, to excite attention, for which gaiters he afterwards refused to pay; Cassagnac rejoins, that Girardin went on a hot July day to his bedchamber, took off his sweltering shirt, and thinking clean linen comfortable, clothed himself in one of his (Cassagnac's) best chemises. Lest our readers should think we invent or exaggerate, we refer them to the "Globe," (now the "Epoque"), of the 19th August, 1845. Such are the "saquins de bas étage," the Peachums and Lockits of the press, who strut and fret their hour now on the great stage of literature.

*The "Commerce," we believe, still lingers on, but so much "in extremis" that it may be said to be dead.

twenty eight francs, or 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* yearly. Its *capital social* is fixed at 500,000 francs. As the "Esprit Public" has been barely six months in existence, it is difficult to pronounce on its chances of vitality, and no easy matter to obtain an accurate account of its *bonâ-fide* circulation. We believe it to be very small—in fact, of the *infinitum* *petit*.

"La Réforme" is a journal of extreme opinions, appearing every day. It pays considerable attention to provincial questions, and to matters connected with electoral reform. Godefroy Cavaignac was, till his death, the editor; but it is now chiefly sustained by the pens of Guinard Arago, and Etienne Arago. It is understood that Ledru Rollin, the advocate and rich deputy for Sarthe, pays the expenses. Dupoty—the unfortunate Dupoty, formerly editor of the "Journal du Peuple," and who, under the ministry of Thiers, was tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment as a regicide, because a letter was found open in the letter-box of the paper of which he was editor, addressed to him by a man said to be implicated in the conspiracy of Quenisset—wrote, and, it is said, still writes in the "Réforme."

The "Univers" is a daily paper quite in the interests of the Jesuits. The editor is M. Jules Goudon, author of a pamphlet on the recent religious movement; and M. Louis Veuillet, author of "Rome Moderne."

The "Nation" is a three-day paper, which appears every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, at a cost of twenty-five francs the year. The programme of this paper is as follows:—

SOUVERAINETÉ NATIONALE.

ORDRE, LIBERTÉ, GLOIRE.

Le loi se fait par le consentement du peuple.
En fait et en droit, les Français ne peuvent être imposés que de leur consentement.
L'impôt doit être voté par ceux qui le paient.
Tout contribuable est électeur, tout électeur est éligible.

The "Nation," therefore, proclaims electoral reform in the largest and widest sense—for all, in a word, who pay taxes—i. e., eight millions of Frenchmen; but, knowing that M. de Genoude, of the "Gazette de France," is the editor of this journal, we confess we look on the programme with more than suspicion. M. the Abbé de Genoude, however, makes every effort to push the paper, as he also does to push the sale of his translation of the Bible, in twenty-two volumes! But though the "Nation," like the "Figaro" of Bohain, of 1841, is to be sold in the shop of every grocer and baker of Paris and the banlieu, yet it has been found that this forced sale does not answer the expectations of the projectors.

There are in Paris a number of papers specially devoted to law, the fine arts, &c., but it cannot be expected that we should enter at any length into the literary history and circulation of these periodicals. The "Journal des Tribunaux" and the "Courrier des Tribunaux" are both conducted by advocates, and have a very large circulation. There are also a number of small satirical papers, conducted with infinite talent, wit, and esprit—as the "Figaro," the "Charivari," the "Corsaire," the "Corsaire Satan." Articles have occasionally appeared in the "Figaro" and "Charivari" worthy of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, or Champfort; but although these journals have existed, almost at our door, for a period of more than twenty years,

no attempt was made to imitate them in England, till our able and facetious contemporary, "Punch," entered the field. There are also a number of small theatrical journals, but on these it is not needful to dwell.

No account of the French press can aspire to the praise of fidelity or correctness without making mention of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," one of the best conducted periodicals in the world, and of as much authority in France as the "Edinburgh Review" or "Quarterly Review" in their very best days—in the days of Sidney Smith, Jeffrey, McIntosh, Horner, and Canning, Walter Scott, Southey, and Gifford. This periodical was established by Count Molé, and the first literary men in France write in its pages. The proprietor of this review is the patentee of the Theatre Français. Within the last three or four years, the "Revue des Deux Mondes" has assumed a political character. The "Political Chronicle," which excites much attention, was, a couple of years ago, written by a very over-rated, and eminently servile Genoese, named Rossi, now envoy of France at the court of Rome. A personal favorite of Louis Philippe, and a friend and formerly brother professor of Guizot, this very ordinary person has risen, without commanding talent of any kind, to some of the highest employments in the state.

The "Revue de Legislation et de Jurisprudence" has been eleven years established, and is also a well-conducted miscellany. It is published under the direction of Troplong, Giraud, and Edouard Laboulaye, members of the Institute; Faustin Hélié, chef du Bureau des Affaires Criminelles; Ortolan, professor at the Faculty of Law; and Wolowski, professor of Legislation, Industrielle au Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers.

It were no easy task to fix with precision the number of journals at present existing in Paris—a capital in which newspaper births and deaths are equally sudden and unexpected, and in which the journal of to-day may be dead to-morrow, and the journal of to-morrow may jump, *unclo* *statu*, into a prosperous manhood—but the following resumé approximates nearly to the truth:—

There are daily journals of admitted repute, . . .	21
Smaller satirical journals, . . .	6
Journals not daily, (such as weekly, monthly, &c.) . . .	27
Journals Religious and Moral, of which twelve are Protestant, . . .	24
Journals of Legislation and of Jurisprudence, . . .	38
— of Political Economy and Administration, . . .	3
— of History, Statistics, and Travels, . . .	12
— of Literature, . . .	44
— of Fine Arts, Painting, and Music, . . .	9
— of Theatres and Theatrical Matters, . . .	8
— of Mathematical and Natural Sciences, . . .	13
— of Medicine, . . .	28
— of Military and Naval Art, . . .	12
— of Agriculture and Rural Economy, . . .	22
— of Commerce and Industry, . . .	23
— of Public Instruction, . . .	7
— of Women, Girls, and Children, . . .	20
— of Fashions, . . .	11
— of Picturesque Sites, Landscapes, &c. . .	4
— of Advertisements, . . .	17

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This astonishing number comprises Paris only, for the departmental press, ten years ago, counted 258 journals, which the statist thus divided:—

Political and Administrative journals, . . .	153
Literary Miscellanies,	4
Newspapers solely devoted to Local News, . . .	101
	—
	258

Provincial journals have, since 1836, considerably increased. Two or three departments which were then without broad sheets have now obtained them, and we should probably not err in stating that the provincial journals of France now amount in round numbers to 280.¹

The Chevalier F. de Tapiès has calculated that in 1835, there were 82,208 "broad sheets" printed. This number, multiplied by 1500, the medium circulation, would give a result of 120,000,000 of printed papers, and as it is no extravagant supposition that each newspaper has at least five readers at home and abroad, we conclude that there must be 600,000,000 of readers of French newspapers in and out of Europe. The same ingenious statistic to whom he have before referred, calculates that the matter of 20 volumes, in 8vo., is daily published in Paris, by the journals, and that the French press produces, in the year, 2,500,000 pages. Not content with these particulars, he further informs us that 500,000 reams of paper are destroyed every twelve months by the pens and ink of the gentlemen of the press, and he goes on to add, (for which many of our readers will think that he ought at once to be sent to Coventry)—that if all these sheets were folded together, so as to form an immense riband—these are his very words—this fillet of fustian and feuilleton would thrice go round the broad circumference of the habitable globe.

It remains for us now, before we conclude, to make a very few remarks on the character of the French journals and journalists, as contrasted with the press of England.

The different rank held in their respective countries, by the French and English journalists, has been matter of comment and remark, not merely to enlightened men, but even to the observer the least instructed and most superficial.

"In England," says Mr. H. L. Bulwer,* writing in 1838, "a paper has immense consideration, but the editor, however respectable, little. You rarely hear him spoken of—in few cases is he known, unless petted on some accidental occasion by public abuse into notoriety. As for newspaper writers, they are generally held below surmise. We do not think it worth while even to guess who they are."

This was perfectly true ten or twelve years ago, but it is true now to just the same extent. In England now, as then, in consequence of the newspaper stamp tax, of the system of government and the state of property, it requires an immense capital to establish a newspaper, and a still greater capital to start a competitor to an established favorite journal. These are the circumstances which in this money-getting-money-woolshipping country render the firm—the establishment—the company—the fraternity of tradesmen bound together by the strong links of sordid self-interest—and able by their dividends to keep their carriages, horses, livery servants, &c., peradventure to become senators and persons of some small title—these are the circumstances, we say, which render them powerful, and the editors, writers, and contributors, the very reverse. The

proprietors are respected, flattered, and feared, because they have a two-edged weapon at command, and swordsmen prepared to use it at their bidding. The writers are, for the most part, neither respected nor flattered—however they may be occasionally feared—because there is not one among them worth even £1000 a year, for they chiefly live "au jour le jour." Everybody has heard of Mr. John Walter and of Sir John Easthope—both are rich and prosperous men—one is, and the other was, an M. P.; but who has ever heard, within the last five years, of the editor of the "Times" or "Chronicle," or of the names of the writers in these papers! Yet the editors of the "Times" and "Chronicle" must be, undoubtedly, men of talent and information, and some of the writers are among the ablest men in England. Who, however, knows them as writers! In England, a newspaper is powerful first, and chiefly, as a successful commercial establishment, having large capital at command, which capital enables it to obtain correct, copious and early intelligence; and secondly, by its articles, or, in other words, by the literary ability of its writers. A daily paper in England may be powerful, and of great circulation, when most indifferently written, but a daily paper may be written with the eloquence of Burke and Macaulay combined, and fail from lack of readers, unless it have a great capital to sustain it; in other words, is enabled to obtain correct, copious, or exclusive intelligence.

Mr. Edward Baldwin, the proprietor of the "Morning Herald," acting on this view of the matter, is said to expend £10,000 a year for the overland Indian mail, while it is clear that the tenth of this cannot be paid by him for leading articles, if these latter be estimated at their proper value. In France, ten or twelve years ago, a daily newspaper depended altogether—and in a great degree it still depends, though not by any means to the same extent as formerly—on the goodness of its writing. In France, good writers are indispensable to good newspapers; in England, though highly desirable, they are not absolutely indispensable. It is impossible to establish a daily newspaper in England without an immense capital; but, heretofore, a daily newspaper might be established in France without any very considerable capital, and may, to a certain extent, still be established, if there be superior talent engaged in the "rédaction." In England, on the contrary, the money and the management are the main springs of success in this field of enterprise. In France, generally speaking, the talent and the political opinion are the real motive forces; whereas money and management, though also necessary, are yet subsidiary to talent and political opinion. In France, talent commands money; in England, money commands talent. Hence newspaper writers are *somebodies* in France and *nobodies* in England.

The recent laws directed against the press in France, have, however, rendered the establishment of newspapers much more expensive and difficult than formerly. To secure the payment of the highest fine, the security, or cautionment, for a journal has been raised to 100,000 francs, or £4000, and the responsible editor must be proprietor of one third of that sum. In a country where capital is so limited, the necessity of paying £4000 operates very unfavorably to enterprise in journalism, and may be considered almost as a prohibition, when it is remembered that this money is at

* The Monarchy of the Middle Classes, 1836.

the mercy of a government whose judges may interdict the publication of the paper after two judicial condemnations. But notwithstanding the sinister influence of this law, and the efforts used by the government to corrupt public writers, these combined causes do not operate to raise the rich proprietor of a journal above the poor but able writer, as in England. The main cause of this lies in the social habitudes and institutions of France, which are more favorable to talent, and far less favorable to the power and influence of mere wealth than the social system of England. Ministers in France seek to bribe and debauch writers in newspapers, and too often succeed—ministers in England, if there be a favor to confer, or a good thing to bestow, confer it on the proprietors of journals, not on the writers of them. In England, the proprietor of such a paper is made a deputy lieutenant, the proprietor of such another is created a baronet, the proprietor of a third is appointed a local magistrate. In France, it is the writers, and not the proprietors, who are rewarded; and the Bertins are no exception to this rule, for they were far more celebrated as writers than as proprietors. Fievée, Etienne, Keratry, and Chevalier, with many others, were made councillors of state, while at least twenty other writers were made prefects, sub-prefects, maître des requêtes, &c. The number of newspaper writers who have taken a still higher flight over the heads of proprietors, and attained ministerial "portfeuilles," or the peerage, is by no means inconsiderable. Chateaubriand, Salvandy, Guizot, Thiers, Duchâtel de Rémusat, Villemain, Cousin, and many others, may be numbered. Thus is a homage paid to talent, both by government and people in France, which in England is reserved for wealth or title. The late Mr. Thomas Barnes, of the "Times," though not a man of genius, like Chateaubriand, nor a man of such varied attainments as M. Guizot, was yet far superior, both as a scholar and a writer, to all the other French newspaper writers who attained the rank of minister. But Mr. Barnes was born in a wealth-owning and aristocratic land; never was an M. P.—never was a privy councillor—never was a minister in a country which has had a Knatchbull, a Lincoln, and an Ellenborough in the cabinet, and an Addington, a Goderich, and a Peel, for prime ministers.

We do not deny, with all these facts before our eyes, that the influence of the press in France has diminished, and is daily diminishing; but this is owing, in a great degree, to the abuse of its power and the prostitution of its office. The greater portion of the French press raised no warning voice against the embastillement of Paris, whilst all the journals, excepting two, were in favor of a scheme which, without being formidable to the stranger, may, in the end, prove the grave of French liberty and the tomb of free discussion. The press of France, too, cried for war, when all the best interests of the nation demanded peace. The press of France cried for glory and conquest, when railways stood still, and the internal communication of the country was disgraceful to the age in which we live. The press of France called for an increase of sailing ships, and for an increased steam navy, when the greater number of the communal and vicinal roads of France were impracticable, and while her luxurious capital remained unsupplied with water. The press of France called for an in-

creased war expenditure in Algeria, and disaster and disgrace have been the result. The press of France called for hostilities with England, at a time when every sane man in England and France wished for peace, and when hundreds of thousands of pounds of English capital had been, on the faith of the subsistence of friendly relations, invested by Englishmen in French railroad speculations. The press of France, with one or two exceptions, has for fifteen years remained silent on electoral reform, at a time when the electors are only a few hundred thousand among a population of thirty-four millions. These are a few of many grave and serious errors, not to say crimes and misdemeanors, which must be laid to its charge. A long time—a very long time—must elapse, ere the French press regains the ascendancy which it possessed, and properly possessed, before the Revolution of 1830.

The press of England, with all its faults, is free from these grave errors: and the daily press of England, and indeed, the whole press, daily and weekly, with one infamous exception, is free from the odious personality which has marked the literary rivalry and encounter of Girardin and Cassagnac. The press of England is free, too, with one or two exceptions, we believe, from the charge of personal corruption. No one would sell praises, as M. Constant Hilbey says M. Viollet sold them, at so much the line, in the "Patrie," in "La France," and in "Le Droit." It is true, Viollet received nothing for himself from the hands of the poor tailor, but he had, says Hilbey, a *remise* or percentage on each insertion. There is no respectable journal in England which would sell a whole feuilleton to this same Hilbey for 150 francs, as he avers the "Droit" did, in page 31 of his pamphlet.

Hilbey flies at much higher and "nobler quarry," than the "Droit." He avers in all the permanency of print, and with all the convenient certainty of time and place, necessary in an English indictment, that one De Moléon, who lives at 26, Rue de la Paix, offered to have his book reviewed in the feuilleton of the "Débats" for 400 francs—an offer which the tailor refused, inasmuch as he could have the thing done by an scrivain fort connu; trop connu même!—(does he mean the famous J. J. of the "Feuilleton"?) for 500 francs.

This statement has been published for months, and has never been, that we are aware of, contradicted by the "Débats." If any man had said such a thing of our "Times," how the calumniator would have been handled next day in *Sterling Saxon*. The aspiring tailor also gives, at page 53 of his pamphlet, a list of the sums paid to the "Siècle," "Courrier Français," "Commerce," "National," and "France," and we do not believe that his statement has been impugned by any one of these journals.

But with all its grievous errors and imperfections, and occasional corruption, both political and personal, the newspaper press of France has obtained, and must ever maintain, unless it shall most grossly degrade itself, and willfully continue to pervert its functions, a large place and a high position in the literature of the country. The instrument by which, as De Tocqueville says, the same thought can be presented to a hundred thousand minds at the same moment, is a noble instrument, and should not be trifled with, or misused, or perverted. A grave responsibility weighs, in-

deed, on the conductors of this great engine. For the abuse of their power they must answer, sooner or later, at the bar of public opinion.

The press of France, unlike the press of England, is distinguished by a strong esprit de corps. They are a formidable body, not so much because they are men of undoubted ability and information though these qualities are not without their influence—as because they are a compact and serrid body, and feel that a stain cast upon a brother of the craft, is a wound inflicted on the whole corps. Their union is their weapon and their strength, and by it they vanquish all opposition, and rise to “pride of place and power.”

No pampered proprietor, the spoiled child of blind Fortune, would attempt to ride the high horse with men of this stamp; for Paris is the limbo of proprietors, and the heaven of editors, contributors, and public writers. England, on the contrary, is the paradise of proprietors, and the inferno of editors and writers. The press in England has made the fortune of many of its proprietors, and sent many of its contributors to the rules of the bench or to the prison of the fleet. The press in France has made the fortune of its best contributors, and ruined, in a pecuniary sense, the proprietors. Coste and Bethune have made the fortunes of hundreds of literary men, but have lost their own. Till there is more union, more esprit de corps, and a kindlier and a better spirit amongst literary men in England, proprietors must continue to have the upper hand, to assume the airs of grand seigneurs, and occasionally to maltreat writers and contributors.

There are in France, as in England, various classes of persons, and of different degrees of merit and intellect, connected with the public press. Some there are, dull and heavy, who would fain soar into the higher regions; but the public soon whispers in the ear of these mistaken men, if it has not been previously hinted by the rédacteur en chef:

“Tu n’as point d’aile et tu veux voler! rampe.”

Others there are, (to use the words of Voltaire, in the same poem:*)

“Malin, gourmand, saltimbanque indocile.”

But these soon find their level, and sink into obscurity, or are ignominiously dismissed.

Some there are, like the Abbé Trublet, dull dogs, mere delvers, who go on and on, compiling and compiling, and supply their want of mother wit by the “trover and conversion” of the wits of others.

“L’abbé Trublet alors avait la rage
D’être à Paris un petit personnage
Au peu d’esprit que le bon homme avait,
L’esprit d’autrui par supplément servait.
Il entassait adage sur adage;
Il compilait, compilait, compilait,
On le voyait sans cesse écrire, écrire,
Ce qu’il avait jadis entendu dire.”

But these “piocheurs,” the Trublets and troubles of our epoch, are not valued more than our intrepid penny-a-liners, and give place to sharper practitioners, who have learned:

“—— comment on dépécail
Un livre entier comme on le récusait,
Comme on jugeait du tout par la préface.”

This class of critics is greatly in vogue at the

* Le Pauvre Diable.

“Presse” and “Epoque,” and among the younger and more unprincipled journals, but an honest, able, and learned critic, in every first-rate journal in Paris, will soon obtain, whatever Madame Emile Girardin, in her “Ecole de Journalistes,” may say to the contrary notwithstanding, the complete mastery.

The bitterest and the severest things that ever have been said against French journalists have been said by this lady and her then friend and ally, but now bitter enemy, Granier de Cassagnac. Both were then, (1840,) as they are now, of the school of the broad-sheet,* but they spared not their common mother, but laid bare her faults without charity, without filial tenderness, without shame as without regret. Yet, in the whole circle of the French press there were not two persons who ought to have been more cautious and circumspect and chary of giving offence to the family of journalists than these self-same Girardins and Cassagnacs. Out of the reach of danger, (as they supposed,) they were bold; out of the reach of shame, they were confident. But they reckoned without their host, for Jules Janin, to his eternal honor be it said, stepped forward in defence of the press, and in one of the neatest pieces of polished sarcasm that even the language of Voltaire can boast, told this lady, with scalding yet polite bitterness, the revolting truth.

There are now in Paris, as in the time of Mercier, a species of half authors, of quarter authors, of literary métiés, and quarterons, who disembody their small verses, or venom, their stupid prose, or their colorless criticism, into obscure or small journals, and who give themselves, in consequence, the title of men of letters. These creatures are like some of the same species at home, all pretension from head to foot, and for no other reason, that anybody knows, but because of their unmitigable nullity. They are always declaiming against an arrogant mediocrity, and they are themselves at once arrogant and mediocre. Many of them, like the ex-journeyman printer, Balzac, make a parade of their birth, often more natural, yet less equivocal, than their talents. To hear them as they enter a drawing room, with self-satisfied air repeat their names with a sounding *Dix* before them, one would think they were of the flower of earliest chivalry, and descended in line direct from the first Christian baron, or of that famous house of the De Lévis, which claimed kindred with Noah and the Virgin Mary.* To believe these men of pure “blue blood,” made of “the porcelain of earth’s best clay;” they are indifferent to money, and don’t write for it. But if they said their lucubrations did not sell for money, they would be nearer the truth.

There is no capital on earth where good newspaper writing is better paid than in Paris, and no capital where better newspaper writing is produced, if there, indeed, be any capital where so good is fabricated. The leading articles of the leading daily journals of London, such as the “Times,” the “Chronicle,” and the “Daily

* In the family of the De Lévis there is a picture of the deluge, with one of the race holding up his hand, in which is contained a roll, whereon is inscribed, “Papiers de la Maison de Lévis.” In the family gallery there is also another picture of one of the members of the house meeting the Virgin. The female De Lévis (for it was a religieuse) is proceeding to uncover her head, when there is written, as proceeding from the mouth of the Virgin, these words: “Couvrez vous, ma très chère et sainte cousine, car je sais bien le respect que je vous dois.”

News," are written with great strength, vigor, and boldness of tone, and occasional felicity of expression, but being, for the most part, composed on the spur of the moment, they bear about them, occasionally, marks of haste, and incorrectness, and inelegance, impossible to avoid under the circumstances. The French leaders in the "Débats" and the "Constitutionnel," are written more carefully, and in a more chaste and classic style. The writers in French papers have sometimes twenty-four hours, sometimes forty-eight hours, and often a week, to prune, to elaborate and polish, and they are therefore in a condition to profit by the advice of Despraux.

"Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage; Polissez-le sans cesse, et le repolissez; Ajoutez quelquefois et souvent effacez."

The wonder, therefore, is, not that the French editors write so well, but that the English writers, compelled to labor "currente calamo," produce so frequently articles of first-rate excellence, whether as regards subject, composition, arrangement, or disposition of the parts. It is the common practice in London to lay the proof of the first part of a leader on the table of the writer before the last slip of MS. is out of the writer's hands; yet some articles written in this breathless haste are as fine productions as ever issued from the press.

The bitterest calumnies have been heaped upon journalists and newspaper writers in France. We have admitted that they are not faultless, but speaking generally, we say without hesitancy, that they have shown themselves the enemies of abuses, and the firm friends, sustainers, and protectors of public liberty; that notwithstanding the calumnies of the worthless, the fears of the timid, and the frowns of the powerful, the French press has generally asserted the indefeasible right of their countrymen to equal and impartial government, to equality before the law, to the free expression of opinion, and that perfect religious toleration, or rather freedom, inconsistent with a dominant sect, or a dominant priesthood, or a dominant race of any kind. The author of a recent work,* who has had excellent opportunities of knowing the state of public opinion in France, not merely from his intimate acquaintance with the monarch, but with eminent men of all parties, and who is well informed in French history and literature, remarks, that the press in France had vast influence on public opinion, from the year 1825 to the Revolution of 1830. Had Mr. Mackinnon extended this vast influence over a period of ten years antecedent to 1825—i. e., from 1815 to 1830, he had been nearer the truth. He is perfectly correct, however, when he says, that since 1830 the influence of the press has been gradually lessening from the increased number of publications, and the spread of education among the community, which now exercises its own judgment. He might also have added that the influence of the press has declined from the abuse of its own power, and from the multiplication of journals, some of which are conducted without talent, and many of which are conducted without principle. Mr. Mackinnon has proved that in America the influence of the press has diminished in proportion to the number of papers; and in France, the power of the press for political purposes is

likely to be found in the inverse ratio of its extension.

SCRATCHES AT NATURE WITH A FREE GUILLOTT.*

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

(*Aquila Repudiatrix*, LINN. *Aigle Coquin*, BUFF.)

THIS unclean bird of the ancients, though classed among the eagles, seems in its aspect and peculiarities rather to resemble the vulture tribe. It must not, however, be confounded with the "King Vulture" of Bewick, as it is a republican bird. It is distinguished from all others by being curiously marked with stripes and stars. Its flight resembles that of the Kite. Its voracity is something tremendous; it preys chiefly on the Oregon racoon, the Texas opossum, and the green snake of California; but it is also extremely fatal to the large species of goose called the creditor, (*Anser Extraordinarius*, LINN.; *Joli Marin*, BUFF.) which it decoys into accompanying it to its own haunts by an affectation of honest friendship, apparently finding means to persuade the foolish bird that more ample supplies and thorough security will be found there: the unfortunate goose, thus entrapped, is then at once despatched by its ruthless betrayer.

It is one peculiarity of this eagle, that he invariably performs the operation of plucking his victim which he does as neatly as the most accomplished cook. This process has been admirably described by that excellent natural historian, the late Rev. Sydney Smith, who was an eye-witness of the capture and plucking of several creditor geese by the American eagle, in the manner explained, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

The eagle is also partial to the flesh of negroes, which it will seize with evident *gusto*. A singular antipathy is evinced by this bird to that noble animal the British lion, (*Leo Verus Cæruleus*, LINN.; *Lion Bonhomme*, BUFF.) whom, in spite of his strength and courage, it even contrives occasionally to dislodge from his own hunting-grounds, in Oregon, and elsewhere. This is performed by a number of the eagles building their unpleasant nests in his neighborhood, by which the lion is gradually driven further and further off, till at length he finds himself deprived of the whole of his accustomed haunt, merely by this "masterly inactivity" on the part of his inferior opponent. American naturalists affirm that the eagle is constantly seen to "whip the British Lion," though how this can be performed it seems impossible to explain, and the statement is commonly classed with the majority of American assertions.

A sort of alliance has been remarked to exist between the eagle and the Gallic cock (*Gallus tolerabilis bonus*, LINN.; *Coq assez-respectable*, BUFF.) owing probably, to their sharing in the antipathy to the British animal, but this is a strange and unnatural alliance, for the gallant cock, with all his faults, is a much more valuable bird.

Many eminent naturalists, who have watched the American species now under discussion, are of opinion that the race is becoming deteriorated, and losing some high distinctions which it undoubtedly possessed; the colors grow dimmer; and it is expected that (if the deterioration continues) the stars which adorn the wing of the bird will be all extinguished; the stripes on the back, however, are likely to be greatly multiplied.—*Punch*.

* History of Civilization. By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. Longman & Co., 1846.

* By the author of "Dashes at Life with a Free Pen-cil."

From Chambers' Journal.

ANIMAL HUMANITY.

It is extremely curious to observe in animals ways and doings like those of human beings. It is a department of natural history which has never been honored with any systematic study: perhaps it is thought too trifling for grave philosophers. I must profess, however, that I *feel* there is some value in the inquiry, as tending to give us sympathies with the lower animals, and to dispose us to treat them more kindly than we generally do.

The *sports* of animals are peculiarly affecting. They come home to our social feelings; and the idea is the more touching, when we regard the poor beasts as perhaps enjoying themselves when on the very brink of suffering death for *our* enjoyment.

It is reported by all who have the charge of flocks, that the lambs resemble children very much in their sports. In the mellowed glow of a June evening, while the ewes are quietly resting in preparation for their night's sleep, the lambs gather together at a little distance, perhaps in the neighborhood of a broomy knoll, and there begin a set of pranksome frolics of their own, dancing fantastically about, or butting, as in jest, against each other. The whole affair is a regular game at romps, such as a merry group of human youngsters will occasionally be allowed to enjoy just before going to bed. It is highly amusing to witness it, and to trace the resemblance it bears to human doings; which is sometimes carried so far, that a single mamma will be seen looking on close by, apparently rather happy at the idea of the young folk being so merry, but anxious also that they should not behave too roughly; otherwise, she must certainly interfere.

Monkeys have similar habits. In the countries of the Eastern Peninsula and Archipelago, where they abound, the matrons are often observed, in the cool of the evening, sitting in a circle round their little ones, which amuse themselves with various gambols. The merriment of the young, as they jump over each others' heads, make mimic fights, and wrestle in sport, is most ludicrously contrasted with the gravity of their seniors, which might be presumed as delighting in the fun, but far too staid and wise to let it appear. There is a regard, however, to discipline; and whenever any foolish babe behaves decidedly ill, the mamma will be seen to jump into the throng, seize the offender by the tail, and administer exactly that extreme kind of chastisement which has so long been in vogue among human parents and human teachers.

That there is merriment—genuine human-like merriment—in many of the lower animals, no one can doubt who has ever watched the gambols of the kid, the lamb, the kitten, or of dogs, which

“Scour away in lang excursion,
And worry other in diversion.”

But there is something to be observed in these sports still more human-like than mere sport. The principle of *make-believe*, or jest as opposed to earnest, can be discerned in many of their merry-makings. A friend of mine one day observed a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, and giving her a little pat on the cheek every time it passed. This must have been done

as a little practical joke. It may be added, that the cat stood it for some time very tranquilly; but at last, appearing to get irritated by the iteration of such absurd procedure, she gave her offspring a blow on the side of the head, that sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room. The kitten looked extremely surprised at this act of mamma, as considering it very ungracious of her not to take the joke in the way it was meant. The same gentleman has observed similar fun going on in a department of the animal kingdom certainly far below the point where we would have expected it; namely, among spiders. He has seen a little spider capering about its parents, running up to it, and then away again, so as to leave no doubt upon his mind that the creature was making merry. Ants, too, have their sports. They pat each others' cheeks, wrestle and tumble, and ride on each others' backs, like a set of schoolboys.

The *kindly social acts of animals*, among themselves and towards mankind, form the next series of phenomena to which I would direct attention. Burns justly eulogizes, as a high virtue, the being disposed to hold our being on the terms, “Each aids the others.” It is the grand distinction of human society, to interpose for the comfort and protection of each other in needful cases. Many families of the lower animals are indifferent on such points; but others are not. It is not yet many months since some workmen, engaged in repairing the cathedral of Glasgow, observed an unusual concourse of sparrows coming regularly to a hole in one of the slanting walls, and there making a great ado, as if feeding some birds within. Curiosity being at length excited, the men proceeded to examine the place, and found that a mother bird, after the flight of her brood, had got her leg entangled in some of the threads composing her nest, so that she was kept a prisoner. The leg was visibly swollen by the chafing produced by her efforts to escape. In this distressing situation the poor bird had been condoled with and fed by her fellows, exactly as a human being might have been in similar circumstances.

Not long before that time, in the pleasure-grounds of Rannoch Lodge in Perthshire, a little field-bird was observed by the gamekeeper to wound itself by flying against one of the so-called invisible fences; whereupon a companion, not stated to have been a mate, came and sat beside it, as it were sighing and sobbing, careless whether he himself was caught—which was easily done by the spectator of the scene. He took home the two birds, and had them carefully attended to, till the wounded bird had a little recovered; he then set them both at liberty; and, to pursue the narrative of a local newspaper, “nothing could have been more touching than the affectionate solicitude with which the one watched the progress of the other—now lending it a wing, and again cheering it while it rested, until both were at length lost to the view of the kind-hearted gamekeeper.”

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are the daily habits of some creatures. The dugong, a whale-like animal, but herbivorous, has the social feeling so strong, that, when one is harpooned, the others flock around, regardless of their own danger, and endeavor to wrench out the weapon with their teeth. In what is this different from a soldier shielding a comrade, or endeavoring to rescue him from being of his

wounds on the field of battle? Of the many anecdotes told respecting rational-looking proceedings of animals for the benefit of each other, I shall adopt one related by Monk Lewis in one of his letters. "About ten days ago, [writing in Jamaica,] one of the farm-keeper's wives was going homeward through the wood, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped, and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it, till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavored to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood quietly by, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together."

The same measures have often been adopted by dogs on account of a master who has fallen into any kind of trouble. Leaving him, they run home, scratch at the door, and, on gaining admittance, pull the skirts of wife or servant, to induce her to come to the spot for his relief. The horse, too, sometimes shows this species of sagacious kindness. Not three months before the time when this paper was written, the horse of a man called Graham, belonging to the Stainmore collieries, came home in the evening without him. According to a local chronicler, the animal "proceeding direct to the house-door, and commenced neighing, and seemed greatly distressed. Being a docile, playful animal, Graham's family did not at first take much notice of its complaints, not thinking but that Graham himself was not far distant; he, however, not arriving in a short time, and the horse still continuing its wailings, they became a little alarmed, and a person was therefore despatched on the road in search of him. He was found lying on the road near Coupland Beck, a distance of two miles from Appleby, with his head severely cut, and in an insensible state. The evening was extremely cold, and a pinching frost having set in, he would doubtless have perished had he lain much longer." It appeared that the poor man had fallen asleep, and in that state tumbled from his cart.

The sense of *duty* is another of the human-like characteristics of animals, and one of those best known. A dog will take a trust, and fulfil it as well as a man. A very affecting instance was presented about two years ago by a female dog belonging to a shepherd near Dunning in Perthshire. The man had bought for his master, at Falkirk, four score of sheep, which he immediately despatched homewards, *under the care of his dog alone*, though the flock had to go seventeen miles through a populous country. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two farther; then, allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her young ones, and taking charge of the

flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the poor animal on the road. It is painful to add, that she did not succeed in bringing her offspring alive to her master's house. As a pendant to this tale, take one relating to a Newfoundland dog, which lived a few years ago with a family in one of the southern States of the American Union, and which had rescued one of its master's daughters from drowning. The family had to proceed in a schooner for the city of St. Augustine: they had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. To quote a newspaper narrative:—"They whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel, looking back upon the city, which they had probably left forever, when suddenly Towser was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass, they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropped somewhere upon the road down to the vessel, and which he now recollected, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked piteously around upon the bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and leapt boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind, until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat, and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter; and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her entreaties to those of her father, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage; he was deaf to every appeal of humanity; kept obstinately on his course; and the better animal of the two followed the vessel until, his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows."

The high degree in which animals are susceptible of *attachment*, needs little illustration; for every one knows the dog and horse. One is, however, less struck by the general fact, that these animals, and some others, devote themselves to a kindly and servile association with man, than by the particular friendships which certain animals form with individuals of our species, as if from some peculiar, though inscrutable election of qualities, or, it may be, merely from accidental contact. We can even, in some instances, see this attended by a demonstration of an *ould lang syne* feeling, such as usually attends the rencontres of human friends long separated. For example—A few years ago, a sailor, entering a show of wild beasts at Plymouth, was surprised to find a tiger very much agitated at his approach, acting always with the greater violence the nearer he came to its cage. The keeper, to whom he pointed out the circumstance, remarked that the beast must either be greatly pleased, or as much annoyed. Upon this the sailor went close up to the den, and, after a few minutes, during which the animal lashed its sides with its tail, and uttered the most frightful

bellowsings, he discovered that it was a tiger which had been brought home to England a few years before under his especial care. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognizing his old friend; and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, as he said, of "shaking a fist" with the beautiful animal, he was suffered so to do: the iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal appeared almost insupportable. Was not this the very same sentiment which makes us sing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" But animals of much lower grade will strike up friendships with men. There is an anecdote of a goose which became unaccountably attached to a farmer in Ireland, inasmuch that it raised a joke at his expense. One day it followed him to a court, which he was attending upon public duty, and so irritated was he, that he twisted his whip about its neck, and swung it round till he thought it dead. Some time after, when he was lying dangerously ill, he was horror-struck to observe the same goose looking in at his window. His daughter told him it had waited there, with an air of the greatest concern, during the whole time of his illness. Of course there was no standing this disinterested attachment, and the poor goose was instantly admitted into favor.

This predilection of animals for particular persons was once the means of deciding, very amusingly, a case before a court of justice. It was a Dublin police-office, and the object of dispute was a pet parrot, which had been stolen from a Mr. Davis, and sold to a Mr. Moore. The plaintiff, taking the bird upon his finger, said, "Come, old boy, give me a kiss," which the parrot instantly did. A youth in the defendant's interest, remarked that this proved nothing, as the parrot would kiss anybody. "You had better not try," remarked the plaintiff. Nevertheless the young man asked the parrot to kiss him. Poll, Judas-like, advanced as if to give the required salute, but seized the youth's lip and made him roar with pain. This fact, and the parrot's obeying the plaintiff in several other requisitions, caused it to be instantly ordered into the possession of its original master.

Human foibles, too, are participated by animals. The dog, I grieve to say, is capable of both envy and jealousy. A gentleman, calling one day upon Dr. Gall, at Paris, found that most original observer of nature in the midst of birds, cats, and dogs, which were his pets. "Do you think," said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, which were endeavoring to gain his attention—"do you think that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?" "Yes," said the other, "I have remarked their vanity frequently." "We will call both feelings into action," said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his arms. "Mark that mother's offended pride," said he, as he walked quietly across the chamber to her mat. "Do you think she will come if I call her?" "Oh yes," answered his friend. "Not at all." He made the attempt; but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavored to lick but an instant

before. "She will not speak to me to day," said Dr. Gall.* Not long ago, it was stated in a Plymouth newspaper that two dogs, a setter and a little spaniel, being kept in the same kennel, the larger animal manifested a great jealousy of the smaller. At length the little dog was missing, and the setter was found to have taken ill. The latter dying very quickly, was opened, when the little dog was found almost entire in its stomach.

Revenge is not a conspicuous animal passion. The incapacity of deep impressions is perhaps a preventive to it. But it is not quite unknown. James Hogg tells a story of a dog which was much annoyed by the persecutions of a larger animal of his own species, till one day he brought a still more powerful friend, which set upon, and gave the persecutor such a worrying, as served to deter him from his cruelty in future. Mr. Thomson, in his *Note-Book of a Naturalist*, relates a similar circumstance as occurring some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. "In the park are two large pieces of water divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question, a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water, and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot, and destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were, to a great extent, defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantage, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water."

An anecdote was lately given in a newspaper, which would show animals to be even capable of a sense of equity; but perhaps there is some exaggeration about it. A gentleman, visiting a menagerie at Penrith, found there a fine lioness with two cubs. While he was observing her, the keeper handed in a sheep's head to the cubs, which instantly began to quarrel over it, as if each desired exclusive possession of the prize. In the midst of the turmoil the lioness rose and advanced, and with two well-directed cuffs, sent them cowering into the corners of the den. She then lay down, and deliberately dividing the spoil into two equal parts, assigned one to each of her young ones; after which, without taking a morsel to herself, she retired, and lay quietly down again. If the fact was exactly as thus related, it certainly forms one of the most curious illustrations of animal humanity which we have on record.

But, it might be asked, what class of ordinary human actions is not imitated by animals? A gentleman comes home late at night, and uses the knocker to gain admission; a cat belonging to a friend of ours used to do the same. A weary pedestrian rejoices to get a cast in a passing omnibus; in the *Magazine of Natural History* (1833,) is an anecdote of a dog which, being in like cir-

* Medical and Physical Journal, November, 1839.

cumstances, came into such a vehicle on one of the London thoroughfares, and could not be induced to come out, till he voluntarily left it at a place which seemed to be his home. An innkeeper's son will take a drive for half a stage in one of his father's coaches, and come back in another; this also did Ralph, a famous raven of the Elephant and Castle public house; he knew all the coach-drivers who plied at that inn, and would take short jaunts on the coach-top with them, till he met some other coach coming the contrary way, when he would change coaches, and return. To pass to something very different:—The persecuted Covenanters, when met for worship in the lonely glens of Ayrshire, used to plant a sentinel to watch the approach of the dragoons. This also do the red-deer in the Highlands. The youngest of the herd is set to watch, while the rest browse; and if he leave his post, they butt him till he shows he is corrected. Men make hay—with and without favor of sunshine—knowing it is needed for winter store. The marmot of the Altaic mountains makes hay also, to serve as winter fodder. He plies it in stacks as high as a man, and the selection of herbs for the purpose is far beyond what human hay-makers can pretend to. "If at first you don't succeed," says the moralist, "try, try, try again." The spider did this nine times in the sight of the fugitive Bruce, and taught him to regain a kingdom. So also has the lion been seen, after failing in a leap at his prey, to go back to try it over again, though the prey was gone, as anxious to investigate the cause of failure, and to train himself up to the proper pitch of power for a future occasion. To emigrate for better subsistence and climate has been a practice of the human family since its earliest ages. It is now fully admitted that the migrations of animals are prompted by precisely the same motives. And as men, in the infancy of navigation crept along the shore, or navigated from headland to headland, or, in crossing, chose the narrow passes, and those which were assisted by intervening islands, so birds of passage adopt all these facilities. Those which move from Scotland to Ireland, proceed by the straits of Portpatrick. They wait for a side wind, too, to aid them. So also Capri is used as a resting-place in crossing the Mediterranean; as the bishop knows by the title of quails, which is said to form an important part of his revenue. In what, moreover, does the return of continental tourists in winter, each to his particular brick dwelling in London, differ from the resumption of particular residences by the swallows in spring? The absence of title-deeds and rent makes the only distinction. There is even some inscrutable means of communicating ideas amongst animals. The deer, in the anecdote already given, must have had a talk about the swans. Even creatures of different families, as cows and horses, have been ascertained to interchange their thoughts.

There is a disposition amongst us to deny all that assimilates animals to ourselves, as if there were something derogatory in it. Miserable pride and delusion, to suppose there can be any good in battling off one of God's facts! When I hear of men endeavoring to extinguish the idea of animal intellectuality and sentiment, by calling it instinct, I am always reminded of the weak creatures of the desert, which get their heads into a bush, and then think that they cannot be seen. What imaginable benefit can there be in any such falsity! Rather let us acknowledge the beautiful and

ingenious qualities of animals, as they actually are, seeing in them the hand of a Divine author, and something which even we ourselves may occasionally imitate with advantage.

From Chambers' Journal.

ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

It does not seem to us many years since we read in the papers an obituary notice of Daniel Boone, the founder of the state of Kentucky. Need we say what Kentucky now is? A state as large as Scotland, fertile and beautiful, and containing not much less than a million of people. Yet the first white man who set himself down to live in this grand country, only died at the end of the reign of George III.; so rapidly does the world advance in some of its districts. Boone's history is interesting, because it realizes almost in our own day some of those first processes of civilization which, in the elder world, passed long before history existed. It is the story of Jew and Canaanite—as far as that was a mere conflict for land—brought almost before our living eyes.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over the broad woodlands which lay immediately beyond the mountains to the west of Virginia. It was a beautiful wilderness, known as yet only to the red Indian, but abounding in game and wild fruits, and whatever can form a temptation to man seeking for a residence. At that time there lived in Yadkin valley, in North Carolina, a hardy peasant of about thirty-seven years of age, a native of the county of Somerset in England, but long naturalized to America, and now married, with a family of several children. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting—a man who preferred to roam the mountain, and sleep in a cavern, or camp by a rushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fire-side. We say he was a born hunter; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a *bee-line* from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure, he could bear like any Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very man to act the part of pioneer. Two years before the above date, a man named Finlay had gone afar in the land of the red man upon a mercantile expedition. Him Daniel sought out, and learned that of a truth there was a country to the north-west where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. He meditated and dreamt upon it for a year, talked with his wife about it, who endeavored to drive it from his mind; and finally, tightening his belt, and putting a new edge upon his knife, he shouldered his rifle, bade his little family good-by, and, in company with five comrades, started in quest of the country of Kentucky.

Finlay led the way. For five weeks did the little band toil on and on through hill and valley, gushing stream and tangled woods, enduring all the inclemency of the elements, till at length they came to the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky. For months they hunted with success; but at length, in December, Boone and one of his companions fell into the hands of the Indians, from whom they only escaped by stratagem. On returning to their camp, they found it deserted by the rest. Determined to persevere, they remained in it, using great precautions against the hostile

Indians; until Squire, a brother of Boone, joined him with another man, and entered upon the same kind of life. A few months after, by the death of one man and the desertion of another, the two Boones were left alone; and thus they continued to be for several months, when Squire was compelled to return to the settlements for a supply of ammunition, and Daniel was left without a dog for company—the sole white man in all that vast region.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilization to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid; in a boundless wood, filled with subtle and cruel enemies; dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty store of ammunition; without a comrade, or the hope of one—and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before; constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase, appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and, as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this: the forests of Kentucky, at that early period, were filled with a species of nettle, which, being once trodden on, retained for a long time the impression of the foot, even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weeded the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it: it thus became to him a sure and easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. There is an anecdote of Boone, referable to a different period, which gives a striking idea of such a stealthy life as he now led. He had approached the Licking river from the west, at the same time that another adventurer, Simon Kenton, had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre, before he left the covert of the woods; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighborhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was, without revealing himself; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian, and a foe!

Squire Boone returned at the end of June, (1770,) and the two brothers continued to hunt together. Meanwhile a band called the Long Hunters, led by Captain James Knox, entered the territory on the south, and spent some time in it; but Boone knew nothing of their proceedings. He and his brother remained about the vale of the Kentucky till the ensuing March, and then returned home, in order to bring more settlers, including Daniel's family.

In the autumn, Boone was passing again into Kentucky, with five families besides his own, and forty other men, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked for as thunder from a clear sky, a band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squealed, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old "treed" instantly. A few moments decided the matter: the

whites were victors: but six dead men, and one badly wounded, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel's eldest son. The party retreated, and Boone spent another year in inactivity. During this time land-speculators and surveyors poured into the land of Kentucky, and roused the hostility of the Indians to a high pitch. A party of eight hundred of them were only saved from destruction by Boone's undertaking, at the request of the governor of Virginia, (the Earl of Dunmore,) to bring them off; in which duty he was perfectly successful.

The contention between the colonists and the mother country was now coming to a head; and it was in the midst of terrors, inspired by the policy of the British in employing the Indians as allies, that the colonization of Kentucky took place. James Harrod was the first to build a house in that region; this was in 1774. Then one Richard Henderson, a Carolinian, by Boone's assistance, made a treaty with the Cherokees for certain lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, where it was proposed to establish a colony. The ground had still to be fought for with other tribes; but, in spite of all obstacles, a fort of block-houses and cabins was planted in the summer of 1775, at Boonesborough—the pioneer working with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other. A sort of legislative council made laws for the new settlement, which was regarded as an offshoot from the state of Virginia.

Boone then returned to his family, which, with three others, he brought into Kentucky in September. The four women of this party—Mrs. Boone, Mrs. M'Gary, Mrs. Denton, and Mrs. Hogan—were the first of white complexion who entered the country—the "mothers of the west." The war just then breaking out, and all the horrors of Indian hostility impending, the heroism of these women deserves especial honor.

We pass over much detail as to the various settlements which were formed, and entirely overlook the doings of a remarkable man, George Rogers Clark, who had much to do with the infancy of Kentucky. It soon became necessary to keep a careful watch upon the movements of the Indians. All along the border the impression gained strength that the savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down and lay all waste. The hated race of "cabiners," those speculators who came out to obtain a pre-emption right by building a cabin and planting a crop; the wretched traders who were always wandering about the frontier; the hunters, who were revelling among the countless herds of game, now for the first time seen—all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations. And within these stations men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumors of natives seen here and there; and parties of the bold rangers tightened their belts, and left the protection of their forts, to learn the truth of these alarms. But there was one who sat at such times silent, and seemingly unheeding, darning his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by daylight to reconnoitre: silently he sat working until nightfall. Then noiselessly he went: none saw

him go. But when they observed him gone, they would say, "Now we shall know something sure, for old Daniel's on the track." And when, by and bye, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he reëntered the cabin, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace.

In July the storm broke upon the poor colonists, most of whom fled before the wrath of the Shawanese and Cherokees, leaving only a few determined little bands in the forts. It was a terrible time; yet Daniel Boone was never dismayed. One day his daughter and two other young girls were amusing themselves in a skiff on the Kentucky, while several of the male settlers looked on. Suddenly they felt the boat taking a direction for the opposite shore. A lurking Indian had swum in, and caught hold of it, and the poor children quickly found themselves prisoners amongst a band who had posted themselves in a little thicket close to the river. The settlers heard their scream as they were caught and hurried off. It was some time before Boone, and a little party of friends, could cross to commence a pursuit, so that the Indians got the start for several miles. At daybreak he recovered their trail, but soon lost it again in a thick wood, to penetrate which would have sadly impeded him. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss: turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more; then turning at right angles towards the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one; for, after going a few miles they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspired with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly, but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared that, if their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and his companions fired, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly, as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, moccasins, or blankets; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

For two years the gallant Kentuckians maintained their posts amidst incredible hardships and dangers. It became difficult to supply themselves with food, as there was hardly any safety for cattle; and in hunting, men were frequently cut off by the prowling enemy. One day, as the women of Logan's fort were milking the cows, attended by a guard of men, the Indians made a sudden attack, and killed several persons. Such incidents were very harassing. The commander of this fort, after being beleaguered by the savages for some weeks, found himself running short of pow-

der and shot, so that, unless relief should come soon, it seemed inevitable that they should have to surrender. The required ammunition could only be got two hundred miles off, across a wild and mountainous country. Yet he resolved to make the attempt; and he succeeded. Over mountain and vale, through tangled wood and brake, this man sped his way with two companions, and on the tenth day he was once more within the fort. It is pleasant to know that the party was thus able to hold out till relieved.

At the beginning of 1778 there were but three stations left, containing in all a hundred and ten men; but the Indians had been baffled, and forced to retire behind the Ohio; so that a small breathing-time was afforded to the settlers. At this time Boone was compelled to go, with thirty men, to the Blue Licks, in order to prepare salt for the use of his people. He had succeeded so far in his object, when a band of Indians fell upon him as he was hunting singly in the woods. He fled, but was soon overtaken, and made prisoner. His companions, obeying gestures made by him at a distance, surrendered, and the whole party was then marched off to a British post, where several officers interceded for the ransom of Boone, but without success, for the chief had taken a fancy to him, and determined to make him one of themselves. Boone was actually obliged, for some months, to act the part of a Shawanese Indian, and to affect a reconciliation to their habits. He was made a son in some family, and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. Yet, to appearance, he was cheerful and happy. He took his part in their games and romps; shot as near the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to do, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him; and smiled, in his quiet eye, when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the Long Knives. He grew into favor with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. After some months of captivity, he was called upon to accompany a salt-making party to Chillicothe; there he saw a body of 450 painted warriors, whom he guessed to be on their way to Boonesborough, to make final work of it. Could he do nothing to save his family and friends? It was 160 miles of wild country to Boonesborough, and not a friend by the way. Yet it was necessary he should try. So, on the morning of the 16th June, he stole away without any breakfast, leaving an Indian father and mother inconsolable for his loss. Over hill and valley he sped, for four successive days, forty miles a day, eating but one meal all the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough—and where was his wife? Why did she not rush to meet him? "Bless your soul," said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, "she put into the settlements long ago; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up, and was off to Carolina, to the old man's." There was no time for regrets, for the Indians were expected. Days, however, passed without showing them; and it was then ascertained that they were brought to a stand by his flight, believing that he must have given warning of their approach. Some weeks after, learning that the country was clear of the Indians, he start-

ed with a party of nineteen for the town on Paint Creek, intending probably to make some kind of reprisals. But this had nearly proved a fatal step, for, by the way, he suddenly popped upon an Indian party going in the contrary direction. Judging from this circumstance that a larger body must be on its way to attack the settlements, he immediately turned back; and it was well he did so just then, as he only got back a day before the Indians and British appeared in strength at Boonesborough.

It was on the 8th of August that, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered round the little fortress of logs, defended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Duquesne, on behalf of his majesty King George III., summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel had acknowledged in his journal, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for! and he especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents! Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance! And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. The British officers professed so much apparently sincere regret for this resolution, that Daniel was induced, after all, to come to a negotiation. It was to take place immediately beyond the walls of the fort, between nine of the garrison and a party of the enemy. To guard against treachery, the sharpest shooters stood upon the walls, ready to defend their friends. The treaty was made and signed; and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the palms of their new allies. Boone and his comrades must have looked rather queer at this proposal; but it seemed safer to accede than to refuse; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness; the whites drew back, struggling; the treachery was apparent. The rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost of the assailants of the little band; and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty-trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare; and opened a fire, which lasted ten days; though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

It was amidst such scenes that the foundation of the state of Kentucky was laid, by a mere handful of rough, but high-spirited men. The year '78

was the crisis of its fate. But for the stand then made, it would probably have been no part of the American Union. Animated by the reports of the courage of the first settlers, multitudes now poured in, and soon placed it beyond all danger. In the ensuing events, the conspicuous man was George Rogers Clark, who took the British governor, Hamilton, prisoner at Vincennes. It is undoubted, however, that the real hero of the settlement was he who had first entered upon it, and who had stood by it through all its earliest and worst struggles—Daniel Boone.*

This remarkable man closed his career in 1818, having lived to see Kentucky one of the most flourishing and populous states of the Union.

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, my dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like a winged bird,
When it bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves:
Some lines of care round both,
Perhaps he weaves:
Some fears, a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing;
Look, where your children start,
Like sudden spring;
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and thine!

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND THE JEWS.—The operation of the ukase, commanding all Jews to remove from the frontier, and relinquish their occupation as hawkers, will, it is believed, be delayed for four years; not, however, as the result of Sir Moses Montefiore's intercession, but because the scarcity, amounting nearly to famine, of several districts, the result of two successive bad harvests, (followed by insurrection and military occupation of the frontier,) renders Jewish activity, local knowledge, and erratic habits so advantageous to the Russian population, in the way of ferreting out and procuring supplies of provisions, as to make a suspension of the ukase a matter of good, if not necessary policy; and these circumstances were announced as likely to lead to the postponement of the infliction before Sir Moses had left London on his benevolent mission. It is, however, far from being improbable that the emperor will make a grace, not a virtue of necessity.—*Times*.

* Abridged from the North American Review for January, 1846.

From the Spectator.

MR. B. PHILLIPS ON SCROFULA.

THE subject of scrofula has inspired an interest less for its own effects, though they are bad enough in ruined health, diseased glands, and yet more painful affections, than for its supposed connexion with consumption. The tubercular deposit in the lungs has been held by the highest authority, as well as by popular opinion, to be merely a varied mode of that deposit in the glands of the neck, which, first swelling and then suppurating, not only injures beauty by its scar but leaves in legible hand-writing the warning of a tainted blood. This identity Mr. Phillips denies. After a minute examination of the anatomical characteristics and the statistics of consumption and scrofula, he says—

"I apprehend it has now been shown, by abundant evidence, that, with the exception of the deposit itself, which, whether found in the lungs or in a cervical gland—whether examined by the naked eye, by the microscope, or by chemical analysis—is very similar, the circumstances attendant upon the development of scrofula and phthisis are widely different. In scrofula, the gland undergoes considerable change, inflammatory in its nature, before the matter is deposited in it; in the lung we commonly find the tissue around a recent tubercular deposit unchanged by inflammation. We find, further, that in districts where the causes of phthisis act with most intensity, those of scrofula fall lightest; that the age when the ravages of scrofula are most keenly felt is precisely that when the visitation of phthisis is least to be apprehended; that the sex which suffers most severely from one of those diseases is least affected by the other. And beyond all this, there is the fact, that among the numerous victims of phthisis, at least eighteen out of every twenty exhibit no marks of having suffered from scrofula. It seems to me, therefore, that these facts constitute so clearly-marked a difference between the two affections, that it will be most convenient, most conducive to scientific correctness, to consider them as affections possessing a certain general similarity of character, but no identity."

It is probable that there is more of distinction than of difference here. According to actual constitution, influencing circumstances, and the intensity of the cachexia, (bad habit of body,) the strumous blood may sometimes end in one form of disease, sometimes in another. If all circumstances tend to produce scrofula in the direct form, the patient possibly dies before the age of consumption; if the virus, or whatever it be, remain latent longer, the lungs alone may become the seat of the deposit, and the morbid anatomy be differently modified. This is not the only occasion in which Mr. Phillips runs apparently counter to received opinion. He denies hereditary disease, (except in two disorders, where the affection is present at the birth,) though he admits that parents may transmit a weakly constitution, in which scrofula or any other disorder may be more readily set up. Unless he is also prepared to deny in individuals a constitutional tendency to one disease more than another, we cannot admit the cogency of his view. Likeness and character we all know are transmissible, though not always transmitted, and sometimes so strongly that we recognize a son by some trifling act of deportment; but it would scarcely be philosophical to deny the transmission of paren-

tal manner because an infant does not bow at its birth.

The fact is, we know no more of physics than we do of metaphysics; it is mere observation or reflection upon results, causes being altogether hidden. Why do the same circumstances induce one disease in one man, and in another some different disorder? We may say it is a constitutional disposition or predisposition: which is a truth in one sense; but, beyond such obvious considerations as stature, muscular development, and vigor, we cannot tell what this constitution is, still less what causes it, unless we take refuge in "organization;" when the same puzzle will remain if we seek for a further resolution. We do not even know what disease is, other than by reference to its results, still less what produces it. Mr. Phillips admits that he cannot tell the *modus operandi* of the medicine he administers. It savors of pedantry to deny the existence of a thing because the nature of the case does not admit of its being directly proved by positive evidence. Upon these two points Mr. Phillips resembles those philosophers who class a constitution with a law-deed, and require it to be produced for inspection.

In all other matters Mr. Phillips is remarkably free from narrowness or prejudice; and his treatise on Scrofula is entitled to great praise, as containing the results of elaborate research, extensive inquiries, and considerable observation. Perhaps his resuscitation of ancient opinions and practices, as well as his notices of former superstitions on the "evil," may be pushed too far, as encumbering the reader with dead matter. But it renders the treatise more complete, and collects together a good deal of curious reading, neatly and briefly compiled. The statistics are voluminous, and sometimes rather collateral than direct; but they bring together from many quarters—British, Continental, American, and Colonial—a large amount of well-selected matter, bearing upon health, parentage, diet, and so forth, as relating to scrofula; leading to the conclusion that our island is not preëminently obnoxious to the complaint; and that the percentage ratio of deaths from consumption is reduced, according to our only evidence, the bills of mortality. Thus,

In 1750, the deaths from consumption were 1 in 144	
1801,	1.. 154
1811,	1.. 194
1821,	1.. 233
1833,	1.. 258

The statistical research also throws up some information respecting the past and present condition of the people; which Mr. Phillips thinks, with Dr. Twiss, has advanced; but he doubts whether the improvements in towns, recommended by the poor-law commissioners, will prevent death at anything like the rate which Mr. Chadwick asserts, (however excellent and proper they may be in themselves); destitution, and not dirt or foul air, being the real cause of the low expectation of life among the poor.

The more strictly medical view of Mr. Phillips on scrofula may be stated thus. He considers the deposition of scrofulous matter (a cheesy sort of substance found in various glands) as the only sure test of scrofulous disease: till then it is rather a constitutional disposition or taint than actual scrofula, at least such as we have *proof* of.

"In a constitution favorable to the deposit of scrofulous matter, I believe there are no features,

in the absence of the tumor, so constant and so conclusive as to justify a reliance upon them in pronouncing an opinion whether a constitution be scrofulous or not. It is certain that the ordinary tests are fallacious: I know that the major part of them may be observed, again and again, without any other evidence that the constitution is tainted with scrofula. We may even have enlarged glands, while no product such as that which I have alluded to is deposited; although, in the absence of any source of irritation, enlarged subcutaneous glands constitute grounds for grave suspicion that the constitution is scrofulous. Thus, whatever may be the constitutional peculiarity, however marked may be the general physiognomy by what is called the scrofulous diathesis, we have no certain sign of the existence of the disease until sufficient evidence can be obtained that the deposit has taken place. The constitution may suffer long before such a deposit is made, and the glands themselves may be swelled without presenting in their substance a scrofulous deposit: indeed, the deterioration of the system proceeds so slowly, that although the tendency be directly onwards from the period when the gland is simply enlarged to that when the deposit would ordinarily occur, in that interval favorable or unfavorable circumstances may be experienced, and no deposit may take place: on the one hand, the constitution may improve and the glandular swelling may subside; on the other, the ailing child's life may be cut short by other diseases before the proof of scrofula is complete.

"In childhood, the time necessary for the perfect development of the disease is, I believe, very long; so long as to build up the whole body with bad materials. In adult life, the time is still more considerable; so that, although in each case, the causes of the disease may be efficient, their influence may not be continued long enough to bring about such a change in the constitution as fits it for the development of scrofula; and if they be not so continued, the swelling glands may subside, and the person may escape the deposit, or, the causes of ill health becoming more intense, he may die of some more acute disease."

"The cause of the scrofulous deposit, Mr. Phillips thinks, is to be found in a depraved state of the blood; this much is certain, that the blood of a scrofulous person undergoes a change. Whether this change "does really stand to scrofula in the relation of cause," he says, "I cannot conclusively prove, though I believe that it does." Could it be proved, however, there would still be the further questions—Do circumstances cause the change? or do they induce changes in the body, that act upon the blood? does the depraved blood act directly by depositing the particles with which it is charged, or previously let down the constitution, and indirectly prepare the glands for the reception of the foreign matter. The primary if not the sole cause of scrofula, in the opinion of Mr. Phillips, is insufficient nutrition—deficient or improper food; and to food alone he looks for a cure. Change of air and change of scene are useful as aids; treatment may correct deranged health, or assist the digestion, weakened or impaired; certain medicines, during the fine season (from May till October) may improve the scrofula, though the patient would probably have improved as much without them; but as soon as use has blunted or exhausted the effects of these things, the patient will fall back

to his former condition, unless he can be *efficiently nourished*. Hence, with the poor the case is almost hopeless.

This, of course, is only to be received as the merest outline of the writer's views: the filling up involves many questions on the nature of the disease, and its preventive management and treatment, which somewhat qualify the general proposition laid down so broadly as we have laid it: good air and exercise, for example, enabling a person to struggle against the taint better than one whose concomitants as well as his food are deleterious. Many curious conclusions and useful hints are also thrown out in the course of the discussion; of which we quote a sample.

INFANT SCHOOLS.

"A great social experiment is now in progress, from which most important consequences must follow. The truth seems deeply fixed in the minds of thinking men, that the character of our people is to be determined by the education or mental training they receive in childhood; and as the conviction is strong that the work cannot be begun too early, children are collected into infant schools almost as soon as they can walk. And as I have had large opportunities (by which I have endeavored to profit) of estimating the effect of such training upon the bodily health of the child, I will now express the conviction at which I have arrived.

"I believe, then, the effect is prejudicial. I know that the health of those infants who are suffered to amuse themselves as they please during the day, is better, *ceteris paribus*, than that of those children who have been for many months regular attendants at infant schools. And the reason of the difference I apprehend to be this, that in children the blood is vigorously circulated through the entire frame by means of the exertion of the muscular system; and this exertion of the muscular system can only be maintained by providing such amusement as will keep the body in motion. The listless walk around the school-rooms, though repeated many times a day, will not quicken the heart's action, and will not warm the hands and feet. And so long as the hands and feet and the surface of the body remain cold for many hours of every day, so long the child will have congestion of some internal organs; and a state of permanent disease is readily induced, digestion is ill-performed, nutrition is defective; and if this state of things be long-continued, scrofula may be the consequence."

THE STRUMOUS IN THE FIELD.

"There is commonly a general want of tone and energy in the solids which incapacitates the sufferer for proper exercise; the muscular system is quickly exhausted, and incapable of sustained exertion—this is a consequence of impaired nutrition. The splendid-looking corps of Dutch Grenadiers, which constituted, when on parade, so distinguished an ornament of Napoleon's army, and which was said to be greatly tainted with scrofula, suffered more from fatigue, cold, and hunger, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, than any other portion of the French army; few of them, indeed, survived the retreat. It is a matter of remark in the army, that fair, lymphatic-looking men, apparently enjoying brilliant health, frequently present a dragged, broken-down appearance, after two or three days' severe marching."

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE copy from the New York Express a notice of the death of an old and true friend, to whom we have often been indebted for counsel and encouragement—and whose aid was effectually given to us in establishing the "Living Age."

DEATH OF THE VENERABLE THEODORE DWIGHT.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we announce the death of this venerable and worthy man, aged 81 years. He died at the house of his son, Theodore Dwight, jr., this morning, at 4 o'clock, after an illness of a few weeks. For a number of years he had enjoyed unusually good health, with the exception of a rheumatic affection, which caused him to be quite lame. The death of his wife, a few weeks since, also at a very advanced age, and with whom he had lived more than half a century, had the effect to depress his spirits, and he had rarely left the house since. About two weeks ago, he became so prostrate that he has been confined to his bed, since which, without any painful disease, he had become weaker and weaker, until he breathed his last, surrounded by all his children. In his last illness he has been favored with the full vigor of his mind, and has enjoyed, in an unusual degree, the consolations of the Christian religion, which was the rule and guide of a long life. Mr. Dwight has filled a wide space in public affairs, having been an editor of a paper for nearly half a century. He was, since the death of Major Benjamin Russell, formerly of the Boston Sentinel, and Mr. Goodwin of the Hartford Courant, probably the oldest editor living. He was born at Northampton, in 1765. His mother, the daughter of President Edwards, during the trying scenes of the Revolution, was his principal instructor; his brother, the late President Timothy Dwight, of Yale College, being absent as chaplain in the revolutionary army.

His father, about the year 1778, was a pioneer down the Mississippi, and died near Natchez. At the close of the Revolution he entered his uncle's office, the late Judge Pierpont Edwards, as a student at law; and having finished his course, he settled at Hartford, where he soon rose to the head of his profession. He was a great favorite of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, and when that eminent jurist was appointed minister to France, he selected Mr. Dwight to be his private secretary, a post, however, which he declined. Early in life, he was associated with Lemuel Hopkins and Richard Alsop, in a series of poetical numbers, under the title of the Echo and Green House, and which appeared in the Hartford Mercury. They were political and satirical, and were considered of a high order. Mr. Dwight, although in some degree celebrated as a poet, rarely indulged in that branch of literature. He directed his pen more to political writing, and, in high Federal times, became very prominent. He was a great admirer of the politics of Washington and his principles. Being a ready debater and writer, he came into public life early, and was very popular. For a great number of years he was a Senator in the state of Connecticut, and about the year 1809, was elected to Congress. He was a prominent speaker on the floor, and often received the commendations of John Randolph, for his eloquence.

He took a leading part in the debate on the bill for the suppression of that abominable traffic, the

Slave Trade, and it was one of the most gratifying acts of his life, that he was permitted to vote for the final abolition of a trade which had so long disgraced our country. Neither his increasing business at home, nor his habits permitted him to be absent from his family, and he resigned a seat where he had shone most conspicuously. Such was his talent for writing, that before the Evening Post was established, his friends Alexander Hamilton, Oliver Walcott, and other leading Federalists, selected him to preside over the columns of a journal, about to be established, which offer was declined, and William Colman was selected in his place. His pen was not permitted to remain idle, and under the advice of Timothy Pickering, George Cabot, James Hillhouse, Roger Griswold, and other distinguished men, he was called to conduct a Journal at Hartford, the Mirror, and which was the leading political journal in that State during the war.

When the celebrated Hartford Convention assembled, Mr. Dwight was selected to be their secretary, which duty he performed with signal fidelity. The selection was most fortunate, in one particular at least, as he afterwards published to the world the history of that celebrated body, which will always be the leading work in the events of those times.

We believe that, with the exception of Harrison Gray Otis, and perhaps one other member, he was the last survivor of that body of distinguished men.

After the close of the war, viz., 1815, he was induced by the leading federal gentlemen of this State, Stephen Van Renaselaer, Judge William W. Van Ness, Abin. Van Vechten, Elisha Williams and others, to commence the Albany Daily Advertiser, the first daily paper ever started in Albany. After two years' experiment, a favorable opportunity offered for establishing a journal in this city, and in 1817 he united with the writer of this article in publishing the New York Daily Advertiser, and continued associate editor and proprietor until the great fire of 1836, when he relinquished his interest in the concern, and retired, with his family, to Hartford, where he has lived until the last three years, the latter portion of which he has resided with his son.

For the period of about forty years, he was a prominent editor, and rarely passed a day without writing at least one article for the paper. There is probably no man living who has written and published so much as the subject of this article. Nor have we ever known a person to write with greater facility. He had schooled himself to write so correctly, that he never read over his article after it was written, either to correct the sentiment or to prepare it for the press. When he finished the last word, the whole was completed, rarely to be altered.

He was a great student, to the very last. His whole time, when absent from his business, was spent with his family, and always in reading. He rarely visited even his friends, and never, on any occasion, went to a place of amusement.

He made it a rule never to omit reading, daily, a portion of the Scriptures, which were always the rule and guide of his life.

His flow of spirits was most extraordinary, and his flashes of wit were unsurpassed. His society was the most charming that could possibly be conceived.

His knowledge of the political history of this

country, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to within a few years, was perhaps not unequalled. He was the personal friend of every prominent Federalist, from John Adams the elder, to the period when that party became disbanded; and there was, perhaps, no man whom they depended on more to advocate their principles, than Mr. Dwight. The friend and companion of Pickering, Fisher Ames, Rufus King, Gov. Griswold, Goodrich, Oliver Ellsworth, Alexander Hamilton, and a host of great men, must have had talents and character of a high order. He was, indeed, among the last of those talented men and pure patriots.

Mr. Dwight was one of the purest men we have ever known. He never uttered a thought or wrote a word he did not implicitly believe. He never adopted the sentiment that "the end justifies the means." He was a sincere and devoted Christian and a patriot. His writings were always on the side of sound morals—he was a friend to law and order, and always sustained the institutions of our country.

He was one of the founders, and for a great number of years an active director, of the American Bible Society, and first drew up the project of erecting the buildings the society now occupy, which, in accordance with his plan, were put up, principally, if not wholly, by gifts made by wealthy individuals. As a father, husband, and friend, he was one of the kindest and most devoted that ever filled these relations. Thousands, who have read his writings and admired his talents, will read the account of his death with sincere regret.

It is a source of great satisfaction to know, that in his last hours he was sustained, in his hopes and confidence, by a merciful Saviour.

The conclusion of the Oregon Treaty with Great Britain, upon terms honorable to both nations, is an event of the utmost importance to them; and as we think it an indication of the future policy of Great Britain toward the United States, we look forward to a time when we may allow, without check, the full flow toward that nation of all the kindred feeling which parentage, common habits, and a common literature so naturally create.

Here is the beginning of another step to closer intimacy. We copy from the New York Tribune

FREE NAVIGATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In the Montreal Weekly Pilot we find an account of a curious discussion in the legislature of the Canadas, on an address to Queen Victoria, proposed by W. H. Merritt, a native of the United States, of the loyalist party, in which it was proposed to make the navigation of the River St. Lawrence free to the ships of all nations, on the same terms as the schooners, &c., of the United States now pass between Lakes Erie and Ontario—through the Welland Canal.

The free navigation of the St. Lawrence was an object anxiously sought after by Messrs. Adams and Clay's administration. Not much is now said about it, but on or near its banks, or the margin of the great lakes, some four or five millions of American citizens have their homes.

Mr. Moffat, a Scotch merchant, representing Montreal, I believe, was in favor of opening the

St. Lawrence to the Americans. He read a dispatch from government to show that it was willing if the measure could be shown to be advantageous.

Mr. W. B. Robinson, brother to the chief justice, believed if the St. Lawrence were to be opened, as the St. John's had been, cargoes would be taken from the West, in the summer months, to Maine and Boston.

The solicitor general (Sherwood) thought that if a measure were proposed by which Canadian vessels could carry on the United States trade, via the St. Lawrence, he would consent to it; but as to a free navigation, the Americans protected their shipping interests.

Mr. Viger (president of the executive council) "was decidedly opposed to admitting American vessels to enter into competition with Canadian. He considered that the man who would allow a foreign power to exercise the sovereignty of its waters would be a traitor to his country." [Mr. V. was confined eighteen months in Montreal jail, on suspicion of being "a traitor to his country," and he is now ready to prove his loyalty by branding others with treason!]

Mr. Baldwin, of Toronto, said, that the more trade the better; and if by opening the St. Lawrence to the Americans we can increase the traffic, the benefit will be ours. As to Mr. V.'s objections, many European rivers were freely navigated by different nations, and it was only proposed to allow the Americans the privileges on a great river which had been already conceded to them on the Welland Canal.

Mr. Cayley supposed it possible that Mr. Merritt wished to carry this address, as a mere threat to frighten the British government.

This subject is continued in the following extracts from the Liverpool correspondent of the Evening Mirror, who is reporting and commenting upon the speech of Lord Stanley against the new corn bill:

"My lords, I say again, that upon this very system of protection rests the whole of your colonial system. I say it rests upon it far more than pecuniary reasons. (Hear, hear.) I know very well the political economists say, 'Cast off protection—let there be free trade all over the world—give full advantages to free trade—let us have no protection imposed for the maintenance of our colonies—cast the colonies away.' My lords, I say adopt that system—I do not doubt the loyalty of the colonies—I do not doubt even their attachment; but I say you shall then have done all in your power to weaken the attachment, to loosen the bonds which tie the colonies to the mother country. Once grant commercial independence, and you may rely upon it, they have made a step towards political independence. I speak of your colonies: you have thrown them open to all other nations; you tell the emigrant who quits your shores, that from the time he leaves England, though he may settle in the British colonies, that he is no more to us than the Frenchman, the Dutchman, the German, or the American—(hear, hear)—you say to him and to your colonists, 'You are entitled to no favor from us; we will give you no protection; don't seek our help; trade with any other country you think fit; you are as much connected with them as with us.' (Hear.)"

His lordship then alluded in much stronger terms to the dispatch which had just been received by the government from Lord Cathcart, the governor general of Canada. For myself I do not apprehend the results which he predicted are very near at hand. The remonstrance, however, coming from such a quarter, has given rise to various surmises. Remarkable as are the circumstances under which this dispatch is published, they are not more remarkable than its contents. Lord Cathcart says :—

“The improvement of the internal communications by water in Canada was undertaken on the strength of the advantage of exporting to England our surplus wheat and flour by Quebec. Should no such advantage exist, the revenue of the province to be derived from the tolls would fail. The means of the province to pay principal and interest on the debt guaranteed by England would be diminished, and the general prosperity of the province so materially affected, as to reduce its revenue derived from commerce, thus rendering it a possible case that the guarantee given to the public creditors would have to be resorted to by them for the satisfaction of their claims.

“The larger portion, nearly all of the surplus produce of Canada, is grown in the western part of it, and if an enactment similar in principle to the duties drawback law should pass Congress, permitting Canadian produce to pass through the United States for shipment, and the English market was open to produce shipped from American ports on as favorable terms as if shipped from Canadian ports, the larger portion of the exports of Upper Canada would find its way through the canals of the State of New York, instead of those of Canada, rendering the St. Lawrence canals comparatively useless. The effect of the duties drawback law has been to transfer the purchase of sugar, tea, and many other goods to New York, from whence nearly all of these articles for the supply of Upper Canada are now imported.

“Should such a change in the export of Canadian produce take place, it will not only injure the Canadian canal, and forwarding trade, but also the shipping interest engaged in carrying these articles from Montreal.

“A change in the corn laws, which would diminish the price the Canadian farmers can now obtain, would greatly affect the consumption of British manufactures in the province, which must depend on the means of the farmers to pay for them. An increased demand and consumption has been very perceptible for the last two years, and is mainly attributable to the flourishing condition of the agricultural population of Upper Canada.

“Even if a relaxation of the system of protection in the colonies is to be adopted, it is of infinite consequence that it should not be sudden. The ruin that such a proceeding would cause is incalculable.

“The political consequences as to the government of the colony involved in the foregoing suggestions are sufficiently obvious, [viz., alienation from the mother country, and annexation to our rival and enemy, the United States,] as also must be those arising from the trade of Upper Canada being as it were transferred from Montreal to New York. This latter consideration belongs, however, less to the operation of the corn laws, though partially connected with that branch of the subject.”

The Rochester Democrat, publishes the following letter from Montreal :

The late English news in reference to the corn bill, is considered here as the greatest damper on the prospects of the Canadas than has ever taken place. The provinces cannot compete with the American States in exporting grain, for the very reason that grain is usually double from this port than from New York or Boston. Last fall, when flour was being shipped from the States to Liverpool, for 75 cents per barrel, it cost \$1 50 here, and the insurance paid on cargoes during October and November was 10 per cent—being six times as much as was paid in Boston.

The present sliding scale on grain in England, favors the Canadians 75 per cent. in duties, over the shipments from the United States. If Mr. Peel's bill becomes a law, Canadian products must be shipped through the United States, as it cannot be done by the St. Lawrence to compete with the American shipper.

This act of the British parliament had done more to foster a hostile feeling towards the mother country, than anything for years. Several of the defenders of the administration publicly expressed themselves, in language not to be misunderstood, that if Great Britain won't protect the interests of her colonies, she need not expect her provinces to exhibit loyalty. One leading member of parliament has intimated that it would better the condition of his constituency, if the Canadas were annexed to the United States.

The new drawback law now before our congress, to allow shipments of produce and merchandise from Canada, through the United States to England, is hailed with joy.

If that bill passes, all the products of Upper Canada will pass through the Erie canal, and those of Lower Canada will mostly go through Lake Champlain to New York, and thence to England.

Mr. Walsh, in his letter of 27 May to the National Intelligencer, gives us the complaint of the poor Chinese, and a French application of the doctrine of vested interests :

A few days ago I escorted two American gentlemen to the collection of Chinese articles sent by the French diplomatic mission and the commercial delegation to the department of agriculture and commerce. A permit from the secretary-general enabled us to inspect them before the stated hour of admission. One of my companions was fresh from the Celestial Empire, where he had passed twelve years, the other's residence was six. These competent judges pronounced the collection to be meagre and inferior, not better in any respect than a foreign or native merchant in Canton might casually have in his counting and store-rooms. There are specimens of Eastern tobacco and lump-tea, some peculiar tissues, and a number of sorry pictures. My general inference from all that I have heard and read (and we have very interesting communications from the French commissioners) is that a considerable time must elapse before French trade with China can become of any value and extent. Note the language of the Chinese authorities about Chusan, as reported in the latest advices from Hong Kong :

“In the treaty it is clearly stated that after receiving the total amount of twenty-one millions

of dollars, then the English should restore Ting-hai to China; but there is nothing said about giving it up after granting ingress to the city. Now they have received all the money, and yet can violate the treaty in giving back Ting-hai, which is insatiable covetousness; and moreover they eat their words, saying, let us enter the city, and then we will give up Ting-hai. This shows that they disregard good faith and equity; and are truthless. Setting aside the fact that the people will not permit them to go into the city, yet suppose they do so, still the English will not give up Ting-hai. And, in the third place, it is an old law of the country that foreigners should not enter the cities."

Macao has been declared by the Portuguese government a free port, but countervailing restrictions are imposed. The entry of tobacco is prohibited. Some of the London oracles rejoice in the information of a probable *sugar* crop in the *Punjab*, produce of *free* labor, the Sikhs being conquered.

On the 25th instant, a deputy summoned Mr. Guizot to report to the chamber what he was doing with the government of the United States in relation to the treaty of commerce which France had concluded with Texas, and by which advantages were stipulated for the importation of French products. The deputy regarded the treaty as still existing and operative under the law of nations. Mr. Guizot replied in terms which I shall proceed to translate for you from the official *Moniteur*:

"The question raised by the honorable member is, whatever he may think of it, very delicate and very difficult, and most of the precedents which might be adduced are contrary to the conclusion to which he seems to incline. He will excuse me from entering into any details at present; it is evidently for the interests of France that the treaty of commerce, which was concluded with Texas when independent, should be recognized by the United States, and should subsist notwithstanding the disappearance of Texas as an independent commonwealth. On this head we are in the same situation as England, who had also a special treaty with Texas; the question exists for her as well as for us. This question, I repeat, is very complex and difficult. We discuss it; we negotiate, and we support the interests of our country. But the honorable member cannot desire that interest should clash with right. I beg him not to insist at present; I do not wish to debate the matter here; that might prejudice the interests which I espouse."

The deputy rejoined:

"I shall not pursue the subject; but I must tell the chamber that I greatly fear that the solution of the case will not come, if ever there should be a solution, until after the treaty has been dead and buried."

Your department of state will no doubt do justice to the question, which is really important under the constitution and circumstances of our Union.

From the United States Gazette we copy a letter from a correspondent, whose speculations we have generally read with much respect: it gives a view, probably by a German, of the

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

Antwerp, May 14, 1846.

We are in possession of the latest news from America up to the 19th April, and the commercial

world and the stock exchange, the true indicators of political apprehensions, have remained perfectly quiet. Rely on it fully, the peace with Europe will not be disturbed by anything that will now occur in Mexico. Both England and France will remain quiet spectators in Mexico. The idea of placing an European prince on the Spanish throne is quite given up as impracticable, inasmuch as it would necessarily lead to a very great expense without doing any permanent good, or producing effects to be relied on for the next ten years. Mexico is inflated by European promises; but Paredes will probably learn to his sorrow that a diplomatic promise is not considered binding on any party, and that promises in diplomacy are always made with a mental reserve, "if the fulfilment shall be conducive to the interest of the promising party." Now it appears that the French-English alliance has for the present reached its culminating point, and it would be dangerous even for Louis Philippe to attempt to push it much further. Louis Philippe rules by the taste for money he has instilled into the French nation; and this taste may not be gratified by a war. A war, therefore, would be suicidal to his dynasty, and as the perpetuation of the latter is the great object of his life, war will not easily be attempted. Moreover, it is sufficient to look over the French Budget of 1847—over the new extraordinary credit that is to be opened to ministers, and on the fact, that the standing deficit amounts to about 40,000,000 francs, which absorbs annually an equal amount of the sinking fund—to perceive at once that the policy of France is for peace, and not for a contest with a great power. The interference of France and England in the affairs of Buenos Ayres cannot be put in the same parallel with an armed interference in the affairs of Mexico and the United States; for the demonstration against Rosas is purely local, while a war with the United States is certain at once to derange all the relations of commerce and navigation.

But the idea that France may join England in active operations against America is preposterous. Even now that war has actually broken out between Mexico and the United States, and the notice passed by the senate, the British press forbears to make any offensive remarks, if we except that stupid paper, "The Standard," which represents an obsolete clique rather than a respectable party in England. France has a sum of 1,000 millions of francs set aside for public works, and will require continued peace to cover her deficit in 1858 (!) England must prepare for financial difficulties, and a political and social revolution from the abolition of the corn laws. This is not the time to go to war, and to entangle beforehand that very commerce which the present administration mean to liberate. France requires the prosecution of her public works for her political safety; for they alone engage a sufficient number of the electors to place the ministerial majority beyond contingency. England must have full commerce if she would compete with her continental rival, and prevent dangerous combinations among her own subjects. It is needless to deny that one of the great inducements to the abolition of the corn laws is the dangerous union of the chartists with the anti-corn-law leaguers—the fact that the systematically starved have counted heads and found the immense disparity between the number of sufferers and oppressors. This is not the time to exact new sacrifices, to levy new taxes. The next general, seri-

ous war England engages in with a great power will not be paid for by the English *people*, but by wealthy classes who provoke it; and the wealthy classes of all countries are but too peaceably disposed to risk, readily, the certain for the uncertain. England has outgrown her youthful passions, and France is satisfying them in another way. It may have been the interest of these powers to sustain Mexico by words; but Mexico will soon discover that the thing was not meant as seriously as she took it. If they send any agents abroad to solicit aid, they will be advised paternally and in a friendly, neighborly manner to keep the peace, and if they want money they will have to submit to greater sacrifices to obtain it than were demanded by the United States to regulate the Texan frontier. Paredes, if no counter revolution is going on, will find that he has challenged a superior foe, and will at last submit to necessity. The whole matter, in this quarter, is looked upon as an episode, not more likely to trouble the peace of Europe than the annexation of Texas has done it. What reason, indeed, could Europe put forward to oppose the United States, after they submitted to the annexation, which is the alleged cause of war with Mexico? England and France had acknowledged the independence of Texas, and England and France admitted that Texas, if willing to be annexed, had a right to do with herself as she thought fit. After such a declaration, the idea of an armed interference is preposterous. England and France must have a better cause to interfere in American affairs, and less at stake to venture upon a similar experiment. On the part of England, a war with the United States partakes always more or less of the character of a civil war, and is accompanied by all its miseries; on that of France, would be unnatural and opposed to those interests which alone support the present dynasty.

As to the Oregon question it has ceased to alarm the good people of Europe, who dread a war at *least* as much as we do, and want nothing more than a speedy settlement of the vexatious question. The notice which has passed the senate has, as you will have seen from the prints, produced quite a favorable impression. It is looked upon as a measure of peace, not of war; and as simplifying, not perplexing the question. I have been of that opinion all along, though perchance you may have put little faith in my predictions. I have the pleasure to repeat to you the advance of the speedy abolition of the corn laws in the course of the regular business of both houses. I am afraid I look upon the probable effect of that bill, as very different from that which is generally anticipated. The changes which in my opinion, it is likely to effect, will be *more* of a political than a commercial character, and affect the internal organization of the British empire more than its foreign relations. If bread become cheap, and the manufacturers expect to lower wages in proportion, that is if the capitalists of England continue to look upon labor as merchandize to be regulated by demand and supply, and not as the act of human beings who in return for the same have a right to demand bread, and that bread in sufficient quantity to support themselves, the abolition of the corn law, will be but the forerunner of organic changes in the British constitution, or such violent agitation as will endanger the existing government. But if the wages of labor do not decrease, then the British manufacturer will not be able to undersell his con-

tinental competitor, and thus be the more dependent for his exchanges on the American market.

But whatever may take place, the power of the merchant and manufacturer which will be increased by the abolition of the corn laws, at the expense of the landed proprietors will not be wielded against us. Merchants and manufacturers cannot, from the nature of their business, forego an immediate and direct benefit for the sake of a distant contingency, and are therefore, not likely to break with their best customers, for the purpose of adding a few square miles of woodland to this or that territory. At present the power of the landed aristocracy of England, comprises not only the nobles, but all their respectable farmers, who, being entirely dependent on them for their loaves, are disposed of, politically, like the servants of the nobility. When the corn laws shall be abolished, rents will be governed by commercial principles—by the prices of corn generally, and not by the artificial standard fixed by a privileged class. Thus land will have a market value, regulated by demand and supply, and the relation of landlord and tenant will be changed into buyers and sellers. This will virtually emancipate the farmer and uncover the nobility. The latter will become an isolate class, stripped of the best part of its patronage, and incapable of dividing the community into two great halves, of which one was entirely devoted to their interests. The consequences of such a revolution are not easily foreseen, but they cannot but be tremendous, implying greater dangers for the safety of existing institutions, than any that might attend a forcible attempt to change the condition of the laboring class. If the English nobility consent to such an arrangement, they must consider their position altogether hopeless, and a formal denial only as the means of precipitating events. These considerations lead one to believe firmly in the continuation of peace. Whatever triumph may have followed British arms in distant climes, Great Britain cannot stand much more agitation within, and no foreign war she can wage, would bring these internal agitations so soon to a crisis, as one with the United States. I have now put the finger on the sore place, which is worth an army to America, and requires the presence of one in England. Remember the chartists' petition to parliament, embraced *four millions of signatures*, and these chartists are now, partially at least, moving with the anti-corn-law league.

The Polish revolution has lost its historical character, but continues still to operate powerful changes in political economy. The relation of landlord and tenants is about to be changed all over Galicia, and in part also in Bohemia, Moravia, and the Slavonian provinces of Hungary and Transylvania. The consequence may be an amelioration of the condition of the peasant; but the government, which has been hitherto the most aristocratic in Europe, has thereby assumed a hostile attitude to the nobility, which has thus far proved its main support. And the government, by giving to the peasant what it promised him, has lost its power of contenting him in future. But the best part of the whole conduct of Austria is that she is now again reduced to borrowing money to meet her current expenditures, and that, in all probability Austria is on the eve of another, her fourth State bankruptcy.

The condition of Russia is not much better. She, too, has to contract a new loan to repair her immense losses in the Caucasus, and to defray the

expenses of the annihilation of Poland. Russia may find amateurs on the various exchanges of Europe; but Amsterdam and Berlin, heretofore the bankers of the Czar, have declined henceforth to be distinguished by that honor.

Prussia has opened a vent to her difficulties by issuing 10,000,000 thalers through the bank of Berlin; but the measure is new, and may lead to embarrassments in the future. Let the cabinet at Berlin be once in the power of the moneyed men, and it will soon receive, not make, the laws of the country. No one has as yet conjured up the power of money without becoming in the end its slave. All constitutional governments of Europe, all revolutions in the old world, owe their origin to financial embarrassments. The deficit produced the convocation of the national congress, and even protestant Holland did not revolt against bigoted Spain till the exaction of the tenth penny! We wish Prussia luck on her setting out on her new career. It is quite time she should give up playing soldiers and take an active share in the appropriate improvements of the times.

It is now almost certain that Baron Roenne will, after all, resign the presidency of the newly organized chamber of commerce in Berlin, and that the director of imposts Mr. Kruse, will take his place. The latter is a free trader, and a most thorough creature of Great Britain. Political, not commercial motives, are supposed to be the origin of this movement. The King of Prussia, who is everything by halves, is afraid of lending his influence to a policy which might be considered as offensive to England, while, on the other hand, he is equally undetermined to assume publicly the part of an opponent of protection. In this unsettled state of things, the new Zollverein conferences convoked at Berlin do not promise to become very interesting, or decisive to German industry. Nothing serious will be attempted on either side. But it is quite likely the Verein itself may undergo some changes, the south uniting with Austria, and the north with Prussia, in a peculiar system of customs.

In proportion as the particulars of the contemplated constitution for Prussia become known, the project itself ceases to have any meaning. The Prussian parliament will contain advising, not deliberating members, who will talk, write and publish, but do nothing as becomes the philosophers of the Kepsic school. As an offset the liberal king—the comedian I mean—has ordered the extradition of the Polish prisoners who were not taken by the Prussians; but who voluntarily surrendered to Prussia, as the most civilized and enlightened of the three powers who had united to effect her ruin. This dastardly act of the impotent man has produced an incredible sensation in Germany; but the patience of the Germans will long endure what their hearts abominate, and their heads despise. The mean spirit of the king is the more reprehensible as he has of late been subjected to every species of humiliation from the Emperor of Russia, (his brother-in-law,) who first lectured him like a schoolboy, as to the best mode of governing his country, and then left him without ceremony; having since repeatedly visited almost every country in Europe except that of his brother-in-law, and having prohibited the empress on her return to St. Petersburg, to visit her brother in Berlin. So you see Prussia, as I always told you, is still wavering between England and Russia, but equally though not overtly opposed to France and the United States.

The revolutions in Spain and Portugal are again put down at much expense of blood and treasure; but it is difficult to tell the number of days and hours Isturiz is about to govern. I believe his days are numbered, and that Spain will not be quiet until the queen mother who sets her virgin daughter the most infamous example of political treachery and lewd debauch, shall have been banished the country. This is the opinion in part of the conservative journals of England and France, and shows the degree of moral detestation entertained for her life and character. Narvaez has gone as minister to Naples; the queen refusing the blood money he asked beforehand for undertaking to quell the insurrection. The species of negotiations however, remains unique in the annals of constitutional governments. Italy continues forcibly quiet, so is the rest of Europe by mere force. These governments are all the time sailing under high pressure; having at each stroke to overcome the resistance of the common medium, and yet there are many who believe that because a great power is active somewhere, that power must also be productive of corresponding results.

Of the Mexican war, the Spectator of the 30th May thus speaks:

The United States and Mexico are fairly at war. Mexico strikes the first blow; crossing the Texan frontier, and inflicting on the American general something very like defeat. General Scott and reinforcements of men and treasure are to be hurried to the boundary. Of course the United States will conquer eventually—that is, if they manage to avoid giving European states occasion to mingle in the quarrel; for, independently of superior determination of purpose, the United States could expend resources in the war, dollar for dollar, in a sanguinary game at “beggar my neighbor,” and bankrupt their antagonist without sustaining any vital injury. But there may be much trouble in the process: the wolf seems likely to find that *this* lamb may bite. And, biting or not, the slaughter will be costly. Congress has voted ten millions of dollars, and much more will be needed: voting money is easy, collecting it is a different matter. “Base is the slave that pays,” and brother Jonathan is no “nigger;” he detests paying taxes; and so congress must borrow. Borrow!—of whom? who will lend on American securities? The credit of Mexico herself is not so low in the European markets.

Pictures from Italy. By CHARLES DICKENS. (No. LXIII. of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.)

THE greater part of these descriptions, as the author informs us, were written on the spot, and sent home, from time to time, in private letters. As penned in the fulness of the subject, and with the liveliest impressions of novelty and freshness, they will be all the more acceptable to those who have been wearied out by the stiff and formal delineations contained in the great mass of books of travel, upon Italy especially. The peculiar life and humor of Mr. Dickens are everywhere agreeably exhibited. “If my book,” he says, “has even a fanciful and idle air, perhaps the reader will suppose it written in the shade of a sunny day, in the midst of the objects of which it treats, and will like it none the worse for having such influences upon it.”—*Protestant Churchman.*

From Chambers' Journal.

HORACE MANN'S EDUCATIONAL TOUR.

SOME of our readers may recollect an account of the *Rauhe Haus* of Hamburg, which appeared in the *Journal* for 30th August last year. It was extracted from a report on education in Europe, written by Mr. Horace Mann, the Secretary of the Board of Education in the State of Massachusetts. We are glad to find that this remarkable document has now been reprinted for the British public, under the care of Dr. Hodgson, principal of the *Mechanics' Institution* of Liverpool.* It is the production of such a mind as, unfortunately, we see but rarely devoted to the subject of education; one expressing, we would say, the highest tone of moral and intellectual culture, and yet as careful respecting the practical details of its subject, as it is profoundly reflective on general aims and results.

The immediate object of Mr. Mann in his tour was to describe teaching arrangements, and modes in use, in European countries, which he thought might be advantageously transferred to his own. His report is therefore mainly of a practical character, and calculated to be directly useful to teachers, and all who have any charge in educational institutions; for which reason we strongly recommend the present volume to their attention. Yet such is the character of the author's mind, that the whole reads like a philosophical treatise.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with memoranda on the schools of Germany, which Mr. Mann describes as superior to the character of the existing institutions of the country, but such as must soon force improvements in these, whether the governors choose or not. We cannot go into any comprehensive view of this subject; but the reader, we think, may obtain some idea of the interest which the author imparts to all his details, by the following account of the manner in which he found geography taught in a Prussian school. "The teacher stood by the black board with the chalk in his hand. After casting his eye over the class, to see that all were ready, he struck at the middle of the board. With a rapidity of hand which my eye could hardly follow, he made a series of those short, divergent lines, or shadings, employed by map-engravers to represent a chain of mountains. He had scarcely turned an angle, or shot off a spur, when the scholars began to cry out—Carpathian mountains, Hungary; Black Forest mountains, Wirtemberg; Giant's mountains (Riesen-Gebirge,) Silesia; Metallic mountains (Erz-Gebirge,) Pine mountains (Fichtel-Gebirge,) Central mountains (Mittel-Gebirge), Bohemia, &c., &c.

"In less than half a minute, the ridge of that grand central elevation which separates the waters that flow north-west into the German Ocean from those that flow north into the Baltic, and south-east into the Black Sea, was presented to view—executed almost as beautifully as an engraving. A dozen crinkling strokes, made in the twinkling of

an eye, represented the head waters of the great rivers which flow in different directions from that mountainous range; while the children, almost as eager and excited as though they had actually seen the torrents dashing down the mountain sides, cried out—Danube, Elbe, Vistula, Oder, &c. The next moment I heard a succession of small strokes or taps, so rapid as to be almost indistinguishable; and hardly had my eye time to discern a large number of dots made along the margins of the rivers, when the shout of Lintz, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, &c., struck my ear. At this point in the exercise, the spot which had been occupied on the black board was nearly a circle, of which the starting point, or place where the teacher first began, was the centre; but now a few additional strokes around the circumference of the incipient continent extended the mountain ranges outwards towards the plains—the children responding the names of the countries in which they respectively lay. With a few more flourishes, the rivers flowed onwards towards their several terminations; and by another succession of dots, new cities sprang up along their banks. By this time the children had become as much excited as though they had been present at a world-making. They rose in their seats, they flung out both hands, their eyes kindled, and their voices became almost vociferous, as they cried out the names of the different places which, under the magic of the teacher's crayon, rose into view. Within ten minutes from the commencement of the lesson, there stood upon the black board a beautiful map of Germany, with its mountains, principal rivers, and cities, the coast of the German Ocean, of the Baltic and the Black Seas; and all so accurately proportioned, that I think only slight errors would have been found had it been subjected to the test of a scale of miles. A part of this time was taken up in correcting a few mistakes of the pupils, for the teacher's mind seemed to be in his ear as well as in his hand; and notwithstanding the astonishing celerity of his movements, he detected erroneous answers, and turned round to correct them. The rest of the recitation consisted in questions and answers respecting productions, climate, soil, animals, &c.

"Many of the cosmogonists suppose that, after the creation of the world, and when its whole surface was as yet fluid, the solid continents rose gradually from beneath the sea. First the loftiest peaks of the Andes, for instance, emerged from the deep, and as they reached a higher and a higher point of elevation, the rivers began to flow down their sides, until at last—the lofty mountains having attained their height, the mighty rivers their extent and volume, and the continent its amplitude—cultivation began, and cities and towns were built. The lesson I have described was a beautiful illustration of that idea—with one advantage over the original scene itself, that the spectator had no need of waiting through all the geological epochs to see the work completed.

"Compare the effect of such a lesson as this, both as to the amount of the knowledge communicated, and the vividness, and of course the permanence, of the ideas obtained, with a lesson where

* Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London.

the scholars look out a few names of places on a lifeless atlas, but never send their imaginations abroad over the earth, and where the teacher sits listlessly down before them to interrogate them from a book, in which all the questions are printed at full length, to supersede on his part all necessity of knowledge."

All this must be equally new and interesting to the greater portion of our public. So, we thoroughly believe, will be the following account of the general conduct and bearing of the Prussian teachers amongst their pupils. It is even, we would say, affecting to hear of the activity and self-devotion of these most useful ministers, paid as they generally are below the gains of many ordinary tradesmen. "I have said that I saw no teacher *sitting* in his school. Aged or young, all stood. Nor did they stand apart and aloof in sullen dignity. They mingled with their pupils, passing rapidly from one side of the class to the other, animating, encouraging, sympathizing, breathing life into less active natures, assuring the timid, distributing encouragement and endearment to all. The looks of the Prussian teacher often have the expression and vivacity of an actor in a play. He gesticulates like an orator; his body assumes all the attitudes, and his face puts on all the variety of expression, which a public speaker would do, if haranguing a large assembly on a topic vital to their interests.

"It may seem singular, and perhaps to some almost ludicrous, that a teacher, in expounding the first rudiments of handwriting, in teaching the difference between a hair-stroke and a ground-stroke, or how an *l* may be turned to a *b*, or a *u* into a *w*, should be able to work himself up into an oratorical fervor, should attitudinize, and gesticulate, and stride from one end of the class to the other, and appear in every way to be as intensely engaged as an advocate when arguing an important cause to a jury; but strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true; and before five minutes of such a lesson had elapsed, I have seen the children wrought up to an excitement proportionally intense, hanging upon the teacher's lips, catching every word he says, and evincing great elation or depression of spirits as they had or had not succeeded in following his instructions. So I have seen the same rhetorical vehemence on the part of the teacher, and the same interest and animation on the part of the pupils, during a lesson on the original sounds of the letters—that is, the difference between the long and the short sound of a vowel, or the different ways of opening the mouth in sounding the consonants *b* and *p*. This zeal of the teacher enkindles the scholars. He charges them with his own electricity to the point of explosion. Such a teacher has no idle, mischievous, whispering children around him, nor any occasion for the rod. He does not make desolation of all the active and playful impulses of childhood, and call it peace; nor, to secure stillness among his scholars, does he find it necessary to ride them with the nightmare of fear. I rarely saw a teacher put questions with his lips alone. He seems so much interested in his subject, (though he might have been teaching the same lesson for the hundred or five hundredth time,) that his whole body is in motion—eyes, arms, limbs, all contributing to the impression he desires to make; and at the end of an hour, both he and his pupils come from the work all glowing with excitement.

"Suppose a lawyer in one of our courts were

to plead an important cause before a jury, but instead of standing and extemporizing, and showing by his gestures, and by the energy and ardor of his whole manner, that he felt an interest in his theme; instead of rising with his subject, and coruscating with flashes of genius and wit, he should plant himself lazily down in a chair, read from some old book, which scarcely a member of the panel could fully understand, and, after droning away for an hour, should leave them, without having distinctly impressed their minds with one fact, or led them to form one logical conclusion—would it be any wonder if he left half of them joking with each other, or asleep? Would it be any wonder—provided he were followed on the other side by an advocate of brilliant parts, of elegant diction, and attractive manner, who should pour sunshine into the darkest recesses of the case—if he lost not only his own reputation, but the cause of his client also?

"In Prussia and in Saxony, as well as in Scotland, the power of commanding and retaining the attention of a class is held to be a *sine qua non* in a teacher's qualifications. If he has not talent, skill, vivacity, or resources of anecdote and wit sufficient to arouse and retain the attention of his pupils during the accustomed period of recitation, he is deemed to have mistaken his calling, and receives a significant hint to change his vocation.

"Take a group of little children to a toy-shop, and witness their outbursting eagerness and delight. They need no stimulus of badges or prizes to arrest or sustain their attention; they need no quickening of their faculties by rod or ferule. To the exclusion of food and sleep, they will push their inquiries, until shape, color, quality, use, substance, both external and internal, of the objects around them are exhausted; and each child will want the showman wholly to himself. But in all the boundless variety and beauty of nature's works—in that profusion and prodigality of charms with which the Creator has adorned and enriched every part of his creation—in the delights of affection—in the ecstatic joys of benevolence—in the absorbing interest which an unsophisticated conscience instinctively takes in all questions of right and wrong—in all these, is there not as much to challenge and command the attention of a little child as in the curiosities of a toy-shop? When as much of human art and ingenuity shall have been expended upon teaching as upon toys, there will be less difference between the cases.

"The third circumstance I mentioned above, was the beautiful relation of harmony and affection which subsisted between teacher and pupils. I cannot say that the extraordinary fact I have mentioned was not the result of chance or accident. Of the probability of that others must judge. I can only say that, during all the time mentioned, I never saw a blow struck; I never heard a sharp rebuke given; I never saw a child in tears, nor arraigned at the teacher's bar for any alleged misconduct. On the contrary, the relation seemed to be one of duty first, and then affection, on the part of the teacher—of affection first, and then duty, on the part of the scholar. The teacher's manner was better than parental; for it had a parent's tenderness and vigilance, without the foolish dotings or indulgences to which parental affection is prone. I heard no child ridiculed, sneered at, or scolded, for making a mistake. On the contrary, whenever a mistake was made, or there was

a want of promptness in giving a reply, the expression of the teacher was that of grief and disappointment, as though there had been a failure not merely to answer the question of a master, but to comply with the expectations of a friend. No child was disconcerted, disabled, or bereft of his senses through fear. Nay, generally at the ends of the answers, the teacher's practice is to encourage him with the exclamation, 'good,' 'right,' 'wholly right,' &c., or to check him with his slowly and painfully-articulated 'no;' and this is done with a tone of voice that marks every degree of *plus* and *minus* in the scale of approbation and regret."

From the Daily News.

AN IRISH PIG-FAIR.

In order to enter into the scene of an Irish pig-fair with the proper spirit, it is requisite that the reader, besides encouraging a mirthful disposition, and a love for the study of character, should possess a duly-instructed mind on certain precursory principles and facts of the subject now proposed to be treated. It will therefore be necessary to offer a few remarks on the character and the circumstances which have combined to form and establish the character of an Irish pig.

Born in the warmest nook of the peasant's domestic circle—in the very bosom of his family, we may say—an Irish pig begins life under the most flattering circumstances which could be imagined. He may, indeed, be said to suck flattery with his mother's milk. His bringing-up hath a smack of royalty in it. As everything within the immediate range of his experience is made subservient to him, both in respect of his needs and his humors, he naturally and inevitably comes to the conclusion that he is the most important person in existence, and that the world was made for his use. His mother was reared amidst the same illusory impressions. The whole object of the family he lives with is to fatten him, and do him honor. In fact, honor and fat react upon each other, and he is crowned with favor in proportion to his obese demonstrations of having been graciously pleased to receive the offerings of his humble servants. * *

The pig takes his meals with the rest of the family, whom, at best, he regards as his poor relations. He sits down with the circle of the family board, (often literally a board for a plate,) and eats with them from the same dish, from which they usually select for him the largest potatoes. Instances, it is true, have been known where a disloyal peasant has endeavored to persuade the pig to eat a few potato-peelings mashed up with the rest; but seldom with success. Far more common is it to give the pig something in addition—such as porridge, bran and cake, and cabbage. Not merely is the pig better fed than the peasant, with his wife and children, but in several districts it is the only animal that is sufficiently fed. This is more especially the case in Sligo and Roscommon. The pig, meantime, knows how matters stand, and is quite aware of his own importance. If he happens to be coming in at the door of the cabin at the same time that one of the children is coming out, he tries to make it appear that there is not room enough for both, and gives a hunch with his shoulder in passing, like a surly brute who would growl, "Get out of the way—don't you see me coming!" A traveller in the provinces told me that he once overheard a sort of dialogue between

a peasant girl and the pig of the house. The pig had absconded, or at least had not returned all night; and the girl, who had been out searching for him since daybreak, was now bringing him home, reproaching him with his ingratitude as they walked along—the pig returning a sort of grudging acquiescence to each touching interrogatory. "Did n't I always get you enough straw at night to cover round you, and a wisp to stick in the chink o' the wall to keep the wind out?" *Ouff*, said the pig. "Have n't I given you the best practices, and leaves, and warm mash, and often gone without a meal myself for you—eh, now?" *Ouff*, said the pig; but the grudging acquiescence did in some degree partake of an "Oh, don't bother me." "And would n't I always do my duty by you—eh?—would n't I? How could you have the heart to leave your own home—eh? Will I tell you of all your ingratitude, eh?" *Ouff*, said the pig; meaning in this case, "Well, I don't care if I do hear about that."

What should an education like this produce? What could be expected from such circumstances surrounding a creature from its birth? What should all this incessant pampering of body and mind produce in the character of the individual? I speak it with regret in the present case—what but a brutal, gross, morose, selfish hog!

Now then imagine, oh, reader!—if, after what has been said, thou canst imagine such a thing—that the day at length arrives when this pampered pig has to be taken to the fair, whether he is graciously pleased or not, there to be criticized and sold! Yes; the right honorable gentleman "who pays the rent" has to walk, perhaps for several miles, with a certain indignity round one of his hind legs; and the disloyal, false knave, his owner, urging him, after divers base expedients, from behind or laterally, on the highway, to a public mart—there to be weighed, pinched, or fumbled all over, and then sold!—to what "end," let the classic muse of pie and sausage, pot, oven, iron-spit, or brine-tub, in fitting verse recite. * * *

The fair is held usually in the ordinary marketplace, being in itself no more than a market, except from the dignity and importance, and, we may add, contumacious excitement of the chief thing sold. There are a few poor stalls for the huckster or pedlar trade; one gambling turn-about with half-penny stakes; a little stage on a cart for the hoaxing sale of good-for-nothing haberdashery; no shows of any kind, no toys, and only three most unattractive stalls for stale-looking cakes and commonplace gingerbread with no gilt upon it, nor even the shining brown varnish which is the only admissible substitute. The fair is devoted to higher purposes.

We have seen the pig in his domestic circle, and have come to right understanding of his inevitable character—the pampered creature of circumstances. From his earliest infancy he was the heir-apparent of the grossest egotism, selfishness, and ignorance. Now, let the reader of this historical, philosophical, severe, yet not unloving sketch, imagine himself, if he can venture such a thing, in the midst of three or four hundred pigs like these! Three or four hundred outraged country nobles, partly driven, and partly seduced away from their cabins, vassals, and baronial bogs, and here assembled in public. Be it understood they are not in a drove, not under any discipline, not in any degree even of swine-herd order. No man dares to exercise his whip; nothing but a thin,

playful, smooth switch occasionally. And as for dogs!—I should like to see a dog show his face among nobility, and under exasperating circumstances: he would be torn to pieces, and trampled into mud before their wrath. They are not here, in any sense, a "drove" nor a "herd," but each one asserts his own individual state of mind and passion. This may be defined as a state of equal indignation, rage, and the worst suspicions all fusing together. The pigs have found out that some mischief is intended to them! They have, in their brusque way, laid their heads together by threes and fours, and the conviction has spread among them. They have literally become wild beasts, and like wild beasts do they behave. They snarl, and squeak, and scream, and yell, and growl, and utter curses, and gnash, and foam at the mouth, and bite, and brawl, and rush, snout-foremost, under the wheels of carts, or between the most crowded legs of men. They are brought back in vain; for they struggle, and shriek, and gnash, and burst away; and when two by accident meet suddenly face to face, they seek instant relief of their feelings by a fight, to which they stand up in lion-and-unicorn fashion. While thus they gnash and bite, behind each one you see an excited peasant, embracing the loins of his warlike pork, in anguish lest the price should be lowered in the buyer's eye by the unseemly disfigurements of battle. * * *

But who are the buyers of all these alarming pigs? Behold him standing there, with one hand in his pocket, the finger of the other pointing contemptuously at a very good pig. He has a short *dudeen* in his mouth, and smokes and speaks carelessly at the same time. Smoke issues with nearly all his words. The man who buys the pig has a knowing, satirical, purse-proud, knavish, remorseless face and air. He has, moreover, a tongue to match it—wily, would-be-witty, overbearing, false, unfeeling, and dishonest. He is evidently an agent in the matter, and gets a percentage. This makes a clever screw of him. It is not his own money he so vulgarly displays, to dazzle the eyes of poor Pat, and make him catch at the first offer, however inadequate, as it is sure to be, first or last—unless Pat happens to be very sharp indeed, which sometimes proves to be the case. In general, however, he has little chance with these buyers. The buyer makes his first offer, after sufficiently depreciating the pig. The peasant knows it is worth more, and refuses. A little haggling ensues, and the buyer venting yet further contempt on the pig in question, walks carelessly, scoffing and smoking, in an opposite direction, and immediately commences a negotiation touching other pigs. The buyers are manifestly in league with each other; so that although there is some competition, it is not fair competition; and the screw and pressure of a secret monopoly of the market is at work. If the peasant does not accept the offer of the first bidder, the second bidder may offer less, and usually does. The peasant looks after the careless smoking screw who is now so busily engaged a little way off, affecting to have quite done with him. He looks—he begins to walk towards him—the buyer walks away—the peasant follows. Again he addresses him on the subject of his pig. In the end, the screw has him at his own price. Now and then, however, the poor peasant repeats his first demand, and holds to it with melancholy firmness. He speaks in a sad

voice. He knows the fair value of the pig, and asks it. He cannot obtain it; and yet he does so want to sell the pig.

The only "fun of the fair" is the pig's invariable resistance to the examination of the buyer's hand, with the perversity of the buyer, after he is held fast, in persisting to feel those parts where he is least fat, instead of those which are most plump, and to which, with ludicrous anxiety and eloquence, the peasant in vain endeavors to direct the buyer's attention. Amidst this the pig often crouches close down to the ground, and screams with all his might. Perhaps, however, he may be docile from cunning, and some *finesse* in his mind, in which case he only holds down his head coyly. But generally he is in a rage, and has to be soothed and scratched, as he sits up on his haunches with a savage unappeasable countenance.

At length a bargain is made complete—a pig is sold. The buyer marks him with his especial mark—some mark with scissor-lines cut in the bristles, some with red ochre, some with black chalk—and ostentatiously displays money while paying, and talks of much more. A poor, little old woman in rags, and with a small, pale face, comes meekly to listen, and is attentive to the talk of all this money. She goes away very humbly, but seems all the better for what she has heard. A deplorable ballad-singer, more than half-naked, fills up any temporary diminution that may occur in the noise of the fair.

On the outskirts of the town, peasants are seen driving sold pigs to the buyers' carts or quarters. You may know to a certainty by the man's face and air if he has sold the pig according to his previous mind. Not often will you see a satisfied smile lurking round his mouth; but the corners drawn straight with disappointment, as he looks down reproachfully at the pig for having misbehaved himself at the fair—in not rendering himself docile to the buyer's fingers, and more entertaining in all his natural blandishments.

A fiddle sounds from a little coffee-shop in the fair. All the business then is done. There is a crowd yonder, at one side of the market place, standing in a circle. Is it a fight—not of pigs, but of men? What occasions the disturbance? No; it can be no fight—no disturbance; for everybody is standing quietly, and silently too; and there is one man who has a very sad face of sorrow and perplexity, as though he had lost something. Let us approach.

All is explained. Upon several planks and half a door lies some huge form, covered over with a large, coarse, white sheet. At one end, beyond the covering cloth, there appears a quiet hoof sticking out like a pointed moral; and at the other end the tip of a pale snout, with a crimson stain in the nostril, pathetically pokes forth. It is the Roman emperor who, a brief hour ago, sat with terrific countenance in the middle of the fair. A deed has been done. He has been bought and sold; but they could not lead him into captivity. The debt of nature is paid—so is the poor man's rent; and death and the landlord can now do what they like with their own. As for the fallen hero, let his faults die with him. There is nothing coarse in him now—nothing gross is here, in this scene before us—nothing selfish and brutish. All is hushed, philosophical and suggestive—refined by the hand of the universal steel-bearer, the quieter of us all.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Snipeton turned his horse's head from Dovesnest—for the which incident we must send back the reader some dozen chapters—he resolved, as he rode, upon closing his accounts with the world, that freed from the cares of money, he might cherish and protect his youthful, blooming partner. Arrived in London, seated at his books in St. Mary Axe, the resolution was strengthened by the contemplation of his balance against men. He had more than enough, and would enjoy life in good earnest. Why should he toil like a slave for gold-dust, and never know the blessings of the boon? No: he would close his accounts, and open wide his heart. And Snipeton was sincere in this his high resolve. For a whole night, waking and dreaming, he was fixed in it; and the next morning the uxorious apostate fell back to his first creed of money-bags. Fortune is a woman, and therefore where she blindly loves—(and what Bottoms and Calibans she does embrace and fondle!)—is not to be put aside by slight or ill-usage. All his life had fortune doted upon Snipeton, hugging him the closer as she carried him up—no infant ape more tenderly clutched in ticklish places—and he should not leave her. And to this end did fortune bribe back her renegade with a lumping bargain. A young gentleman—a very young gentleman—desired for so much ready metal, to put his land upon parchment, and that young gentleman did fortune take by the hand, and, smiling ruin, lead him to St. Mary Axe. In few minutes was Snipeton wooed and won again: for to say the truth his weakness was a mortgage. The written parchment, like charmed characters, conjured him; put imagination into that dry husk of a man. He would look upon the deed as upon a land of promise. He would see in the smallest pen-marks giant oaks, with the might of navies waiting in them; and from the sheepskin would feel the nimble air of Arcady. There it lay, a beautiful bit of God's earth—a sweet morsel of creation—conjured and conveyed into a few black syllables.

And so, Snipeton made his peace with his first wife Fortune, and then bethought him of his second spouse, Clarissa. That he might duly attend to both, he would remove his second mate from Dovesnest. There were double reasons for the motion; for the haven of wedded bliss was known to the profligate St. James; who, unmindful of the sweetest obligation money at large should ought to confer upon the human heart, dared to accost his creditor's wife. Let Dovesnest henceforth be a place for owls and foxes, Clarissa should bring happiness within an hour's ride of St. Mary Axe. The thought was so good, sent such large content to old Snipeton's heart, that with no delay it was carried out, and ere she well had time to weep a farewell to her favorite roses, Mrs. Snipeton left Dovesnest to the spiders.

Was it a wise change, this? Had Snipeton healthy eyes; or did avarice, that jaundice of the soul, so blear his vision, that he saw not in the thin, discolored features of the wife of his bosom, ought to twitch a husband's heart? She never complained. Besides, once or twice he had questioned her; and she was not ill. No, well, quite well; and—this too he had asked—very happy. Nevertheless, it would the better satisfy him if Crossbone could see her. Crossbone knew her

constitution, and—and so that meek and knowing man was summoned to London.

In a green, sequestered nook, half-way between Hampstead and Kilburn, embowered in the middle of a garden, was a small cottage; so hidden, that oft the traveller passed, unheeding it. In this cottage was Clarissa. To this retreat would her husband amble every day from St. Mary Axe, quitting his money temple for the treasure of his fireside, his pale and placid wife; and resolved to think himself blessed at both places.

"Mr. Snipeton is late to-day," said Mrs. Wilton, the mother housekeeper.

"He will come," replied Clarissa, in the tone of one resigned to a daily care. "He will come, mother."

Mrs. Wilton looked with appealing tenderness in her daughter's face; and in a low, calm voice, controlling her heart as she spoke, she said—"This must not be: do not repeat that word—not even when we are alone. Some day it may betray me to your husband, and then"—

"What then?" asked Clarissa.

"We should be parted; forever—forever," cried the woman, and with the thought she burst into tears.

"Not so. Nothing parts us; nothing but the kindness of death," said Clarissa. "And death is kind, at least"—

"At least, my child, the world with you is too young to think it so."

"Old, old and faded," said Clarissa. "The spirit of youth is departed. I look at all things with dim and weary eyes."

"And yet, my child, there is a sanctity in suffering, when strongly, meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake. God and my own heart know, I speak no idle thoughts, I speak a bitter truth, bitterly acknowledged."

"And duty shall support me on this weary pilgrimage," said Clarissa. Then taking her mother's hand, and feebly smiling, she added, "Surely, it can be no sin to wish such travel short: or if it be, I still must wish—I cannot help it."

"Time, time, my child, is the sure conciliator. You will live to wonder at and bless his goodness."

"You say so—it may be," said Clarissa, with a lightened look, "at least, I'll hope it." And then both smiled gaily—wanly; for both felt the deceit they strove to act but could not carry through. Words, words of comforting, of hope were uttered, but they fell coldly, hollowly; for the spirit of truth was not in them. They were things of the tongue, passionless, mechanical; the voice without the soul. At this moment, old Dorothy Vale entered the room; and she was welcome: even though she announced the coming of the master of the house.

"Master's coming up the garden," said Dorothy, each hand rubbing an arm crossed before her. "Somebody's with him."

"A stranger here! Who can it be?" cried Clarissa.

"Don't say he's a stranger; don't say he is n't; can only see a somebody," answered Dorothy, in whom no show whatever of this world of shows could have awakened a momentary curiosity. Her inheritance, as one of Eve's daughters, was this

beautiful earth, sky-roofed; yet was it no more to her than a huge deal box, pierced with air-holes. A place to eat, drink, sleep, and hang up her bonnet in.

Another minute, and Snipeton entered the room. The husband had returned to the haven of his hopes, and was resolved that the world—then comprised in the single person of Peter Crossbone, who followed close at the heels of his host—should bear witness to his exceeding happiness; to the robust delight that, as he crossed his threshold, instantly possessed him: for with an anxious look of joy, he strode up to his wife, and suddenly taking her cheeks between both his hands, pursed out her lips, and then vigorously kissed them. He was so happy, he could not, would not feel his wife shrink at his touch—could not, would not see her white face flush as with sudden resentment, and then subside into pale endurance. No: the husband was resolved upon displaying to the world his exceeding happiness, and would not be thwarted in his show of bliss, by trifles. He merely said, still dallying with his felicity—“Never mind Crossbone; he’s nobody; a family man—has been married, and that’s all the same.” Now Crossbone in his wayward heart, felt tempted to dispute such position; it was not all the same—to him. Nevertheless, he would not be captious. It was a poor, an ignorant opinion, and therefore his host and customer should have the free enjoyment of it.

“Mrs. Snipeton,” said the apothecary, “though I do not feel it professional to hope that anybody is well, nevertheless in your case, I do hope that—well, well, I see; a little pale, but never fear it—we’ll bring the roses out again. In a little while, and you’ll bloom like a bough-pot.”

“To be sure she will,” said Snipeton. “I thought of buying her a pretty little horse; just a quiet thing?”

“Nothing could be better—perhaps. As I often say, horse-flesh is the thing for weak stomachs. I may say as much to you as a friend, Mr. Snipeton; folks often go to the doctor’s, when they should go to the stable. Yes, yes—horse exercise and change of air!”

“We’ll talk of it after dinner,” said Snipeton, suddenly wincing; for his heart could not endure the thought of separation. Business and love were delightful when united; they gave a zest to each other; but certainly—at least in the case of Snipeton—were not to be tasted alone. Granted that he sat in a golden shower in St. Mary Axe; how should he enjoy the luck falling direct from heaven upon him, if his wife—that flower of his existence—was transplanted to a distant soil? Would not certain bees and butterflies hum and flutter round that human blossom? Again, if he himself tended the pretty patient, would not ruin—taking certain advantage of the master’s absence—post itself at his door-step? Doating husband—devoted man of money! His heart-strings tore him one way—his purse-strings another. “We’ll talk of it after dinner,” he repeated. “And, Master Crossbone, we’ll have a bottle of excellent wine.” In some matters Crossbone was the most compliant of men: and wine was one that, offered cost-free, never found him implacable. And, the truth is, Snipeton knowing this, hoped that the wine might contain arguments potent over the doctor’s opinions. After one bottle, nay two, it was not impossible

that Crossbone might reconsider his judgment. The air of Hampstead might be thought the best of airs for Clarissa. Wine does wonders!

The dinner was served. Crossbone was eloquent. “After your labors in town, Mr. Snipeton, you must find it particularly delightful,”—he said—“particularly so to come home to Mrs. Snipeton,”—the husband smiled at his wife—“and dine off your own greens. One’s own vegetables is what I consider the purest and highest enjoyment of the country. Of course, too, you keep pigs?”

Snipeton had prepared himself for a compliment on his connubial happiness; and therefore suffered a wrenching of the spirit when called upon to speak to his cabbages. With a strong will he waived the subject; and merely answered, “We do not keep pigs.”

“That’s a pity; but all in good time. For it’s hardly possible to imagine a prettier place for pigs. Nothing like growing one’s own bacon. But then I always like dumb things about me. And, Mr. Snipeton, after your work in town, you can’t think how ’t would unbend your mind—how you might rest yourself, as I may say, on a few pigs. It’s beautiful to watch ’em day by day; to see ’em growing and unfolding their fat like lilies; to make ’em your acquaintance as it were, from the time they come into the world to the time they’re hung up in your kitchen. In this way you seem to eat ’em a hundred times over. However, pigs are matters that I must not trust myself to talk about.”

“Why not?” asked Snipeton, with a porker-like grunt. “Why not?”

“Dear Mrs. Crossbone! Well, she *was* a woman!” (It was, in truth, Crossbone’s primeest consolation to know that she *was* a woman.) “Our taste in everything was just alike. In everything.”

“Pigs included?” asked Snipeton, with something like a sneer.

But Crossbone was too much stirred by dearest memories to mark it. He merely answered, “Pigs included,” after a pause. “However, I must renounce the sweeter pleasures of the country. Fate calls me to London.”

“It delights me to hear it, Mr. Crossbone; for we shall then be so near to one another,” cried Snipeton. “Charming news this, is n’t it, Clary?” And the old husband chucked his wife’s chin, and would smile in her pale, unsmiling face.

“Well, as an old friend, Mr. Snipeton, I may perhaps make no difference with you. Otherwise, my practice promises to be confined to royalty. To royalty, Mr. Snipeton. Yes; I was sure of it, though I never condescended to name my hopes—but I knew that I should not be lost all my life among the weeds of the world. Reputation, Mr. Snipeton, may be buried, like a potato; but, sir, like a potato”—and Crossbone, tickled by the felicity of the simile, was rather loud in its utterance—“like a potato, it will shoot and show itself.”

“And yours has come up, eh? Well, I’m very glad to hear it,” said Snipeton, honestly, “because you’ll be in London. Your knowledge of Clarissa’s constitution is a great comfort to me.”

“I have studied it, Mr. Snipeton; studied it as a botanist would study some strange and beautiful flower. It is a very peculiar constitution—very peculiar.” The dinner being over, Clarissa rose.

“You’ll not leave us yet, love?” cried Snipe-

ton, taking his wife's hand, and trying to look into her eyes that—wayward eyes!—would not meet the old man's devouring stare.

"Pray excuse me," said Clarissa, with a politeness keen enough to cut a husband's heart-strings. "I have some orders—directions—for Mrs. Wilton. You must excuse me."

"That's a treasure, Crossbone!" exclaimed Snipeton, with a laborious burst of affection, as Clarissa left the room. "A diamond of a woman! A treasure for an emperor!"

"Don't—don't!"—cried Crossbone, hurriedly emptying his glass.

"I said a treasure!" repeated the impassioned husband, striking the table. Crossbone shook his head. "What," cried Snipeton, knitting his brow, "you question it? Before me—her husband?"

"Pray understand me, dear sir," said Crossbone, tranquilly filling his glass. "Mrs. Snipeton is a treasure. She'd have been a jewel—a pearl of a woman, sir, in the crown of King Solomon: and that's the worst of it."

"The worst of it!" echoed Snipeton.

"In this world, my good friend, if a man knew what he was about, he'd set his heart upon nothing." The apothecary drained his glass. "Looking, sir, as a moralist and a philosopher, at what the worth of this world at the best is made of—what is it, but a large soap and water bubble blown by fate? It shines a minute"—here the moralist and philosopher raised his wine to his eye, contemplating its ruby brightness—"and where is it!" Saying this, Crossbone swallowed the wine: a fine practical comment on his very fine philosophy. "I ask, where is it?"

"Very true," observed Snipeton, taking truth as coolly as though he was used to it. "Very true; nevertheless"—

"Mr. Snipeton, my good friend," cried Crossbone—his hand lovingly round the neck of the decanter—"Mr. Snipeton, he is the wisest man who in this world loves nothing. It's much the safest. Did you ever hear of the river Styx?"

"Humph! I can't say," growled Snipeton. "Is it salt, or fresh?"

"One dip in it makes a man invulnerable to all things; stones, arrows, bludgeons, swords, bullets, cannon-balls."

"'T would save a great deal in regimentals if the soldiers might bathe there," said Snipeton, grinning grimly.

"So much for Styx upon the outward man," cried Crossbone: "but I have often thought 't would be a capital thing, if people could take it inwardly; if they could drink Styx."

"Like the Bath waters," suggested Snipeton.

"Exactly so. A course or two, and the interior of a man would then be insensible of foolish weakness," said Crossbone.

"You'd never get the women to drink it," remarked Snipeton, very gravely.

"'T would not be necessary, if man, the nobler animal—for as Mrs. Snipeton is not here, we can talk like philosophers"—Snipeton grunted—"if man, the nobler animal, for we know he is, though it would not be right, perhaps, to say as much before the petticoats—if man could make his own heart invulnerable, why, as for woman, she might be as weak and as foolish as she pleased; which, you must allow, is granting her much, Mr. Snipeton." And here the apothecary would have

laughed very jovially, but his host looked grave, sad.

"It seems, Mr. Crossbone, you are no great friend to the women," said Snipeton. "Yet you must allow, we owe them much."

"Humph!" cried Crossbone, in a prolonged note. He then hastily filled his glass: as hastily emptied it.

"You seem to dispute the debt!" said Snipeton, gallantly returning to the charge.

"Look here, Mr. Snipeton," cried Crossbone, with the air of a man determined for once to clear his heart of something that has long lain wriggling there—"look here. The great charm of a bottle of wine after dinner between two friends is this: it enables them to talk like philosophers; and so that the servants don't hear, philosophy with a glass of good fruity port—and yours is capital, one tastes blood and fibre in it;—philosophy is a very pleasant sort of thing; but like that china shepherdess on the mantel-piece, it is much too fine and delicate for the outside world. No, no; it is only to be properly enjoyed in a parlor; snug and with the door shut."

"Very well. Perhaps it is. We were talking of our debts to woman. Go on," said Snipeton.

"Our debts to woman. Well, to begin; in the first place we call her an angel; have called her an angel for thousands of years; and I take it—but mind, I speak as a philosopher—I take it, that's a flim that should count as a good set-off on our side. Or I ask it, are men, the lords of the creation, to go on lying for nothing?" It was plain that this wicked unbelief of Crossbone a little shocked his host, and therefore, as the bottle was nearly out, the apothecary felt that he must regain some of his ground. Whereupon he sought to give a jocular guise to his philosophy; to make it, for the nonce, assume the comic mask. "Ha! ha! Look here: you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise for us, seeing that she lost us the original garden." Snipeton just smiled. "Come, come," cried the hilarious apothecary, "we talk as philosophers, and when all's said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we've a swinging balance against her. Yes, yes; you can't deny this: there's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for."

"'T is a debt of long standing," said Snipeton with a short laugh.

"And therefore, as you know—nobody better"—urged Crossbone—"therefore it bears a heavy interest. So heavy, Mr. Snipeton—by-the-hye, the bottle's out—so heavy they can never pay it. And so we mustn't be hard upon 'em, poor souls—no, we mustn't be hard upon 'em; but get what we can in small but sweet instalments. I—for all I talk in this philosophic way—I was never hard upon 'em—dear little things—in all my life."

For a few minutes philosophy took breath, whilst wine, the frequent nutriment of that divine plant, as cultivated by Crossbone, was renewed. At length, the apothecary observed—"To serious business, Mr. Snipeton. Having had our little harmless laugh at the sex, let us speak of one who, is its sweetest flower, and its brightest ornament. Need I name Mrs. Snipeton?"

The old man sighed; moved uneasily in his chair; and then with an effort began. "Mr. Crossbone, my friend—I cannot tell you—no words can tell you, how I love that woman."

"I can imagine the case—very virulent indeed," said the apothecary. "Late in life it's always so. Love with young men, I mean with very young men, is nothing; a slight fever. Now, at mature time of life, it's a little short of deadly typhus. Of course, I speak of love before marriage; that is, love with all its fears and anxieties; for wedlock's a good febrifuge."

"I have struggled, fought with myself, to think—but you shall tell me—yes, I will strengthen myself to hear the worst. Now, man"—and Snipeton grasped the arms of his chair with an iron hold, and his breast heaved as he loudly uttered—"now, speak it."

"Look you here, Mr. Snipeton. Do you think me a stock, or a stone, that I could sit here quietly and comfortably drinking your wine, if I could n't give you hope—a little hope in return?"

"A little hope!" groaned the old man.

"A man in my position, Mr. Snipeton—with glorious circumstances, as I have observed, opening upon him—cannot be too cautious. I should be sorry to compromise myself by desiring you to be too confident. Nevertheless, she is young, Mr. Snipeton; and the spirit of youth does sometimes puzzle us. In such spirit then—strong as it is in her—I have the greatest faith."

"You have!" exclaimed Snipeton, starting from his seat and seizing Crossbone's hand. "Save her and—you shall be rich; that is, you shall be well recompensed—very well. My good friend, you know not the misery it costs me to seem happy in her sight. I laugh and jest"—Crossbone looked doubtfully—"to cheat her of her melancholy; yet"—

"Yet she does not laugh and joke in return?" observed Crossbone. "But she will—no doubt she will."

"And then, though I know her to be sick and suffering, she never complains; but still assures me she is well—very well."

"Dear soul! You ought to be a happy man—you ought but you won't. Can't you see that she won't confess to sickness because—kind creature!—she can't think of paining you? She'd smile and say 't was nothing—I know she would, if she were dying."

"For God's sake, speak not such a word," cried the old man, turning pale.

"She must die some day," said Crossbone. "Though, to be sure, according to the course of nature, that is, if I save her—of which, indeed, to tell you truly, I have now no doubt—I will stake my reputation present and to come upon the matter."

"You give me life, youth," exclaimed Snipeton, with sudden happiness.

"But I was about to say that, if saved, the chances are you may leave her yet young and blooming, behind you." The old man's face darkened. It was a bitter thought that. Was there not some place in the East, where, when a husband died, his wife even through the torture of fire, followed him? This horrid thought—how, poor man! could he help it? for, reader, how know you what thought you shall next think!—this thought, we say, passed through Snipeton's brain. But Clarissa was no Hindoo wife. She might—as the prating doctor said—she might be left, yes, to smile and be happy, and more, to award happiness to another on this earth, when her doating, passionately doating husband should have his limbs composed in the grave. Again; he might live

these twenty years. And in twenty years that beautiful face would lose its look of youth—those eyes would burn with sobered light—that full scarlet lip be shrunk and faded. And then—yes, then he thought, he could resign her. In twenty years—perhaps in twenty years. With this cold comfort, he ventured to reply to the apothecary.

"Never mind my life, that's nothing," he said. "All I think of is Clarissa; and there is yet time—she is safe, you say!"

"It's very odd, very droll, that just now you should have named Bath—the Bath waters, you know," smirked Crossbone.

"Wherefore odd—how droll! I do not understand you." And yet he had caught the meaning.

"She must go to Bath; she must drink the waters. Nothing's left but that," averred the apothecary.

"I tell you, man, for these three months I cannot quit London. A world of money depends upon my stay."

"And why should you budge? You don't want your wife, do you, at St. Mary Axe? She does n't keep your books, eh?" Snipeton frowned, and bit his lip, and made no answer. Then Crossbone, his dignity strengthened by his host's wine, rose. "Mr. Snipeton," he said, "I have studied this case, studied it, sir, not only as a doctor but as a friend. I have now, sir, done my duty; I leave you as a husband and—I was about to say as a father, but that would be premature; as a husband and a man to do yours. All I say is this: if your wife does not immediately move to Bath,"—Crossbone paused.

"Well," snarled Snipeton, defyingly, "and if she does not?"

"In two months, sir—I give her two months—she'll go to the churchyard."

"And so she may—so she shall," exclaimed Snipeton, violently striking the table—his face blackening with rage, his eyes lurid with passion. "So she shall. An honest grave and my name clear—I say, an honest grave, and a fair tombstone, with a fair reputation for the dead. Anything but that accursed Bath. Why, sir,"—and Snipeton, dilating with emotion, stalked towards the apothecary—"what do you think me?"

Now this question, in a somewhat dangerous manner tested Crossbone's sincerity. In sooth, it is at best a perilous interrogative, trying to the ingenuousness of a friend. Crossbone paused; not that he had not an answer at the very tip of his tongue: an answer bubbling hot from that well of truth, his heart—and for that reason, it was not the answer to be rendered. He therefore looked duly astonished, and only asked—"Mr. Snipeton, what do you mean?"

"I tell you, man, I'd rather see her dead, a fair and honest corpse, than send her to that pest-place," cried the husband.

"Pest-place! Really, Mr. Snipeton; this is a little too much to wipe off the reputation of a city—the reputation of hundreds of years too—in this manner. Reputation, sir, that is, if it's good for anything—does n't come up like a toad-stool; no, sir, the real thing's of slow growth. Bath a pest-place! Why, the very fountain of health."

"The pool of vice—the very slough of what you call fashion. And you think I'd send my wife there for health! And for what health? Why, I'll say she returned with glowing face and sparkling eyes. What then? I should loathe her."

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Crossbone.

"Now, we are happy, very happy; few wedded couples more so: very happy"—and Snipeton ground the words beneath all the teeth he had, and looked furiously content. Crossbone stared at the writhing image of connubial love.

"You certainly look happy—extraordinarily happy," drawled the apothecary.

"And whilst we live, will keep so. Therefore no Bath-insects—no May-flies, no June-bugs."

"'Tis n't the Bath season for 'em," put in the apothecary. "They're all in London at this time."

"All's one for that. I tell you what—here, Dorothy, another bottle of wine—I tell you what, Master Crossbone, as you say, we'll talk the matter over philosophically, I think that's it; and therefore, no more words about Bath. Come, come, can there be a finer air than this!" cried the husband, rubbing his hands, and trying to laugh.

"My dear sir, the quality of the air is not the thing—it's change that's the medicine. And then there's the waters!"

"We have an excellent spring at Hampstead. Years ago I'm told the nobility used to come and drink it."

"Then, sir, the waters hadn't been analyzed. Since then they've been found out; only fit for cattle, sir, and the lower orders. Never known now to agree with a person of gentility of stomach—that is, of true delicacy. And for the air, it's very good, certainly, just for the common purposes of life; but as I say, it's not the quality, it's the change that's the thing. There's cases, sir, in which I'd send patients, ay, from Montpellier to the neighborhood of Fleet-ditch. The fact is, sir, there can't be at times a better change than from the best to the worst. The lungs, sir, get tired—heartily sick of good air if it's always the same; just as the stomach would get tired of the very best mutton, had it nothing but mutton every day."

Snipeton was silent; pondering a refutation of this false philosophy. Still he tugged at his brain for a happy rejoinder. He felt—he was certain of it—that it would come when the apothecary had gone away, but unhappily he wanted it for present use. He felt himself like a rich man with all his cash locked up. Now wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted; men pay severely who want credit. Thus, though Snipeton knew he had somewhere in that very strong box his skull, a whole bank of arguments, yet because he could not at the moment draw one, Crossbone—the way of the world—believed there were absolutely no effects. Snipeton, however, got over a difficulty as thousands before him—and thousands yet unborn will jump an obstacle;—he asked his opponent to take another glass of wine. If Bacchus often lead men into quagmires deep as his vats, let us yet do him this justice, he sometimes leads them out.

"I believe you said something about horse exercise, Crossbone! Now with a horse—you don't drink"—a hospitable slander this on the apothecary—"with a horse there's change of air at will, eh?"

"To be sure there is. And then there's Highgate and Finchley, and—well, that might do, perhaps," said Crossbone.

"And in the evenings"—and Snipeton brightened at the prospect—"we could ride together."

"Death, sir—certain death"—and Crossbone

gave one of his happiest shudders. "The night air is poison—absolute poison. No, the time would be from—let me see—from eleven to three."

"Impossible; quite impossible. Can't leave business—certain ruin," cried Snipeton.

"Certain death, then," said Crossbone, and he slowly, solemnly drained his glass. "Certain death," he repeated.

"Don't say that, Crossbone," cried Snipeton, softened. "Mrs. Wilton, perhaps she rides, and then"—

"As for Mrs. Wilton, I trust you are under no particular obligation to that person!"

"Obligation," cried Snipeton; as though the thought implied an insult. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing but for your wife's health. The fact is, Mrs. Wilton always seems melancholy, heavy; with something on her mind. Now, my dear sir, it is a truth in moral philosophy not sufficiently well known and attended to, that dumps are catching." And Crossbone looked the proud discoverer of the subtlety.

"Indeed—are they? Perhaps they may be. Well, there's a wench coming up from Kent—somewhere near Dovesnest. I've been coaxed to consent to it. She may make a sort of merrier companion."

"She may," said Crossbone; "but what you want is an honest, sharp fellow—for honesty without sharpness in this world is like a sword without edge or point; very well for show, but of no real use to the owner."

"Go on," cried Snipeton, bowing to the apothecary's apothegm.

"Now, I have the very man who'll suit you. The miracle of a groom. Honest as a dog, and sharp as a porcupine."

"Humph!" cried Snipeton, marvelling at the human wonder.

"Your servant, Mr. Crossbone"—said Dorothy Vale, opening the door—"has called as you desired."

"Tell him to come in," cried Crossbone: who then said to Snipeton—"At least you can see the fellow."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It may be remembered that Snipeton and St. Giles had met before. And certainly St. Giles had not forgotten the event; his somewhat anxious look declared his recollection of the scene at Dovesnest, in which he played the part of rogue and vagabond according to the statute; but as Snipeton had no corresponding interest in the circumstance, he had wholly forgotten the person of the outcast in the candidate for service. But in truth, St. Giles was not the same man. At Dovesnest he was in rags; fear and want had sharpened his face, withering, debasing him. And now, he breathed new courage with every hour's freedom.—He was comfortably, trimly clad; and his pocket—too oft the barometer of the soul—was not quite at zero. Hence, in few moments, he looked with placid respect at Snipeton, who stared all about his face, as a picture-dealer stares at an alleged old master; with a look that in its cunning, would even seem to hope a counterfeit. Was St. Giles really the honest fellow that he appeared; was there in truth the original mark of the original artist upon him; or was he a fraudulent imitation especially made to gull a trusting gentleman!—Was there really no flaw in that honest

seeming face!—And Snipeton as he looked half-wished that all men—or all servants at least—were fashioned like earthen vessels; that, properly filleted, they should perforce reveal a damning fracture. Certainly, such sort of human pottery, expressly made for families, would be an exceeding comfort to all housekeepers. Snipeton thought this; to his own disappointment thought it; for there being no such test of moral soundness, he could only choose the domestic, two-legged vessel before him by its looks. Alas! why was there no instant means of trying the music of its ring!

"That will do; you can wait," said Crossbone to St. Giles, who thereupon left the room.

"And what can you say for this fellow? Do you know all about him—who begot him—where he comes from?" asked Snipeton.

Crossbone was a man of quick parts: so quick, that few knew better than he, the proper time for a complete lie. We say a complete lie; not a careless, fragmentary flim, with no genius in it; but a well-built, architectural lie, buttressed about by circumstance. Therefore, no sooner was the question put to him than, without let or hesitation, he poured forth the following narrative. Wonderful man! falsehood flowed from him like a fountain.

"The young man who has just quitted us is of humble but honest origin. His parents were villagers, and rented a little garden-ground whereon they raised much of their lowly but healthy fare. Far, far indeed was the profligacy of London from that abode of rustic innocence. His playmates—I mean the young man's—were the lambskins that he watched, for at an early age he was sent out to tend sheep: his books the flowers at his feet, the clouds above his head. Not but what he reads remarkably well for his condition, and writes a good stout servant's hand. He was seven years old—no, I'm wrong, eight, eight years—when he lost his father, who, good creature, fell a victim to his humanity. A sad matter that. He was killed by a windmill."

"I thought you said 't was his humanity," observed Snipeton.

"And a windmill," averred Crossbone. "A neighbor's child was gathering buttercups and daisies, and had strayed beneath the mill's revolving sails. The young man's father, obeying the impulse of his benevolent heart, rushed forward to save the little innocent. His humanity, not measuring distance, carried him too near the sails; he was struck to the earth with a compound fracture of the skull, and died."

"This you know?" muttered Snipeton, looking with a wary eye.

"'T was when I was an apprentice. The man being poor, and the case desperate, 't was given up to me to do my best with it. I learned a great deal from that case, and from that moment felt a natural interest in the orphan. And he has been worthy of it. You'd hardly believe the things I could tell you of that young man. You can't think how he loves his mother."

"No great credit in that—eh?" said Snipeton.

"Why, no; not exactly credit; but you must own it's graceful—very graceful. He makes her take nearly all his wages. Hardly saves enough for shirts and pocket-handkerchiefs. Now, this strikes me as being very filial, Mr. Snipeton!"

"And you think he'd make a good groom, eh?" asked the cautious husband.

"Bless you! he knows more about horses than

they know themselves. But all he knows is nothing to his honesty. I've trusted him with untold gold, and he has never laid his finger upon it."

"How do you know, if you never counted it?" asked Snipeton.

"That is"—said Crossbone, a little pulled up—"that is, you know what I mean. And—the thought's been working in me, though I've talked of other matters—I do think that a horse, with the quick and frequent change of air a horse can give, may do everything for Mrs. Snipeton; for, as I have said before—she's young, very young; and youth takes much killing. And therefore, you'll make yourself easy; come, you'll promise me that!"

"I will," said Snipeton, a little softened.

"You give me new heart. Come, another glass."

"Not another drop. Pen and ink, if you please. I must write a little prescription for a little nothing for your good lady; not that she wants medicine," said Crossbone.

"Then why poison her with it?" asked Snipeton with some energy.

"She would n't be satisfied without it. Therefore, just a little colored negative; nothing more." Pen and ink were ordered, brought; and Crossbone strove to write as innocently as his art allowed him. "There must be an apothecary at Hampstead, and I'll send the man with it;" and Crossbone folded the prescription, and rose.

"And when shall we see you again?" asked Snipeton.

"Why, in two or three days. But I have done all the good I can at present. You'll try the horse!"

"I will."

"And the man?"

"I'll think of him.—Tell me, does he know anybody in London?"

"Any calf you like, brought to Smithfield, knows more of the ways—more of the people of town. He's a regular bit of country turf. Green and fresh. Else do you think I'd recommend him!" asked Crossbone very earnestly.

"I almost think—I mean I'm pretty sure—that is, I will try him," said Snipeton.

"Then between ourselves, I've recommended you a treasure. And—stop; I was about to go, forgetting the most important thing. You heard me say that dumps were catching? I hope you've thought of that. Now, that Mrs. Wilton—the housekeeper—she'd ruin any young woman. Bless you! She's hypochondria in petticoats."

"Humph! I don't know; I prefer a serious woman for her calling. Perhaps a little over melancholy to be sure, nevertheless!"

"Well, I'll say no more. After all, she may only seem melancholy to us. There may be a great deal of fun in her, for all we know. Some people remind us of mourning coaches at a funeral: the outside's dull and solemn enough; and so, folks never think of the jokes that's flying inside of 'em. As a professional man I know this, Mr. Snipeton; and therefore I hate your very grave-looking people. If they really are what they look, they're bad; if they aren't they're worse. And in a word—I might say more if I chose, but I won't—in a word, I don't think that Mrs. Snipeton will ever get any good from your housekeeper. Good bye, God bless you;—the man shall bring the medicine." So saying, and looking deepest mystery, Crossbone departed.

The apothecary had achieved more than he had

hoped. It was very true, thought Snipeton, the woman was cold—melancholy. Again, she had never looked upon him with pleasant looks. Her respect seemed wrung from her: it was not free—natural. And yet her eye watched his wife with unceasing regard. Every moment—when least wanted, too—she was hovering near her. How was it, he had never seen this before? It was plain the woman had some false influence; exercised some power that estranged his wife from him.

Let us leave Snipeton for a brief time struggling and weltering in this sea of doubt; now trying to touch certain ground, and now carried away again. Let us leave him, and follow the apothecary. He had had just wine enough; which circumstance was to him the most potent reason for having more. He had put up at the Flask at Hampstead; and to that hostelry he strode, St. Giles silently following him.

"My man," said Crossbone, "who was your father—where were you born—what have you been doing—and where do you come from? An answer if you please to each of these questions."

St. Giles, plucking up courage, simply replied—"I am his lordship's servant; and have his orders to follow you."

"There 's not the slightest doubt, his lordship's servant, that you 're a convenient rascal of all work, and quite up to the business we shall put you on." Let not the reader imagine that these words were uttered by Crossbone: by no means: not a syllable of them. But the thought—the ethereal essence of words—had touched the brain of the apothecary, and his whole frame tingled with the awakened music. He had found a scoundrel, he was sure of it, and he was happy.

"Very good, my man; very good, I understand you. As you say, you are his lordship's servant, and have his lordship's orders to take my directions. Very well. You will please to take your father and mother from my hands: understand for once that they were honest, respectable people; and be grateful for the parents I've given you. Your father, good man! was killed by a windmill; and your mother still lives in the country, and regularly takes three fourths of your wages. And you are not to forget that you have a great love for that mother. And now, take this prescription to the apothecary's; tell him to make it up, and send to Mr. Snipeton's. After which, you 'll come to me at the Flask. Go." St. Giles, with perplexed looks, obeyed Crossbone, and went upon his errand. "I've given the vagabond a father and mother to be proud of—it 's quite clear, much better than were really bestowed upon him; and he has n't a word of thanks to say upon the matter. Let a gentleman lie as he will for the lower orders, they 're seldom grateful. Nevertheless, let us have the virtue that he wants. Were he a piece of pig-headed honesty, he would n't suit our work. No: Providence has been very good in sending us a rascal." With these mute thoughts, this final thanksgiving, did Crossbone step onward to the Flask. He would there further ponder on the plan that, throwing Snipeton's young wife into the arms of a young nobleman—and, in common justice, so old and vulgar a man had no claim to such refinement and beauty; she must have been originally intended for high life, and therefore cruelly misapplied—would throw him, Crossbone, the prime conspirator, into the very highest practice. He would keep a carriage! As he looked at the glorious clouds, colored by the setting sun, he felt

puzzled whether his coach panels should be a bright blue, a flame-colored yellow, or a rich mulberry. Still the clouds changed and shifted, and still with the color of his carriage at his heart, he looked upon them as no other than a celestial pattern-book, rolled out to help him in his choice. The wide west was streaked and barred with gold; and staring at it, Crossbone was determined that lace—three-inch lace—should blaze upon his liveries. And rapt in this sweet dream, he walked on, his heart throbbing to the rumbling of his coach-wheels. That music was so sweet, so deep, absorbing, that accompanying his footsteps, he was within a few paces of the Flask ere he saw a crowd gathered about the door, and heard the words "he 's killed." His professional zeal was immediately quickened, and hurrying into the middle of the crowd, he saw the body of a man, apparently lifeless, carried towards the inn. The people crowded around, and by their very anxiety impeded the progress of the bearers towards the door. "Stand aside, folks—stand aside," cried Crossbone, "I 'm a physician; that is, a medical man. Keep his head up, fellow."

"Get out o' the way," exclaimed a stranger, "you don't know how to carry a fellow-creetur," and the benevolent new-comer thrust aside the rustic who was, awkwardly enough, supporting the shoulders of the wounded man, and with admirable zeal, and great apparent tenderness, relieved him of the charge. "Poor soul—poor soul!" he cried, much affected, "I do wonder if he 's a wife and family?"

"A bed-room; immediately—a bed-room," exclaimed Crossbone; and his sudden patient was carried up-stairs, Crossbone following. As he ascended, a horse bathed in foam, and every muscle quivering, was led to the door.

"It 's my belief that that Claypole sends out his boy to fly his kite a purpose to kill people, that he may bury 'em. That 's the third horse he 's frit this week; the little varmint! And this looks like death any how." Thus delivered himself, a plain-spoken native of Hampstead.

"You may say death. Cracked like a egg-shell," and saying this, the speaker significantly pointed to his own skull. "The doctor 's a trying to get blood: it 's my opinion he might as well try a tomb-stone. Well, this is a world, is n't it? I often thanks my luck I can't afford a horse; for who 's safe a-horseback? A man kisses his wife and his babbies, if he has 'em, when he mounts his saddle of a mornin'—and his wife gets him lamb and sparrow-grass, or something nice for supper—'xpecting him home. She listens for his horse's feet, and he 's brought to his door in a shell."

"Well, mate, you do speak a truth; nobody can deny that," said one of the mob; who, it is probable, scarcely dreamt that the sometime moralist and truth were so very rarely on speaking terms. And this the reader will, doubtless, admit, when we inform him that the man who so humanely, so affectionately lent his aid to the thrown horseman, helping to bear him with all tenderness up-stairs, was Mr. Thomas Blast. It was his business, or rather, as he afterwards revealed, his pleasure to be at Hampstead—his solemn pleasure. At this moment, St. Giles, on his return from the apothecary's, came to the inn-door. Ere he was well aware of the greeting, his hand was grasped by Blast—"Well, how do you do? Who'd have thought to see you here?" Who, in sooth, but

Blast himself—seeing that he had dogged his prey from St. James'-square? "Ha! my good friend," cried Blast, very much moved, "you don't know the trouble I've had since we met. But you must see it in my looks. Tell me, aint I twenty years older?"

"I don't see it," muttered St. Giles; though, assuredly, such a sight would have carried its pleasure to the runaway transport.

"Ha! you won't see it; that's so like a friend. But don't let us stand in the street; come in and have a pot; for I've somethin' to say that'll set your art a bleeding." Hoping, praying, that Crossbone might not observe him—and feeling dwarfed, powerless, under the will of Blast—St. Giles turned into a side-room with his early teacher and destroyer.

"I don't feel as if I could do anything much in the way of drink," said Blast, to the waiter following, "and so, a little brandy-and-water. Well, you wonder to see me at Hampstead, I dare say! You can't guess what brings me here?"

"No," said St. Giles. "How should I?"

"I'm a altered man. I came here all this way for nothin' else but to see the sun a settin'. Your health;" and Blast, as he said, did nothing in the way of drink: for he gulped his brandy-and-water.

"To see the sun a settin'!" cried St. Giles; we fear, too, a little incredulously.

"Ha! you're young, and likes to see him a gettin' up; it's nat'ral; but when you're my time o' life, and have stood the wear and tear o' the world as I have, you'll rather look at the sun when he sets, then. And, do you know why? You don't! I'll tell you. Acause, when he sets, he reminds you of where you're agoing. I never thought I should ha' been pulled up in the way I have been. But trouble's done it. My only comfort's now to look at the settin' sun—and he sets nowhere so stylishly as here at Hampstead."

"Humph! And so you've had trouble!" said St. Giles, coldly.

"Don't talk in that chilly way, as if your words was hailstones. I feel as if I could fall on your neck, and cry like a 'oman. Don't freeze me in that manner. I said trouble. Loss o' property, and death."

"Death!" cried St. Giles.

"Little Jingo. That apple o' both my eyes; that tulup of a child. Well, he was too clever to live long. I always thought it. Much too for'ard for his age. He's gone. And now he's gone, I do feel that I was his father." St. Giles stifled a rising groan. "But—it's my only comfort—he's better looked arter now than with me."

"No doubt," said St. Giles with a quickness that made Blast stare. "I mean, if he is where you hope he is."

"I should like to pay him some respect. I don't want to do much: but—I know it's a weakness; still a man without a weakness has no right to live among men; he's too good for this sinful world. As I was saying, I know it's a weakness: still, I should like to wear a little bit o' black—if it was only a rag, so it was black. You could n't lend me nothing, could you? Only a coat would be something to begin with."

St. Giles pleaded in excuse his very limited wardrobe; and Blast was suddenly satisfied.

"Well, he's gone; and if I was to go as black as a nigger, he would n't rest the better for't. Besides, the settin' sun tells me we shan't be long apart. Nothing like sunsets to pull a man up;

and so you'll know when you've had my trouble. Your health agin."

"And you have had a loss of property besides?" asked St. Giles.

"Look here," cried Blast, taking off his hat and rumpling up his hair: "there's a change! Once as black as a crow; and now—oh, my dear friend"—St. Giles shrunk at the appeal as at a presented pistol—"if you want to put silver on a man's head, you've only to take all the gold out of his pocket. Had a loss! You may say a loss. I tell you what it is: it's no use for a man to think of being honest in this world: it is n't. I've tried, and I give it up."

"That's a pity," said St. Giles: knowing not what to say—knowing not how to shake off his tormentor.

"Why, it is; for a man doesn't often make his mind up to it. Well, I've had my faults, I know; who has n't! Still, I did think to reform when I got that lump of money; and more, I did think to make a man of you. I'd chalked out the prettiest, innocentest life for both on us. I'll make a sojer of Jingo, I thought; yes, I'll buy him some colors for the army, and make him a gen'lman at once. And then I thought we would so enjoy ourselves! We'd ha' gone and been one all among the lower orders. In summer time we'd ha' played at knock 'em down with 'em, jest to show we was all made o' the same stuff; and in winter we would n't ha' turned up our noses at hot-cockles, or blind-man's buff, or nothin' of the sort; but ha' been as free and comfortable with the swinish multitude (for I did begin to think 'em that when I got the money) as if they'd got gold rings in their noses, and like the pig-faced lady, eat out of a silver trough. I thought you'd be a stick to my old age. But what's the use o' thinking on it! As my schoolmaster used to say—'Him as sets his heart on the things of this life'—I've forgot the rest: but it's all of a piece."

"And how did you get this money?" asked St. Giles, with very well-acted innocence.

"How did I get the money! How should I get it! By the sweat of my brow." And so far, the reader who remembers the labor of Blast in his theft of the gold-box, may acquit him of an untruth.

"And having got such a heap of gold," rejoined St. Giles, "pray tell me—how did you lose it?"

Now Blast had, and never suspected it, a sense of humor: he could really enjoy a joke when least palatable to most men; namely, when made against themselves. Nevertheless, with people who have only a proper pride of such philosophy, he had his share of sensitiveness, to be called up at a reasonable crisis. Hence, when St. Giles pressed him to explain his loss, the jest became a hurt. Good nature may endure a tickling with a feather, but resents a scratch from a tenpenny nail. "My dear young friend," said Blast, "don't do that; pray don't. When you're as old as me, and find the world a stippin' from under you like a hill o' sand, you'll not laugh at the losses o' gray hairs," and again Blast drew his fingers through his locks meekly, mournfully. "How did I lose it! No: you warn't at Liguorish, you warn't! No; you don't know! Well, I hope I'm not much worse than my neighbors; and I don't like wishing bad wishes, it is sich old woman's work; it's only barking the londer for wanting teeth. But this I will wish; if a clergyman o' the 'Stab-

lished Church is ever to choke himself with a fish-bone, I do hope that that clergyman does n't live far from Lazarus, and that his name begins with a G. I'm not a spiteful man; and so I won't wish anything more plain than that. But it is hard"—and again Blast, he could not help it, recurred to his loss—"it is hard, when I'd resolved to live in peace with all the world, to give a little money to the poor, and—as we all must die—when I did die, to have such a clean, respectable monument put up to me inside the church, with a naked boy in white stone holding one hand to his eyes, and the other putting out his link—you've seen the sort o' thing I dare say!—it is hard to be done out of it after all. It's enough to make a man, as I say, think o' nothin' but the setting sun. Howsomever, it serves me right. I ought to ha' know'd that such a fine place must ha' belonged to the clergyman. If I'd hid the box in a ditch, and not in a parson's fish-pond, at this blessed moment you and I might ha' been happy men; lords for life; and, what I've heard, called useful members of society. And now, mate," asked Blast with sudden warmth—"how do you like your place? Is it the thing—is it clover?"

"What place?" asked St. Giles. "I'm in no place, certain, as yet."

"There, then, we won't say nothin' about it. Only this. When you're butler—if I'm spared in this wicked world so long—you won't refuse an old friend, Jingo's friend, Jingo's mother's friend"—St. Giles turned sick at his mother's name, so spoken—"you won't refuse him a bottle o' the best in the pantry? You won't, will you? eh?"

"No," stammered St. Giles. "Why should I? Certainly not, when I'm butler."

"And till then, old fellow,"—and Blast bent forward in his chair, and touched St. Giles' knee with his finger—"lend us a guinea."

St. Giles recoiled from the request; the more so, as it was seconded by contact with the petitioner. He made no answer; but his face looked blank as blank paper: not a mark was in it to serve as hieroglyph for a farthing. Blast could read faces better than books. "You won't then? Not so much as a guinea to the friend of Jingo's mother?" St. Giles writhed again at the words. "Well, as it's like the world, why should I quarrel? Now jest see the difference. See the money I'd ha' given you, if misfortin had n't stept in. 'He's a fine fellow,' I kept continually saying to myself; 'I don't know how it is, I like him, and he shall have half. Not a mite less than half.' And now, you won't lend me—for mind I don't ax it as a gift—you won't lend me a guinea."

"I can't," said St. Giles. "I am poor myself: very poor."

"Well, as I said afore, we won't quarrel. And so, you shall have a guinea of me." Saying this, Blast with a cautious look towards the door, drew a long leathern purse from his pocket. St. Giles suddenly felt as though a party to the robbery that—he knew it—Blast must somewhere have perpetrated.

"Not a farthing," said St. Giles, as Blast dipped his finger and thumb in the purse. "Not a farthing."

"Don't say that; don't be proud, for you don't

know in this world what you may want. I dare say the poor cretur up stairs was proud enough this mornin'; and what is he now?"

"Not dead!" cried St. Giles. "I hope not dead."

"Why, hope's very well; and then it's so very cheap. But there's no doubt he's gone; and as he's gone, what, I should like to know"—and Blast threw the purse airily up and down—"what was the use of this to him?"

"Good God! You have n't stole it?" exclaimed St. Giles, leaping to his feet.

"Hush!" cried Blast, "don't make such a noise as that with a dead body in the house. The worst o' folks treat the dead with respect. Else people who're never thought of at all when in the world, would n't be gone into black for when they go out of it. I'd no thought of the matter, when I run to help the poor cretur: but somehow, going up stairs, one of his coat pockets did knock at my knuckles so, that I don't know how it was, when I'd laid him comfortable on the bed, and was coming down agin, I found this sort o' thing in my pocket. Poor fellow! he'll never miss it. Well, you won't have a guinea then?"

"I'd starve first," exclaimed St. Giles.

"My good lad, it is n't for me to try to put myself over your head—but this I must say; when you've seen the world as I have, you'll know better." At this moment, the waiter entered the room.

"How is the poor gentleman up stairs?" asked St. Giles. "Is there no hope?"

"Lor bless you, yes! They've bled him and made him quite comfortable. He's ordered some rump-steaks and onions, and says he'll make a night of it." Thus spoke the waiter.

"Do you hear that?" asked St. Giles of Blast.

"Sorry to hear it: sorry to think that any man arter sich an escape, should think o' nothing better than supper. My man, what's to pay?" St. Giles unbuttoned his pocket. "No; not a farthing; tell you, I won't hear of it. Not a farthing; bring the change out o' that," and Blast laid down a dollar; and the waiter departed on his errand.

"I tell you, I don't want you to treat me; and I won't have it," said St. Giles.

"My good young man, a proper pride's a proper thing; and I don't like to see nobody without it. But pride atween friends I hate. So good bye, for the present. I'll take my change at the bar." And Mr. Blast was about to hurry himself from the room.

"Stay," said St. Giles; "should I wish to see you, where are you to be found?"

"Well, I don't know," said Blast. "Sometimes in one place—sometimes in another. But one thing, my dear lad, is quite sure." Here Blast put both his hands on St. Giles' shoulders and looked in his face with smiling malignity—"one thing is quite sure: if you don't know how to find me, I shall always know where to come upon you. Don't be afraid of that, young man."

And with this, Blast left the room, whilst St. Giles sank in his chair, weary and sick at heart. He was in the villain's power, and seemed to exist only by his sufferance.

DROMIO PUBLICATIONS.

THE withering ridicule bestowed by Horace upon literary imitators in his one emphatic appellative, "servile herd," has been repeated times without number, and the veriest tyro is now aware that theirs is, of all the sins of composition, the greatest. But since Horace's time, an entirely new kind of literary imitation has come upon the field, one in which publishers are primarily, and in general authors only secondarily, concerned. It consists in the presentment of works in direct imitation of others which, whether from their originality and merit, or from their aptly subserving some public need, have met with success. The writings of Swift and Pope tell us of a branch of "the trade" devoted to this business early in the last century, with Edward Curl for its most eminent professor. But it has, in our time, reached a magnitude, compared with which its early history is as mewling infancy to a Hercules' manhood. It is now absolutely impossible for the slightest originality to be shown in any of the forms of paper and print, but it is immediately run upon by scores of the bibliopolic pecus, and tossed and gored into a thousand deformations.

There is a vast number of grades in this imitative power—altogether apart, it must be understood, from respectable efforts in the line of fair competition—from him who can get up a simulative novel or periodical, down to the poor serf who limits his efforts to the counterfeiting of a clever book-cover. It is, however, all one thing in its ultimate character—an effort to come in for a share of the benefits which some wits of a happier kind are supposed to derive from their originality. One cannot but be somewhat amused in contemplating the proceedings of these dullards. Their private ratiocinations are of course simple enough: "There are Smart and Spritely—understood to make a capital thing by that magazine of theirs; can't we get up something of the same kind, and take a share of their profits?" Here is the real principle of action; but of course the public must be told something else. A prospectus accordingly deplores the absence of a certain desirable character in all existing periodicals. They are too utilitarian, and do not address themselves sufficiently to the feelings; or perhaps they are too sentimental, and do not condescend sufficiently to the affairs of common life. Anything will do that may serve to mask the real object—that of draining away a portion of the patronage bestowed upon Smart and Spritely. Sometimes even a tone of censure is assumed towards the parent works. They are misleading guides: much need has the poor public to be rescued from them. Here is the pure and clean tuber at last! An instance could actually be shown of this kind of swagger being assumed, where the extreme meanness had been descended to of stealing part of the name, as well as imitating the form, of the work rivalled. What an odd idea—pretending to a superior virtue over the publication for which it was willing to be mistaken! But such is the nature of the herd in general. Capable of the sneakery of a direct imitation, they seem to be capable of any inconsistency in working it out. Hence all the progeny of successful works are more or less parricidal in their tone. The parent is astonished to find twenty images of himself putting on a hostile frown against him, and that faults and failings in his character, which the world never could see, are at length detected and exposed by his own children.

To achieve an end with that unfortunate poly-poid animal, the public, is of course the real intention of these breaches of the fifth commandment. The public, to do it justice, means well and dreams not of evil. But this just the more lays it open to be practised upon by the fraternity of imitators. The public wishes to be shaved; it has heard of a clever artist in that line near the Blue Poets; it seeks the shop according to a description it has got, and blunders into one of four exactly imitative barbers' tabernacles which have been got up by the side of the meritorious original. The public has heard of an amazingly clever cork-screw, which whips corks out of bottles as it were by magic, and it goes to provide itself with the admirable instrument: it does not get the genuine screw, but one made by a man with a similar name, and who, being a numskull, gives his wares only an appearance, but not the reality, of their pretended virtues. Again, the public is anxious to get a certain pill, in which it has been taught, from its youth up, to place reliance: it sends for a three-shillings-and-sixpence box, and is supplied with a base imitation, loudly proclaiming on its cover, "Be sure to ask for the true-blue antibilious pill, prepared by ———." Thus is the public imposed upon in literature also. To every favorite work which it may desire, it has to make its way through an entangling brushwood of simulative works, all pretending to be the true work in the first place; and in the second, if the first trick fail, to be better. Every now and then its attention is attracted by a prospectus which will not be overlooked; for go where the public will, there is the portentous announcement. Well, the public reads the advertisement, and (we shall suppose the thing referred to is a newspaper) not being behind the scenes in such matters, it yields a kind of credence to the tale which it is told—as to interests of its own to be advanced, and so forth. It purchases; it reads; half-recollecting all the time that there were very tolerable publications of that kind before, even to the minutest specialty of character; rather hazy, however, about the fact; always looking for the outcome of the great promise—when is the fun to begin? Why, after all, the old work was just as good, or rather better. What is the meaning of all this? Only, dear public, that a certain worthy person, who could not start an idea of his own, got up behind another man's idea, and tried all he could to oust him from the possession of his own vehicle. There is nothing else in the whole matter. But only thou, silly public that thou art, couldst never see it.

It is melancholy, too, this desperate struggle to get bread reft from each other's mouths. It is not all slavish meanness of soul. Often there is ingenuity of no inconsiderable amount expended in getting up a passable imitative work. Often wonderful sacrifices of capital and labor are made to thrust the secondary work into the saddle of its primary. It was lately stated that an imitative weekly newspaper had caused an outlay of twenty thousand pounds, the return of which was one of the remotest of contingencies. What heroisms these are in their way!—perverted, misapplied, yet still heroisms—elements in what might, associated with purer elements than acquisitiveness for self and partners, constitute great characters. One could almost weep over human nature thrown into positions so wretchedly false, and the redemption from which seems, for the present at least, so hopeless.

—Chambers.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE CAGED LARK.

Hour by hour the dreary day
 Slowly, sadly wore away;
 Heavy drops of ceaseless rain
 Beating 'gainst the window-pane;
 Bitter winds with gusty sound
 Mournfully were wailing round,
 Till at last the outward gloom
 Seemed to fill my quiet room,
 And I looked with tearful eyes
 Upward to the weeping skies.
 Now and then a few quick feet
 Passed along the village street,
 Now and then a child's shrill cry
 Mingled with the wind's deep sigh.
 Many a thought of other days—
 Fairer scenes and brighter Mays—
 Filled my discontented heart:
 I, who oft had taken part
 In the gladness of the spring;
 I, whose joy it was to sing
 Of the earth's awakening
 From her ice-bound wintry sleep,
 Now could only pine and weep,
 For my soul grew faint and dull,
 Longing for the beautiful.

"Spring was wont of old," I said,
 "Blessings on my path to shed.
 Once her skies were all serene,
 All her fields of richest green,
 All her flowers of loveliest sheen.
 Then the hidden cuckoo sang,
 Till the leafy greenwood rang
 With his lay, and thousands more
 Sounding till the day was o'er;
 Nor were even hushed at night
 Songs and echoes of delight.
 Then, where'er my feet might tread,
 Starlike flowers were gaily spread:
 Studded were the banks and fields
 With the primrose' yellow shields,
 Cowslip-bells and violets small
 Blossomed ere the grass was tall,
 And the murmur of the bee
 Ever rose unceasingly,
 Where the scented furze unrolled
 Banners fair of green and gold.
 Then the bright-winged butterfly,
 Like a dream of joy, flew by,
 Or awhile in quiet hung
 Where the tufted harebells swung.
 All of old was bright and glad,—
 Now, alas! how changed and sad!
 Now the skies are cold and grey,
 And throughout the live-long day,
 Prisoned in my room, I hear
 Not a sound of joyous cheer—
 Nothing but the ceaseless rain
 Beating 'gainst the window-pane,
 And the wind, with hollow tone,
 Round my dwelling making moan.
 Few and pale the leaves I see
 Budding on yon chestnut-tree.
 Here and there, within the bound
 Of my plot of garden-ground,
 Some stray flower of fairest dye
 Half unveils its timid eye,
 Till the storm-blast, rushing by,
 Blights its charms, but half-revealed,
 And its early doom is sealed.

Spring-time—season sad and drear,
 Once the gayest of the year,
 I am altered e'en as thou!
 Pain hath left upon my brow
 Shadows that may ne'er depart;
 Care hath brooded at my heart,
 Till I feel I cannot be
 E'er again in spirit free.
 Now I have no spells to raise
 Thoughts that cheer'd my brighter days;
 Other visions life hath brought,
 Sadder lore than once I sought."

Thus, in lonely hour, I said,
 Half believing joy had fled,
 And my own bright hopes were dead.
 Suddenly, while still I spoke,
 Blithest music near me woke,
 Piercing through the gloomy air,
 Like a voice of praise and prayer.
 Though the wind blew loud and shrill,
 Yet it had not power to chill
 Gladness such as filled that strain;
 And the shower beat in vain
 Round the prison, where had birth
 Those rich sounds of dauntless mirth.
 Well I knew the strains I heard
 Came from an imprisoned bird,
 One whose nature was to cleave
 Freest air from morn till eve,
 Fane to greet with fearless wing
 Sunshine and the breath of spring.
 Yet, though men had done him wrong,
 Still arose his cheerful song;
 Still, although the clouds were dark,
 Wildly sang that captive lark.
 Quickly faded the distress
 Of mine hours of loneliness.
 Near me seemed to pass once more
 Lovely things I'd seen of yore;
 Sense of all the love and joy
 Time and change could ne'er destroy.
 Thoughts of eyes whose loving light
 Still could make my dwelling bright,
 O'er my spirit rushed again,
 At the bidding of that strain:
 And my humbled head I bent,
 Heedful of the lesson sent
 To rebuke my discontent.

Brightly falls the sunshine now
 On each blossom-laden bough.
 Every moss-grown apple-tree
 Is a lovely sight to see,
 With its bloom in clusters fair
 Opening to the sunny air.
 Breezes, stealing round about,
 Shake the hidden fragrance out,
 Flinging on the ground below
 Frequent showers of mimic snow.
 Gleams of purest white are seen
 'Mid the chestnut's tufts of green;
 Pyramids of pearly flowers
 Peeping from their thick-leaved bowers.
 'Mong the boughs light breezes pass,
 And the shadows on the grass
 Move the while like living things;
 Many a pendent blossom swings
 From a lofty sycamore,
 And along the turf floor
 Thick the lowly daisies beam;
 King-cups shed a golden gleam
 O'er the meadows near the stream.
 Proud, and beautiful, and strong

Still the river sweeps along.
 Here and there a pleasant shade
 Elm or hawthorn-bough hath made,
 Or the willow's streamers gay
 Throw their shadow on its way:
 Beauty more than gloom they shed
 O'er the river's sunlit bed.
 Swallows in their merry flight
 Haunt the stream from morn till night.
 Gracefully as fairy boat
 On a magic lake might float,
 Now and then a milk-white swan
 In his stately joy moves on.
 Yet though spring's rich beauty glow
 As it did long years ago,
 I am but a captive still
 With an oft-impatient will;
 But whene'er my heart is fain,
 In its weakness to complain,
 Hark! for once again I hear
 Blithest music, rising clear
 From that other captive near.
 Little of the sky he sees,
 Little of the flowers and trees;
 Little he was used to rove,
 Houses round him and above!
 Yet upon the sod he stands
 (Laid, perchance, by kindly hands
 On his prison-floor) and sings,
 E'en as if his folded wings
 Still were free to range at will
 Higher than the highest hill.
 And again my heart will heed
 This sweet lesson in its need;
 And in other's bliss rejoice,
 Bidden by that captive's voice.

May, 1845.

From the Spectator, 30 May.

THE DEBATE IN THE LORDS, ON THE CORN BILL.

THE debate lasted three long nights. With fewer speeches, more elaborate preparation, a greater stateliness of manner, and less unmeasured rudeness in decorum than in the commons, the progress of the discussion has not fulfilled the Duke of Richmond's promise, that after the first stage personalities should be altogether avoided. The Earl of Ripon, who led the debate, began it, in no unworthy spirit however, with personal matters: he made a great point of exonerating himself from the imputation of inconsistency. He, it seems, the introducer of the corn-law of 1815, was even at that time in the main opposed to any corn-law at all; and he assented, not on the score of "protection to native industry," but "independence of foreign countries." So likewise the Earl of Haddington, it now turns out, has long avowedly changed his mind on the subject of protection. It is easy to sneer at these avowals and treat them as insincere: there is every reason to believe them quite sincere. Had these peers possessed a mere ambition for place, they might have whistled off Sir Robert Peel, and, by strengthening Lord Stanley, have prepared a new way to office; for, thus supported, his prospect would have been very different from what it now is. But, whatever the motive that actuates them, the effect is plain: Sir Robert Peel's advance in the direction of free trade has induced an extraordinary move among the quondam Tories: free-traders, it appears,

lurked there; and now we have them out, converting old obstructors into most efficient auxiliaries in the progress of opinion.

To the worst class of personalities the protectionists stuck with a pertinacity that would have been amusing if it had not been repulsive. Sir Robert Peel and his misdeeds were the main object of their diatribes; but the League came in for a share, with the imputation of all sorts of bad motives and evil designs. The Duke of Richmond abandoned himself as thoroughly as any speaker to vituperation; and, with more or less coarseness or delicacy, all who followed on his side made the question hinge on the personal part of the affair. Even the venerable and diplomatic Lord Ashburton, though statistical, was also personal. Lord Stanley's speech, pronounced by eulogists to be his masterpiece, was no exception. Composed with all the skill that his natural cleverness and parliamentary practice could command, and comprising all the points and commonplaces of the subject, it did not contain one new idea—it placed nothing in a new light. But it reanimated the dead, recalled the forgotten, reproduced the abandoned; tricked them out in rhetoric that pleased the ear; and with the nice tact of a true speaking artist, touched very tenderly the frail topics that shunned the grasp of masculine reasoning and the light of exposure. The "great speech" was constructed as much as possible to inflict pain. In some of the most studied passages, personal malignity towards Sir Robert Peel seemed to inspire every word. The assault, indeed, was clothed in decorous language, but not disguised; and when he, most untruly, described "his right, honorable friend" as mistaking clamor for the deep still flow of public opinion, he but echoed in more courteous phrase the Duke of Richmond's imputation of incompetency and cowardice. The reason for this position of Lord Stanley is explained by the sequence of facts. Lord Stanley was not felicitous in the administration of colonial affairs; he was virtually set aside in the New Zealand business, silenced when he would have given tongue, and "pitchforked" into the house of lords, not as promotion, but as a way of shelving him; and the series of significant facts is crowned by the outburst of this speech. His object in it seems to have been to emulate, to outdo Mr. Disraeli. His statistics were similar, but not quite so wild: foreign corn, for instance, is to come in under the new bill at 40s., instead of 35s.; and the quantity, three years hence, is to be not indefinite, but 5,000,000 of quarters. His language also was more subdued—more "genteel"—in manner: but not in spirit. Mr. Disraeli never attained office, and assails Sir Robert Peel: Lord Stanley has lost office, and assails Sir Robert Peel. The Disraeli of the lords is as clearly a disappointed man as his prototype in the commons. The single new fact in Lord Stanley's speech, if it is new, was the confession that in Sir Robert Peel's cabinet he was quite alone in resisting the proposal to abolish the corn laws. Lord Haddington appears to have been at first a supposed companion in dissent; but he was really as hearty in assent as any. Of all the leading men in the conservative party, therefore, Lord Stanley is the only one who deserts the onward policy of Sir Robert Peel.

Personalities also formed a prominent feature in some whig speeches. The party held a meeting at Landsdowne House on Saturday, and agreed to act in a body as supporters of the bill. It is evi-

dent that without some such restraint Lord Normanby would have been one to mutilate the measure. He talked of the fixed duty; strayed somehow to the subject of sanatory improvements; puzzled about house-rents in town and country; seemed to regret that Sir Robert Peel should be the man to introduce so good a measure; and finished by saying that he should support it. Lord Normanby vacillates between his patriotism and his party ties: he is evidently a man of the past. Lord Clarendon's masterly speech shows him to be a man of the present—one who can command events. He forgot faction and old feuds, and appeared as a leading man in the party of those who have for their sole object the service of the country. Less showy than Lord Stanley's speech, Lord Clarendon's outlives it: there is between the two all the difference between the real and the unreal; and Lord Clarendon will probably be working officially as a statesman when Lord Stanley is forgotten as an orator. Another whig, if so he can be called, that deserved well, is Earl Grey; who spoke at the opening of the third night. He did not enter at all into the party questions, but did good and laborious service in exposing Lord Stanley's tissue of glittering hollowness; picking to pieces his arguments, confuting his facts, rubbing off his glosses. Lord Stanley had a Liverpool correspondent, whose letter he read obviously because it contained abuse of Sir Robert Peel: Lord Grey also had a Liverpool correspondent, who utterly refuted Lord Stanley's statistics, with his terrible prophecies of exhaustless supplies to swamp the British corn-market.

The third night, and the debates were wound up by the Duke of Wellington, in a speech of characteristic brevity, plainness, and directness—worth, at that stage, volumes of argumentation. He forcibly set forth the political necessity under which he and his colleagues acted: he warned the house against the suicidal impolicy of endeavoring to brave the crown and the popular branch of the legislature. Recurring to personalities, he shadowed forth a fine sentiment; his position is peculiar; if he has rendered public services, have they not been strikingly acknowledged! the favors conferred upon him by crown and country have removed him from party—he owes higher obligations. Most nobly spoken: and well has he fulfilled those obligations now, not perhaps without some sacrifice of associations and predilections. He hinted, too, that this perhaps was the last occasion on which he might tender his advice. On the whole, the great captain's admirable address was calculated to bring back the peers to the common sense of the question, and to the higher views which had at times been forgotten. It fitly ushered in the triumph of the popular measure; whose march has been signalized, not by clamor and outrage, but by the deliberate concurrence of all parties save one in a national act.

Incidentally connected with these movements of party, is the conduct of Lord John Russell; which has been more creditable in the way of leadership than it had hitherto seemed. To him is the merit imputed of convening the whig peers at Landsdowne House, to keep them in order for the task of passing the bill. There might be a sharp eye to self-interest in his doing so. As Ireland was Sir Robert Peel's "difficulty," the corn bill was Lord John's: he was bound to pass it, but wanted strength for the Herculean labor: it was of vital importance that Sir Robert Peel should get it out

of the way before the whig reëcession. Hence the magnanimity. We are glad to see the whigs take so intelligent a view of their own interests.

Another astute move by the premier-proximate is on the sugar-duties. Lord John Russell has recorded his intention to abolish the differential duties. Luckily for that whig advance, Mr. Hume, at the instance of the minister, has waived his resolutions on the West Indies. The less done in that behalf before Lord John enters the field, the better for him. This notice of Lord John's is his "London letter" of the sugar-duties. Under different circumstances, it might, indeed, have the awkward effect of making Sir Robert Peel attend to the subject himself; in which case, Lord John's embryo scheme would probably be superseded by one more comprehensive and thoroughgoing. But the chances are in his favor, as Sir Robert's hands are full. He will probably not have time to overcome the "split in the cabinet" on the sugar question, before the opportunity is gone. Whig prospects, therefore, are looking up.

THE PORTUGUESE JEWS.

"THE Portuguese nation," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "is three parts Jewish." Obligated to conform outwardly to the Church of Rome, so strong was their attachment to the religion of their ancestors, that the government, through motives of policy, was obliged from time to time to acknowledge the existence of the feeling; and at length by an edict, in the year 1773, allowed the children of Moses to hold their festival—relieved them from taxes levied on them as Jews—and made honorable mention by name of certain officers of state who were Jews, yet had been prime ministers and treasurers, and finally declared that "the blood of the Hebrews is the blood of our apostles, our deacons, our presbyters, and our bishops."

Prior, however, to this act of toleration, the flames of the *Autos de Fe*, and the dungeons of the Inquisition, had, by the terror they inspired, driven from their homes great numbers of the Portuguese Jews. These, generally speaking, fled to England and Holland. They were composed of all ranks—noblemen, officers, learned physicians and opulent merchants;—many carried with them great wealth, and there were individuals who maintained in England a ducal establishment. The first names of the Portuguese nation may still be traced among their present descendants, who occupy very different situations. The Villa Reals, the Alvaréz, the Mendez, the Francos, the Rebellos, the De Salvas, the Garcias, the D'Aguilans, the Souzas, the De Castros, the Salvadors, and a long list, betray their Lusitanian lineage.

These distinguished persons constituted for many years what is called the community of Spanish and Portuguese Jews of London. The nobler families who brought wealth, assumed their rank in society. The mercantile class opened new sources of commerce—many of their physicians have obtained great practice in England; and Jews have excelled in that science from remote ages.

The Portuguese Jews of London could never drop their national characteristic; they were remarkable for their haughtiness, their high sense of honor, and their stately manners. Subsequently, Jewish emigrants flocked from Germany, Poland and Barbary, a race in every respect of infe-

rior rank. The Portuguese shrank from all contact with them; different synagogues separated them; and the Lusitanian Jew would rather have returned to the fires of Lisbon than have intermarried with the Jew of Alsace or Warsaw. The latter was humiliated by indigence, and pursued the meanest and not unfrequently the most disreputable crafts. The former, opulent and high-minded, indolent, polished and luxurious, splendid in dress and equipage, felt himself disgraced by the beard and gabardine of the Polander.

As the property of the Jews was formerly entirely personal, and they were prohibited from holding real estate, the wealth of Jewish families, it has been observed, never outlasted two generations. This has been the fate of the Portuguese Jews. By the chances and changes of fortune, some of the German Jews emerged from their lowly state—skilled in the arts and the artifices of finance, and the wealth of the Jewish nation is depicted in their coffers; and these northern Jews are even courted by the humble descendants of their haughty Portuguese brethren.

Before leaving the subject, it may be stated for the information of the curious, that at the time of the first great expulsion of the Jews from Spain, fifty thousand families were driven into Portugal. Of these, those whose fathers had received baptism, were known as *Christianos novos*; they were numerous, and secretly Judaized. Under the administration of the great Pombal, the priests persuaded King Joseph to renew that badge of Judaism, the yellow hat, to mark the *Christianos novos* among his subjects. The edict was prepared; Pombal the next morning appeared before his majesty with three yellow hats; one he offered to the king, one to the *grand inquisitor*, and put the third on his own head; saying, "I obey your majesty's order, in providing these badges, to be worn by those whose blood has been tainted by Judaism."—*Genius of Judaism*.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

"MEMOIRS of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams, edited from the papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, by George Gibbs," is the title of a work in two large octavos, just published. We announce the publication, without having read a page of the work beyond the preface, anticipating instruction, and a revival of historical recollections from its future perusal. The character of the work may be inferred from the preface, which is annexed entire, and which will be admired for its honest and sturdy straight-forwardness:—

"No writer probably ever escaped criticism by deprecating it. Least of all can one claim an exemption who has awakened anew, quarrels which, if not forgotten, have been suffered to slumber, and renewed a warfare which had slackened in its animosity. The editor of these volumes certainly can claim no favor as a right, and solicits none in mercy. He has ventured to put his case on the merits, and must stand or fall by them.

"One thing only he would say, and that somewhat perhaps in the style of the painter who labelled his animals lest they should be mistaken. It is, to explain the design on which he has proceeded. His first intention was merely to produce a biographical sketch of an honored parent, whose services he believed entitled him to such commemoration, and whose actions he conceived had been mis-

understood and misrepresented. An examination of the field and the materials at his disposal afterwards changed this design; and he resolved to exhibit as much of the history and politics of certain periods connected with Mr. Wolcott's life as the nature and extent of these papers seemed to warrant; in the hope that some light (if only a few rays, so that they were distinct ones) might be shed upon the path through which, as a nation, we have travelled. The life of the individual has therefore been made subservient to a wider design—the contribution of materials for a biography of party. Whether the alteration has been a wise one, so far as success is concerned, the judgment of others must decide. Written with discrimination, a memoir of Mr. Wolcott would have possessed interest as that of a man having strong personal characteristics, and at the same time presenting the type of a class. The attempt, if unsuccessful, would at any rate have involved less disgrace in its quiet descent to that respectable oblivion whither so many have preceded it. He has, however, ventured upon a different task, with little expectation, it is true, of producing a work of historical merit, but (nor is the distinction a paradox) with that of offering one of historical value. It pretends to no perspective of narration—there has been no attempt to treat of its subjects in their relative proportions. Importance has sometimes produced enlargement—abundance of material or novelty much oftener. He has considered at all times the matter introduced as possessing the chief importance, and his own comments or details merely secondary; he has therefore preserved and presented that matter with scrupulous fidelity, nothing having been kept back which affected the subject in hand, or which candor, fairness, or its necessity to the whole truth required to be exhibited. He has not, indeed, considered it necessary to cumber a work, perhaps injudiciously expanded, by all the domestic and business details of private correspondence or with multiplied repetitions of the same ideas; he has, therefore, in some instances, as will be seen in the work itself, furnished only extracts from correspondence; but no suppressions have been made of political matter—no opinions or remarks have been withheld as injudicious or censurable. In one word, he has neither garbled anything which he has pretended to insert, nor kept back anything which he thought worth inserting. In the openness of friendly intercourse, men say and write much that they would not justify to their own minds; no sensible reader, however, but can make these allowances. Men are to be judged not by a single and perhaps a floating thought, but by the tenor of their ordinary language and the sum of their whole lives. The squeamishness which would present a statesman, a thinker, or a writer, ever with his best foot foremost, is contemptible in itself, and manifests a distrust of the subject. With these views he has, preferring that to the opposite error, perhaps admitted matter which good taste would have wished to exclude.

"Of the great mass of correspondence preserved by Mr. Wolcott, difficulty has been experienced in deciding what to reject. There were many letters interesting to readers in a particular section of the country, which would not prove so to all; there were others valuable only as showing the unanimity, or difference of opinion on public measures in distant states; there were some merely curious as illustrating the character of individuals. To throw aside all these would give to the work an incom-

pleteness in the estimation of those whose judgment was to be regarded; and the work of rejection has therefore, in this respect also, been exercised with a more sparing hand, than the writer's own choice would have dictated. The selections have been made from some twenty volumes of letters; the whole MS. collection, including revolutionary correspondence, drafts of official papers, and miscellaneous documents extending to nearly fifty. These papers were all carefully arranged by Mr. Wolcott himself. It is believed that the general value of what is published, will be regarded as an apology for any defect in judgment in the selection. The letters of Hamilton, Cabot, Ames, Griswold, King, and others, will be in the eyes of every student a mine of political history. They will give a more just view of the actual opinions and objects of those men, than the hostility of their opponents has hitherto permitted. They will be found honorable alike to the patriotism and the sagacity of the federal leaders.

"The bulk of the work has arrested it at the downfall of the federal ascendancy. Should, however, public favor justify its resumption; materials, and those of equal value, remain for an exposition of the subsequent history of that party, and of the principles and acts of their successors in power.

"By some, the editor may be censured for the harshness with which he has treated political opponents—whose enmities have long since died with them, or at least long since become inactive. To those he would say, that a willingness to shun controversy, to avoid embittering the feelings, or wounding the affections of the living, would have induced him to spare attacks upon individuals—had not higher than mere personal considerations dictated his course. He has felt himself not only the vindicator, but in some sort the avenger, of a by-gone party and a buried race. The men whose characters and conduct he has held up to scorn or to reproach, spared none. No integrity in public service, or purity in private life, no sanctity of official reputation, or of domestic ties, were by them regarded. Deliberately and wickedly they lied down men whom they could not cope with in a fairer field. Their hatred followed the federalists to the place of daily toil and to the evening hearth; it stopped not with their overthrow, nor relented at their graves. It mingled with the funeral wail of a nation at the death of Washington: it exulted over the assassination of Hamilton; and trampled the turf which covered the dust of Ames. That they wrested from the federal party the government of the nation was nothing; it is the means by which they compassed its destruction, the use they made of their victory, and the lasting consequences of their misgovernment which are condemned. To whom is it owing that the names of the great founders of the republic are by-words for political hacks to carp at! To whom is it attributable, that however just a measure, however called for by national policy, it is enough to term it 'federal' to defeat it! To whom that the hiring of party finds reason enough for the denial of individual justice in the opinions of the applicant! To whom that demagoguism rides triumphant to high places, corruption prevails in the morals of the nation, and sedition is fostered to the overthrow of law!

"To the historian there is no statute of limitations against political crimes.

"'The evil that men do LIVES AFTER THEM.'"

THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

THE following beautiful lines, which we find in a newspaper, are said to be the production of a servant girl from Devonshire.

The brakes with golden flowers were crowned,
And melody was heard around—
When, near the scene, a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head,
And trembling to the breeze it hung!
The streamlet, as it rolled along,
The beauty of the morn confessed,
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed:

"Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness.
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedewed by thee—
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye."

"Ay, you may well rejoice, 'tis true,"
Replied the radiant drop of dew—

"You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove.
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me towards the sky;
And I must own my little power—
I've but refreshed a humble flower."

"Hold!" cried the stream, "nor thus repine—
For well 'tis known a Power divine,
Subservient to His will supreme,
Has made the dew-drop and the stream,
Though small thou art, (I that allow,)
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou—
Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,
And done according to thy power."

All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author formed them all;
This thought may all repinings quell;
What serves his purpose, serves him well.

RISE OF THE MULGRAVE FAMILY.—The first diving-bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on, fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a vessel with everything necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavored to procure another vessel; but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labors proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of £200,000. Of this sum he got about £20,000, and the Duke of Albemarle £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time, diving-bells have been very often employed.—*Mechanics' Magazine*, No. 1119.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE NEUVAIN OF THE CHANDELEUR.

A TALE—FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE is in country life a charm unknown to the inhabitants of large cities, particularly in early youth. A city life may be preferred in the age of activity of the passions, when the spirit of enterprise and the thirst for success animate the soul; but the country is the element of childhood and youth, where the tenderest and most exalted sentiments of the soul may unfold and expand. In the country, the familiar abandonment of the early relations of life is prolonged, without danger, till beyond the age when the least familiarity becomes dangerous and suspected among young people in large cities. In the country, habit prolongs those innocent pleasures, under the attentive eye of mothers, even in the ardent season of youth. One is already a man in mind, but a child still in tastes. At the age of eighteen I loved the fair young girls, amongst whom I passed the happiest hours of the day, with all the affection of a heart accustomed to love them, but without fever, without inquietude, and almost without preference.

On the 24th of January, 1802, we were all assembled, as usual, before the hour of supper—for suppers were still in fashion—and were talking confusedly around our mothers, who were gravely conversing on matters not less frivolous. The question debated amongst us was the choice of a game.

"We should not be at a loss," said the dark-haired Theresa, "if Clara were come. She knows every game that has ever been invented; and when, by chance, she happens to forget, she invents one immediately."

"Clara will not come," said Marianne. "I am sure of it; for this evening she commences the Neuvaine* of the Chandeleur."†

"The Neuvaine of the Chandeleur!" cried I in my turn. "I did not know she was so devout."

"It is not for the sake of devotion," said Emily with ill-natured gravity; "it is through superstition or ostentation."

"Through superstition!" replied Marianne; "superstition indeed! The most whimsical, the most fantastical, the most extraordinary, the most extravagant—"

"But what is it?" I interrupted, laughing. "You excite my curiosity without satisfying it."

"Pshaw!" said she, looking at me with an ironical expression; "it is too stupid for such a wiseacre as you. As for the rest, they are not ignorant, I imagine, that the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur is a particular devotion among young people of the lower class, the object of which is—How shall I tell it!"

"The object of which is?" murmured a dozen voices, whilst a dozen pretty necks were stretched towards Marianne.

"The object of which is," resumed Marianne, "to know beforehand what husband they shall have."

"The husband they shall have!" repeated the dozen voices, with as many different inflections; "and what connection can the future husband have with an act of devotion like the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur!"

"You all know very well that I don't believe

it," she continued; "and even if I did, I should not be the more anxious about it. What is it to me what husband I shall have, provided he be a man of honor, birth, and fortune! My parents will give me to no other; so I don't trouble myself about the matter so long beforehand."

"Nor I either," said Theresa, drawing her chair close to that of Marianne. "But the spell?"

Impatience was now at its height, and that of Marianne was not less than ours; for she always took more pleasure in talking than any one else did in listening to her. Throwing a glance of satisfaction over her audience—"You must know," she resumed, "that there is no devotion more acceptable to the blessed Virgin than the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur; and on that account it is thought that she recompenses with peculiar favor persons who pay her that homage. But there are so many ceremonies in the experiment in question, that I am afraid I shall go wrong, if Emily do not give me a little help. She was with us the day that Clara told me all about it."

"I!" returned Emily disdainfully—"I never take any part in your conversations."

"I do not say you take any part in them," replied Marianne, "but you listen to them." Then, after biting her pretty fingers for a little, she added—"The Neuvaine must be commenced this evening, by praying for eight hours in the chapel of the blessed Virgin. Afterwards, you must hear first mass every day, and return to prayer every evening with unabated piety and unshaken faith until the first of February. It is terribly difficult. Then, on the first of February, you must hear all the masses, from the first to the last, in the chapel. In the evening you must hear all the prayers, and all the instructions, without missing a single one. Stop, stop. I was near forgetting that you must also have confessed on that day; and if, unfortunately, you have not received absolution, all you have done will be labor lost; for the essential condition of success is, that you enter your chamber in a state of grace. Then—"

"Then you find the husband there before you?" cried Theresa.

"You are in a great hurry," replied Marianne coldly; "I am not yet through the half of my instructions. Then you again begin to pray; you shut yourself up, in order to fulfil the conditions of a severe retreat; you must be fasting, and yet have everything disposed for a banquet. The table must be laid for two persons, and furnished with two complete services, with the exception of knives, which must be avoided with the greatest possible care. I need not tell you that the table linen must be perfectly white, and as clean, as fine, and as new as can be got, that good order and good taste may reign in the little apartment; for these things are always attended to when a person of consideration is expected. The repast consists of two bits of consecrated bread, brought away from the last mass, and two glasses of pure wine, placed of course at opposite sides of the table. Only the middle of the service is garnished, if possible, with a porcelain or silver dish, which contains two sprigs (carefully blessed) of myrtle, rosemary, or any other green plant—boxwood excepted—placed side by side, not crosswise. This also is a point which it is essential to observe."

"Then?" asked Theresa, and the whole circle repeated the question like an echo.

"Then," replied Marianne, "having opened the

* Neuvaine, a nine-days' devotion.

† Chandeleur, Candlemas.

door, that the expected guest may enter, you take your place at the table, devoutly commend yourself to the protection of the Virgin, and go to sleep, in expectation of the effects of her favor, which never fail to be manifested according to the person who implores them. They begin strange and wonderful visions. Those for whom Heaven has prepared on earth some mysterious sympathy, see the man appear who is to love them if he meet them—who would have loved them, at least, if he had met them: the husband they should have, if favorable circumstances brought them together. It is also pretended, for a positive fact, that the Neuvaine has the peculiar privilege of causing the young man of whom one dreams to dream the same thing, and inspiring him with the same desire to find that half of himself which has been revealed to him: That is the bright side of the experience. But woe to the young girls whom Heaven has neglected in the distribution of husbands, for they are tormented with frightful prognostics! Those who are destined for a convent, see, it is said, a long procession of nuns, chanting the hymns of the church, slowly defile before them. Others, who are to die before the time, are present at their own funeral, the sight of which freezes the blood in their veins. They are awakened with a start by the light of funeral torches, and the sobs of their mother and friends, who weep over a coffin hung with white."

"I solemnly declare," exclaimed Theresa, "that I will never expose myself to such terrors. It makes one shudder even to think of them."

"You might, notwithstanding, expose yourself to them without fear," replied Emily. "I warrant you would sleep soundly till morning, and should be awakened as usual to take your Italian lesson."

"That is my opinion too," said Marianne; "and I should be very much astonished if it were not also that of Louis, who seems buried in his reflections, as if he were trying to explain a difficult passage in some Greek or Latin author."

"I don't know," I replied; "and you will excuse me if I do not pronounce judgment so hastily on a belief supported by the testimony of the people, whose opinions are generally founded upon experience. But pardon, dear Marianne, if the details you have just given, with your usual grace, have left me still something to desire. In your recital you have mentioned young girls only as being benefited by the effects of the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur. Do you think that the Virgin does not grant the same favors to the prayers of young men?"

"By no means!" she exclaimed; "and I beg pardon for being so remiss. The Neuvaine of the Chandeleur, performed with this design, has the same virtue with respect to all unmarried persons, without distinction of sex. Would you have any strong desire to try it?"

"Truly," said Emily, "it would be a fine thing to see a rational young man, accustomed to the society of men of learning, and whose father was the friend of M. de Voltaire, giving credit, like an ignorant child such as Clara, to such shameful folly."

I made no reply, but rose quietly, under pretence of suddenly recollecting some engagement; and gliding gently from chair to chair behind the elder ladies, I seized my hat, and ran to the chapel of the Virgin to commence the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur; for, in truth, I saw no plausible

reason against it. "Why," said I to myself when I had proceeded some steps towards the church—"why may it not be so? Nature has twenty mysteries more marvellous than this, and no one doubts them. Gross and apparently insensible bodies have affinities between them, which attract them to each other through incalculable space. The magnet, if consulted under the equator, recognizes the pole; the newly-hatched butterfly flies unerringly towards his unknown mate; the pollen of the palm-tree goes upon the winds of the desert to impregnate the solitary flower that awaits it. And is it prohibited to man alone, otherwise so privileged, to foreknow his destiny, and to join himself to that essential part of himself which God has prepared for him in the treasures of his providence? To believe in such neglect, would be a calumny against the power and goodness of the common Father."

I had fulfilled all the obligations of the Neuvaine; and after having finished my preparations, I opened my door to the approaching apparition, and had hardly regained my arm-chair, when I was surprised by a most profound sleep. I know not how long it lasted; but it suddenly seemed to me that I had ceased to sleep. My chamber resumed its usual appearance by the vacillating light of the candles. I distinguished every object—the slightest noise. Hearing a slight murmur, like that caused by the motion of a plume of feathers, I looked towards the door, and saw a female enter. I wished to rise and receive her; but an invincible power retained me in my place. I tried to speak, but the words remained glued to my tongue. My reason was not lost in this mystery. I felt that it was a mystery, and that the prayers of the Neuvaine had been heard.

The unknown approached, without seeming to perceive me, as if she had obeyed a kind of instinct, an irresistible impulse. She seated herself in the arm chair which I had prepared for her, and, with downcast eyes, remained thus exposed to my view. I certainly had never seen her before, and I felt, in the vague consciousness of a dream, a conviction that this existence, strange as it was to all my recollections, was not the less living and real. I will not speak of the beauty of this female; portraits cannot be drawn with words; I have often doubted whether they can be with colors. I did not ask myself why I loved her; I knew that I loved her; for it must be recollected that the apparition of the Chandeleur is conjured up only through a complete and absolute sympathy between the persons whom it brings into rapport.

The stranger seemed to be dressed, like myself, for a bridal feast; but her garments were not familiar to the brides of my province. They recalled to my mind those I had often remarked, in similar circumstances, in a town at some distance. It was the graceful costume of Monthéliard, which the highest society in the country still preserved by tradition, in certain solemn ceremonies, and which is probably now abandoned by the people themselves. She had placed beside her, on the table, one of those little bags in which young ladies keep those trifles which they are pleased to call their work, and on the steel-clasp of which I perceived two letters engraven, which must have been the initials of my future bride. At length her eyes met mine. I could scarcely support the fascination of that heavenly look. Never did the fire of innocent affection animate eyes more lovely, nor better reveal those secrets of pure love for

which no human voice can find words. A strange cloud, however, suddenly darkened her brow; her bosom palpitated; her eyelids became moistened with tears, which she tried to restrain. She gently pushed away the bread and wine which I had placed before her, took one of the sprigs of consecrated myrtle, and slipped it under one of the knots of her bouquet. She then rose, and departed by the way she had come. I was then relieved from the horrible constraint which chained me to my seat, and I darted after her, to obtain one word of consolation and hope. "Oh! whoever you are," I exclaimed, "abandon me not to the terrible regret of having seen you, and never being able to find you out again! Think that my future happiness depends on you, and make not the sweetest moment of my life an eternal misfortune! Tell me, at least, I implore you, whether I shall again press this hand which I bedew with my tears—whether I shall see you again?"

"Once more!" she replied; "or never! never!" she repeated with a mournful cry, and vanished.

I felt my strength fail, and my limbs sinking under me, and was obliged to lean on a chair for support. At this point I was awakened to broad daylight by the bursts of laughter of a servant who was removing the preparations of my nocturnal collation, and which he attributed to the fantasies of somnambulism—to which, indeed, I was subject.

I was not of a character easily to lay aside ideas with which I had once been strongly impressed. This unknown female, whom I loved with all the strength of my heart, even to distraction, and who perhaps was not in existence, became my fixed idea—the only thought of my life. I shunned society, and sought for solitude; because it was only when alone that I could freely indulge in the contemplation of my wishes and hopes. To what friendship, or to what complaisant credulity, could I have dared to confide them? I imagined that some unforeseen circumstance would shortly bring me in contact with my visionary betrothed. I expected her. I fancied I should find her in every strange female whom I saw at a distance; but she always escaped me, like the dream in which I had seen her. My reason and health sunk under this perpetual succession of powerful emotions. The physician, vainly called to my bed of grief, in a few days gave up all hope of me. In the meanwhile, I had neglected no means to discover my mysterious friend. Under the seal of profound secrecy, I communicated to a schoolfellow of mine, who lived at Montbéliard, the initials of the bag, with a most circumstantial portrait of the young girl whose name they were meant to express.

The reply came at length to cheer my heart, in one of those moments of extreme anguish when my exhausted strength seemed no longer able to struggle against death. The ideal being of whom I dreamt on the night of the Chandeleur really existed! The resemblance was perfect, even to a small mark on the back of her neck, which I had noticed in her retreat. Her name was Cecilia Savernier; and these names corresponded with the letters I so well remembered to have seen on the steel-clasp of the bag. She usually resided with her father, in a mansion situated at some distance from the town of Montbéliard, where her beauty and virtues were the theme of every conversation. Thus my illusion assumed a body; my chimera became a reality; my languor disappeared with my anxiety; my health improved;

and my father rejoiced in the certain hope of my recovery.

One day my father entered my room, which I had not yet left. "Heaven be praised!" said he, affectionately pressing my hand; "my son is restored to me." After a few minutes' silence, he added, "Louis, I am come to speak to you on a subject which I have much at heart—your marriage."

I looked at him in surprise. "Don't you think, father," I replied, "that there is still time enough to trouble ourselves about that? I am not yet twenty."

"It is a matter which concerns you deeply," he returned; "and why not? I married too late, or else the years have passed away too quickly; and I should lose one of the sweetest enjoyments of life if I died before having been loved by a daughter whom you should have given me, without having played with your children, without leaving behind me the remembrance of my features and affection to a new generation. This, my son, is the *material* immortality of man, which alone the weakness of our organs and intelligence permits us to foresee clearly. The other is a great mystery, which religion and philosophy prudently abstain from attempting to explain. Your marriage, then, has become, for your own sake, the principal object of my thoughts and hopes; however, I do not wish to put any force on your inclinations, but leave you perfectly free in your choice and establishment: and I shall never depart from this promise."

"You overwhelm me with gratitude and joy!" I exclaimed, embracing him. "On my side, I swear to you that I will never bring a daughter into your house whom you will not have adopted beforehand."

"As you will," said my father; "however, this idea which I must now sacrifice to you was the sweetest dream of my old age. Suffer me to speak of it to you for the last time. I have perhaps never mentioned before you the name of one of the friends of my youth, the remembrance of whom recalls the only real friendships we generally enjoy in this life—the sincere and disinterested friendships of the college. Though a great difference of vocation, habits, and abode, seemed to have separated us forever, yet I have never forgotten him. He became a colonel of artillery. He emigrated, and this circumstance rendered our separation irrevocable; for I, like many others, had followed the movements of the Revolution, when I was far from perceiving its aim and results. This transitory direction of a mind deceived by appearances, gave me a political credit which I have had the happiness of seeing sometimes useful. My friend, undecieved in his turn from another kind of error, sighed for his country, always so dear to every well-constituted heart. I succeeded in obtaining his eradication,* in restoring him to his hearth, his paternal fields, and native air. We have not seen each other since, but his letters cease not to testify an affectionate gratitude, which sweetly repays me for my efforts in his behalf. Mutual confidence has made us acquainted with the most trifling particulars of our inmost thoughts and fortune. My old friend Gilbert knows I have a son in whom I repose all my hopes of the future. He has a daughter whose praise is in every mouth, and who will certainly make her husband as happy as she has made her

* Getting his name struck off the list of the proscribed.

father. I do not conceal from you that we had seen in this projected union an agreeable means of reuniting ourselves for the remainder of our days. It was a life we had fondly planned in our foolish confidence; so true is it that we deceive ourselves at every age, and that old age, matured by experience, is as apt to give way to illusions as youth itself. This prospect was delightful! It must be renounced!"

"Pardon, my father; a thousand pardons! Why has Heaven condemned me to acknowledge your affection so badly?"

"Never mind," said he; "I shall easily forget the joy I promised myself in seeing my hopes realized by thinking of yours. After all, it is a pity, for Cecilia Savernier is considered a handsome girl in a country where it is difficult to choose——"

"Cecilia Savernier!" I cried, jumping to my feet; "Cecilia Savernier! Oh, father! have I heard you rightly?"

"Perfectly," said he. "Cecilia Savernier, daughter of Gilbert Savernier, late colonel of artillery, residing at Montbéliard, department of Mont-Terrible. It is of her I spoke."

I fell at my father's feet in a state of agitation impossible to describe. Unable to utter a word, I covered his hand with kisses and tears. My father raised me anxiously, pressed me to his bosom, and asked me what was the matter more than ten times before I had power to answer. "Cecilia Savernier! 'T is she; 't is she, father!" I cried with a choking voice. "'T is for her I ask you on my knees!"

"Indeed," he replied; "then your prayer is soon heard, since the affair is nearly all settled. But where can you have seen Cecilia? Or where can she have known you? Montbéliard is the only town in France she has appeared in since her return from abroad. And when you were in that part of the country two years ago, I am positively certain she was not yet there."

I blushed. This question touched too nearly on a secret which I had not strength of mind to reveal, and which my father might regard either as an illusion or a falsehood. "Believe," I replied, "that I have seen Cecilia, and have reason to think that she will not be unfavorable to my love. With respect to the circumstances or accident that brought us together for an instant, be so good, I beseech you, as not to question me further."

"Heaven forbid!" said he, embracing me. "I have too much respect for this kind of mystery to take from you the merit of discretion. There are secret links, sympathies, known only to lovers, which one at my age can but ill discern. This state of things accords so well with my wishes, that I have no desire to find out how it originated. Let us now think only of your marriage, which will be celebrated without fail after you shall have taken your degree. This delay seems to frighten you; but it is not so long as you imagine. You will soon regain the time you have lost during your illness. You must feel that it would ill become you to present yourself at the most solemn act of life, without bringing as a dowry an honorable and serious title. Besides, it is but proper that you should first see your intended wife and father-in-law, and obtain a more positive consent than that on which we have been flattering ourselves, before pushing things any further. As your health is so much improved, I trust that a month's residence at Montbéliard will quite re-

establish it. You will be present at your cousin Clara's wedding as you pass, for she lives half-way, at the Bois d'Arcey."

"Clara's wedding!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Is Clara going to be married?"

"Yes," replied my father. "I wish she may be happy; though there is something extraordinary about the whole affair. This year she refused three highly-advantageous offers, and her mother thought she was disposed to embrace a religious life, when a strange young man, who had arrived in town only a day or two before, obtained her consent in their first conversation. The references he gave as to character and fortune were satisfactory, and their two families promptly agreed to the match. Clara is happy in this union, which the Virgin, she says, had in reserve for her since the night of the Chandeleur. But what say you? Does the arrangement I have proposed suit your inclination?"

I threw myself into his arms; he kissed my forehead, went into his study, and soon came out with a letter in his hand, addressed to Colonel Savernier. Next morning I set out for Montbéliard, happier than I can express.

Alas! what are human joys!

I have said that the strange illusion that filled up my whole life, and absorbed my every thought since the night of the Chandeleur, had to me become equivalent to the most positive truth. The result of my inquiries had given to it an extreme likelihood. The unforeseen concurrence of my father's projects with the time and circumstances of my dream, distinguished it from the class of ordinary dreams. It was no longer a dream—it was a revelation. Constitutionally disposed to be easily impressed by the marvellous, I abandoned myself to this without resistance. Hearts that resemble mine will have no difficulty in understanding me. I embraced, for the first time, the thought of a happiness which I imagined nothing was to disturb. I flew towards Cecilia in all the confidence, all the abandonment of my heart. It was at the end of January; and I was struck with a strange sensation when I remarked that Clara's marriage was exactly on the day of the Chandeleur. I arrived in time to be present at the ceremony. The countenances of the bride and bridegroom expressed the most perfect happiness. The young man was handsome, affectionate, and engaging, but serious in his demeanor. When the ceremony was ended, I approached my cousin, and pressing her hand to my lips, whispered, "I hope, my dear friend, that this gentleman is the husband who was revealed to you on the night of the Chandeleur!" Clara blushed, and gave me a look which seemed to say, "How do you know that?" Then pressing my hand, she replied, "I would not have married another." I felt myself agitated by a delightful emotion, impossible to describe, in thinking that a similar happiness awaited myself.

Whilst the fêtes of Clara's marriage detained me at the Bois d'Arcey longer than I could have wished, my excellent father had advised Colonel Savernier of my intended visit; of which the latter, curious to know me first, did not think proper to inform his daughter. When I had presented my letter to the colonel, he merely glanced at it with a smile, and coming to me with open arms, "I need not ask your name," said he with affectionate cordiality; "you bear so strong a resemblance to the friend of my youth, that I think

I see him still, as when every morning brought us together—only you are a little taller. You are welcome, my dear boy, as a friend—as a son—if, as I hope, your heart and that of my Cecilia's come to a mutual understanding. And now, sit down and rest yourself, while I read your father's letter, and consider you more at my ease."

The kindness of this reception brought tears to my eyes, which I sought to restrain by taking a survey of the room. A straw-hat, trimmed with blue ribbons, hung upon a nail: it was Cecilia's. There was a harp in one corner of the room: it was Cecilia's harp. A bag had been carelessly left upon a chair close to mine, on the steel-clasp of which my eye quickly detected the initials that had struck me on the night of my vision. Yet the idea suddenly occurred to me, what if Cecilia was not the right person after all? The thought froze me with terror. I found myself engaged in the most sacred, the most irrevocable manner, by the wishes I had expressed to my father, by my present proceedings with respect to M. Savernier, and my blind precipitation was perhaps about to separate me forever from the bride who had been promised me. A mortal shudder ran through me when I perceived, at a distance, the portrait of a young female wearing a straw-hat. I collected all my strength, and hastened across the room to examine it more closely. I was struck with despair. It was the portrait of a charming woman, but whose face bore no resemblance to that of my imaginary Cecilia. It was not she! My limbs were sinking under me, when the arm of M. Savernier, passed round my body, held me up. "Alas!" said he, wiping away a tear, "you will never see her! That is Lidy! my fair and gentle Lidy! the mother of our Cecilia. May you never experience the grief of surviving what you love!"

My terror vanished, leaving only a profound sympathy for my friend, who seemed to appreciate my feelings, for he said, "Yes, you shall be my son! for you have a soul! You shall be the husband of Cecilia, if she consent. And why should she not?" After a pause, he added, "My dear young friend, a regard to propriety will not permit that you should stay at my house; but we shall see you every day while you remain at Montbéliard, before going to resume your studies. The sweet intimacy that ought to precede a serious and inviolable engagement will grow up of itself. One ought not to proceed lightly with affairs of life and eternity. But I learn with much surprise, from your father's letter, that you already love my Cecilia; and, what is still stranger, if it be possible, her artless heart, which has never concealed anything from me, feels drawn towards you by the same inclination, though you have never seen each other; unless, indeed, my vigilance has been deceived by some of those artifices which youth practices by instinct, and old age forgets. That, I own, is a point on which I am anxious for an explanation; and my friendship for you gives me some right to expect it."

The colonel cast a searching look on me; and the trouble into which his question plunged me could not have escaped his notice. I cast down my eyes, hesitated, and vainly sought for an answer.

"I swear to you, upon my honor, sir," I at length replied, "that I have never seen Cecilia; that I have never seen her portrait; that I have never presumed to write to her; and that her

name was known to me scarcely two days before my father mentioned it to me. Notwithstanding, it is a year since I first loved her; and I will love her all my life. There is the truth, sir. The rest is to me an incomprehensible mystery."

"Incomprehensible, indeed!" replied M. Savernier with an anxious air—"quite incomprehensible; for I do not suppose you could be guilty of a falsehood. And yet—"

"And yet I have disguised nothing from you. Is it not an instance of those mysterious sympathies which sometimes unconsciously take possession of us, and carry us away with all the vehemence of a passion? It is what I am profoundly ignorant of; however, I must believe it, for I have no other explanation to give you."

"Pshaw!" replied the colonel; "you will next have me believe that you have seen and loved each other in a dream. If the secret of that kind of rendezvous get abroad, it will be all over with paternal surveillance. But what matters it, provided you love each other!—just as I wish things to be. This is what we shall all know before long in a more positive manner; for you shall dine to-morrow with Cecilia."

"To-morrow!" I exclaimed in a tone of disappointment.

"To-morrow," said he, smiling. "It is not so soon as you would wish; but the delay is not long enough to cause you any real affliction. I have not told Cecilia of your expected arrival. I reserved to myself the pleasure of discovering at your first interview, when I had known you a little, whether there is any reality in the sympathy between you; and I was not sorry that an opportunity offered to get my daughter out of the way at the moment I expected you. A country family, in which Cecilia counts no less than six friends—all sisters—solemnize to-day the anniversary of the birth of their excellent grandmother, who is an old friend of mine. As the long retirements of the Chan-deleur are over, and the rest of the time between this and Lent is, by immemorial custom, consecrated to amusements more or less innocent, but which religion itself does not forbid, they dance, they disguise themselves, and I even believe they will be masked. Don't be alarmed, my friend; the programme of the fête admits females only, nor will any man be received there, whether father, husband, or brother, till the hour appointed for the sweet lambs to return to the fold. Meanwhile we shall dine *tête-à-tête*, for there is Dorothy calling us."

"Do you know," said he suddenly, when we were about to leave the table, "an idea occurs to me. Since to-morrow seems so long to your impatience, we shall at least try to deceive her till then. I shall tell you how. At the hour of breaking up this evening, you shall accompany me when I go for Cecilia. I shall enter alone, and in a few words smooth all difficulties. A servant, at my appointed signal, will introduce you as a friend of the family. We must seem to be entire strangers to each other. In this way I shall be enabled to appreciate the reality of those marvellous sympathies you speak so much of; for there will be nothing to prevent you, if not from seeing Cecilia, at least from conversing with her without restraint. I hope you will have no difficulty in distinguishing her in her disguise as a bride of Montbéliard."

"She is disguised as a bride of Montbéliard, say you! Can it be possible!"

"Why, yes; as a bride of Montbéliard," he replied. "It is a good omen, is it not? But this costume is so graceful, that more than one of her companions may have also chosen it. In that case you will know her from the others by a little sprig of myrtle, separated from her bouquet, which she took a fancy to attach to her bosom, and by which I am myself to recognize her."

This second circumstance, which recalled so vividly the particulars of my dream, renewed my emotion; but I soon mastered it, and answered to the proposal of M. Savernier by testifying the most tender gratitude. An hour afterwards, he had executed his project on all points, and I was in the presence of Cecilia, whom I easily recognized by the tokens her father had given me. On her side she had shown some emotion at my approach, and when I had taken my place beside her, I thought I perceived her tremble. "Excuse," said I, "a liberty which the mask and disguise will in some degree explain. The vicinity of a stranger may perhaps be unpleasant to you; yet I doubt much whether my features are wholly strange to your recollection?"

"Indeed," she replied, "I do not think I have had the honor of ever seeing you before."

"Never!" said I.

"Never," she returned with a forced laugh, "unless it was perhaps in a dream; and you may believe my word, for I am incapable of feigning. I have not even tried to disguise my voice."

It was indeed the voice I had heard a year before, and which still echoed in my heart. "Permit me, then," said I with warmth, "to seek some motive which may supply the pleasing customs of established acquaintanceship. My name, or rather that of my father, must have often been mentioned to you by yours, and I am not ignorant that I speak to the daughter of M. Savernier. Would this name be happy enough to awaken any kind of sympathy in your soul?"

I had hardly pronounced my name, when Cecilia started, and turned on me a look expressive of tenderness, mingled with terror. "Yes, yes!" she replied; "your name is well known to me. It is dear to my father and to me also; it recalls to us recollections which are never effaced from an honest heart—those of gratitude! It is true, then?" she continued, speaking to herself, as if she had suddenly forgot my presence; "it was not an illusion. All has been thus far fulfilled—all will be fulfilled without doubt! The will of God be done!" And she fell into a state of gloomy dejection, in which all her ideas seemed to be absorbed. One of her hands nearly touched mine. I took it without her making the slightest effort to withdraw it. She only looked at me more attentively. "It is he!" she said.

"Oh, let not the sight of me give you any alarm!" said I, pressing her hand. "The sentiment which has led me to you is as pure as your own heart, and it has the sanction of a father whose only thought is your happiness. You are free, Cecilia; and our future destiny depends only on you."

"Our future destiny depends only on God," she replied, letting her head droop with a deep sigh. "But you have spoken of my father. You have surely seen him? He knows that at this hour of the night, for some time past, I suffer from an inexpressible affection which stifles and kills me. I wished so much to prevent its approach! How is it that my father is not come?"

Although the colonel had told me something of this circumstance, which inspired no fear, the expression of suffering that accompanied those words froze my blood. Besides, her father was standing before us at the moment that she seemed to be seeking him through the room with an uneasy look. I was surprised that she had not seen him. "I am near you," said he, encircling her with his arm, for she was going to faint. She leant upon him, and passed one of those moments so long to pain.

The friends of Cecilia had gathered around her, and, in the cares they lavished on her, displaced her mask. Alas! all my doubts were dissipated; but a frightful pallor covered those features so dear to my memory. I felt as if life was about to leave me, when Cecilia breathed, raised her head, and looked at the persons who surrounded her. "Ah! all is well now," said she. "I am better. I no longer suffer. I ask pardon, and thank you all. This crisis is never long, but I would have wished to have spared you the pain of witnessing it. In that case I should not have come, or have gone away sooner. I will no longer interrupt your pleasures; the air and a walk will complete my recovery."

Shortly after we set out, and M. Savernier entrusted his daughter's arm to me. She was near me—close to my heart. I conversed freely with her. I spent ten minutes of the fullest, the purest happiness that ever mortal was permitted to enjoy on earth. Cecilia walked with a light and firm step. She seemed happy. Her father, with one arm passed round her, congratulated himself on seeing her so well, and attributed her late illness to the fatigue of dancing, or to some sudden emotion, the secret of which he gaily refused to penetrate. The space we had to walk was very short. We arrived. "Adieu till to-morrow," said the colonel—"till to-morrow! To-morrow, the fairest day of all our lives, if my hopes be not deceived. But the night is past, and this fair to-morrow must be near its second hour. At four o'clock in the evening," said he, embracing me; "and at this time we shall all three sit down to table. Sleep, the toilet, and hope, will help to shorten the time till then." They retired. I still hear Cecilia's adieu.

Next day was Sunday. The hour so impatiently expected at length arrived—the hour at which I was to see Cecilia! Cecilia, by whom I believed myself loved! Cecilia, whom I adored! The street through which I had to pass, and which I had seen nearly deserted the evening before, was now filled with people. I attributed this difference to the solemnity of the day; but I could not explain why the crowd formed itself here and there into motionless and silent groups. I rapidly threaded my way through those little assemblies, and only by chance caught a few confused words to the following effect:—"An aneurism!" said one; "persons do not die of aneurism at that age." "One dies when the hour of death is come," replied his neighbor. A little farther on was a young girl, adorned and veiled, to whom one of her companions was listening in tears. "At half past two, when leaving the ball, she said truly that she would never be married!" A horrible light glanced in upon my mind. I was not more than twenty steps from the house. I ran. The many years which have elapsed since then cannot weaken the impression of that fearful moment. The door was hung with white; in

the passage was a coffin, surrounded with torches.

"Who is dead? Who is dead in this house?" I exclaimed, violently laying hold of the arm of a man who seemed to have charge of the preparations.

"Mademoiselle Cecilia Savernier!"

From Chambers' Journal.

THE WORK-GIRL.

WORK!—what extremes in human life are suggested by this little monosyllable! What varied interpretations may be placed on this one short word! And how differently is it considered in each circle through which we might trace its universal application, from the light and elegant occupation of affluence, downwards to the toilsome drudgery of necessity! One picture gives us the fair and accomplished daughters of our land seated before their embroidery-frames, surrounded by colors as bright as the rainbow's hues—worsted, and silk, and golden threads, scattered in rich profusion, with every accessory to interest and amuse; but before the leaf, or the flower, or the cunning device is half copied on the canvass, some anxious parent or careful friend will approach, and in tones of fond entreaty request they will lay it aside, lest the graceful figure should be injured, or the radiant eyes made dim, by work! And this, again, is the term to designate the employment that has hollowed the cheek and chilled the life-blood of the weary occupants of many a solitary garret, who, sighing, listen to the midnight chime, and think that even then they cannot lay it by to rest. Such are the extremes. Would that neither boundary was so strongly marked, and that a little habitual self-denial in the one instance, might afford means to lessen the privations of the other! When Lord Collingwood wrote home, enjoining his wife to inspire his daughters with "a contempt for vanity and embroidery," it might almost be imagined that the gallant admiral had a prophetic glimpse of the expenditure of time and money lavished by the present generation on this fascinating pursuit. But it is the abuse, not the use of anything which renders it reprehensible; and we may remember it was a saying of the sagacious Dr. Johnson, that many a man might have escaped hanging, had he known how to hem a pocket-handkerchief. Let our fair countrywomen, then, enjoy this recreation as a recreation, not as an all-engrossing pursuit; and let us all, both men and women, feel thankful that the needle has provided an antidote against listlessness in one class, and a means of livelihood for another.

A lady was lately making some purchases in the principal shop of a little sea-side village in the south of Ireland. As usual, it was a place where the most incongruous articles were collected, and, accordingly, frequented by purchasers as different as there were varieties in the inhabitants of the village; besides which, on the weekly market-day, it was so crowded from morning till night by an influx of country customers, as to render it a matter of some difficulty to reach the counter. The lady, however, was a person of some importance, and way was made for her as soon as she appeared, while the obsequious shopman threw everything else aside to attend to her commands. They were not very important; and having soon despatched them, she was waiting for the change of a note, when she became aware of a gentle

pulling at the back of her dress, two or three times repeated, and so far different from the occasionally rude pressure of the crowd, as at last to attract her attention. She turned, and saw two young girls immediately behind her, both of whom colored deeply as she looked round: one, very small and delicate-looking, drew back timidly; but the other, a tall, handsome girl, raised her eyes ingenuously, though respectfully, to those of the lady, and in gentle accents apologized for the liberty they had taken. "But my sister, ma'am," added she, "is very sickly, and her only pleasure is in work; and when she saw the trimming on your dress, she thought it so pretty, that I could not help drawing it a little nearer for her to see."

Before she had concluded the sentence, her companion had again glided forward, her dark eyes glistening, and slipping her hand into that of her courageous defender, added earnestly, "Forgive us both, ma'am." The lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Villars, much struck by the little scene, reassured them speedily with one of her own sweet smiles, and stooping down, unclasped her mantle, and showed them, to their hearts' content, the dress they had admired so much; then gathering up her little purchases, she returned their energetic gratitude and admiration with another smile, and left the shop.

Days passed away, and she saw the sisters no more; but they often returned to her thoughts, and, unblest by any similar tie, she would remember with a sigh the strong affection revealed by that little incident. In one moment it had told its own story—of fond protection on the one side, and grateful reliance on the other—as intelligibly as if the parties had been known for years; and she marvelled that, in a class where, from want of mental cultivation, externals must seem so important, such superior personal attractions as one sister enjoyed, should create no taint of vanity or of jealousy to sully their mutual love. But Mrs. Villars reasoned wrong. She had yet to learn that the heart teaches its own lesson—the most unsophisticated often the warmest; and that true affection is a sunbeam that blinds our eyes to the deficiencies of the beloved ones, while it casts a ray of tenfold brightness on every excellence they possess.

At last one morning, in an early walk more extended than usual, she came to a cluster of cottages near the shore, at some distance from the village. It was a pleasant, animated scene, and Mrs. Villars stopped to admire the eager groups collected round some boats returned from the night's fishing, and either making bargains for themselves, or congratulating their sons or husbands on their success. As she lingered, a young girl tripped lightly by with a basket on her arm; and even in that passing glance she could not mistake the bright eyes and glowing complexion of her late acquaintance. A look of recognition also beamed from those same eyes. Half hesitatingly she paused for an instant, then with a modest curtesy was passing on, when Mrs. Villars accosted her, and, with an inquiry for her sister, joined her on her way.

During their walk, she learned that Ellen and Mary Roche were sisters, their mother long since dead, and their father—"Wisha, he was just nothing at all." Mrs. Villars had lived long enough in Ireland to know that the smothered sigh which followed that little hesitating sentence indicated a good-natured kind of idler, who smoked tobacco

when he could get it, drank whisky on the same terms, and was a burthen to the family it was his duty to support. But how eagerly the speaker turned from that unwelcome theme, to dwell on the perfections of her sister Ellen! And as she did so, the varying cheek, the eyes sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful, and the occasionally tremulous tones, spoke in her own favor as eloquently as if Ellen had been there in turn to tell the tale, and more than that we need not say. Ellen was the eldest, though she looked so small; but an early accident had made her lame, and checked her growth; and in those days of suffering she had learned to use her needle with such skill, as to enable her to contribute materially to their livelihood now. "She could never come with me, ma'am, when I went out to play with other girls, or follow me when I was clambering on the rocks, or picking shells on the shore; but she was always on the watch for me, as a mother looks for her child. I never found her missing from the door when I was coming home; and if, as sometimes happened, I forgot to be back in time, I saw the trouble in her pale cheeks and sad eyes, though she never said a word, so that made me careful not to wander any more. And she taught me to be tidy, ma'am; for I was very wild and careless, and would never have cared about tearing my clothes, only she always took and mended them, without ever noticing it; and she taught me to be gentle, and to curb my hasty spirit, for I saw her suffer pain and sorrow without murmur or complaint; and above all, ma'am," and here the tearful eyes filled entirely, "she taught me hope when my heart was sinking, and the power to bear when sorrow in earnest came—"

She stopped short, and drew her hand across her eyes; then looking archly into Mrs. Villars' face, who, deeply interested, was quite unprepared for the sudden transition, she added gaily—"Here I am all the time praising myself—tidy, gentle, and strong-hearted! Oh, lady, they are all but feathers from that sweet dove's wing!"

As she spoke they approached a whitewashed cottage, poor, but neater than is usually seen. In place of the dunghill there was a narrow little strip of garden, paled off from the road, filled with gay flowers glowing brightly in the morning sun; and at the door, as Mary had just been telling, was Ellen, looking out for her with the watchful habit of their early days. A few quick steps forward, a whispered word from Mary, and Ellen turned to the lady with a pleased smile of recognition, and invited her in to rest. She gladly accepted the invitation; and soon found herself seated in the clean, and tidy, though poorly-furnished dwelling. The only articles of superior comfort were a small work-table, placed near the window, and beside it a sort of easy-chair, made of straw, both evidently adapted to the occupation and infirmity of poor Ellen. Oh yes, we had nearly forgotten, the room was not quite unornamented either; for over the fireplace was arranged a large piece of coral, and some foreign shells, and near the window hung a cage in which was a bird with brilliant plumage, all telling plainly of some friend from over the sea.

Mrs. Villars had at this time the good fortune to escape an interview with the good-for-nothing father, and had the pleasure of talking, without interruption, to the two young girls, so different, and yet so united. This interview was succeeded by many others. Ellen was supplied with as

much work as she could accomplish; and Mary, who, under her instructions, had also become very expert at the needle, would hasten with double diligence through her more active employments, that she might gain some time to share in the occupation of her sister. And sweet it was to see those two young creatures seated, with busy fingers, at their work on the quiet summer's eve; Ellen earnestly dwelling on some instructive lesson, while, with deferential gentleness, Mary would raise her loving eyes now and then, in silent assurance that the words were going home to her heart; or, in turn, those eyes would sparkle gaily, and a happy smile would brighten Ellen's graver face as she listened to some passing jest or merry narrative from her light-hearted Mary. But were they thus alone? We reckon the father as nothing; for, with his hands in his pockets, he lounged in the sunshine while sunshine lasted, and then took his supper, and went off early to bed. He had his cottage and a little plot of ground rent free for his own life, and, caring only for himself, considered any exertion for a future provision quite superfluous. Even so: the girls had another companion who would often, as Ellen would say, come in "to idle them" in the evening; sometimes to make them laugh and talk—sometimes to read while they worked—and, oftener still, when the sun was sinking low, and the evening waves curling gently towards the shore, to coax them to "lay aside their stitchery," and saunter with him for half an hour along the cliffs. Notwithstanding the difference in their station, Mrs. Villars was soon regarded as a friend by those two motherless girls, and each meeting increased the interest she felt in them. She had given them employment and encouragement, and, more welcome still, had on more than one occasion given them affectionate sympathy and advice; but still she observed that at times some cloud was hanging over them, heavier even than poverty, and she determined not to conclude her visit to the sea-side without, if possible, winning their entire confidence, and making some effort for their happiness.

One morning Ellen was alone in the cottage, when Mrs. Villars entered with a small parcel in her hand, and asked her gaily, "Well, Ellen, would you like to make your fortune at once?" Ellen returned her smile with one as gay; but in an instant the bright expression vanished, and clasping her hands tightly, while her delicate figure actually trembled with emotion, she answered earnestly, "Would I wish to make my fortune? Oh, lady, I would give all the work these poor hands can ever do while life is spared me, to make a fortune of ten guineas before another month passes by!" Then burying her quivering features in her hands, she sank back into the little chair from which she had just risen, and burst into tears. Mrs. Villars, amazed at an agitation so unlike the usual placid and collected demeanor of Ellen, sat down beside her, and sought to comfort and calm her with tones even kinder than her words. For a while all would not do; but at last Ellen raised her head, hurriedly wiped away her tears, and putting back her hair with her still trembling hands, in faltering accents asked pardon for her foolishness; then, gaining confidence with the effort, she related, even as friend would tell to friend, the sorrow that was weighing on her heart.

She told what a young and helpless creature Mary was when they were left even worse than

orphans; how she, older by a few years, was still older from suffering and much inward thought; and how, from that hour, she had taken the little darling to her heart, and resolved to fill a mother's place to her through life. Then she told how the task was more difficult, because her beauty won indulgence from every one, and how she feared to lose her love in the checks she found it needful to impose. "But there was a deep mine of truth and sense in that seemingly thoughtless nature; and even in childish anger, she never forgot that I was her best and truest friend—even then her chief care was not to grieve me; and you know, ma'am, how she loves me now," said Ellen, looking up with a glow of intense feeling; and reading her answer in the lady's eyes she dropped her own as she softly murmured, "Yes, even as I love her!"

There was a moment's pause; and then in lighter tones Ellen went on to say that even such love, perfect as it was, could not entirely satisfy a heart like Mary's; that she always knew the time must come when she should be contented with a sister's place; and instead of regret, felt proud and happy when she found that Mary's heart was gained by one who had loved her almost from childhood—the most dutiful son, the best conducted and most industrious boy in the place. "I rejoiced in their happiness, and I encouraged it," continued she; "little dreaming that I was building on the very sand. Garret Mahony was a sailor, and had been more than once abroad; but his father was grown old and infirm, and as he was the last of many children, he made him promise never to leave him again. So he had a good deal of idle time, except when out fishing, and those leisure hours were mostly spent in the company he loved best; while I, proud of my own sweet Mary, and seeing no one in the world to compare with her, never for one moment dreamt that any could look on her with other eyes. One evening Garret came in, and at the first glance I saw something was the matter. Happily, Mary was out; gone to carry home some work; and I was able to bear the first wild burst of sorrow alone. But there was anger too, as well as sorrow; and though I had to bid my heart be still, that I might quiet his, yet it was the bitterest hour of my life.

"He told me that his father that morning had questioned him as to all the time he latterly spent here, and that, glad of the opening, he had at once avowed his love for Mary, and tried to speak of her as she well deserved; that his father had listened quietly until he was done, and after he was done, and then at last asked coldly what she had, along with what she was? This was a question that never had occurred to Garret; but he well knew there could be but one answer, and so he told his father, adding, that Mary was more precious than money or land. But the old man smiled, as some will do when they think young hearts have spoken in their folly, and he told his son the time would come when he would see with different eyes. Garret grew impatient, and was answering warmly, when his father silenced him, and, in a voice of command, desired him to attend. He is a proud and stern man, dear lady, old Maurice Mahony, and with a name for sense that has given him power over all that come within his shadow; so no wonder that his son listened with respect, though his heart was rebelling at every word. The father went on to say that he never knew any good come of marrying a girl that could bring no

thing but herself, unless she met with one as badly off, and then they might pull on together; but as long as the husband had any income, the wife that never knew the value of money of her own would think there was no end to his, and would soon grow discontented when her wishes were refused. Then would come extravagance, then anger, then bitterness, then want; and no knowing how many more evils he would have added, only Garret's fiery countenance showed he could bear no further. He changed then so far as to say that this was not out of covetousness, for the day Garret married to please him, he would give him up his share in the hooker, and that was well worth twenty guineas; but that he expected his wife would bring at least as much again; and unless she did, they never should have his consent or blessing.

"Garret was cut to the heart. There was a show of reason in his father's words; but it was calculating, heartless reason; so, without pretending to answer it, he tried to touch his feelings; but all in vain. The old man was not to be shaken; and at last poor Garret, as he himself confessed, lost patience, temper, respect itself; and, in words which no child should have spoken, no parent could forgive, reproached his father with cruelty and covetousness, withdrew his promise of never leaving him, vowed to go to sea again, and, sink or swim, never to return till he could bring home an independence for himself and Mary. Oh, lady, those words are few and cold to convey the feelings that were poured like a torrent from his heart! All were mixed and struggling together—anger, disappointment, self-reproach, love for Mary, duty to his father; each feeling so true, and yet so opposing, my very heart bled for him, for her—for all. But before I could well picture the consequences, in came Mary herself, her sweet face glowing from her walk, and from pleasure at being home with me again. One glance, and Garret buried his face in his folded arms on the table; the smile and the color fled from Mary's cheek, and without even a look at me, she sprang forward, and grasping his shoulder, asked wildly what was the matter. I had thought to break this reverse to her myself, to spare him the telling, and her the hearing it from him: but, as I said, she came back before a plan was formed, and now there could be no disguise; his look had prepared her for the worst, and I saw by her terrified countenance that even the truth would be a relief.

"And so he told it all again; but this time, oh, how different! The presence of her he loved came like sweet dew upon his heart, and melted away all the fierce and stormy feelings which had made me doubly grieved. With touching, yet manly sorrow and repentance, he related his disappointment and his fault, and he told it to one whose generous nature fully felt his confidence, and lost the first sharp sting of grief in sympathy for the estrangement between the father and the son. She wept, without doubt, long and sadly; but her face was turned away, and she listened, without interrupting, from beginning to end. Then, when all was over, she raised her head; her face was very pale, and her lip trembled; but there was a light in her eyes, and a steadfast look, that made me remember the high, proud spirit of her childish days, and tremble for the words she was about to speak. I wronged her in that passing fear, even I that should have known her well. It was no pride, but a holy resolution that was shining in that earnest look. She laid her hand affec-

tionately on Garret's arm, and in a very calm, low tone, asked him, 'Did the old man say anything against me, Garret—against myself?' He gave her a look of surprise, almost of reproach, as he exclaimed, 'Oh, Mary!' It was enough. A faint smile rested on her lip as her heart told her Garret felt such a thought impossible; and, after a moment's pause, she continued, 'Then, Garret, our first thought must be of him. Go to him at once, and gain his pardon for that disrespect, and comfort his heart, even as you did mine, by the goodness of your sorrow. You will feel nothing but misery till you have his forgiveness; and think how he must be grieving now! Then, for the future, we are both very young, and may well wait, with trust in God and in each other, for the changes time may bring. Your father made no objection to me except for poverty, and as that is no real fault, who knows but he may change his mind.'

"Garret shook his head despondingly as he answered, 'Ah, Mary, you little know him; but I'll go at once and ask his forgiveness, for, as you truly say, I cannot have rest or peace until I do so. But as to remaining idle any longer at home, when gold is to be made, and happiness depends on it, it is out of the question, Mary! You must not ask me to do that.'

"But indeed I do, Garret; that is what I ask you. You gave a promise to your old father, and you must not leave him. God always grants his blessing to the dutiful son; and would I be the one to tempt you to disobedience, and so provoke his curse! No, Garret; it surely is not *we* that wish for money: all we want is your father's consent; and that would be farther off than ever if you were to desert him, and make him look on me as the cause.'

"Garret still remonstrated; but Mary's simple faith and sense of duty finally conquered so far as to gain his promise to wait one year; and then he declared impetuously that if his father by that time had not changed his mind, he would no longer yield to his unreasonable whims.

"Satisfied with averting the present evil, Mary urged him no farther then; but hurried him away, not to lose a moment in becoming reconciled to his father. Then, worn out with her long effort at composure, my poor girl threw herself into my arms, and wept without restraint her long-repressed and bitter tears. But Mary's heart is like an April day—sunshine ever following the showers; and after a while she raised her head, and with a cheerfulness that took me by surprise, exclaimed, 'Well, Ellen, at any rate we shall not be parted; life will glide along the same as ever; and with hope to gladden, and the sense of doing right to bear us up, I think we ought to be even happier than before we were tried. And now from this time out,' added she, with increasing liveliness, 'I must be very careful, steady, and diligent, and so win a good character for old Maurice, as I have no money to buy one:' then sitting down to work with an air of diligence, she cried, 'Now, Ellen, you'll have to bear witness in my favor; so here's to begin!'

Ellen then told how, in the evening, Garret returned; but though his heart was evidently lightened by his father's forgiveness, still it was also plain that he had not recovered his own disappointment. His impetuous, active nature found waiting and submission a hard trial; and it required a double exertion of fortitude on Mary's part to make

him hope against hope. It was also evident that no change had been wrought in old Maurice's determination; so, convinced that matters could not long continue in this state, Ellen inwardly determined to make an effort to bring about some understanding. And an effort indeed it was for her. Naturally timid, and rendered still more diffident by her infirmity and secluded life, nothing but the power of an affection which was the first object of her existence, a love stronger than death, could have induced her to take the step she now meditated. This was to obtain an interview herself with old Maurice, and with her own lips plead the cause so dear to her heart. She knew him, as she had said, by report to be a hard and stern man; but she had also always heard he was a sensible and just one. She had heard, too, of his having, in early life, loved his wife to idolatry, and cherishing her memory with a constancy that would never allow him to replace her; this, combined with his genuine love for Garret, inspired her with the hope that his feelings might be touched by her appeal; and she resolved on making an attempt to convince him that arithmetic was not the only rule for measuring human hearts.

We need not enlarge upon this interview. Enough to say, that, though at first causing some surprise she was received with civility and kindness, which gave her courage and even hope; and though she found it impossible to remove an opinion which had become a fixed idea in old Maurice's mind, still, conquered by her earnestness, he modified it so far as to promise that if, at the end of the year, Mary could bring him half the sum originally demanded—namely, ten guineas, and this fairly earned by their united industry—he would be proud and happy to welcome her as his daughter. In the mean time, he also required a promise from Ellen to keep both this meeting and agreement a secret from every creature except Mary herself.

"From Garret!" asked Ellen pleadingly.

"Yes, from Garret especially," said the old man. "Can Mary be depended on to oblige me in this?"

"You shall see," answered Ellen proudly. Old Maurice smiled; and ratifying the treaty with a warm benediction and shake of the hand, they parted, mutually pleased. Since then, long months had passed away, and yet not so very long, for hope and constant industry had made the time seem short; and if Garret would sometimes, without those aids, wax impatient, a gentle word from Ellen, reminding him of his promise, would induce him to keep it with a good grace. He would good-humoredly say, "You are our pilot, Ellen, and in such hands it would be hard indeed if we refused to answer the helm." While Mary, assenting with beaming eyes, would think to herself, "Ah! if he knew but all."

But now the time was drawing very near. The "Sarah Jane," the vessel in which Garret was to have taken a berth last year, was to sail again in another month; and more than once of late he had mentioned this in a way that plainly showed his mind was dwelling on the voyage. The two girls worked harder, more perseveringly than ever; but they lived in a remote place, and, until Mrs. Villars' kindness had provided them with employment, their tasks had been precarious, and remuneration small; so that when, on that very morning, after a painful interview with Garret, the sisters reckoned over their little hoard, they found it scarcely amounting to two thirds of the requisite

sum, and Ellen sadly acknowledged that, from former experience, she was convinced it was useless to expect any further concession from old Maurice.

In this desponding mood she was found, as we have related, by Mrs. Villars, who listened to her artless narrative with deep and unaffected sympathy. When all was told, she spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, expressive of the great use of trial to fortify and exalt the mind; and dwelt upon those lovely traits in Mary's character, which had been just described, and which might have withered away under too bright a sun. Then opening the little parcel she still held, she unfolded a large square of lace, and laying a pattern before Ellen, said, "Do you think, Ellen, you both could work this into a veil, and have it ready by this day month? It is for a young friend to wear at her wedding, and you shall have five guineas if you do it well." Ellen's heart gave one wild throb; for a moment she tried in vain to speak; then finding utterance, poured forth her thanks and hopes with a rapidity almost unintelligible. "Five guineas!—oh, dearest lady, what would we not attempt for that! Five guineas!—why, it has taken nearly a long year to put so much more together, and now it will seem but a day to earn the rest; and then you will at last be happy, my own Mary—happier and better for all your trouble. Oh, ma'am, fear not but we will accomplish it; and night and day we will work, until it is done." And night and day they worked, Mary at the plainer part, Ellen at the delicate stitches; while with admiration and renewed hope they contemplated each morning the progress they had made. At first Ellen thought to have given Mary the pleasure of a surprise, and, until it was done, to keep the amount of their reward a secret; but they had been too long accustomed to sharing every thought, to practise any concealment now; and one day remarking an unusually rapid progress, the whole truth burst in gladness from her lips.

To describe Mary's delight and astonishment is impossible. More busily she could not work, and for a while her trembling fingers refused to work at all; but day after day the sweet hope strengthened, and at last the appointed morning came, and found their task all but completed. It was, however, a day of unusual interruptions; and Ellen had each hour fresh cause to admire the improvement in Mary's temper, as, without an impatient word, she would lay aside her work and attend to every demand. But evening still found them at their unfinished task, and Mrs. Villars required it that night at the very latest. Just as they were busily employed, in came Garret with his usual request for an evening walk, and, half-affronted when refused, he said reproachfully, "I believe there is some charm in that cobweb, for you never will put it by. Here I have tried in vain to get you out for an entire month. I will begin to think at last, Mary, that you take no pleasure in my company."

Mary's quick feelings rose at this undeserved reproach, and, with somewhat of her old spirit, she was about to retort; but remembering all their past sorrow, all her present hope, she paused and answered gently, "To prove the contrary, Garret, I condemn you never to leave me till this cobweb, as you call it, is fairly spun; and then—" She stopped short with a gasp, at having so nearly betrayed her secret; but her look was so eloquent

of love and hope, that Garret started from his chair, and bending over her, inquired in hurried tones, "What then!—dearest Mary, what then!"

She threw back her head merrily as she looked up into his face; and though she tried to compose her features, a thousand smiles and dimples contradicted the demure accent with which she continued, "And then you may come with us when we take it home." Both Ellen and Garret laughed at this anti-climax; Ellen especially, well knowing what was in the glad girl's heart, and amused, besides, at Garret's somewhat puzzled countenance. But that soon brightened again under the happy influence; and, without seeking the reason why, he found himself chattering away with a lighter heart than he had felt for months.

The moon arose; but as that fair light has business of its own, our workwomen reserved it for a future hour, and sent Garret for the more terrestrial assistance of a pair of candles, to put the few concluding stitches to their work. At length behold it finished! Ellen resigned the last two or three stitches to her sister, that by her hands it should be completed; and, holding it up with an exclamation of triumph, poor Mary gazed joyfully at it for an instant, then flinging her arms round Ellen's neck, burst into tears. Garret looked on wonderingly, and made some efforts at consolation so wide of the mark, that Mary's weeping was at once changed into laughter, until her bright eyes overflowed again. Ellen at last, remembering that the best of men may sometimes grow impatient, and unwilling to try Garret too far, laid her hand on his arm, and said, "This is a bridal veil, Garret, and Mary and I have worked hard day and night to have it ready; it is to be worn by a fair and happy bride, while we—"

Garret required no further explanation of Mary's tears and excitement; and shaking off Ellen's hand with an upbraiding glance, as if he thought her for once in her life unfeeling, he answered warmly, "And if she is ever so fair and happy, she cannot be fairer than my own sweet Mary, or more deserving of the happiest lot." Then, before she had time to answer, he seized the veil, and playfully throwing it over Mary's glossy hair, he added, "Now tell me, Ellen, will there ever be a fairer bride than that!"

But he was answered by a loud cry from Ellen. In passing, the veil had touched the flame of the candle, and in an instant the delicate covering was in a blaze. Quick as thought, she tore it from that beloved head; the next moment it lay in scorched and worthless fragments on the floor. To describe their consternation, their revulsion of feeling, is impossible. The present calamity was so overpowering, that for the minute it swallowed up all thought of remoter consequences, and—pale, speechless, and aghast—they gazed in silence first at one another, then at the fragile object on which their hopes had so lately rested. At last Mary, pale as death, and almost as calm, laid her arm on her sister's neck, and in a low sad tone murmured, "You see, Ellen, 't is not to be!" Those words, uttered so despondingly, and Ellen's piteous tears, revealed to Garret somewhat of the truth; and though he could not guess the full extent of the misfortune, still he became at once aware that, in a moment's heedlessness, he had destroyed some plan essential to the happiness of all, and his self-accusation almost amounted to despair.

It was morning once more; the sun shone out as brightly as if it had only to awaken light and happy hearts, and the sisters had arisen betimes, and again were busy with their daily work. With the poor, there can be no useless indulgence of regret, and the labor of one hour often conquers the sorrow of the preceding; but we cannot wonder at the languor that now hung over Mary's usually active movements, or blame the large tear that would escape from her long, dark eye-lashes, as a gentle sigh from Ellen now and then caught her ear. Otherwise, they were quite silent; they had exhausted the language of sorrow; and it was not at once the foundations of hope could be laid again. Still, they both were occupied with their different employments when a footstep approached, and looking round, Mary saw old Maurice Mahony standing in the door-way. Starting at sight of such an unusual visitor, her first thought was of Garret—that some harm had befallen him, and trembling violently, she found herself unable to ask; but Ellen, with more self-possession, wished him good morning: and as he answered, "Good-morrow," kindly—"Always busy, I see," the tones of his voice at once reassured poor Mary, and awakened, she scarcely knew why, some indefinite feeling of hope.

He had not addressed her, but he now held out his hand, and drew her to a chair, beside which he seated himself. Ellen laid by her work, and there was a momentary pause of stillness and expectation. Maurice was a remarkable looking man. His hair, almost snow-white, combed back into smooth, old-fashioned curls, and his clothes, cut according to the fashion of a former generation, would have given him the appearance of great age, had it not been contradicted by his fresh complexion and still elastic step. His tall figure, scarcely stooped until his recent illness, and his firm, well-shaped mouth, and sagacious eyes and forehead, betokened an intellect still retaining all the vigor of its prime. He sat, as we have said, for a moment in silence, looking at the two anxious girls. At last he spoke; and, still retaining Mary's hand, related how Garret had returned home last night in a state little short of distraction; his heart so entirely full of one subject, that though it had never been renewed between them since the first painful day—under the influence of strong excitement, the interval seemed as nothing—the long smothered feeling burst forth, and he told him all that had occurred.

"It was very late," continued the old man, "but I could not go to rest till he came in, for I had felt all the evening more lonely than usual. The fire burnt low as I sat before it in thought; and fancy brought back again her I had laid long years ago in her narrow grave, and the children that had followed her; and I could see them all again smiling and chattering round the hearth, as they used to in those old hours. At last, from being very sorrowful these memories grew pleasant, and a dawning of the future seemed to gain upon the shadows of the past. I began to think; for the heart," added the old man solemnly, "is often prepared within itself for the way it ought to act; I began to ask myself why there were not smiling faces and sweet young voices round my hearth again, and why my best and only one was at that moment under the roof of a stranger—his thoughts full of bitterness against the old father that loved him all the time better than the veins of his heart —" "Oh no, no," interrupted Mary softly. Old Maurice sighed as he continued—"If it was so,

Mary, I had to blame myself. It was shown me then that I had been too positive and unbending; and Ellen's words, and all her loving arguments, came back fresher to my mind than the day I heard them. I was not so hardened as you thought me that day, Ellen," added he, turning to her; "but I thought a little trial would do the young people no harm; for I knew their hearts were in the right place, only they wanted ballast. But it is not good for short-sighted mortals to take the province of the Most High. When He afflicts, He sees and knows all things. We may often do mischief, though intending good, when inflicting needless trial on the hearts that love us; and so Mary, achree, even before Garret came in, I had resolved on my future course, and was waiting to tell him so before I slept that night; but when he did come, and all was told—all the mischief he had done, and the sweet, patient way you bore it—I thought the night too long till I could come and relieve my own heart and yours.

"And now Ellen," continued he, "how far were you able to fulfil your promise? for that you both did your best, I have no more doubt than that the sun is shining on us now. I have often noticed you hard at work when you little thought I was passing, let alone the good report from every one that ever names you. And there was a promise too, Ellen, that you made for another," added the old man with a smile; "and Mary, asthore, you kept it well, as I saw by Garret last night; and though he'll hardly thank me for teaching you to keep a secret from him, he'll feel it makes you the worthier of his trust in time to come. Is this the money?" asked he, as he took the little box containing their united earnings from Ellen's hand, and poured out the precious hoard upon the table—half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, even half-pence—all as they had been received and deposited there, and a tear glistened in the old man's eyes as he reckoned over those tokens of affection and persevering industry. The sum amounted in all to little more than seven pounds; and when the total was announced, Ellen shook her head as she remarked, "It would have been too little after all." "It is enough," answered Maurice quietly; and selecting from amongst the coins a crooked sixpence, which, pierced with a little hole, had once probably been a true-love token, he added, "I shall keep this for a luck-penny while I live; after that, Mary, it shall be yours in memory of this day. That is our share. The rest, dear Ellen—for your sake only I wish it had been more—but, such as it is, keep it till you meet with some old man as unreasonable as myself." Ellen remonstrated; but in vain. Old Maurice made it a condition; and as Mary took his side, two to one carried the day; then, in compassion to Garret's impatience, he left them, as he said, to have his place better filled.

With what different feelings did the little group again pursue their way to the residence of Mrs. Villars. Forgetful of her own disappointment, she had listened with kind and womanly sympathy to their sorrowful communication the night before, and now they hastened to tell her of their joy, and to ask her whether the time could possibly allow them to repair the accident by working another. "All for love, dear lady, this time; you must not think of offering us any money now!" But Mrs. Villars had already taken measures to supply the loss, and, as her best apology for the delay, had transmitted to her young friend the burnt fragments

of the veil as an evidence of the beauty of the work, and of the accident which destroyed it. In relating the circumstances, she added the hope that, as in Ireland a conflagration was considered an auspicious omen to a bride, good fortune might attend those relics in a tenfold proportion to the sorrow they had caused; and the young English girl, as she smiled at the augury, sent a thought across the waters from her own happy home, and determined not to enjoy the prosperous influence alone. She laid the open parcel on the table, and told its story in a way that went home to the hearts of her auditors. Had she been covetous, she might have made Mary Roche the richest of her name; but, guided by judgment as well as feeling, she contented herself with accepting a trifling gift from each, and so realized a sum which, though moderate in her eyes, far more than compensated for the labor they had lost. It was forwarded to Mrs. Villars, who divided it equally between the surprised and grateful girls; and it would have been more than human nature, had they not felt some little pleasure in the consciousness that Mary was not a portionless bride after all.

She and Garret never forgot their separate lessons of perseverance and patience acquired in that year of probation. They had truly learned them by heart, and such experience is seldom obliterated; and Ellen, happiest in the happiness of others—the dearest object of her heart attained—still felt that she had a sacred duty to perform. She devoted herself more entirely to her father, and, in studying his wishes, endeavored gradually to improve them; and she was rewarded. Drawn to each other by the absence of their mutual companion, he seemed each day more conscious of her excellence. Stimulated by the example of her cheerfulness and industry, he began to feel ashamed of his own listless indolence; and by degrees shaking off the influence of habit, he became an altered man. The "Work-girl's" cup of joy was full.

A TOBACCO SPECULATOR.—A French newspaper makes the following statement: "We learn that M. de Rothschild has arranged an affair which will insure him the monopoly of tobacco not only in France, but throughout the continent of Europe. He has for some time had agents in America to buy, by anticipation, the growth of all the plantations for a great many years to come. Thirty millions of francs have been appropriated to this vast speculation. The news has spread alarm among the capitalists who have entered into contracts with the royal tobacco manufactory, as it will soon be impossible for them to supply their tobacco at the stipulated prices." What an unheard-of proceeding! One man, by wealth, to acquire a power of money-squeezing or taxing over every one of his fellow-creatures who is addicted to a by no means rare habit! The Dutchman and German, who live in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke; the Parisian gentleman, who could not want his cigar; the operative, to whom the short pipe is equally indispensable; the old woman, who would perish without her *tabatière*; all to become liable to a suffering in purse for the benefit of M. de Rothschild, because M. de Rothschild happens already to possess overgrown wealth. Is there not something alarming in this announcement, as if we were now to find the results of industry converted into the most serious of tyrannies? Why, at this rate, it would only require the profits of the

tobacco monopoly to enable the monopolist to acquire a monopoly over sugar or tea; the profits of these united, to establish a monopoly of corn; and then we should have Mr. D'Israeli's ideas of "the Coming Man" realized with a vengeance—the ailment of the human race depending on the will and pleasure of an individual, and he a member of the house of Israel! Such may not practically result, but it is theoretically possible; and, on a simply philosophical consideration, nothing could be more curious. The profligate monopolies granted to courtiers, in the seventeenth century, for base and selfish reasons, here recur under totally different circumstances. Here reappears a power of unite over multitudes, such as existed in similar force only in the earliest state of society.—*Chambers*.

From Lamartine's "Harmonies Poétiques."

A HYMN.

THERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'T is breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, oh God! this voice is telling,
Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above;
Of Thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines Thy light;
Of Thee—the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time;
Each one, according to his measure,
Interpreting its scenes sublime.
But ah! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eye-ball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold-embazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by;
And darkness indistinct o'er shade
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

D. M. M.

From Chambers' Journal.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE—as far as the communication of ideas by certain modes of contact, by gesture, or by sounds, can be called by that name—seems to be possessed in common by all living creatures. The first or simplest form in which this faculty is manifested among animals, is that of contact—a species of intercommunication beautifully illustrated by the habits of such insects as the ant. “If you scatter,” say the authors of the *Introduction to Entomology*, “the ruins of an ant’s nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with a proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these, in their turn, become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.” The mode of communication employed by bees, beetles, and other insects, is much of the same nature, being almost entirely confined to contact, and rarely or ever partaking of gesticulation, which may be considered as the next form of language in the ascending scale.

In expressing their wants, feelings, and passions, almost all the higher animals make use of gesticulation. The dog speaks with his eye and ear as significantly as he does by his voice; the wagging of his tail is quite as expressive as the shake of a human hand; and no pantomime could better illustrate conscious error, shame, or disgrace, than his hanging ears, downcast look, and tail depressed, as he slinks away under rebuke. The dog, indeed, is an admirable physiognomist, whether actively or passively considered. If you can read craving, fear, or anger in his countenance, so he will kindness or surliness in yours, just as readily as he can interpret the physiognomy of one of his own species. Observe that huge mastiff gnawing a bone on the other side of the street, and see how the Newfoundland that is coming up on this side reports himself. First, he stands stock-still; not a muscle of his frame is moved; the mastiff takes no notice of him. Next, he advances a few steps, looks intently, wags his tail once or twice; still not a glance from the mastiff, which is evidently striving not to observe him. On the Newfoundland goes, with an indifferent amble, keeping as closely to this side as he can, and thinks no more of the mastiff. Had the latter, however, lifted his head from the bone, had he exchanged one glance of recognition, had he brushed his tail even once along the pavement, the Newfoundland would have gone gambolling up to him, even though the two might have had a tussle about the bone in the long-run. Here, then, is an example of strict physiognomy or pantomime, quite as well understood between animals as the most ardently-expressed sounds. Again, mark that couple of terriers, bound on a secret rabbiting excursion to yonder hill-side. Two minutes ago, that shaggy native of Skye was dozing on his haunches, as little dreaming of a rabbit-hunt as of a journey to the antipodes. But his little pepper-and-mustard

friend awoke him from his reverie, and pricking up his ears, gambolled significantly around him. Next he scampered onwards for a dozen of yards or so, looked anxiously back, again scampered forward, looked back, whined, and returned. Then he set out, scenting the ground as if he had made some important discovery, stopped suddenly, made a short detour, tracking some imaginary scent as eagerly as if a treasure of venison lay beneath his nose. This at length rouses his friend of Skye, and away they trot as slyly to the hill as any couple of poachers. Now our pepper-and-mustard hero is beating the whin-bushes, while his comrade stands outside the cover, ready to pounce upon the first rabbit that makes its appearance. Not a whine, not a yelp is heard—the whole is conducted by signs as significant and as well understood as the most ingenious system of marine signaling.

Independent of the humble kind of expression which gesticulation implies, many of the higher animals are possessed of vocal language, by which they can give the most intelligible utterance to their feelings of delight, pain, fear, alarm, recognition, affection, and the like. Nor does this language differ in aught but degree from that which we ourselves enjoy. Our organs may be capable of a greater variety of tones and modulations; and yet in some cases this is more than questionable: all that can be said is, that the human organization is capable of more perfect articulation, and this articulation is a thing of art, imitation, and experience, depending upon the higher degree of intelligence with which the Creator has endowed us. The brute creation express their feelings and passions by certain sounds, which are intelligible not only to those of their own species, but in a great degree to all other animals. Man, in his natural state, does little or nothing more. It is civilization—the memory of many experiences, aided by his higher mental qualities—which gives him his spoken language; each new object receiving a name founded on association with previously-known objects, and each conception receiving expression by association with ideas formerly entertained. Nothing of this kind takes place among animals; their limited endowments do not permit of it, as the range of their existence does not require it. Their language may be considered as stationary in a natural state, though capable of some curious modifications under human training, or even under certain peculiar changes of natural condition. It is to this range of animal expression that we would now direct attention.

Take that barn-yard cock, for example, which five minutes ago was crowing defiance from the top of the paling to his rival over the way, and hear him now crowing a very different note of delight and affection to his assembled dames. In a few minutes you may hear his peculiar “cluck cluck,” over some tid-bit he has discovered, and to which he wishes to direct their attention; his long-suppressed guttural cry of alarm, if the mastiff happens to be prowling in the neighborhood; or his soft blurr of courtship, when wooing the affections of some particular female. All of these notes, even to the minutest modulation, are known to the tenants of the barn-yard, which invariably interpret them in the sense they were intended. Or take the barn-yard hen, and observe the language by which she communicates with her young. By one note she collects and entices them under her wings, by another calls them to partake of some insect or grain she has discovered, by a third warns

them of danger, should any bird of prey be sailing above, by a fourth calls them away to another place, or leads them home, should they have strayed to a distance. Nor are these various calls known instinctively, as is generally believed, by the young brood. We have watched the habits of the barn-fowl with the closest scrutiny, and are convinced that a knowledge of the mother's notes is, to the young, a process of acquirement; in the same manner as a human child quickly, but nevertheless by degrees, learns to comprehend tones of affection, doting, chiding, and the like. The knowledge of the lower animals is in almost every instance acquired; a process necessarily more rapid in them than in man, as they much sooner reach the limit of their growth and perfection. Animal language is most perfect and varied among such animals as are gregarious in their habits. Let the most ignorant of natural history attend for a few days to the habits of a flock of birds, herd of oxen, horses, deer, elephants, or the like, and he will find that they make use of a variety of sounds often totally different from each other. Friendly recognition, hatred, fear, mirth, satisfaction, the discovery of food, hunger, and so on, are expressed each by a peculiar note, which is distinctly and instantly comprehended by the whole flock. And as among men, when simple sounds are insufficient, so among animals gesticulation is made use of to assist the comprehension and deepen the impression.

If, then, animals are really in possession of a vocal language, it may be asked, is that language capable of any modification, improvement, or deterioration; and have we any evidence to that effect? That animal language admits of extensive modification, we have ample proof in the history of cage and singing-birds. The natural note of the canary is clear, loud, and rather harsh; by careful training, and breeding from approved specimens, that note can be rendered clear, full, and mellow as that of the finest instrument. We have farther proof of such modification, in the fact of a young canary being made to imitate the notes of the linnet or goldfinch, just as either of these may be taught the song of the canary. The starling and blackbird may be trained to forsake their wood-notes wild, and to imitate the human whistle to perfection in many of our national melodies. Nay, the parrot, starling, raven, and even the canary, may be taught to articulate certain words and phrases with more precision and emphasis than the tyros of the elocutionist. Nor is artificial training always necessary to accomplish such modification; for we have the gay and lively mocking-bird of America producing, of his own free-will, almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. "While thus exerting himself," says Wilson, "a person destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied call of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his ca-

reer of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog—Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master; he squeaks out like a hurt chicken—and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginian nightingale or redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions."

As there is thus an evident capability of modification, so there must, to a certain degree, be improvement or deterioration, as surrounding circumstances are favorable or unfavorable to the development of the vocal powers. A young canary brought up in the same room with a goldfinch and linnet, if he does not slavishly adopt the notes of either, will often be found to add them to his own natural music. The natural voice of the dog, so far as that can be ascertained from wild species of the family, is more a yelp and snarl than a bark; and yet what is more full and sonorous than the voice of the Newfoundland or mastiff? The wild horse—depending so much as it does upon the society of its kind—acquires the nicest modulations of neighing, so as to express pleasure, fear, recognition, the discovery of pasture, and so forth; while the labored hack has scarcely, if at all, the command of its vocal organs. The voice of animals is just as evidently strengthened and increased in variety of tone by practice, as is that of the human singer or orator, and thus becomes capable of expressing a wider range of ideas. Indeed, it is certain that, if animals are placed in situations where the use of their language is not required, they will in a short time lose the faculty of speech altogether. Thus, on the coral island of Juan de Nova, where dogs have been left from time to time, and where, finding abundance of food, they have multiplied prodigiously, it is asserted that the breed have entirely lost the faculty of barking. We knew an instance of a young canary, just bursting into song, which was rendered permanently dumb by being shut up in a darkened chamber, and by occasionally having a cloth thrown over its cage, that its notes might not disturb an invalid. This treatment was continued for several months: and so effectually did it destroy the clear, brilliant notes of the youngster, that he was never afterwards known to utter a note beyond a simple "tweet, tweet" of alarm. As the human speech is affected by disease and old age, so likewise is that of the lower animals. The husky, paralytic voice of the old shepherd-dog, is a very different thing from the full-toned bark of his athletic years; formerly, its modulations could give expression to joy, fear, anger, reproach, and the like; now, its monotony is destitute of all meaning. We were once in possession of a starling, which we had taught to utter a number of phrases, and to whistle in perfection a couple of Scottish melodies. After a severe moulting attack, not only was his power of voice destroyed, but his memory apparently so much affected, that phrases and melodies were ever after jumbled incoherently together; much like the chattering of

an old man in his dotage, or like those individuals who, after severe fevers, forget some of the languages they have acquired, or make themselves intelligible through a new jargon of English, French, and Latin phrases.

But it may be asked—if the lower animals thus make use of a vocal language, are those to whom it is addressed at all times capable of interpreting its meaning? The well-known habits of gregarious animals, in our opinion, ought to answer this question. Every individual in a herd of wild horses or deer, most perfectly understands every gesture and sound of the watch or leader, which is stationed for the general safety. Nor is such understanding altogether instinctive, but a process of training and tuition quite analogous to what takes place in our own case. Farther, the speech, if we may so call it, of one animal is not only understood by the animals of its own class, but in a great measure by the other animals that are in the habit of frequenting the same localities. Thus the chaffinch, which discovers the sparrow-hawk sailing above, instantly utters a note of alarm—a note known not only to other chaffinches, but understood and acted upon by all others of the feathered race within hearing. The suspension of every song, the rustling into the thicket beneath, the sly cowering into the first recess, or the clamor of impotent rage, abundantly attests how well they have interpreted the original note of alarm. But if all other evidence were wanting of the capacity of the lower animals to interpret other voices than their own, the fact that many of them learn to interpret human words, and to distinguish human voices, would be sufficient attestation. Thus the young horse taken from the hills, learns in a few months to discriminate the words spoken to him by his driver; and so do the ox, the dog, and other domesticated animals. This comprehension of vocal sounds evidently implies a sense of language—a sense that, on their part also, the expression of certain sounds will meet with a certain interpretation.

Such is the language of the lower animals; limited, no doubt, when compared with that of the human race; yet all-sufficient for their wants, and only inferior because not combined with that higher intelligence which, after all, forms the true distinction between man and his fellows of the animal creation.

AREYTOS, OR SONGS OF THE SOUTH, by W. GILMORE SIMMS, is the title of a little volume recently published at Charleston, South Carolina. It may be had of Paine & Burgess, in this city. Mr. Simms has given us in this collection many beautiful little pieces, the offspring of literary leisure. Many of them seem like improvisations. The following has much depth of feeling as well as beauty of expression.

"COME WHEN THE EVENING INTO SILENCE CLOSES."

I.

Come when the evening into silence closes,
When the pale stars steal out upon the blue;
And watchful zephyrs, to the virgin roses,
Descend, in sweetest murmurs, bringing dew;
Come to the heart that sadly then declining,
Would need a soothing day has never known;
Come like those stars upon the night-cloud shining,
And bless me with a beauty all thine own.
Beauty of songs and tears,
And blessed tremulous fears—

Beauty that shrinks from every gaze but one:
Ah! for the dear delight,
The music of thy sight,
I yield the day, the lonely day, and live for night alone.

II.

It is no grief that, in the night hour only,
The love that is our solace may be sought;
Day mocks the soul that is in rapture lonely,
And voices break the spell with sorrow fraught;
Better that single, silent star above us,
And still around us that subduing hush,
As of some brooding wing, ordained to love us,
That spells the troubled soul and soothes its gush;
Shadows that still beguile,
Sorrows that wear a smile,
Griefs that in dear delusions lead away—
And O! that whispering tone,
Breathed, heard, by one alone,
That, as it dies—a wordless sound—speaks more than words can say.

Here is a martial melody, in which the poet has spoken truly of the inflammable temperament of our population.

"WELL, LET THEM SING THEIR HEROES."

I.

Well, let them sing their heroes' deeds of fame,
Their belted warriors great in souls of might,
We too have gallant chiefs we joy to name,
Mighty in spirit, fearless in the fight;
There's not a spot in all this land of ours,
From Ashley's wave to Apalachia's steep,
Though smiling now with green, and gay with flowers,
That has not seen the charging squadrons sweep;
That has not heard the cry,
Peal in the blood-red sky,
A cry of death and terror to the foe;
That has not seen the strife
For liberty and life,
The dread alarm, the gallant charge, sharp shot
and sudden blow.

II.

And if the peace that blossoms through our land,
The boon of valor won from matchless hate,
Be once again by foreign legions bann'd,
And all the terror that was triumph late;
Then shall the spirit of old days awaken,
And through our plains the glorious cry shall spread:
The share thrown by, the sword again be taken
And plumed war bestride his battle steed:
The soul of Sumter then,
Shall stir each hill and glen,
And Marion rouse the spirit of the plain;
Brave Moultrie by the deep,
Fling off the ancient sleep,
And from his mountain heights old Pickens dart
again. *Eve. Post.*

WHOM TO LOOK TO.—There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness. The sordid and narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves; the lazy will not take the trouble to serve you; the busy have not time to think of you; the overgrown rich man is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy have neither spirit nor ability; the good-natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.—*Burgh.*

THE THREE FRIENDS.

THERE were three friends—that is to say
They were men meeting every day;
Grasping each other's hands with earnest pressure
Upon the mart, or in the hours of leisure

The eldest had a large and finely-tempered heart,
Thought a few thoughts in which the world had
not a part.

And as the mountains are the first to win
A dawning glory ere the day begin,
He saw to trace his life-chart on a plan
Of simple grandeur meet for such a man.

His acts oft puzzled worldlings, who, you know,
Bat-like, are blinded by the noonday glow
Of deeds to which they cannot find the clue
Of double motive or a selfish view.
And yet as mountain sun-crowns downwards creep,
Till o'er the plain the generous day-beams sweep,
So from the height of his great soul were caught
Some peerless lessons by example taught.

"But," says the reader, "to these three great friends,

I cannot see which way your story tends."
Patience; and yet, perchance, when all is told
Meaning or moral you may not behold!
Of station, fortune, equal all had been,
But to the younger two came losses unforeseen.
Generous and prompt, the first with open hand
Made free his fortune to their joint command:
Saying, "It is a gift or loan, it matters not,
According to the chances of your future lot."
A test of friendship bravely, nobly borne;
But though the theme be much less trite and worn,
It is almost as hard—I own not quite—
To take with grace, as to bestow aright,
Favors like this; which try mind metal more
Than shielding life with life amid the battle's roar.

One was profuse of thanks; yet you might see
He bit his lip half-peevisly,
And to his cheeks the chafed and feverish blood
Sent fitfully its tell-tale flood.

The other said, "God bless thee!" fervently;
"God knows, I would have done the same for thee."

And several signs stood out in strong relief
To mark the twain; but, to be brief,
The one a slave, in struggling to escape,
Broke up his household gods of every shape,
To melt them—in his heart—into one figure rude
Of monstrous mien, which he called Gratitude;
Until, self-tortured by his hideous guest,
Day brought no peace, and night no rest!
The other one walked upright as when he
First knew his friend in all equality.
There was no servile crouching; no revoke
Of differing thoughts he once had freely spoke
(For e'en as discords harmony may make,
So kindred minds some different views may take.)
The only chain the gold 'twixt them had wrought,
Drew them more near, and dearer friendship
brought.

"God knows, I would have done the same for thee!"

"I know he would have done as much for me!"
Was felt—not said—by each respectively.
An unsung music to themselves most dear,
As one may silent read a page, not hear.

The writhing slave knew nought of such sweet
peace;
His visits shorten, and at last they cease.

As for the lender, if his thoughts be told,
He mourns to lose a friend, and not his gold.
Unto the other once he said, "Your words are true.
You've tested me; but I have tested you!
It pains my heart to know he could not comprehend
The rights and pleasures of a faithful friend."

"It chances," said the third, "that you and I
Do understand each other perfectly.
But frankly tell me, do not you opine
That, out of every hundred, ninety-nine
Of poor mankind do not know how
Either to accept a favor, or a boon bestow?
No matter what on Friendship's shrine the oblation,
They shrink in horror from an obligation!
So little are the ties of brotherhood
Between earth's children understood;
So few who seem such thoughts to understand,
That I could count, upon the fingers of one hand,
With whom I know such bonds might be,
And give or take all equally.
Without disturbance of our self-respect,
Or some regret the curious might detect."

"'T is very sad!" the first one sighing cried;
"God's gifts we most unequally divide,
How shall we teach one human brotherhood?"

"Trust God! and trust the might of doing good!"
The other answered. "There's a dawn draws
near;

(May eyes grow stronger ere the noon appear,
For some I know that not e'en now can bear
Truth's struggling beams that pierce this murky
air!)

Why, 't is a wholesome sign, you will aver.
That even you and I can thus confer!"

Camilla Toulmin.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

(DEDICATED TO FATHER MATHEW.)

To be adapted and sung to the tune of "*Hunting the Hare*," with accompaniments by the drum and Pandean pipes.

Toss your tippie off, roystering jolly boys,
Fill the tumbler, and empty the go;
Ne'er the consequence heed of your folly, boys—
Beggary, ruin, disease and woe,
Delirium tremens, and gout, and Dyspepsia,
Febris and icterus, phthisis, decline,
Marasmas and Megrims, confirmed Epilepsia,—
But pass round the bottle and drink up your
wine.

Erysipelas, elephantiasis,
Don't regard, my good fellows, a fig;
Impetigo, lichen, psoriasis,
Though they may lurk in each draught that you
swig.

Eczema, lepra, and all the variety
Of acne that Willan's *nosology* shows,
Shall never make us, lads, avoid inebriety—
Why, what if I do spoil the look of my nose!

Hæmatemesis, hydrops, and tetanus,
Though we shall probably have them some day,
Ne'er let us mind, whilst as yet they but threaten
us—

Let us be merry, and drink whilst we may.
Come apoplexia, mania, paralysis!
Of these and all other complaints we'll make
light;
And, happy and jovial as kings in their palaces,
Though we suffer to-morrow, get tipsy to-night.

From Chambers' Journal.

WAGERS.

THERE are three leading kinds of wagers—those designed to settle a difference of opinion on a question of fact, those speculating merely upon a doubtful future event, and those in which some feat is undertaken under a forfeiture. All are alike contrary to rationality. It may even be said of some wagers that they are immoral. For instance, the second of the above classes is merely a variety of gambling, and therefore not one word can be said in its favor. Those, again, which involve danger to the person of one or other of the parties are utterly indefensible.

There are some things in the history of this absurd practice worthy of being noted. Casuists and legislators have differed very much as to the way in which betting should be regarded in public policy. The general inference to be drawn from the various arguments adduced on both sides of the question is, that it is lawful, unless the object of it bear upon private wishes or criminal actions. As, for example, when, having wagered that such a person will die at such a time, the desire of winning, and the fear of losing, makes the bettor desire, or perhaps hasten, the death of that person; or when the wager is to be won by either the commission of crimes, or the causing others to commit them.

There are other examples of unlawful wagers in which injustice and fraud are included. Injustice, when, of two bettors, the one is certain, the other uncertain of winning; fraud, when a party engages, by evil means, or by equivokes in terms or intention, to perform any action—as in the celebrated wager of Cleopatra with Mark Anthony. Cleopatra invites Anthony to supper, and wagers that she alone will eat, at one meal, a sum equal to 80,729*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* Anthony, seeing nothing extraordinary, begins to rally the queen on the frugality of her table. She makes no reply, but detaches from her ears two pearls of great price, one of which she throws into a liquor prepared for the purpose, by which it is speedily dissolved, and swallows it in the presence of Munatius Plaucus, the chosen arbiter of the wager; and as she is about to do the same with the other pearl, Plaucus snatches it away, exclaiming that she had already won.

The wager of Asclepiades the physician was not less extravagant. He wagered against fortune that he would never be ill during his life, under penalty of losing the reputation he had acquired of being the most famous physician of his time. It is true that he won his wager; for in fact he never was ill while he lived, having died from a fall in extreme old age.

In several states we find that various kinds of wagers are prohibited, some of which are of very little consequence. At Rome it is unlawful to make wagers on the death or exaltation of the popes, and on the promotion of the cardinals. In several republics it is also forbidden, under heavy penalties, to make wagers without the permission of the magistrate; at Venice, on the election of persons to fill the public offices; at Genoa, on the revolutions of states and kingdoms, the success of military expeditions, purposed marriages, and the departure or arrival of vessels. Bugnion mentions an act of parliament of Paris of 1565, which made it unlawful to make a pregnant female the subject of a wager.

In ancient Rome it was forbidden, by the law

Titia and the law Cornelia, to bet upon the success of unlawful games, or of any game whatever, with the exception of those in which courage, address, and bodily strength were to be tested; in which case the bettors were accustomed to place in the hands of a third party the signet rings which they wore on their fingers, as a gage or pledge. This deposit, which held the place of a stipulation, rendered the wager obligatory, and produced an action at law; which proves that consignment is absolutely necessary to make the engagement valid. The terms consignment and wager are used indifferently by lawyers. The etymology of the word wager, or gager, which comes from gage, shows that wagers are not considered serious conventions, unless the gage has been deposited.

However, where address and bodily strength are concerned, the wager is obligatory, even though the gage has not been deposited: and this is the exception to the rule; for the gage or stake is properly the reward of the address and danger incurred by the subject of the wager. Thus the Count de —, in his wager against the Duke de —, (which he won,) even though he had not consigned, would, if he had lived, have had an action against his adversary. In ancient Greece, the count would have borne away the prize in the horse-race at the Olympic games. The following is the history of this wager:—

The count betted 10,000 crowns against the duke, that in six hours he would go twice, and back again, from the Porte St. Denis to Chantilly. He had his whole body tightly bandaged round, and a leaden bullet in his mouth to refresh him, by keeping up a supply of moisture. Relays of horses were disposed from space to space, and every embarrassment prevented that might in the least retard his progress. The swiftest horses were chosen. A clock was attached to the Porte St. Denis, to mark the time. He set out with the speed of an arrow, and in a moment was out of sight. Never did man cleave the air with such rapidity. On arriving at each relay, without alighting, he sprang from one horse on to the other, and continued his flight. He arrived at the Porte St. Denis, having performed his four courses eighteen minutes before the appointed time! He said he was still able to go to Versailles, to bring the king tidings of his success. All bathed in perspiration, he was put into a warm bed, and, five months afterwards, died from the effects of this effort. This nobleman, remarks the narrator of his exploit, deserves no praise for having run such a race. All that can be said of him is, that he would have made the best post-boy in the world.

Another wager may be mentioned, the wildness of which was the cause of great excitement at the time it was made.

The year 1726 was so rainy, that it seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened. All the rivers overflowed their banks, to the great prejudice of commerce. There were some superstitious persons who announced a second deluge. A Parisian banker named Bulliot having remarked that it had rained excessively on St. Gervais' day, (19th June,) persuaded himself that it would continue to rain for forty days. The motive of this opinion was a proverb current among the people:

S'il pleut le jour de St. Gervais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.*

* If it rain on St. Gervais' day, it will rain for forty days afterwards.

Infatuated by this opinion, and being on that day in the Café de la Regence, near the Palais Royal, he entered into conversation with some persons on the subject of the incessant inundations which were destroying the hopes of a good harvest, and exciting apprehensions of a very great rise in the price of corn. Bulliot observed that there would be more cause for alarm if the rains continued for forty days longer, and that he was ready to wager that this misfortune was inevitable. This evil prognostic was but badly received by those present, who inquired upon what he founded it. "I am sure of it," he confidently replied. "Let any one bet against me; I am ready to put down my stake." He then threw some louis upon a table, to excite the curious, and defy the incredulous. As his speech was not very sensible, several persons refused to enter the lists against him: but others, more interested, flattered by the hope of winning, put down stakes to the same amount as he did. The money was deposited in the hands of the coffee-house keeper, and the wager registered in the following terms:—"If it rain little or much during forty days from St. Gervais' day, Bulliot has won; if it discontinue raining even for one single day during the forty days, Bulliot has lost."

This wager irritated the cupidity of the whole café, who were eager to appropriate the louis in which Bulliot so abounded; so that, after having staked against all who would bet against him, and after having emptied every purse, he demanded, with a sort of insult, if there were any others ready to oppose him. Believing himself sure of victory, he proposed to those who had no money to stake their gold-headed canes, gold snuff-boxes, and other valuable jewellery; which were duly appraised, and placed in the hands of the same depositary; for all which he put down full value in specie. He even consented that those who had neither money nor jewels should deposit their Holland shirts, against which he also consigned their value in money.

The contagion of this folly having spread abroad, the next day brought a fresh reinforcement of antagonists, who presented themselves at the same café to put down their stakes against Bulliot. But his money being at length exhausted, he offered those new-comers bills payable to the bearer, or letters of exchange. As he was in good repute, and had always honored his engagements, his proposal was accepted. He gave bills and letters of exchange to the amount of nearly 50,000 crowns; all which were likewise deposited. It might be said of Bulliot that he was alone against all, and that if he won, he would make the finest haul in the world; whilst the whole troop of his adversaries would be ruined by the inclemency of the weather.

Fame, as usual, added new embellishments to this story, as she sped it on from ear to ear, through city and court. Every one was anxious to see this extraordinary man. Those who knew him by sight, pointed him out to those who did not. His countenance was attentively observed, and eyes were opened wide upon him. When asked why he was so steadfast in his opinion, he alleged the proverb before mentioned, which the people have adopted more for rhyme than reason.

A nobleman of high rank jestingly said, that if Bulliot won, he should be tried for sorcery; and that if he lost, he should be put in bedlam. In fine, he was the subject of every conversation.

The comedians, ever alive to the whim of the hour, acted him in the several theatres.

At length, in spite of the proverb, the windows of heaven were closed before the expiration of the forty days. The coffee-house keeper and the other depositaries accordingly gave up the stakes to those who had won. The bearers of the bills and letters of exchange had not the same luck. Bulliot's relatives caused him to be interdicted as a prodigal.

Several of the bettors, unwilling to engage themselves in a lawsuit of such doubtful event, returned their bills and letters of exchange; others, more avaricious, embarked upon the stormy sea of the courts. The suit, which was first brought to the Chatelet, came at length before the parliament. The bettors, wishing to put the best face possible upon their claim, said nothing about the wager. They only represented that they were merchants, who had accepted the bills in question with confidence, on account of the established credit of Bulliot, who had hitherto satisfied all his creditors; that, to oppose to their claim the interdiction of their debtor, who was not bound by that interdiction at the time of his engagement with them, was to violate the public faith; that, if creditors could be eluded in this way, foreigners would lose all confidence in us; finally, that the good faith of commerce, which is the soul of it, required that the merchants who had given value for those bills, having no reason to distrust Bulliot, should be satisfied. Bulliot's brother, who had been appointed his guardian, made the truth so fully apparent by presumptive proofs and the date of the bills, that, at the end of 1726, a verdict was returned for the defendant, annulling all the wagers.

From Chambers' Journal.

DR. COMBE ON THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

IN the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for January last, the editor, Dr. Forbes, presented an elaborate paper on Homœopathy, in which, while treating that novel system more liberally than is customary in the orthodox profession, he made such a number of admissions as to the state of ordinary medicine, as, coming from such a quarter, might well startle the public. We do not propose to say more on this paper at present, than that it meets but too aptly conclusions at which we have long arrived regarding medical practice. Our immediate aim is, to direct attention to a paper which the above has elicited from the pen of Dr. Combe, and which appears in the number of the *Review* for April. This eminent person, as is his custom, takes the subject at once before the bar of nature. He sees disease to be "a perverted state of a natural organic action, and not a something thrown into the system by accident, and obeying no fixed laws. In the cure of disease, therefore," says he, "the business of the physician is not to supersede nature, but carefully to observe what is wrong, and to aid the efforts made by her to reestablish regularity and order. Accordingly, experience shows that the physician and the remedy are useful only when they act in accordance with the laws of the constitution and the intentions of nature; hence in chronic, and even in acute diseases, the most effective part of the treatment is generally the hygienic, or that which consists in placing all the organs under the most favorable circumstances for the adequate

exercise of their respective functions. If this be done systematically, every effort of nature will be towards the restoration of health; and all that she demands from us in addition, is to remove impediments, and facilitate her acts."

The learned physician deplores that his medical brethren, in general, should look so much to what is called active treatment, and so little to hygiene, or the regulation of external conditions. He is not for leaving the patient to the efforts of nature, in the common sense of the phrase; he would take care neither to counteract her own efforts, nor to substitute another method of cure for hers. "So far from sanctioning inactivity on our part, an intelligent reliance on nature implies that we shall exercise, throughout the whole course of disease, the most watchful observation over its phenomena and progress, and not only timously remove obstacles which may interfere with its proper course, but rigidly fulfil all the conditions which a sound physiology shows to be most conducive to the well-being of the various bodily organs, and to their restoration when disordered. *In this way the physician may often exercise the most salutary influence, nay, even be the means of saving the patient's life, and yet not give one particle of medicine.*" It is first necessary that the physician should thoroughly know the laws of the healthy system; then, that he should observe the manner in which the various disturbing causes act upon the different functions, and the *kind, course, duration, and termination* of the morbid action which they produce; implicitly believing, and having ever present to his mind, that "all the operations and actions of the living body, whether healthy or morbid, take place according to *fixed and discoverable laws*, and that God has left nothing to chance." "That there are," he pursues, "forms of disease in which a determinate nature and course cannot be easily traced, is quite true; but there are many more in which the natural course is as obvious as that of the sun. Take the familiar example of cow-pox, small-pox, fever, or ague. The disease is regulated by fixed laws in such a palpable manner, that every medical book describes, with perfect accuracy, the appearances which each will present on given days of its progress in an average constitution. The same holds with measles, scarlatina, and many other acute affections; and less clearly but still perceptibly enough, with gout, rheumatism, and inflammation. All of these go through a regular course in a shorter or longer time; and when everything goes according to rule, we feel assured that the constitution is safer than where some unusual accident has interrupted the natural progress of events. This, be it observed, is the course towards health which the Creator, in constituting man, considered best for him; and the wisest thing we can do is to act in accordance with it, and seek only to remove impediments. It is not we to whom the cure is entrusted, or by whom it is effected. The Creator has perfected all the arrangements for that purpose, and our sole business ought to be to give these arrangements full play." As an additional illustration, "take even a severe cold, with which all are acquainted more or less. Everybody knows that when once set in, treat it how you like, it will run through a determinate course of increase, maturity, and decline; and that all we can do is to shorten a little the duration of its stages by diminishing its intensity, or lengthen it by increasing its severity. Occasionally, it is true,

an incipient cold may be stopped by a 'heroic' remedy, such as a tumbler of warm punch at bedtime; but much more frequently the heroics leave the patient worse than they found him, and the common experience of mankind shrinks from their use. Even a common boil on the fingers runs through its regular stages of inflammation and decline, or of suppuration and ulceration, each stage being hastened or retarded by external or constitutional causes, but never inverted. But if we apply to the one stage the means which are adapted only to the succeeding one, the result will be injurious; or if we lower the system so much that it becomes inadequate to carry on the regular succession of actions required for recovery, mischief must once more be produced."

Dr. Combe exemplifies this principle in small-pox and measles. In these cases "the excitement often runs very high in the first or eruptive stage, and means are required to moderate it. But if we bleed too freely, it is well known that the eruption (which we shall suppose to have come out) will generally disappear, and increased danger to life ensue; because the order of nature being forcibly interrupted, some internal disease is brought on, or the system sinks exhausted. Whereas if, instead of bleeding excessively, we keep the patient very quiet, in a cool, well-aired room, and administer cooling drinks, mild laxatives or antimonials, and reserve bleeding for cases of necessity, the probability will be much in favor of recovery. To apply this to the pleurisy. Instead of being intent on cutting it short, the moment we ascertain its existence, we would have respect to its natural course and duration, and reserve our means to carry it safely through its regular stages. So far as my observation goes, cures would be more numerous and complete were this principle followed. If a severe bleeding disturbs fatally the progress of small-pox eruption, may it not also, when unseasonably used, injuriously influence the course of internal inflammation, and lead, for instance, to fatal oppression or effusion?"

Dr. Combe counsels no inactive practice; for his views, to be fully carried out, would call for much greater vigilance and care than are usually bestowed. "Disease," says he, "arises either from the habits of the individual, from accidental causes, or from peculiarities of constitution acted upon by these. Hence, on being called to a patient, the first step in the natural investigation is to examine the constitutional qualities, to make ourselves acquainted with the mode of life, feelings, &c., and to trace the manner in which the cause has acted or continues to act. All these influence very greatly both the nature of the disease, and its probable course. They also bear directly upon the kind of treatment, and its probable success. If, however, we are content to regard disease as an entity, arising by chance, and observing no laws, we shall have no inducement to trouble ourselves or the patient with any of these inquiries. Such is, in fact, the practical faith of the great majority of professional men. They discover the existence of an entity, which in medical works has a certain name, and, knowing that in the same books certain remedies are said to be good for that entity, they prescribe them accordingly, without giving themselves much concern about their mode of action or fitness for the individual constitution, age, or stage of the disease, and without inquiring whether there is anything in the mode of life tend-

ing to reproduce the malady or not. In many chronic ailments, removable causes are thus often left in full operation, while the effect is partially mitigated, but not cured, by the use of active medicines, and in a short time the whole evil returns in its full force. Whereas, if proceeding according to the order of nature, we can trace the disease to any error in the mode of life, to any external source of danger, or internal peculiarity of constitution, aggravated by either of these two conditions, we can convince the patient of the fact, and give him a rational and confiding interest in the changes which we may recommend, and thus not only promote his recovery, but render him proof against all the seductions of quackery. According to the prevailing kind of intercourse between patient and physician, namely, unhesitating dictation on the one hand, and ignorant obedience on the other, blind faith is the pivot on which their mutual connexion turns—a faith which is thus necessarily at the mercy of the chapter of accidents, and is often supplanted by reliance on the first bold and confident quack who comes in the way. People wonder that quackery abounds, and medical men ask for power from the legislature to put it down. They themselves, however, are in no small degree its abettors, and they have the remedy already to a great extent, although not wholly, in their own hands. If they who are educated, and should know better, accustom their patients to the principles of quackery, by themselves treating them empirically, can they wonder that patients who are not professionally educated, and are trained and treated on purely empirical principals, should be as ready to listen to the assurances of the quack as to those of the regular practitioner, whose manner of proceeding is often so nearly allied in kind, as to present no very obvious marks of distinction from that of the quack? In fact medicine, as often practised by men of undoubted respectability, is made so much of a mystery and is so nearly allied to, if not identified with, quackery, that it would puzzle many a rational onlooker to tell which is the one, and which the other. And this being the case, it requires no ghost from another world to explain why the profession has decidedly sunk in public estimation, and does not exercise that wholesome influence on public opinion which it ought to do."

We would only add, that if a reform of medicine to the effect contemplated by Dr. Combe is ever to be brought about, the public must take a share in it. They must cease to tempt their medical attendants into "vigorous practice" by their irrational eagerness to see *something done*. They must be prepared to wait with patience to see nature, with the proper negative as well as positive assistance from man's hand and skill, regain her healthy action. And, as a first step to this improved treatment of their sick friends, they must altogether abandon that vulgar faith in doses and bleedings which has so long been—we speak in all soberness—a scourge to our race.

SHOULD STUDY BE CONFINED TO ONE SUBJECT?—In a series of lectures on the study of German Literature, delivered at Manchester by Mr. George Dawson of Birmingham, the following remarks (quoted from the *Manchester Examiner's* report) are made:—"Sometimes you heard men warning people against a dissipation of study, against study-

ing too many things, and exhorting them to confine their attention to one thing. Now, up to a certain time, he considered that this was bad advice. He did not think that this should be the foundation of culture to those to whom literature was a secondary thing. They should in early life gather in a variety of knowledge—form, as it were, a good web—and then inweave the particular study which after-life required should be the pattern on the cloth. For a literary man, he need not say how necessary total culture was. He had before protested against fractional studies, as contradistinguished from a subdivision of labor in teaching. To exhort people to cultivate one branch of knowledge to the exclusion of everything else, was like urging one man to direct his efforts solely to the strengthening of his right arm, another of his left, a third of his feet, and so on. One man recommended you to cultivate the exact sciences only, and hence society had been supplied with men who were mathematicians only—men whose gospel was a right angle, and whose religion was a circle. In other cases, men had become so engrossed with a particular study, that they would spend an enormous amount of time in settling the quantity of a Greek syllable, and write most elaborate treatises on the Greek digamma. A fully-cultured man could turn his attention to anything; and, when fully cultured, he should turn to the division of labor which stern necessity imposed upon him. Sometimes, however, natural propensity would come in to check this. Nevertheless, we should all aim at what the Germans called 'many-sidedness;' so that, whichever way we turned, there might be a polished side presented."

MR. WEBSTER.

UNFORTUNATELY, the results of this mischievous accusation will not be terminated with the report of the committee, or the declaration of Mr. Webster's innocence. The loss, however, will fall not on Mr. Webster, but on his country. He will be the smallest sufferer by this unprincipled proceeding. A charge which hardly obtained an hour's currency even amongst the most vicious Americans, and which was at once contemptuously scouted by Europe, will not leave the shadow of a stain on the character of this great statesman. As far as it reflects upon him, it will be forgotten before it is refuted. But there is another character on which it will leave a terrible stigma—that of the nation. Whatever be its truth or falsehood—whatever the motives which dictated its production—the mere simple fact that in 1846 an American Senator, in the heat of party altercation, accused a Secretary of State with peculation and embezzlement five years before, will read so strangely in the page of history, and will admit of such a sweeping inference as to the morals and civilization of the people, that a volume of patriotic eulogies will never counterbalance it. If ever there was a nation on whom the strictest watchfulness in matters of this sort was incumbent, it is that of the United States. * * * * *

The object of the attack in this instance happens to be secure enough; but the mischief to the national character, from the avowal and circulation of such a charge as this against a gentleman who has done as much as any man living to raise his countrymen in the respect of others, is almost irreparable.—*Times*, June 2.

From the Union.

THE LA PLATA WAR.

UNITED STATES SHIP PLYMOUTH,
Montevideo, April 28, 1846.

WE left Gibraltar on the 28th October, arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 3d December, left there on the 20th January, and arrived here on the 27th, since which time we have been lying quietly at anchor here, near the very spot where we lay fourteen years ago. The town looks pretty much the same as then; the same landing, (wharf painted red;) part of it covered, where we have often stood out of the rain; the same wheel (hoisting machine) which we have often turned, while waiting for the market boat to go off. * * * *

* Titus' Hotel is still kept as an hotel, but much enlarged. There are also several other hotels kept principally by Frenchmen. No improvements have been made in the streets or in the heart of the city, but outside the wall, a large number of buildings are erected—almost a second town. A Protestant church has also been erected, but what was called the English burying ground is a complete ruin—a mere common. Several slight wharfs have been lately commenced, just outside of the old one, and a few large storehouses erected near the water. These are all the improvements; therefore, if you still retain any recollection of the place, you will at once be able to fancy yourself in every part of it, and be astonished at the little change fourteen years have brought to it. What a difference would that period make in almost any corner of our blessed country. But how can anything prosper under such a state of affairs as exists in most of the so-called republics of South America! Since our arrival here we have had uncommonly fine weather—not even a pampero as yet; but the season for them is fast coming on. We expect to remain here two months longer. The brig Bainbridge left here for Rio on the 23d of last month. The frigate Columbia and sloop Saratoga on the 9th inst., also for Janeiro. We expect the return of the Bainbridge in a few days, and we do hope she may bring orders for us to return home. This ship has already been in commission two and a half years, and her crew's term of service is fast expiring; besides the state of our affairs with England may make it necessary for our squadron to be nearer home, not only to protect our coast, but to put the ships in the best state to do service; to do so, our ship must have a new suit of sails and a few other necessary articles; with that exception, she is in splendid order, both in appearance and utility. She is admired wherever we go, and we take deep pride in keeping her in that order; and she is at all times ready for service or show. The crew are in an excellent state of discipline, and although young and light-bodied men, they out-work everything we meet, and will no doubt do their duty, should our services be needed. When she returns home it would give me real pleasure to show her to you, and to see her is well worth a jaunt to either Norfolk or New York. I will now give you a feeble sketch of the political affairs of this river; to give an exact one, would be almost impossible, for there are so many contrary statements, beliefs, actions, &c., that it would be a task indeed to unravel the exact motive that has governed the different actors for the last six or eight years. I shall, however, attempt an outline, and then send you a printed copy of official

documents that passed between the English, French, and Argentine ministers during the last year, which will guide you into the affairs as they now exist. I will begin by stating that about six or eight years ago the French, as you are well aware, blockaded Buenos Ayres, as a measure to force that government to indemnify some Frenchmen for some spoliation, said to have been committed upon them by Rosas. At that period all was tranquillity in the river. Oribe was President, and Rivera commander in chief of the troops of the independent province of Banda Oriental, (Montevideo its capital.) Rosas was then, as now, governor, or as you may say, dictator of the province of Buenos Ayres; and, they say, ruled as a scourge; but that was their own look-out. Other nations had nothing to do with it. The French continued the blockade, and made many prizes, which were taken into Montevideo for condemnation. Oribe refused permission to have them condemned in his port, and this, they say, was the first cause of French interference in this place. That is the ostensible one. Montevideo contained at that time, as now, several thousands of French Basques and Italians; a strong faction was created against Oribe; and these foreigners were induced to take up arms and throw themselves in the arms of Rivera, who, already at the head of the native troops, (mostly blacks,) thus found himself in sufficient power to usurp the government. Oribe was soon obliged to fly. Some kind of an election took place, and Rivera proclaimed President. Oribe fled to Buenos Ayres and was taken under the protection of Rosas, and, I believe, became one of his generals. About this time, the French withdrew their blockade of Buenos Ayres, having in some manner settled their affairs with Rosas; who now, they say, turned all his attention towards subjugating this province, either to annex it to his own, or to gain a lasting influence in its administration. Others say his ill feeling towards the province arose from its affording shelter to a number of his countrymen who had become obnoxious to him, and who had joined Rivera (who had always been his enemy) in working the Buenos Ayrean government all the ill they could. Finding all his complaints unheeded, he determined upon the overthrow of Rivera, who, he judged, was the sole cause of all the encroachments on his province, and the dissensions at home against his administration. He raised an army, and placed it under the command of Oribe, who immediately landed in the upper part of this province and carried the country wherever he appeared, thousands joining his standard. He reëntered as the lawful President, and his reinstatement was the sole cause of Rosas' acknowledged interference. The army moved along; and having acquired the full possession of the whole province, appeared under the walls of Montevideo. Had Oribe then marched on, all would have been in his possession; but from some cause or other, he delayed. A strict defence was instituted, Rivera arming all the French, Italians, and refugees from Buenos Ayres. Oribe then encamped within three miles of the wall, and laid down for a regular siege. Some time after, Rivera attempted to prevent Oribe from taking possession of Maldonado, (a small port about forty miles below.) He was defeated, and obliged to fly the country, his own troops at Montevideo refusing to receive him within the city after his defeat. The government was continued by the vice-president, and the siege and

defence continued on. Rosas now brought his squadron to blockade the port, thus completely cutting off all further supplies. What they had on hand was, in time, almost consumed; the inhabitants were even obliged to feed on dogs, cats, &c. Thus reduced, in a very short time the town would have capitulated, and Oribe would have again been fully reinstated; and then he proposed to allow them a fair election. At this state of affairs, all at once, the English and French appeared as pacificators, so they called themselves. All at once, they saw Rosas' ambition, and determination to destroy the independence of this province of Uruguay, which they (the English) had guaranteed in some treaty with Brazil. They protested against Rosas' right of blockade; and, after a heavy correspondence of advice, threats, &c., which Rosas unheeded, they seized and dismantled the blockading squadron; turned their crews adrift; received several of the vessels into their service; and, finally, the united forces of England and France blockaded Buenos Ayres. The documents that I have sent will put you in possession of all the particulars of this last movement, which took place last fall. The English have also landed the 73d and 45th regiments, and a party of royal marines, amounting to near two thousand men; the French have also landed a few hundred of their sailors, (who are half-soldier, half-sailor,) and their ministers and admirals sway all the counsels of the city. Besides these troops, there are about one thousand blacks and two to three thousand French Basques, and Italians, all under arms, and supported, no doubt, by English gold, with a promise of rich lands in the interior when once Oribe's power is destroyed. If they wait for that, it will be a long day; for one hundred thousand men would scarce overrun this province, or that of Buenos Ayres. Within the last ten days Rivera arrived from Rio. The *pacificators* denied him permission to land; but so severe was the outcry among the troops—especially the blacks, who commenced every kind of excess—that they were at last obliged to allow him to land. He is now on shore, and at the head of the blacks, Basques, and Italians, and, it is thought, will not be swayed longer by foreign influence, and rather than submit to it he may capitulate with Oribe. They used him as a tool as long as he might serve their views, and then wished to see him cast aside. They are certainly on the look-out; and I fancy I can see signs of an embarkation of their troops, which must take place before long, if their governments do not materially reinforce them. They have clearly made fools of themselves; and if their object was and is a foothold in this part of the world, I believe they have so far fully missed it; sooner or later they must retire, and then Oribe will take instant possession, and should he rid the state of that foreign tribe, he will be doing it some service. So far I have, by a feeble sketch of affairs, brought you up to the existing state at present. I will only add that Oribe has been encamped at his present site near three years; that he maintains a strict government of the whole country, except Colonea, a small village opposite Buenos Ayres and Maldanada, also a small town near the sea, off both of which places the English or French maintain a naval force. What have been their views in the whole transaction, I leave to sounder heads than mine to unravel; the greater knowledge you possess of political affairs than I have, will, no doubt, guide you to a motive; one

thing more I will mention, and then have done with this miserable attempt at description. You no doubt have heard of the combined force, with a large convoy of merchant vessels, of all nations, loaded with merchandise, forcing the passage of the Parana on their way to Paraguay, and of the desperate resistance they met with. Still they succeeded in destroying the forts and passing on to Corrientes, a part of which province English gold has caused to rebel against Rosas. In Paraguay they have also, by the same means, created a feeling against Rosas, which they trust will aid them in whatever views they have towards Buenos Ayres. Lately we have not heard anything further of this fleet, but that they have not reached Paraguay is certain; and whether Paraguay will be forced into a direct war with Buenos Ayres, or whether these noble rivers will be entirely opened to trade, time alone will decide, and nations alone will judge how far the English and French had the right to force the opening of the river; but one thing is certain, if it is ever freely opened, we shall derive the same advantage as we did from the China transaction. Our peaceful attitude, and the course we have pursued, will give it to us; wherever we go we are respected and loved as a just and honorable nation, strictly loving peace, but determined to bear no wrong, and one that I hope will never suffer European interference. I have seen enough of it in every part of the world never to view with indifference their least foothold in our blessed country.

JOURNEY ACROSS MEXICO SINCE THE WAR.

WE are indebted to Dr. Wood, who has recently returned to the United States, in company with Messrs. Dimond and Parrot, (consuls,) for the following sketches. Dr. W. has spent some time on the coasts of the Pacific; and travelled, on his return, from Mazatlan, on that coast, to Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico. These sketches will be found interesting, particularly at this time.—*Union*.

"Although the route and mode of procedure between Mexico and Vera Cruz has been frequently described by tourists, I believe there is not so much familiarity with the road from the Pacific to the capital of the Mexican States; and it may not be uninteresting at the present moment to take a rapid glance at this long route, passing through the heart, the chief provinces, and cities of the republic. While hostilities were threatening, but before their commencement, it became necessary to hold immediate communication with the United States across the continent. The most convenient point of departure is at the town of San Blas, a little south of the mouth of the Gulf of California, and one day's ordinary sail from Mazatlan. Starting from San Blas instead of Mazatlan saves five days' laborious land travel. The village on the beach consists of a collection of thatched huts, inhabited by a sallow, unhealthy looking population, and particularly rich in mosquitoes and sand flies. About a mile back of the beach stands the old town of San Blas, on a rocky eminence, rising like a castle from the swampy verdant plain surrounding it; it is now but the mouldering gravestone of past prosperity. Both San Blas and Tepic, the city of which it is the port, are losing themselves in the flourishing town of Mazatlan, which has risen rapidly out of that smuggling commerce which the benighted policy of Mexico has rendered

the systematic, if not the legitimate, commerce of the country. With the Spanish style of architecture, Mazatlan has the freshness, newness, and, disdaining the limitation of walls, the independent, straggling character of a new town in the United States.

At San Blas arrangements had been made with an arriero, or muleteer, to convey us to the city of Tepic; some of our party going no further than this place; and accordingly on the morning of May 4th, we found the requisite quantity of beasts on the beach, all caparisoned for the journey. It is next to impossible to describe the huge, confused mass of wood, leather, thongs, and straps which make up the equipment of a Mexican saddle, and appears a sufficient load for the little animal which sustains it without the addition of the rider. It is necessary that each traveller on this journey should have at least one baggage mule; for, besides his ordinary luggage, he must carry all his bedding, and, with a just discretion, a good store of provisions. Upon this occasion, we had handsome and convenient brass bedsteads, stowed compactly in trunks and boxes, and at night, when they were put up, their glittering posts and canopy frames formed a strong contrast with the rude unfurnished rooms in which we lodged. In loading the mules two things surprise the stranger: first, the weight and bulk which the animals carry; and next, the facility with which the arrieros secure articles of every weight and size, so that the animal climbing precipitous paths, and walking narrow shelves, seems a moving mass of trunks, boxes, and bales.

Our party consisted, including the muleteers, of seven persons, and ten horses and mules; each of us equipped with a formidable battery of carbines at the saddle bow, pistols round the waist, and the Mexicans wearing long rusty swords which had lost their scabbards. All this warlike equipment was, I presume, upon the principle of scarecrows in a cornfield, more than with any design of bloody conflict. All preparations being completed at seven o'clock, we took our departure from the shore of the Pacific ocean, and passed into a dense, luxuriant, bottom land thicket or jungle. This bottom is only passable in the dry season, and we noticed the elevation of the water during the wet season marked six feet high on the trees. From this bottom we ascended by a gentle rise to some good cultivable land, upon which was here and there a Mexican farm or rancho, and occasionally a new clearing, such as are seen in our west. At twelve we reached the half-way house, a plain farm-house, where we found clean and comfortable provision. Resting until half-past three, we again got under way, and now commenced the ascent of the mountains. Our way lay through a dark forest of gigantic trees, up and down precipitous declivities until, about sun down, we emerged upon a naked and desolate mountain summit, from which, looking back over a vast region of country below us, we had our parting view of the Pacific losing itself in the distant horizon. The road now passed over hills of white and red clay, a sterile and lonely country. The moon rose upon us long before our day's journey came to its close in the city of Tepic, just as the serenoes, or watchmen, were whistling on their sharp calls the hour of ten, and giving forth their devotional cry of "*Ave Maria purissima.*" We were received in the elegant mansion of Mr. Forbes, a Scotch gentleman, whose warm hospitality allows no stranger to pass Tepic without a home. He had been expecting us, and we

found ready an ample supper; after which we were assigned chambers provided with every luxury for the most fastidious, and particularly agreeable after an unaccustomed ride of fifty-five miles.

Tepic is a handsome and well built city of about eight thousand inhabitants, but in a state of decay—its population having fallen off in a few years four thousand. The only thing refreshing, prosperous, and un-Mexican about it, is the cotton factory of the Messrs. Forbes. The situation is pretty and picturesque, where they have the water-power of a mountain stream, and the buildings, both of the factory and residences of the persons connected with it, are in a showy and appropriate architectural taste. The superintendent, as well as all the leading workmen, are from the United States; and in the number of years in which they have been employed, Mr. Forbes assured me he never had had the least difficulty or cause of dissatisfaction with any of them. This factory makes eighty pieces a day, and it sells at twenty-five cents the yard—something less than a yard. Most of the raw material is brought from New Orleans, although a little is grown in the country. In the neighborhood of Tepic are some fine sugar estates, where refined sugar is made at a cost of three or four cents, and sells at ten cents a pound, though nothing like a supply for the country is produced, as I have known, in the neighborhood of Tepic, this sugar to retail at fifty cents a pound.

At Tepic we first met the hostile proclamation of Paredes, directing an advance upon General Taylor. This gave us some uneasiness, although it was the general impression that this proclamation had some other design in its threats than the purpose of executing them.

At Tepic we made a new contract with an arriero for himself, his mozos, or boys, horses, mules, carbines and swords, to carry us to Guadalajara, a five-day journey. The annual fair of Tepic was in progress as we passed through. It is nothing more than a scene of low dissipation; the public square, or plaza, which is common to every Mexican town, being filled with every possible contrivance—wheels, cards, dice, colored cloths, &c.—for gambling, and the tables ranging in wealth from a small capital of copper coin, where children and beggars tried their fortunes, to those where their elders and betters might stake gold.

The necessary arrangements being completed, on the afternoon of May 6th our cavalcade was on its way to Guadalajara, reaching that night the village of San Leonel. Don Ramon, our chief arriero, instead of taking us to the fonda, lodged us in the farm-house of a friend of his. The lady of the establishment was particularly cautious in locking the doors and securing the windows before retiring; and, as a reason for her care, she showed an enormous scar extending the whole length of her arm, which had been inflicted by the knife of a robber some years before, who, at the same time, laid two others of her household wounded on the floor.

The usual mode of travelling is to start at three or four o'clock in the morning, having first taken the *desayunero*, or cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, with a small cake or rusk; then travelling until eleven or twelve o'clock, when breakfast, in our sense of the word, is taken, and a rest of three or four hours enjoyed, the day's journey being completed in the cool of the evening, at which time the traveller dines. This order and period of meals is that common to all Mexico.

The first part of our journey from Tepic was among a succession of smooth, rounded hills, rising from the surrounding dry, barren plains, like Indian mounds, the plains themselves intersected by long stone fences, but entirely destitute of cultivation. Soon after leaving San Leonel on the morning of the seventh, the country assumed a rather more cheering appearance. A few thinly-scattered pine trees covered the hills, and an occasional small stream of water ran at their base. In the valleys were fields of barley; here and there we passed an Indian village of thatched huts, and mules treading out barley on a ground threshing-floor. Our halt for the day was at the village of Santa Isabel. Leaving this place, our road conducted us, during the afternoon, over a singular volcanic formation. As we approached this region, there appeared to be a lofty dark wall extending across the country from the base of a mountain on the left. This wall formed the boundary, or outer edge of a widely-extended mass of craggy rocks rising some twenty feet above the country over which they were spread. They lay, far as the eye could see, tossed into all manner of confused shapes, like rocky waves with ragged summits, grown black with age, and had the appearance of a tempest-tost sea of molten iron, suddenly congealed in all its wild confusion. In contemplating the probable force producing the phenomenon, it presents the idea of the explosion of a mountain and the masses tumbling into their present disorder. By night we arrived at the pretty town of Aguacatlan, of some five thousand inhabitants, having a fine plaza surrounded by shade trees, and a conspicuous church and convent. The porada of Aguacatlan is one of more pretension than any on the route, having a large corridor in front, over which is announced in large letters, "Here may be found every convenience for persons of good taste." The offices surrounding the court yard were each labelled, and it was very gratifying to notice over one, "Here the bread is made with the greatest cleanliness." Generally the arrangement of all these poradas is the same. The traveller is shown into a room containing a heavy table, a bench with a high back, and some boards in a corner—upon which to place his bedding; but in addition to this at Aguacatlan, we had a lay sala or drawing-room, furnished with mahogany chairs. The proprietor is undoubtedly one of those spirits in advance of his age and country. On the following morning our route from Aguacatlan to Istlan lay for ten or twelve miles through the most fertile and best cultivated valley we had yet seen, and better covered with farm houses and villages; still the cultivation is careless, antique, and barbarous, the plough in use being no more than a sharpened log of wood. The afternoon of this day brought us to the Barranca, the wildest and most picturesque scene on the whole route from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The barranca is a gorge several thousand feet deep, separating two ranges of mountains, and the descent is by a zig-zag road along the face of the left hand range, with this tremendous gulf on the right; the bottom of this gorge being reached, a little advance shows that we are still on the summit of a mountain, for another opening of still greater depth appears on the left hand, the bottom of which has also to be reached; the road there continues in this deep and shady valley, along the banks of a rocky stream, and beneath overhanging precipices for some miles. In this wild and difficult pass, by some capricious impulse, is seen the only evidence of national energy, or internal im-

provement which came under my notice. A broad, handsome, well-made, paved carriage road is being cut from the face of the mountain, descending it in a succession of inclined planes, turning one upon another, and much of the road is already completed. Ascending from these shady depths by a precipitous road we reached, a little after night, the miserable village, but good porada of Mochotitli. Leaving this village early in the morning, we entered upon the lonely desolate table lands of Mexico; but although uncheered by shrubbery or cultivation, we had the advantage of a good level road, which towards evening brought us rather suddenly upon a different scene. From the brow of the elevated plain upon which we had been travelling, we looked down upon an extensive green valley, spread over with fields of the maguey plant, from which the brandy of the country is distilled. Immediately beneath us was the town of Tequila, with its houses and church domes shooting from amid groves of trees. Tequila, although constructed with handsome houses and regular streets, owed much of its effect to distance; for, in passing through it, the appearance of the whole place was one of poverty, dilapidation, and decay. Sleeping that night at the village of Amelatan, on the following morning, (Sunday, May 10th,) under a broiling sun, in clouds of dust, and amid troops of mules, at 11 o'clock we entered the truly beautiful city of Guadalajara, but not without seeing something of the benighted policy, constructed to facilitate robbery, and sustain a rapacious soldiery, the system which scarce permits an article to move from one part of the country to another, without taxation. Although we had now advanced so far in the interior at the garita, or interior custom-house, one of our mules was selected to be unloaded, while a slovenly epauletted fellow—some Mexican general or colonel, undoubtedly—overhauled the baggage to see that we were not smuggling. Had we really been loaded with contraband articles, it would have given us no annoyance, as he was only stationed there to make his living by taking bribes. However, we had no favors to ask, and did not choose to pay him to release us from the detention.

Guadalajara is a very showy city, of palace-like houses, and enormous churches and convents, covering many squares of the city; concealing in their recesses a vast population lost to life and usefulness. Flowers and gardens seemed to be a prevalent taste, and the verandahs or iron balconies projecting from the second stories were so filled with vases of flowers as to give along the length of elegant streets the appearance of hanging flower gardens. A broad and shaded paseo extends for a mile and a half along one side of the city, and terminates in a handsome rose-hedged park and garden. Fountains of stone and bronze, bubbling forth clear cold water, are seen in every direction. But these are all remnants and splendors of the past—the present is in strong contrast. Poverty, vice, and wretchedness are its characteristics; beggars forming the great population of the streets, and the prisons thronged with criminals of the vilest character, and existing in the most disgusting filth. The prison of Guadalajara is one of the most fertile recruiting stations of the army. The California garrison was always formed from these assassins; or rather they were sent there to depravate with impunity upon the unoffending inhabitants, until, patience being exhausted, all Mexican rule was expelled. Their offences and their ex-

pulsion came under my own observation; and but recently a garrison of these criminals was sent to Mazatlan, and it had scarcely reached there before it threatened a sack of the town. Seven assassinations occurred in one Mexican town during my short residence in it, and I never heard of anything worse happening to the criminals than being made soldiers of, although one of them had despatched his third victim. At Guadalajara, we were startled by receiving the Mexican account, in triumphant and boastful language, of the capture of Captain Thornton's dragoons. This intelligence placed us in a very precarious situation. All the representations we received being through the Mexican press, gave us great uneasiness as to the result of our interests on the frontier, notwithstanding the large allowance we made for Mexican braggadocio. Soon after the arrival of the intelligence, boys were crying extras about the streets, crying out, "Triumph over the North Americans." We determined to hurry on our way, though it was in anxiety and gloom that we did so.

From Guadalajara a line of diligences runs to Vera Cruz, and this line is worthy of all commendation. The conveyances are good Troy-built coaches; the horses and mules are in fine order, and the coachmen possess great skill and dexterity. Originally, the coachmen were all Yankees; but now they are Mexicans who have grown up on the road, and among the coaches and horses. It is somewhat amusing to notice the amalgamation they have made on the Mexican costume with that of our coachmen or drivers. The universal Mexican serape has given way to the box coat; but the split-leg pantaloons hold their own, and a brightly-colored handkerchief tied over the throat and chin, seems a type of the woollen cravat so generally worn by our drivers in cold weather. The fondas (hotels) are regulated by a system extending along the whole route, prescribing what shall be given, and the hours of meals, and also regulating the charges. These rules also direct that every passenger shall be furnished with clean sheets and pillow-case, which no one has used, at every lodging-place on the route. The hours of travel are from three to four in the morning to the same hour in the afternoon.

Leaving Guadalajara at half-past three in the morning, our first day's journey was over a desolate-looking rolling table land, in many places rocky; the soil was a stiff blue clay, here and there broken by the plough and ready for corn, but the general face of the country was covered by a short yellow dried grass. The road (thanks to Nature!) was generally good; but where she had left any impediments, art had disdained to remove them: and in some places, for short distances, our strongly-built coaches had terrible encounters. Over thirty leagues of such a country, by four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the wretched little hamlet of San José, and the diligence coming in the opposite direction not having arrived, we were compelled to await its arrival for dinner. The delay became unusual, and the sun was going down, leaving San José and the desolate country about it to the additional gloom of night, when the expected stage rattled into the court-yard; one solitary passenger leaped from it, with his dress all loose and disordered; his trunk being taken from the boot, he gave it a kick of ineffable disgust, and which betrayed its lightness and emptiness. While we had been awaiting his arrival to dinner, he had been lying under the coach with his mouth to the ground, and a carbine at his head, and a band of

robbers had been appropriating his property; they stripped him even to his suspender buckles, and asked what he was, where he was from, &c., concluding by beating him with their swords. The robbers—three in number—were masked. The minuteness of their inquiries caused us to feel somewhat apprehensive, as, in case of their ascertaining our nationality, they might think they rendered the state some service by taking our lives; and consequently no choice was left us but to fight in case of an attack. The Mexican servant accompanying us being called in to the council, expressed his willingness and ability to handle a gun. In addition to the arms in our possession, two fowling-pieces were obtained from the manager of the fonda; and as it was more than probable the robbers were from the village itself, and had their agents about us at this time, we gave some little publicity to our preparations. I discharged a Colt's pistol, and re-loaded it, in presence of this respectable public. Having made these preparations, and arranged our plan of defence, we started at four in the morning, and were upon the look-out, finger on trigger, for two or three hours, after this our uneasiness somewhat subsided, and we made the day's journey safely, and to our own satisfaction, if not to that of the robbers. Through most of this day the country was very much the same as that of yesterday; destitute of population, water, or any growth but the nopal, or prickly pear, and a few scattering acacias. Late in the afternoon it was quite refreshing to come upon a fine valley prairie, watered by a small stream, and covered with wheat-fields ready for the harvest. Our stopping-place for the night was a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, called Lagos, rather a neat place, with the usual share of enormous churches. From Lagos our road on the following morning continued through the same beautiful prairie and waving wheat-fields, upon which we had entered the preceding evening, and this was the character of the country until our arrival in the afternoon at the mining town of Guanajato. This city has a very picturesque situation, climbing up the sides and over the summits of a range of hills; the streets are exceedingly intricate and precipitous. For miles before reaching the city there are a succession of immense establishments for reducing the metals from the ore. Viewed from one of the surrounding elevations, it appears as though there was a separate town on each hill as far as the eye can see, the church crowning each summit. Here we sat down to table with some more unfortunate fellows, who had been robbed the preceding evening in the stage approaching us. In this case there were eight robbers; and not feeling it to be necessary to go far, or take much trouble in the matter, they robbed this stage in sight of the gates of the city of Queretero—a city of 20,000 inhabitants; not even taking the precaution to mask themselves; and one of the robbers on the following day, near the door of our hotel, asked a gentleman whom he had relieved of his purse and watch for the light of his cigar. No one acquainted with the country would take the responsibility of denouncing a robber; to do so would take nothing from his impunity, and would insure the assassination of the informer. Soon after leaving Guanajato, we passed from the rugged mountain region in which it is situated to a continuation of the fertile valley upon which we had been the preceding day, and continued along this our whole day's journey of forty leagues, to the handsome city of Queretero, passing on the

way several pretty towns of five or six thousand inhabitants each. Just before reaching the town of Celayo, we fell in with a group of half-naked peasants, some on foot and some on donkeys, being driven in by a few Mexican soldiers to form part of the army destined for Matamoros. The stage stopped one day, being Sunday, in Queretero, and on the first night of our arrival the house of a curate nearly opposite to us was entered by a band of robbers and stripped of all its portable valuables, with five thousand dollars in specie. Here we, for the first time, learned through a Mexican paper the name of our unfortunate dragoons, and the unhappy fate of Col. Cross.

As an evidence of the facilities of Mexican civilization in this handsome and populous city of Queretero, having occasion to receive six cents in change, I was compelled to take it in four cakes of white soap, the common currency of the country. Before leaving this city on Monday morning, we called a council of war to determine whether we should defend ourselves or yield, in case of an attack. There were eight of us, but one was a priest, the other an old man of seventy, two were invalids, and none would entertain for a moment the question of war. They had no arms; we therefore laid ours aside and determined to submit quietly to any fate. We fortunately entered Mexico on the evening of the second day from Queretero without any interruption. On the night before our arrival in the city we put up at an antiquated and prison-like *fonda*, the court-yard of which was occupied by part of a company of soldiers, and a machine on wheels which greatly excited the curiosity and attention of our companions. A glance at it was only necessary to discover that it was a camp forge; for there were the bellows and the anvil. But a particularly luminous Mexican explained to the whole party that it was a "bomba"—a bomb carriage for the destruction of us North Americans.

I shall not, in a flying tour of this kind, undertake a description of the oft-described city of Mexico, or the emotions with which a stranger enters a place which has been alternately the capital of the Montezumas, the capital of Cortez, and the theatre where one military chief has contended with another, not for the honor of his country, but for the possession of the returns of the custom-house.

Mexico is indisputably a magnificent city; but as Madame Calderon justly remarks, its elegant houses, without having the dignity of ruins, induce the impression of fine buildings in a state of neglect. One accustomed to a different state of things, walks the elegant streets of Mexico with feelings of melancholy and disgust, at finding himself amid throngs of epauleted and laced soldiers, in a mingled attire of decoration and dirt; and crowds of the most revolting beggars of every age from infancy to decrepitude. This disgusting spectacle accompanies the traveller across the whole stage route of Mexico. The coach cannot stop for a moment without being surrounded by these wretched objects, displaying their disgusting infirmities and uttering piteous moans. At one point they start off with the stage; children, young girls, and men, old women with infants on their backs, and with their hands pressed together, uttering a continued moan. With marvellous speed they keep up with the coach for near a mile. Sensibility becomes blunted by the continued contemplation of disease and wretchedness, while

charity is paralyzed by the consciousness of inability to relieve the mass. The comfort of the stranger is by no means increased by the conviction that all his vigilance will not prevent his pocket being picked in the most public places, an event which happened twice to my companion in one day, and twice I detected the predator's hand in my pocket; the third time he was more successful. Soldiers seem an essential part of every institution of the country. If the host passes the streets and brings the whole population to its knees, it is accompanied by soldiers; if you visit a peaceful scientific institution, a filthy soldier examines your right to admission. He is, however, an appropriate sentinel; for scientific institutions with high-sounding names, upon being entered display nothing but disorder, neglect, and filth; they indicate a people degenerating into the darkness, without the energy of barbarism. The state of general ignorance may be imagined when those who ought to be the receptacles of knowledge are among the most ignorant. Standing near a Franciscan friar, in the museum, examining a model representing a section of the mines, the good father contemplated it with great earnestness, and graciously informed me that it was a kind of representation of the birth of our Saviour.

Upon our arrival in the city we were naturally anxious to learn something of the state of affairs on the frontier; but at first could learn nothing but the probability that an action had taken place; then that it had been fatal to us; finally, the truth began to leak out, and we learned that the Mexican arms had sustained a defeat. No public promulgation was made of this state of affairs, and long after the government was apprized of the truth, the news-boys were crying among the deluded people the triumph of the Mexican arms. The press, of course, dared publish nothing that Parades did not approve.

On the day of my departure from Mexico, (May 27,) the Mexican Congress was about to meet. It is, however, a burlesque to call it a Congress of the nation, being a body selected from the clergy and military chiefly, originally convened for the purpose of confirming the usurpation of Paredes. Some of the departments could not be coerced into sending deputies, and several of the deputies sent made strenuous efforts to avoid the responsibilities of their position, knowing that at this time they could not much longer bolster up Paredes.

It is difficult to conceive what is the proper remedy for the present disorders of Mexico. With a population of eight millions, seven are of the poor, oppressed, humble, and submissive Indian race, the victims of all changes, and the feeling of despair and melancholy has impressed itself upon the countenances of even the children. The other million is the Mexico-Spanish blood, from which are taken the clergy, the twenty thousand soldiers, and the twenty thousand officers, most of whom are left to pay themselves in any way they can. It is evident that this population wants the intellectual and moral basis upon which to form a government.

Sympathy with Mexico, in relation to her conquest is a sympathy undenied by Mexicans whose interests are those of peace and order; indeed, to desire the introduction of any influence opposed to principles of rapine and revolution, becomes the part of patriotism; for Mexico is now the subject of other powers by principles as strong as those of arms. All her resources are in the hands of

foreigners—her mines, manufactures, and commerce; because, among other reasons, the reputable and enterprising Mexican cannot protect himself against the exactions of his own government. The system of bribery by which the revenue is collected is known to the whole world; and another evidence of narrow policy is seen in the fact that, although Mexico can grow tobacco equal to that of Cuba, bands of armed men are sent annually to destroy the green tobacco crop, except in those two provinces where the government monopolize the growth of an inferior article.

The greatest curse of the country is found in its military establishment, and a view of the evils of this almost causes one to regard the glitter of an uniform as a crime against civilization.

Yours, truly,

WM. MAXWELL WOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Antwerp correspondent of the United States Gazette, speaking of the Oregon question, in his letter of 1st June, says:

"On the whole, we may, as Americans, feel proud of the firmness which has been manifested on this occasion by the coördinate branches of our government; for though we may have come in for a share of censure occasionally, yet, on the whole, I believe, we will come off with flying colors, and no mistake. There is an old soldier's proverb, which says, 'fortune favors the brave!' and a man who insists on his rights cannot, under any circumstances, be refused respect. But I refrain from further observations, as, in all probability, the whole difficulty is already arranged to the satisfaction of the lovers of peace, and without sacrifice of the national honor.

"The most important feature on the continent, at this moment, is the emigration to America. It seems as if the populations of all Europe, after in vain attempting to establish liberal governments at home, had now resolved to elect the United States as their future theatre of action, and the field of their manly industry. At this port (Antwerp) the price of steerage passage to the United States was last year 50 francs a head, the passenger finding his own provisions. It has this year already risen to 100 francs, just double the amount, and the charterers besides offer to find the water casks, which was not customary in this place, and which makes the actual price of passage agree to 103 francs a head. All American vessels are chartered long before they enter the Scheldt, and Germans, Swedes and Norwegians equally profit by this unexpected increase of business. When all the vessels fit for an American voyage are engaged, agents are sent over to England to pick up vessels as they come in, and there are instances where charter parties have actually been concluded in the mouth of the Channel. Hamburg and Bremen do three times the emigration business of former years, and engaging besides every American vessel that touches there. The number of Germans emigrating this year to the United States will not be less than 60,000, and those from Ireland and England 140,000 or 150,000, in all about 200,000; enough at least to form the population of two new States!

"This rage for emigration, however political writers may account for it, is the best testimony

which the people give to their respective sovereigns of the estimation in which they hold their respective governments; but if any one doubt that political motives are the cause of the phenomenon, let him read the official acts of the German governments in which these emigrants are all stigmatized as 'malcontent and political fanatics.'

'It is said that the month of July is at last fixed upon by the King of Prussia for granting his people a constitutional government,' but his majesty, and his majesty's illustrious father have broken so many promises, that it is extremely doubtful whether he will keep his word this time. Perhaps the rumor was only got up to punish the Czar for his want of politeness in not visiting either Berlin or Vienna on his proposed tour through Germany. The Czar, namely, has an innate aversion to all liberal institutions, which extends even to the name of them, so that he even dislikes the constitutional states of Germany, and the constitution *in futuro* of Prussia. His dislike to that form of government is a perfect idiosyncrasy, and he has gone so far in it as to lecture his brother-in-law, William IV. of Prussia, very severely on the meditated changes of his administration, and on being told that he (the king of Prussia) had promised to effect reform, to advise him to abdicate the crown. This is no idle rumor, no *on dit*, but a fact, which, if the King of Prussia had a spark of manhood, (this being exactly the property which nature has denied him,) would, long ago, have made him seek the alliance of the German people, who but awaited the word of command, to prove to the autocrat that he was free to administer his own government without asking the consent of the cabinet of St. Petersburg. But the King of Prussia is more afraid of liberalism than of the growing influence of his Northeastern neighbor, or he would not have acted such a despicable and cowardly part as the late Polish revolution. Prussia has, by the extradition of the Poles to Russia, shown that she has no idea of national independence or honor. 'She is hesitating commercially and politically between England and Russia, without satisfying either, and alienating every day the only source of her strength—the affections and the respect of the Germans. Austria has not yet recovered from the shock she has received in Galicia, where she is threatened with fresh insurrections in Italy. In addition to that, she is quite isolated from Russia, and has thrown the gauntlet to her own feudal aristocracy in ameliorating the condition of the peasants. The Hungarians and Croats are quite dissatisfied, and the peasantry of Bohemia has risen. Austria, the old rival of the house of Bourbon, is near its spontaneous dissolution—the first blow from a foreign foe is sure to dismember the monarchy.'

A letter to the Union from Hanover, 23d May, says:

"The number of emigrants from Europe to the United States during the present year will amount, it is believed, to not less than two hundred thousand—a third more than ever embarked in any previous year. The 'Dublin Post,' estimates that thirty thousand will leave Ireland alone, most of whom are substantial farmers, and they will carry with them at least £600,000 or \$3,000,000. In England the number will be still larger, and confined principally to farmers, who are frightened by the probable abrogation of the corn laws. Many

families in affluent circumstances are also quitting Holland for our shores—a country which, for a long time, has been less of an emigrating turn than any in Europe. Twenty thousand persons, chiefly French and Swiss, will embark at Havre. Forty thousand Germans, at the lowest computation, will sail from Bremen, three or four thousand from Hamburgh, as many from Rotterdam, and four or five thousand from Antwerp. Besides the increase of our wealth from this addition to our population by its industry, it carries with it an actual capital exceeding \$20,000,000.

“What higher testimonials are required of the estimation placed upon our government, our institutions, and our people, than to behold ‘the bone and sinew,’ the honest yeomanry of Europe, seeking an abode where they can safely repose ‘under their own vine and fig-tree,’ under and among them, ‘and none to make them afraid!’ At no period of our history has confidence been more unbounded with regard to the durability of the Union, and its future magnificent destiny, than at this moment, in the various powers and states of ‘the Old World.’ The political doctrines which constituted the creed of the late sage of Monticello, must and will prevail ultimately throughout the universe. They are extending as speedily as monarchical principles are diminishing. In the English parliament, Cobden speaks universally of the rights of the people, and his sentiments are cheered by the most distinguished functionaries.

“Great preparations are making in Germany for the New York steamers. The King of Hanover is hastening his railroads to completion. In twelve months the line from Bremen to Trieste will be finished; and branches from it will connect with towns and cities in every direction.”

The preceding extract of a letter by the last steamer from Europe casts new light upon the magnificent destiny of our country. There seems to be no perceptible limit to our prosperity. No man can undertake to say, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther”—the famous expression which is ascribed to Canute, but which he had borrowed from the Holy Scriptures. Let us but use that prosperity well, without abusing it—let us but prove ourselves worthy of our brilliant destiny—let us not run into excesses—let not our enterprise rush into wild speculation, schemes that are too gigantic for our grasp, and overaction and overtrading—into projects of aggrandizement too enormous—and there never was a people under the sun more favored by Providence than those of the United States.—*Union.*

EXTRACTS FROM MR. WALSH'S LETTER TO THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, DATED PARIS, 29TH MAY.

In the chamber the case of Hayti was treated in a strain of some interest for the United States. Regrets and complaints were expressed that the French cabinet had repelled the offer of the sovereignty of the *Dominican Republic*. Spain could never repossess herself of that portion of the island; so that delicacy towards her was idle. The peninsula of Samana, at the east extremity of the *Dominican Republic*, had one of the finest roadsteads in the whole world. It commanded the Gulf of Mexico; and, whether a communication across the Isthmus of Panama were opened by

canal or railroad, the peninsula of Samana must be a *tête de pont* for the junction of the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. Soon one or the other would be accomplished, and then France might establish a factory and entrepôts, which, by reason of the safety for her trade and the advantages to be secured by proper custom-house laws, would speedily become the centre of operations highly useful to French commerce and navigation. Mr. Guizot dissented on the score of policy. France was pledged to the independence of Hayti; she would improve as far as possible her commercial relations with the whole island, but not interfere or involve herself in its internal affairs: to recommence the disastrous attempts of old was out of the question. Accept the *Dominican Republic*, and the subjugation of the colored Hayti must be undertaken finally. A deputy rejoined, “Do as the English have done in China: provide yourself with a Hong-Kong on the coast of Hayti, and carry thence your goods into the interior of the island.”

If the following paragraph of a letter of the correspondent of the *London Morning Chronicle* at Constantinople can be trusted, we may judge of the famous “integrity of the Ottoman empire” in the sense of independence:

“The French and Austrian ambassadors here have, within the last few days, exhibited an example of overweening insolence towards the sultan, such as it would be impossible, I believe, to find any parallel for. The occasion was this: The sultan had started on his tour in the provinces by the way of the Black sea, intending to disembark at Varna. The weather, however, was very stormy, and, as the sultan suffered much from sea-sickness, his physicians were afraid, as his chest is very weak, that in his violent retching he might break a blood-vessel. By their unanimous advice, therefore, the Captain Pacha determined to continue the voyage no further, but to return to Constantinople, which he did. The sultan little thought of what awaited him on his return. He was thereupon reprimanded sharply both by M. Bourqueney and M. Sturmer. These envoys from foreign nations have taken upon themselves to chide the sovereign to whose court they are sent. In two notes to the Porte, these representatives of France and Austria comment, in the most insulting vein, on the motives which they suppose occasioned the return of the sultan, and declare that the circumstance must have a most prejudicial effect on the mind of his subjects. If the Porte had sent back to these ambassadors their notes, with their passports, and injunctions to quit the empire within the space of twenty-four hours, it would have sent them the only fitting reply; but they very well knew, when they ventured the insult, that such a reply was impossible.”

The colors taken at the battle of the *Obligado*, in the La Plata war, have been pompously carried to the *Hotel des Invalides*, and five of the French combatants, who were severely wounded, are declared admissible to the hospital on their return to France. National pride relishes the French share in that aggression: the *Sycee* silver from Canton was welcomed in London as a better trophy than the laurels gained by the British at *Obligado*. O ye peace-makers, opium-heroes, and joint mediators!

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

ARTESIAN WELLS IN LONDON.

DURING the late session of parliament, the bishop of London, while advocating the necessity for the building of new churches in the metropolis, stated that its population increased at the rate of 30,000 annually; an increase that requires a proportionate multiplication of all that contributes to the comforts and conveniences of life. Greater quantities of food and clothing will be wanted every year; more houses, involving the extension of streets and thoroughfares; and, above all, a greater supply of water, to quench the thirst of the additional number of throats, as well as to lay an ever-widening surface of dust. It is to be hoped that the new scheme for the erection and working of public fountains will be continued and extended until London may be as usefully embellished with *jets d'eau* as continental cities, of which they are generally considered the chief ornament. The initiative, as is pretty well known, has been taken by the formation of two fountains, with large basins, in Trafalgar Square; the water for which, instead of being supplied from any of the numerous companies, was obtained by boring, or the formation of Artesian wells.

In June last, Mr. Faraday delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on the subject of these wells, in which he explained and illustrated the practical details of the boring, and showed that the London public must look to the accumulations of water underlying the London clay for their chief supply of the pure element, for drinking and other domestic uses. In inquiring into the geological relations of the waters lying deeply below the surface, he described the soil upon which London is situated as particularly favorable to the realization of this means of raising water. It is composed, in going from above downwards, of a layer of gravel of moderate thickness; then an enormous bed of plastic clay, known, in geology, under the name of London clay; beneath which lie calcareous marls, gravel, sand, and freestone, succeeded by massive strata of chalk; the whole thickness, from the surface to the chalk, varying from 200 to 300 feet. It was further explained that, wherever the sand and chalk crop out, or rise to the surface, they must absorb the water which falls in those parts. This water percolates downwards underneath the clay, and, finding no mode of escape, accumulates in the fissures of the chalk, ready to rush upwards through any opening which may present itself.

"The property of water to seek a level when it has descended between strata concave upwards, or between inclined beds of stratified rock, naturally accounts for the success of the Artesian operation. If two basins be supposed different strata, placed one within another, a little distance apart, and water be poured between, and a small hole be made in the bottom of the inner basin, the water will rise in a jet a very considerable height, and exemplify the nature of these springs, and multiplying the basins would afford an idea of those different springs found at varying depths, and of equally varying qualities. If, instead of the concave form, the plane of the strata be supposed to dip, the

water, seeking the lowest point, and pressed by that which is nearer the surface, would equally rise, and form the Artesian well or spring, if the strata were perforated at their lower level.*

The general mode of constructing an Artesian well is by first digging and bricking round to a certain depth, dependent on the nature of the soil, as in an ordinary well; from the bottom of this the boring into the lower strata of sand and chalk is commenced. In order to prevent the flow of any water into the opening, except that from these particular strata, the bore is lined with iron tubes, which completely shut out all percolations except that from the main source. Two borings were sunk for the works in Trafalgar square—one of which is in front of the National Gallery, the other in Orange street, immediately in the rear, both being connected by a tunnel formed of brick laid in cement, 6 feet in diameter and 380 feet in length. The boring for the deepest well penetrated to a depth of 395 feet, the lower portion of which, passing into the chalk 135 feet, is not lined with tubes.†

A contract was next made with Messrs. Easton and Amos, who furnished the plans and constructed the works—engine-house, tanks, and cisterns in Orange street—by which they agreed to work the engines for ten hours every day, supplying 100 gallons of water per minute to the barracks, National Gallery, Office of Woods and Forests, Admiralty, Horse Guards, Treasury, Scotland Yard offices, Whitehall Yard offices, India board, Downing street, and houses of parliament, in addition to 500 gallons per minute to the fountains in the square, for the sum of £500 per annum; being just half the sum previously paid to the water companies who supplied those departments. The whole expense for sinking the wells, erecting the engine-house, laying down the mains and the pipes to the fountains, was not quite £9000. The water of the fountains is constantly running the same round of duty, being pumped out as fast as it returns from the basins: the supply of 100 gallons per minute is obtained from the deepest well, which, at the end of the ten hours, is not lowered more than five feet under the rest level. With a little more power in the machinery, the contractors are satisfied that the supply might be increased to five times the present quantity.

Not only has an important economical advantage been gained, but the quality of the water is far superior to that supplied for the consumption of the inhabitants generally. The presence of an alkali is shown, by its turning red cabbage-water blue; a reaction due to the carbonate of soda, of which it contains a notable quantity, from 16 to 24 per cent. of the total proportion of saline matter held in suspension. Mr. Faraday found 41.5 grains of solid matter, among which was a small portion of lime, on evaporating a gallon of the water. The excess of soda renders it extremely soft, and particularly useful for domestic purposes. It is at the same

* Encyclopedia Metropolitana, vol. xxv., p. 1183.

† The well sunk three years since at Grenelle, near Paris, is 1800 feet in depth, and throws up 150,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

time very agreeable to the taste. This success, and the certitude which the known natural constitution of the soil affords for procuring the same quantity of water, and in as great abundance as may be desired, in all quarters of the capital, has given rise to the idea of carrying out the practice either by new independent companies, or by concurrence with those already existing, wherever a sufficient number of consumers may be found willing to contribute to the expense.

Professor Faraday stated that the water rent of 2000 houses would suffice for the practical carrying out of the plan, inclusive of the ornamental addition, already alluded to, of a public fountain. In Berkeley square a well has been sunk, from which water is lifted by a hand-pump, for the use of the inhabitants of that fashionable locality; but it was shown that an outlay of £3500 in the necessary machinery, &c., would have produced a supply of water for £350 annually, which now costs £700, without a fountain, that might have been embraced in the other scheme.

Considering the rapid spread of London, and the eagerness with which new business enterprises are seized upon, it is not improbable that Artesian wells may become common, and thus give to the metropolis what its inhabitants so much require—pure water. The idea is not altogether new, for it appears that “an endeavor was made in 1834–5 to form a ‘Metropolis Pure Soft Spring Water Company,’ to supply the existing companies with their requisite quantities by Artesian wells of great magnitude; which failed rather through defects in the provisional committee, than through any demonstrated impracticability in their views, which had been entertained ten years previously, and formed the subject of an unsuccessful company in 1825.”* A remarkable objection has been made to these undertakings, which can only be explained by the prevailing ignorance of the principles of their action. It was said that they would soon drain the wells sunk in the London clay, which can only give back the water gained from the surface; while the Artesian wells derive their supplies from the chalk, where there is not the slightest communication with the clay. Such was the prejudice in this particular, that a formal complaint was instituted against the new well of Trafalgar square, while in course of boring, as having drained the neighboring wells, even before it had yielded a single drop of water.

After his able exposition, Mr. Faraday exhibited a simple apparatus, designed to demonstrate a new property of the *fluid vein*. It is well known that water, in escaping from an orifice of any form, does not long retain that form, but varies with more or less of irregularity: this is called the *contraction of the vein*. It occurred to the inventor of the apparatus that this contraction would be accompanied by a diminution of volume, which would consequently determine, in a close vessel, a diminution of pressure sufficient to cause a smaller column of water to rise from below, under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. To effect this, water is made to descend in a tube opening into a glazed box, in communication, by means of another tube, with a reservoir below. As soon as the valve which prevents the descent of the water is opened, the stream rushes into the box, contracts, produces a certain vacuum, when it is immediately seen that the water from below, which was colored,

to render the experiment more striking, *ascends*, and mingling with the descending column, *flows* out with it through the escape-tube. The lecturer stated, in conclusion, that, from the result of his experiments, it was probable that the principle might, in certain cases, be economically applied to practical purposes.

From Chambers' Journal.

VISIT TO THE CRYPT OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT AT MALTA.

BY A LADY.

“WILL you go on, or are you afraid?” These words were addressed to me by an old monk, as we stood together on the last step of the stair leading down to certain mysterious vaults which exist under the Capuchin convent of Malta. The monk was very decrepit, very ghastly—indeed, I may say, decidedly unearthly-looking—the voice was sepulchral, and the question not one to be answered without serious consideration; for he held in his hand (and the hand was uncommonly like that of a skeleton) a great key, which was destined to open the ponderous iron door of a very singular charnel-house. This convent is one of the very few, in fact, I believe the only one of importance, now extant, excepting that of Palermo, where the monks still retain the custom of preserving their dead unburied, and are yet in possession of the method by which they can keep the corpses of their brethren entire, with all the appearance of life, for as long a period as they choose. The secret of the process by which the order of the Capuchins have thus learnt to cheat the grave of its lawful prey is not exactly known: I believe it is some sort of baking or boiling. They have always the number of forty carefully preserved; and when a death occurs in the monastery, the most ancient among the dead bodies makes way for the new-comer, and is buried. I had been told that the spectacle of these forty monks, so long departed from existence, yet still unshrouded and uncoffined, was most curious, although sufficiently appalling to render it less frequently visited than it would doubtless have otherwise been. For myself, however, it had been my lot, in my various wanderings, to see death in so many different shapes, that I could hardly shrink from any new aspect under which it might present itself, and I had therefore advanced thus far on my way to visit them. Still, I must own I was a long time of answering the pointed question of my companion: to tell the truth, there was something in his own appearance and manner which awed me considerably; and I could not help wondering what the dead monks must be, if their living brother had so little the semblance of humanity. There was a dulness in his sunken eye, a solemn expression on his livid face, half hid by the huge cowl, and something so mechanical in his every movement, that it was scarce possible not to fancy the soul itself was wanting. These were the first words he had uttered since he had suddenly appeared at my side, in obedience to the call of the superior; and now having spoken, he closed his withered lips again, as though these hollow tones were to issue from them no more, and stood motionless till I mustered up courage to pronounce an emphatic ‘Vado,’ (I go,) when he instantly stalked silently along the dark, narrow passage, and unlocked the massive portal of the

* Journal, Statistical Society, vol. viii., p. 159.

chamber, whose silent inhabitants I was about to visit. The door rolled back heavily on its hinges; the ghostly monk stood back to let me pass; and as I crossed the threshold, I heard him close it behind me with a noise which echoed, as it seemed to me most ominously, from vault to vault.

I found myself in a large hall, constructed entirely of the white Maltese stone, the roof rising in the shape of a dome. It was lighted only from the top, so that although every object was perfectly distinct, the day could only penetrate within it, tempered by a kind of twilight shade. The very first breath I drew in this dead-house, made me gasp and shiver. It was not precisely cold; but there was a chill, and an indescribable heaviness on the air, which caused a most unpleasant sensation. It was some minutes before this feeling could be shaken off; at last I determined boldly to raise my eyes and look around. For a moment I could have fancied we had mistaken our way, and returned to that part of the vast convent which was inhabited by the living, the scene was so very similar to that I had just witnessed in the chapel above, where the vesper service was being performed. Standing upright, in niches cut in the wall, the forty monks were ranged round the room, twenty on either side of me, clothed in the complete costume of their order. At a superficial glance, they seemed all engaged in prayer; and very still and quiet they were, with their heads, from which the dark cowl was thrown back, bent slightly over their clasped hands. Alongside of each one was an inscription, giving his name, and the date of his death; and it really required some such announcement to bring to my mind the full conviction, that it was indeed on lifeless corpses I was gazing; for, except that all had the same uniform hue of dull, ghastly yellow, and the same fixity in the position of the eyes, there was nothing in their outward appearance to indicate that they had not, each one of them, a living, throbbing heart within his bosom. The flesh was firm, the limbs retained their shape, the lips their color; the very eyelashes and nails were perfectly preserved; and the eyes themselves, though fixed, as I have said, did not look dead or rayless. It was a frightful mockery of life, because so frightfully real. I could see no difference between those mummies and their deathlike brethren up stairs; whose long confinement in the cloister, and strict adherence to the most severe of the monastic rules, have wasted their bodies, quenched the fire of their eyes, and banished all expression from their faces. But when I went nearer, in order to examine them regularly one by one, I saw that the Capuchins, who have thus the secret of triumphing over corruption, and, outwardly at least, would seem to set even death at defiance, had altogether failed in one most important point. They had preserved the bodies from decay; they had clothed them in the garments they were wont to wear; they had marvellously banished the likeness of death; the skin, the hair, the hands, were as those of living beings; but, with all their art, they had been powerless to efface from the countenance of each one of these dead men the seal which the soul had stamped thereon as it departed. All the faces wore the expression with which they had died; different according to their various temperament, but fixed, immutable, unchangeably eloquent of the exact frame of mind in which they had separately met that awful hour. It even seemed as

though, in this expressive look (the last trace of spirit petrified, as it were, on the dead face,) might be read not only the record of their dying moments, but also the history of their past lives; showing how the good man, humble and sincere, had departed in peace; and how the disappointed, ambitious soul had clung to a life which years of asceticism had vainly sought to render odious. It is sufficient, however, to look only once in their faces, to lose instantaneously the effect of the delusion, which is so striking at a first glance. The imitation of life, cunning as it is, fails altogether before this palpable evidence of their having undergone the last dread trial.

The body nearest me, which was that of an old man, had a countenance which would have told its tale clearly to the most careless observer. I felt, as I gazed on his serene and placid face, that death had been to him a glad release: he had waited, he had wished for it; and when it came, he had resigned himself to its power, as a child sinks to sleep on its mother's breast. The strong lines round the shrivelled lips, the deeply-furrowed brow, the hollow eye, all told of a weary conflict past—of tears which had been very bitter, of that long struggle with sorrow which can make existence a load most gladly laid aside. But there was a sublimity of repose upon that old man's face, which life could never have known. And the next! I wish I could forget the awful face of the next in order; but I know I never shall: the expression of that countenance will never cease to haunt me! The fierce scowl on the forehead, the eyes starting from their sockets, the lips convulsively drawn back, so as to show the sharp, white teeth firmly clenched, all told an unwillingness to die—an utter dread of dissolution, which it is frightful to think of! Here were, indeed, again the traces of a conflict, but a conflict with death itself. It was easy to see how madly, how wildly, he had struggled to retain his hold on life; and when that life escaped, it had written on his face the record of that last hour as one of most intense despair. Assuredly this man must have been a slave to the memory of some great crime, which made him so very a coward in presence of his invincible foe; or else—for he seemed too young for that—he may have had one of those morbid, restless spirits of inquiry which ever drove him to the burial-places, that he might rifle the secrets of the grave, to learn the details of the universal doom, till he was seized with a frantic horror for the individual corruption which awaited himself, such as I have known men of imaginative minds to feel. Anyway, it was a fearful face. He had fought with the King of Terrors, and been subdued, but the struggle had been a dire one; and what rendered this yet more striking, was the mock resignation with which the hands had been folded together after death. I was glad to pass on, though it was to look on a corpse which could only inspire disgust; it was so evident that this one had died even as the beasts that perish. His heavy features were full of sottish indifference: he could not have foreseen that his hour was come; or, if he did, his must have been one of those narrow, grovelling minds, too completely filled with daily occurrences of life to wake up and look beyond it, and question eternity. Next to him was one who had expired in extreme suffering from some terrible disease: his face told of nothing save bodily pain; but so expressive was it of this, that it was scarce possible not to believe that he

was even then in great agony. Again—I could have looked forever on the face of him who stood next in the line. Where the expression on the face of the dead is beautiful, it must be infinitely more so than it ever can be while living; and in the still eyes of this corpse, in the sweet smile that brightened even that livid mouth, there was a fervor of hope and faith not to be mistaken. He was very young, and had probably been cut off in the first enthusiasm of his vocation, ere time, or the imperishable craving for human sympathy, had quenched the ardent religious fervor, which is so sincerely felt by many young novices on their first profession. I was very glad he died when he did, it was so glorious a look of triumph! Strange to say, the most unmeaning of all these faces was that of a man who had been murdered: there was a mere vacant stare of surprise in his wide, glaring eyes. The spirit seemed to have been so suddenly expelled from her mortal tenement, that she had left no trace of her passage forth. Near to this ghastly corpse stood a young man, who appeared to have fallen gently asleep, with that expression of utter weariness which is the very stamp of a broken heart.

When I had gone round about half the room, and had minutely examined the features of some twenty of this ghostly company, I was seized with a very strange hallucination. On entering into the presence of these forty monks, I had been fully aware, of course, that they were all dead, and I alone was living; and now I was equally conscious that there was some vast difference between the present state of my grisly hosts and my own: only, after I had gone from one to another, ever meeting the gaze of their meaning eyes, and gathering such volumes of eloquence from their still lips, I could almost have believed that they were all living, and I myself dead, or in a dream! It was quite time to hold some communication with the living when assailed by such fancies as these; and I turned to look for my guide, with a strong desire to enter into conversation with him. I looked round and round in vain. I counted forty-one monks, therefore the living man must be amongst them; but the exact similarity of dress, and the motionless attitude with which he had installed himself between two of his lifeless companions, made it no easy matter to distinguish him. When I did find him out, the question with which I addressed him would have been considered passably unfeeling in more polite society; it was, if he himself would one day take his place in this strange sepulchre! "Assuredly!" he answered, with more vivacity than he had yet displayed; "and this one must make way for me," he continued with a grim smile of satisfaction, at the same time dealing a light blow with his bunch of keys on the shoulder of one of the corpses, which caused the bones to rattle with a sound so horrible, that I flew to the door, and begged him to open it, that I might escape from this dreadful room. I had had quite enough of the society, certainly not enlivening, of the Capuchins, both living and dead: indeed, on the whole, I rather give the preference to the latter, for we claim no kindred with the dead. whereas, it must always be painful to come in contact with a fellow-creature so devoid of human feeling as this old man seemed to be. He afterwards conducted me through the whole of the convent, at least of that part of it to which strangers are admitted. It is very extensive, but princi-

pally remarkable from the strange sight I had witnessed. As this order is one of the most rigorous, the brotherhood is composed, for the most part, of men who have committed some crime, and flown thither for refuge from the vengeance of the law, or the yet sterner justice of their own conscience. Judging from the countenances of those I saw, I should say they had sought all mental rest in vain: but so indeed it must have been. It was scarcely possible that the quiet of the cloister should have any effect on them; for it is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can ever escape from his own deed, be it what it may, good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality which he can never again destroy: it becomes independent of him, and goes out into the world to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his ken.

From the Union.

RAILWAY TO ASIA.

As the Oregon question is now settled, we can view its position, and see what can be done with it.

At the rate of 15 miles per hour, (as is proposed for the steamers to be built for our navy,) it requires but 84 days from England to New York, or other ports, but say 10 days.

From New York to the Pacific, 3,000 miles by railroad, at 30 miles per hour, allowing one day for detentions 5 "

On the Great Western road from London to Bristol, passengers travel daily at 50 miles per hour with perfect safety.

From Oregon to Chang-hai, in China, at the mouth of the Yang-tse-keang, which crosses the great canal, and where all the commerce of the vast empire centres, is 5,400 miles, at 15 miles per hour, (which can be performed as easily on the Pacific as 12 on the Atlantic,) allowing one day for coaling, &c. 16 "

From England, via New York, to Chang-hai 31 "

From New York to Chang-hai 21 "

But by sea voyage, as at present, either from England or New York, 110 to 160 days, requiring, for a voyage out and home, 10 to 12 months; distance estimated at more than 18,000 miles.

From England, via New York, to Australia 31 "

From New York to Australia 21 "

From England, via New York, to Manilla 34 "

From New York to Manilla 24 "

From England, via New York, to Java 35 "

From New York to Java 25 "

From England, via New York to Singapore 37 "

From New York to Singapore 27 "

From England, via New York, to Calcutta 39 "

From New York (14 days for coaling, &c.) to Calcutta 29 "

On the route are, first, the Sandwich and numerous islands convenient for depots, coaling, &c., &c.; and at Australia is an abundance of coal.

A. WHITNEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19, 1846.

From Chambers' Journal.

DR. MANTELL ON ANIMALCULES.

WE quote below the title of a recent volume by Dr. Mantell,* the object of which is "to present a familiar exposition of the nature and habits of some of the invisible beings which people our lakes and streams." Invisible beings! and yet not the creatures of superstition and dreamland, but actual, substantial existences, that, unseen by the eye of sense, perform, within a single drop of water, the circle of an economy as perfect in its kind as is that of man himself. The object is in the highest degree commendable. And the name of the author is guarantee sufficient for its correct and agreeable treatment. There is no branch of science more interesting, none whose revelations are more wonderful, than that which unfolds the forms and nature of the minute creatures which people every stagnant pool, inhabit the leaves of every forest, and which take up their abode even in the fluids and tissues of other living beings. Nor is it a study the result of which is merely amusement and wonder; for, like the minute parasitic vegetation whose growth absorbs the elements of decay, and which occasionally create such havoc among human food, and engender disease and death, the myriad animalcules in nature may execute similar missions, sometimes repressing putridity, at others becoming the sources of the most loathsome and fatal diseases. It is, therefore, only by a knowledge of the nature of these creatures, and of the causes and sources of their development, that man can call in their aid or control their results, as his purposes may demand. So simple, moreover, and so easily discernible is the organization of many animalcules, that the physiological functions of their structure are fully exposed to view—functions which find their counterparts in the higher animals, but in whom the mode of operation is hopelessly obscured. Apparent as are the advantages resulting from a study of microscopic life, it must not be supposed that the little work before us either affords an ample exposition, or adds new discoveries to the subject. All that is attempted, is a familiar description of a few common facts, a description which will in some degree instruct the ordinary reader, and lead him—if he can be led at all—to further investigation, while works of greater research and higher pretensions would have been unintelligible and forbidding.

Dr. Mantell's idea is a happy one: he takes a little water from a neighboring pool, and confining himself to the examination of this, describes, in simple but attractive terms, what he sees, figuring at the same time, with the greatest delicacy and elegance, the objects of his observation. "From some water containing aquatic plants, collected from a pond on Clapham Common, I select," says he, "a small twig, to which are attached a few delicate flakes, apparently of slime or jelly; some minute fibres, standing erect here and there on the twig, are also dimly visible to the naked eye. This twig, with a drop or two of the water, we will put between two thin plates of glass, and place under the field of view of a microscope having lenses that magnify the image of an object two hundred times in linear dimensions. Upon looking through the instrument, we find the fluid swarming with

animals of various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the water with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more infinitesimal than themselves. Many are attached to the twig by long delicate threads; several have their bodies enclosed in a transparent tube, from one end of which the animal partly protrudes, and then recedes; while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case. The minutest kinds—the monads—many of which are so small, that millions might be contained in a single drop of water—appear like mere animated globules, free, single, and of various colors, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearly or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres, that are in constant oscillation. Some of these are attached by spiral tendrils; others are united by a slender stem to one common trunk, appearing like a bunch of harebells; others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a tabular or spherical membranous case for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive; while many are permanently clustered together, and die, if separated from the parent mass. No organs of progressive motion, similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose." To the uninitiated this must be a startling revelation; more wonderful, because real, than all the multitudes with which superstition and fancy have peopled the realms above, beneath, and around us.

The animalcules above enumerated now become the subjects of individual examination—there being nearly a dozen different genera in the small phial of water selected. The first and most conspicuous of these is the *Hydra*, or fresh-water polype, an animalcule visible to the naked eye, appearing, when at rest, a mere globular speck of jelly, but, when active, protruding into a funnel-shaped body, furnished with a number of long, delicate tentacula or arms, by which it secures its prey. This polype is carnivorous in its habits, feeding on small worms and insects. "I have seen," says our author, "a polype seize two worms at the same instant; and to reach them, the arms were extended to such a degree of tenuity, as scarcely to be perceptible without the aid of a lens; and the worms, though very lively, and struggling violently, were unable to break asunder these delicate instruments, and escape, but in an instant were struck motionless. This phenomenon strikingly resembles the effect produced by the electric eel; and it is not improbable that the hydra, like that fish, kills its prey by an electric shock." The fresh-water polypes are exceedingly prolific, several hundreds of thousands springing from one parent stock in the course of a few months. The generation or mode of multiplication in the hydra is one of its most striking peculiarities. In its ordinary condition, this takes place by gemmation, or buds, as in certain plants. A small protuberance appears externally on some part of the body of the polype, and gradually enlarges, and becomes elongated; arms speedily spring forth from the free extremity, and a miniature hydra is formed, which in a short time separates from its parent, and assumes its individual existence. Nor is this all: a

* Thoughts on Animalcules; or a Glimpse of the Invisible World Revealed by the Microscope. By Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq., LL. D. London: Murray. 1846.

single hydra may be cut into several pieces, either across its body, or longitudinally, and, what is wonderful, every section will in time become a polype, as perfect as the original of which it formed a part! Further, the animal may be turned inside out like a glove, and the original outer surface will perform the function of digestion, while the former lining of the stomach becomes the skin; and this without the creature apparently suffering any inconvenience.

From the examination of the *hydræ* or polypes, which are giants in comparison, Dr. Mantell passes to the consideration of the true Infusoria—those minute animalcules which were sporting in the drops of water between the plates of glass placed in the field of his microscope. "The existence of these minute beings having been first detected in water containing vegetable matter, such as hay, grass, &c., it was taken for granted that they were peculiar to certain infusions; hence the term *Infusoria*, given to this class of animals, in allusion to their supposed origin. This name is still employed as a general designation, although it has long been known that the presence of animalcules in infusions has no necessary relation to the vegetable ingredients, except as far as the decomposition of the latter may tend to the production of a proper medium for the development of the invisible eggs, or germs, of these creatures, which are everywhere present. The essential characters of the infusoria—in other words, those points of organization in which they differ from all other animals—consist in their bodies being destitute of any true articulated or jointed limbs, and locomotive members or feet; their varied movements being performed by means of processes or filaments, which are always in motion, and are termed *cilia*, from their supposed resemblance to the eyelashes. The cilia, in many species of the Infusoria, are more or less generally distributed over the surface of the body; in others they are disposed in one or more circles around the mouth or aperture of the digestive organs; and in some, are arranged in zones on one or more circular or semicircular projections on the upper part of the body." The examination of these minute creatures requires great tact and patience. From the original drop of water a particular species is first selected; it is then removed, transferred to a drop of pure water, and placed under the field of the microscope—the observer beginning with low powers, till he obtain a general knowledge of the form and appearance of the species, and afterwards examining the several parts of the body with the most powerful glasses.

By such a scrutiny, Dr. Mantell detects, in the original glass of water, a number of species of the most beautiful forms, and of the most curious economy. Among these are *Monads*, animated spherules of various colors, little more than the thousandth part of a line in diameter; and yet each exhibits an individual activity, feeding, disporting, and propagating its kind with inconceivable rapidity. The floating colored slime which sometimes appears in the water of stagnant pools, is an aggregation of countless myriads of these beings—not individually distinct, but visible only in the mass. There are also *Vorticelle*, or bell-shaped animals, and *Stentors*, or those of trumpet shapes—fixed singly, or in clusters, by the narrow extremity, and waving in the water their wider extremities, fringed with cilia, like so many animated harebells of astonishing minuteness. The digestive organs of these tiny creatures "consist

of a series of globular stomachs—hence the term *polygastria*—connected by a common tube, which allows entrance to the food, and exit to the effete particles. The food is brought to the mouth by the currents produced in the water by the cilia; aëration is performed by the agency of the same organs; and the increase of the species is effected by spontaneous division, each part, like the severed portions of the polype, growing into a perfect individual." Besides these polygastric animalcules, which are the lowest of the Infusoria, there are in the water under examination numerous species of *Rotifera*, or wheel-bearing animalcules, so called from the circular rows of cilia which fringe the upper parts of their bodies, and which, when in motion, appear like wheels revolving round a common axis. These are more highly organized than the former class: "the digestive canal is a tube more or less straight, which in many genera is provided with jaws and teeth, which, like the masticatory organs in birds, are situated low down, are very distinct, and present considerable diversity of form and arrangement." Jaws and teeth in creatures invisible to the naked eye! Yet so it is: like the miniature watch set in a finger-ring, its wheels and springs are not less perfect because of their tiny dimensions. In the Rotifera there are indications of nerves, muscles, and punctiform eyes, all shadowing forth, as it were, the dawn of higher existences. Some are oviparous, others viviparous—the eggs in many species being in size equal to one third of the animalcule. These ova "retain their vitality for almost an unlimited period, and are transported by the water and wafted by the winds—for, whether dry or moist, they remain uninjured—till, thrown into the conditions suitable to their organization, they become developed, and the apparently pure waters teem with myriads of highly-organized beings. Even the adult animals of some species—the common Rotifers, for instance—after being apparently dried up for several years, will start into life upon the addition of a few drops of water, and throw their rotary organs into full play, as if roused from a refreshing slumber."

Of these Rotifera, Dr. Mantell detects several genera: some flower-shaped, *Floscularia*; some crown-shaped, *Stephanoceros*; the common wheel-animalcule, *Rotifer*; and other species covered with siliceous shells and spines, *Brachionus*. These last are perhaps the most wonderful, as they are, geologically speaking, the most important of their class. "Their cases or shells consist either of lime, siliceous (flint,) or iron; and these retain their form and structure for unlimited periods of time. From the inconceivable numbers of these shell-animalcules, which swarm in every body of water, whether fresh or salt, and the immense rapidity with which the species increase—by spontaneous fission, germination, and ova—extensive deposits, or strata of their cases, are constantly forming at the bottom of lakes, rivers, and seas. Hence have originated the layers of white calcareous earth common in peat-bogs and morasses, the tripoli, or polishing-slate of Bilin,* consisting wholly of the siliceous cases of animalcules, and the bog iron, composed of the ferruginous shields of other forms. In short, the extensive and im-

* The polishing-slate of Bilin, in Prussia, forms a series of strata fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the siliceous shields of Infusoria, of such extreme minuteness, that a cubic inch of the stone contains forty-one thousand millions of distinct organisms.

portant changes that have been produced on the earth's surface by this agency in the earlier ages of the physical history of our planet, and those of a like nature which are going on at the present time, are in the highest degree interesting, and have but lately become the subject of scientific investigation."

The contents of the little phial have now been explored, the microscope removed, and all that remains is a small twig, two or three minute leaves, a few flakes of mucus, and a turbid condition of the water from the presence of earthly particles. "All the diversified forms of life that were sporting in the apparently wide waste of water have vanished from our sight, and are as though they were not; yet what a world of wonders, what a marvellous display of Infinite wisdom, are there concealed! Within that narrow space, the microscope has shown us the mysterious principle of vitality embodied in structures of which we had previously no conception, and under conditions which, if estimated according to our experience of the visible creation, would appear incompatible with animal existence. Were we to describe the facts that have come under our notice to persons unacquainted with the optical powers of the microscope, and tell them that the seeming particles of earth in the water are creatures of various forms and structures, endowed with life, and the capacity for its enjoyment; that those flakes of mucus are aggregated thousands of animals, in the shape of flowers, which increase, like plants, by buds and by self-division; that some of these creatures are carnivorous, feeding on living atoms more infinitesimal than themselves; that others are herbivorous, and nourished by particles of decomposed vegetables too minute to be visible till accumulated in the internal organs of the animalcules; that we selected some of these animals, and caused them to swallow carmine, and thus imparted a red color to their digestive organs, and rendered their structure more obvious; that some are free, and roam through the water at pleasure, others always sedentary, others locomotive in youth, and fixed to one spot in after life; that many have eyes, the number and color of which can be distinguished; that the difference in the relative magnitude of these creatures is as great as that between a mouse and an elephant; that if the water in which these beings are now immersed be allowed to evaporate, and the sediment become as dry as dust, and this be moistened three or four years hence, many of the individuals at this moment sporting through the water will be resuscitated, and appear in full activity, although, had they remained in their native element, the term of their existence would have extended but through a few days—thus realizing one of the beautiful fictions of Arabian story—would not this statement be deemed unworthy of belief!—would it not be regarded as improbable and as extravagant as the wildest chimeras of the imagination! And yet such a narrative would be but the simple truth—an unexaggerated, unadorned matter-of-fact summary of the phenomena that have come under our observation!" Verily, there are more things in nature than the uninquiring dream of.

Like animals of higher organization, these microscopic creatures suffer and perish from sudden transitions of temperature. Atmospheric air is as necessary to their existence as to ours; and they are killed by substances which affect the chemical composition of the water. Fresh-water species instantly die if sea-water be suddenly

added, though the latter may swarm with marine species; but they survive if the mixture be gradual; and many kinds inhabit brackish water. Infusoria always appear in vegetable infusions, because their ova or germs, being everywhere present, find in such fluids a proper medium for their development. Every stream is laden with them; every breeze wafts its myriads of myriads. Though the influence of light is favorable to their life, yet it does not appear indispensable, for they abound in the waters of deep mines, which are always in impenetrable darkness. "The ordinary duration of life in the Infusoria varies from a few hours to several days, or even weeks. Rotifera have been traced to the twenty-third day of their existence. The death of these animals is generally sudden; but in some of the larger species, convulsive struggles attend their dissolution. Shortly after death, the soft parts rapidly decompose, and all traces of their beautiful structures disappear: the species, which are furnished with earthy cases, or shells, alone leave durable vestiges of their existence."

Such is an outline of Dr. Mantell's "Thoughts on Animalcules," which we cordially recommend to the perusal of the young and intelligent. They may or may not become original inquirers—they may never adjust the focus of a microscope, or place one drop of an infusion under the lens of a magnifier—but this need not prevent them from making themselves acquainted, through the discoveries of others, with a department of knowledge than which we know of none more replete with interest and instruction.

SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.—Newton expresses his deliberate opinion that cohesion, light, heat, electricity, and the communication of the brain with the muscles, are all to be referred to one and the same cause—an ether or spiritus, which pervades all bodies. We might smile at such an opinion from many quarters; and had Newton been only the author of the "Principia," we might perhaps think his head a little exalted by the excitement attending the close of an arduous labor, (though, in truth, the scholium, from which the above is extracted, does not appear in the first edition;) but when we consider his prediction, that the diamond would be found to be combustible, that the earth was between five and six times its weight of water, and others which have turned out correct, we feel something like a presentiment that the opinions just cited may in some degree share the same destiny.—*Dublin Review*.

RIGHT IN THE LONG-RUN.—Mankind do sooner or later make a "good report" of things worthy to be so reported of. The world is long sometimes in estimating merit rightly, but is pretty sure in the end to accord its approbation to the deserving. Too often, it is true, the wreaths that ought to have encircled the brows of living men—the eminent of their race for mental and virtuous attainments—have been twined only for their *monumental effigies*; but once placed on these, they have preserved an imperishable freshness. Milton's bays grow greener with the touch of time. Newton's name shines like the stars with which, while he was upon earth, he held immortal converse. Nature spoke by Shakspeare when he lived, and mankind have since taken care that she shall speak by him forever. Whence we may fairly infer that the world's ultimate judgment is in most things correct, and should be regarded by every man of sense accordingly.—*T. Cromwell*.

From the New York Evening Mirror.

REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS, AND THE CONSEQUENCES ON ENGLAND AND THE WORLD.

THE last arrivals from Europe have put to rest this long agitated and most important question—the great question of our day—that on which, more than any other, has hinged the commercial policy of the world. We have no hesitation in saying that we regard it as a measure which, taken in connection with the other free trade measures of the British government, and regarded as the consummation of them, is fraught with more important consequences than any other act of our time.

It shows a complete revolution in the governing influences of Great Britain. Those influences have been hitherto wielded by the landed aristocracy. This body has hitherto controlled both lords and commons. It has done, or rather permitted, many liberal things towards the other great interests of the state. Commercial restrictions began to be relaxed soon after the close of the war in 1815, and the relaxation has proceeded with a tolerably steady pace ever since. Mr. Huskisson was the father of the modern free trade system in England, and the principles which he laid down and so ably advocated, have in no important particular been departed from, in any of the changes that have been introduced. These have all been in one direction—in favor of freedom of trade.

Mr. Canning, who was at heart of the Liverpool party, and whose splendid abilities gave the *coup de grace* to the old Tory aristocracy, with their worn-out traditional notions, supported the new views of his friend Huskisson, with the whole weight of his almost matchless oratory. The Whig party came into power a few years after his death, pledged by their principles and professions, to carry out still farther those measures which had for their object the removal of all species of restrictions on the manufactures and commerce of the country, and on its agriculture, *so far as they could*. This party did much, during their ten or eleven years of rule, to establish and extend liberal principles in every direction, *except in regard to the agricultural interests*. Here they found themselves entirely too weak to cope with the landed aristocracy. This body had too long enjoyed dominion in the state to resign it easily. It yielded all it could to the advancing spirit of the age, and to greater freedom of action in all departments of trade and business; but it guarded, as the apple of the eye, its own monopoly. Other interests might be free toward each other; the landholders must be protected against all. There were not wanting plausible arguments for this, in the pressure of the church, and the poor rates on land, and in the necessity for providing employment for the masses, which agriculture does to a greater extent than any of the other great branches of national industry. Here the agriculturists were inaccessible, obstinate, deaf to all argument and entreaty, and defeated every effort of the Whig ministry to repeal or modify the corn laws.

They were finally overthrown [so far as their public measures were concerned] by their ill success in finance. For years preceding their exit from office, there was an unusual deficit in the treasury, and that in spite of some taxes laid expressly to meet it. The nation became alarmed at the aspect of a deficient revenue in the midst of a profound peace, or only a money-making [the

Chinese] war. The government accordingly changed hands, and Sir Robert Peel signalized his accession to power by one of those bold and decisive measures which either bring about triumphant success, or ruin, utter and irretrievable defeat.

This was no other than the imposition of one of the most unpopular and burdensome of the war taxes—a property and income tax, by means of which he not only made up the deficient revenue, but gave a new impulse to the manufacturing and commercial interests, by lessening or repealing a host of duties on the raw material, and by greatly lessening all protective duties on the product of British manufacture. He also made a most important modification in the previous stringency of the corn laws. The success of these measures, bold and decisive as they were, must have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the premier and his friends. The income-tax yielded nearly one half more than the estimate. The impulse to trade and manufactures was so great that the large reduction of taxes was attended, even at first, with but small loss to the revenue. Instead of repealing the income-tax, upon this success, as a weak or partisan minister would have done, Sir Robert Peel made its continuance the basis for new operations in the same direction, until, at length, British manufactures and commerce were freed from almost every shackle that could impede their competition with the manufactures and commerce of the world. An income-tax of five millions (estimated originally to produce about three and a half) has led to the repeal of over eight millions of other taxes, besides leaving a surplus, the present fiscal year, of over two millions.

This unparalleled and wonderful success, in which the wisdom of the minister had been aided by a most happy combination of circumstances, gave him strength to propose the boldest measure that has ever emanated from a minister of the crown—the death of the corn-laws, with an interval of three years to die in; the process, however, commencing without delay. This is the crowning work of all the free trade measures which have been in progress under the various ministries of Great Britain for a quarter of a century. The threatened famine in Ireland was, no doubt, an important aid in effecting this prodigious revolution. But Peel ought not to deny his obligation to his predecessors. This great measure, upon which he declares himself willing to stake the reputation of a life of great things, could have been carried only in a reformed parliament. It is strictly one of the fruits of that reform, which Peel opposed in the maturity of his years, and with all the strength of his powerful mind. In this sense it may be said that he is indebted to his enemies for his success; and that only the failure of his opposition to reform has enabled him to bring about “the greatest measure of his life.” That this measure, with the class to which it belongs, will be productive of the most important consequences to England and the world, we have not the smallest doubt. It would be too much to expect that these should be all favorable, though a great preponderance of good may reasonably be looked for. But we cannot enter upon so great a subject at the close of an article.

We may however express our doubts whether the success of this great measure ensures the continuance of the Peel ministry. The premier has subjected himself to a load of obloquy, such as

perhaps no minister has encountered since the time of Lord Bute, and should he continue in office, he will have to encounter a vast amount of personal opposition and ill-will, without the warm support of any one party, and without a cordial good-will on the part of the sovereign.

Still, we are inclined to think his strength with the country is such that he may continue to hold office, if he chooses. His best policy, we think, would be to retire until a new election to parliament takes place, when he would be again, almost certainly, called to the head of the ministry. Those are mistaken who consider Peel as past his prime, and needing repose, from age. He is but fifty-eight, of a good constitution, and excellently preserved. He has yet in him ten or twelve good years of service for his country. We are greatly mistaken if for that time, whether in office or out, he be not the foremost man in all the kingdom. He is said to have declared that he would spend his life in the house of commons—that is, would never accept a peerage. We hope he will keep his resolution, convinced that he is on the true theatre of his greatness.

We need make no apology to our readers for continuing our remarks on the changes in the corn laws of Great Britain—a measure which as we have shown closes and perfects the long series of movements in that country in favor of free trade. The doctrine of protection to manufactures and agriculture may be considered as abandoned, and they are left to sustain themselves by their own inherent strength and elasticity. From the immense extent of our foreign commerce with that country, which with her dependencies, takes considerably more than one half of our exports, this commercial revolution there, must have a prodigious influence on the leading interests of our country, and it must demand from us a correspondent attention.

One of the most marked results of the change will be greatly to lessen the cost of living in England to all classes, but especially the poor, who purchase little beyond the necessities of life. Hitherto England has been the dearest country on earth, because food from abroad in all its forms was excluded, unless when at a high price. This is made almost entirely to cease, except in articles which may be denominated luxuries, and including sugar in this list. Vegetables of every class, all grains whether intended as food for man or beast, live animals, meats, fresh and salt, with unimportant exceptions, fish, wherever caught, and however cured, are among articles free or subject only to nominal duty. No country in modern times has ever gone to this extent, except Holland, which is a nation of merchants, and the Hanse Towns, which were free trading cities. England furnishes the first example of a great agricultural nation throwing open its ports and its custom houses, to the almost unrestricted entrance of food from abroad. It certainly is a most remarkable innovation in the custom of nations. It aims a blow at old national antipathies, and jealousies and divisions, the like of which no age has seen, and which if carried out and generally imitated by great nations, would introduce a general national brotherhood, and render wars almost an impossibility. It was not our purpose, however, at present to speak of this result, but to draw attention to the fact of the comparative cheapness of living which must follow the free introduction of all the

leading articles which enter into family consumption.

It is estimated that 190,000 English families live mostly abroad for the sake of economy. Estimating the average income at £300 per annum, £30,000,000 have been spent out of the kingdom for the sake of economy; a large part of which will now be spent at home. Nor has the government provided for a cheap supply of food alone. Woollen and cotton fabrics of all sorts are allowed to be imported free, and there is no tax on leather, and even on garments made up, and on boots and shoes the duty is very light; so that for clothing, England is probably now the cheapest country on earth. Even silks, the use of which is becoming so general, pay for the most part but ten per cent., and England has become an exporting country, as well as an importing one in regard to that article. About eight hundred pounds sterling of silks, were exported the last year. Mr. Huskisson fought hard to get the duty on this article reduced to 30 per cent. Ten per cent. is now thought sufficient—not to exclude the foreign article, for this is not desired; but to encourage the home manufacture. Such a change has been brought about in little more than twenty years.

England then becoming a positively cheap country in regard to clothing, and a comparatively cheap country (her past condition is alluded to) in regard to food, what will be the effect upon her manufactures? This will be three-fold. First, the internal consumption of the kingdom will be affected. The masses, who generally expend nearly up to their income, laying out less for food, will have more for clothing. If their outlay for provisions is diminished, suppose twenty per cent., that for clothing will be augmented probably four or five per cent. Candor, however, obliges us to say that to the increased consumption from this source there may be an offset. If the demand for agricultural labor should be considerably diminished, as is insisted by the advocates for protection, then of necessity the agricultural classes cannot purchase so largely. Here is precisely the difficult, hazardous point of the experiment, and all parties must wait with some anxiety for the result. The manufacturing classes will consume more; *perhaps* the agricultural classes less.

Second, manufactures will be favorably affected by diminishing the cost of production. It is always difficult to estimate the different proportion in which capital and labor are concerned in the cost of production. It is in fact infinitely various in different articles; in some labor constituting a small part—in others nearly the whole. But as labor does enter more or less into the cost of every article, we may take it for granted, that whatever largely affects the price of labor, will affect the cost of production. The operative will in the first instance reap the benefit of diminishing cost of living, and it were earnestly to be wished that he might always retain the great portion of it. But experience forbids us to hope that he can long do more than share it with the capitalist; and whatever benefit the latter derives, is so much added to his power of successfully meeting foreign competition. If, then, English manufactures have, under the disadvantage of dear living, maintained in most branches a superiority over those of other nations, they will be still better enabled to compete with them, when the cost of living is reduced nearly to the same standard. In other words, wholly untaxed raw materials, with almost wholly untaxed

food for her operatives, assures for a long period in foreign markets, at least, the present relative standing of British manufactures. This is a most important gain for that great interest. Its greatest danger lay in dear food at home—that danger is past.

A third way in which British manufactures will be benefited by the free trade measures, now perfected by the virtual abrogation of the corn laws, is by increasing the intercourse with foreign nations. It has been stated as an axiom, that a people will not long buy of those to whom they do not sell. This is only partially true. In order to buy, a nation must of course sell to somebody, though not always to the very people of whom they buy. The statement would have been correct, however, if limited to two or more nations which are competing for the trade of a third. That nation which buys the most freely, will also in this case sell the most largely. The balance of trade with England for the last few years is largely in favor of the United States—the last year reaching the enormous sum of fourteen millions of dollars. In payment she accepts bills from all parts of the world. A good deal of this balance has accrued from the relaxation of her provision laws, which has taken place within the last few years. It is plain, however, that we cannot keep this trade, if the grain-growing nations of the continent consent to receive British manufactures at much lower rates of duty than we impose. Vessels that take British goods as return freight, have an advantage over those that do not, which must ultimately ensure them the market. The irregular and fitful demand of the English corn market, has hitherto prevented any great benefit in the sale of her commodities, from occasional large importations of grain. When this trade, however, shall assume (as it will when free) a tolerable degree of steadiness and regularity, an increased demand for British goods will be the certain result. There will be light freight and means of payment.

Foreign governments will also favor trade with the power which lays the fewest restrictions on their productions. Important relaxations are already making in the Russian system of high and prohibitory duties. All Russian products being received at low or nominal duties in the ports of Great Britain, the emperor will cause an important modification of the Russian tariff to be made, at least so far as British goods are concerned.

It is impossible yet to say how far other nations will be led to follow the example of Great Britain. Authority, or the weight of great names, whether French, English, or German, is wholly on the side of free trade. We doubt whether there is a professorship of political economy on earth, in which the principle of protection is advocated. Theorists at least, as a body, are in favor of free trade. The example of such a country, cannot but have a powerful influence in the same direction, especially with countries whose systems are yet in any degree to be formed.

It will also be somewhat to smooth the way by the prevalence of a better feeling. A large part of the restrictive measures of various countries have had their origin in a spirit of retaliation. It was thought necessary for a nation to show a proper spirit for measures injurious to its trade and commerce by inflicting injury on the opposite party. The blow, it is true, often recoiled, and the party inflicting it was the greatest sufferer.

But in the ill blood excited, this was unseen or disregarded. The great liberal measures of the British government will diffuse throughout the commercial world a better feeling—a feeling that exclusive advantages are no longer sought, and that trade, to be really beneficial to one party, must be so to both.

But these measures will operate in another and still more efficacious way on commercial and manufacturing rivals. The advantages of cheapness of the raw material, and increased cheapness of food, must be met by similar reductions on the part of rival nations, or the foreign markets will be lost. France and Germany must cease to tax British coal and iron, and machinery, and foreign wool, and various other articles, if they would successfully compete with her in the production of cloths, and of various other fabrics in which they now compete with her in the markets of the world. A relaxation—at least a partial one—of their commercial systems will thus be forced upon them.

On the whole, we conclude that a new era of commercial freedom has commenced.

From the New Brunswick Times.

THE WOLF CHASE.

DURING the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than that of skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this northern state, frozen by intense cold, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my rusty skates, and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed on towards the parent ocean, and feel my very pulse bound with joyous exercise. It was during one of these excursions that I met with an adventure, which even at this period of my life I remember with wonder and astonishment.

I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which glided directly before the door. The evening was fine and clear. The new moon peered from her lofty seat, and cast her rays on the frosty pines that skirted the shore, until they seemed the realization of a fairy scene. All nature lay in a quiet which she sometimes chooses to assume; while water, earth and air seemed to have sunken into repose.

I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when coming to a little stream which emptied into the larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an evergreen archway, radiant with frost-work. All was dark within, but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into the unbroken forest that reared itself to the borders of the stream, I laughed in very joyousness. My wild hurrah rang through the woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Occasionally a night bird would flap its wings from some tall oak.

The mighty lords of the forest stood as if nought but time could bow them. I thought how oft the Indian hunter concealed himself behind these very trees—how oft the arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and how oft his wild halloo had rung for his victory. I watched the owls as they fluttered by, until I almost fancied myself one of them, and held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

When suddenly a sound arose, it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, until it ended in one long yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mould, as I first fancied. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of defence. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. 'T was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the under brush, at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much dreaded grey wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them, I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness and the untiring strength which seems to be a part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

“With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire,”

they pursue their prey, and nought but death can separate them. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of light, as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no time for thought; I bent my head and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out into the river.

Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was now some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back—I did not feel sorry or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never again see me, and then every energy of mind and body was exerted for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days I spent on my skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers made me but too certain they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice, nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed: yet still they seemed to hiss forth with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, still going

on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tusches gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them, viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except on a right line.

I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past my pursuers. A fierce growl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches and sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the wolves getting more excited and baffled, until coming opposite the house, a couple of stag hounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. The wolves taking the hint, stopped in their mad career, and after a moment's consideration turned and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feelings better to be imagined than described.

The Poems of ALFRED B. STREET. New York, Clark & Austin, 130 Fulton-street.

WE are pleased to see this complete edition of Mr. Street's poems, for it is difficult justly to estimate a man of genius, when his productions are strewn at random through the periodical publications of the day, like so many scattered rays of light. Our national literature is steadily growing up into manhood, for the reason that the intellect of the country is daily becoming less imitative and more original. It is idle for our authors to attempt occupying any themes of transatlantic origin, unless as they are connected with or terminate on this continent. We should not look too much abroad for subjects of thought and disquisition. American talent can never be developed into fulness upon a foreign nutriment, it must be fed at home; every nation has its peculiar place and sphere in literature, just as much as it has a geographical position, and when confined to this limit the national mind must sooner or later create a peculiar and characteristic national literature. We have been led to these remarks from observing that the marked feature of Mr. Street's poems is their Americanism, and in this we trace an essential cause of his success as a poet. He deals with historical incidents and legends belonging to our own country, and in which we all feel that we have a common property. He describes nature as seen in the depths of our noble forests, by the side of our glorious rivers, on the lakes and mountains, and he thus strikes a chord to which every heart responds.

With all his truthfulness and life-like painting, with all his vivid and spirited sketching of nature, animate and inanimate, we feel that his genius would have been wasted and misapplied upon any other than *home* scenes and events, and we are so far jealous of his muse, as to hope that his fine poetic powers will never be diverted from illustrating the history and scenery of his native land.
—*Protestant Churchman.*

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY.

"T is sixty years since a thin quarto volume appeared in London with the plain and unpretending title of *An Ode to Superstition, and some other Poems*, and exactly the same number of years since a thin octavo appeared at Kilmarnock, entitled, *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. The thin quarto was the production of Samuel Rogers, a young gentleman of education, the son of a London banker; the thin octavo the production of Robert Burns, a Scottish ploughboy, without education, and almost without a penny in the world.

"T is fifty years since Burns was buried in the kirkyard of St. Michael's:

"O early ripe, to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more!"

While the poet of the *Ode to Superstition* is still among us, full of years and full of health, and as much in love with poetry as ever. "It is, I confess," says Cowley, "but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when once we fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life." It was so with Waller when he was eighty-two, and is so with Mr. Rogers now that he is eighty-one. Long may it be so:—

"If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's long-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure."

Waller "was the delight of the House of Commons, and, even at eighty, he said the liveliest things of any among them." How true of Rogers, at eighty, at his own, or at any other table!

The poet of *An Ode to Superstition* has outlived a whole generation of poets, poetasters, and poetitos; has seen the rise and decline of schools, Lake, Cockney, and Satanic—the changeful caprices of taste—the injurious effects of a coterie of friends—the impartial verdicts of Time and a third generation—another Temple of Fame—a new class of occupants in many of the niches of the old—restorations, depositions, and removals, and, what few are allowed to see, his own position in the Temple pretty well determined, not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low that he can escape from envy and even emulation. Nor is this all; he has lived to see Poetry at its last gasp among us; the godlike race of the last generation expiring or extinct, and no new-comers in their stead; just as if Nature chose to lie fallow for a time, and verse was to usurp the place of poetry, desire for skill, and the ambition and impudence of daring for the flight and the raptures of the true-born poet.

If such is the case, that Poetry is pretty well extinct among us—which no one, I believe, has the hardihood to gainsay—a retrospective review of what our great men accomplished in the long and important reign of King George III. (the era that has just gone by) will not be deemed devoid of interest at this time. The subject is a very varied one, is as yet without an historian, nor has hitherto received that attention in critical detail so preëminently due to a period productive of so many

poems of real and lasting merit—poems as varied, I may add, as any era in our literature can exhibit, the celebrated Elizabethan period, perhaps, but barely excepted.

A new race of poets came in with King George III., for the poets of the preceding reigns who lived to witness the accession of the king either survived that event but a very few years, or were unwilling to risk their reputations in any new contest for distinction. Young was far advanced in years, and content—and wisely so—with the fame of his *Satires* and his *Night Thoughts*; Gray had written his *Elegy* and his *Odes*, and was annotating Linnæus within the walls of a college; Shenstone found full occupation for the remainder of his life in laying out the Leasowes to suit the genius of the place; Johnson was put above necessity and the booksellers by a pension from the crown; Akenside and Armstrong were pursuing their profession of physicians; Lyttleton was busy putting points and periods to his History; Smollett, in seeking a precarious livelihood from prose; and Mallet employed in defending the administration of Lord Bute, and earning the wages of a pension from the minister. Three alone adhered in any way to verse; Mason was employed in contemplating his *English Garden*; Glover, in brooding over his posthumous *Athenaid*; and Home, in writing new tragedies to eclipse, if possible, the early lustre of his *Douglas*.

There was room for a new race of poets. Nor was it long before a new set of candidates for distinction came forward to supply the places of the old. The voice of the Muse was first awakened in Edinburgh and Aberdeen. I can find no earlier publication of the year 1760 than a thin octavo of seventy pages, printed at Edinburgh, entitled, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language*, the first edition of a work which has had its influence in the literature of our country, the far-famed Ossian, the favorite poem of the great Napoleon. "Have you seen," says Gray, "the Erse Fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against everybody's opinion) to believe them old." Many, like Gray, were alive to their beauties: inquiry was made upon inquiry, and dissertation led to dissertation. It was long, however, before the points in dispute were settled, and the authorship brought home to the pen of the translator. The *Fragments* have had a beneficial and a lasting effect upon English literature. The grandeur of Ossian emboldened the wing of the youthful Byron, and the noble daring of the allusions and illustrations countenanced the author of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in what was new and hazardous, when Hayley held, and Darwin was about to assume, a high but temporary position in our poetry.

The Aberdeen volume of poems and translations (8vo. 1761) was the first publication of Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel*. So lightly, we are told, did Beattie think of this collection that he used to destroy all the copies he could procure, and would only suffer four of the pieces—and those much altered—to stand in the same volume with the *Minstrel*. Beattie acquired a very slender reputation by this first heir of his invention; nor would it appear to have been known much beyond the walls of the Marischal College, before the *Minstrel* drew attention to its pages, and excited curiosity to see what the successful poet on this occasion had written unsuc-

cessfully before. In the same year in which Beattie appeared, a new candidate came forward to startle, astonish, and annoy. The reputation of a poet of higher powers than Beattie seemed likely to exhibit would have sunk before the fame of the new aspirant. I allude to Churchill, whose first publication, *The Rosciad*, appeared in the March of 1761, and without the author's name. This was a lucky, and, what is more, a clever hit. The town, a little republic in itself, went mad about the poem; and when the author's name was prefixed to a second edition, the poet was welcomed by the public as no new poet had ever been before. Nor was his second publication—his *Apology*—inferior to his first. His name was heard in every circle of fashion, and in every coffee-house in town. Nor did he suffer his reputation to flag, but kept the public in one continual state of excitement for the remainder of his life. He attacked the whole race of actors in his *Rosciad*; the Critical Reviewers, (the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers of the day,) in his *Apology*; the whole Scottish nation, in his *Prophecy of Famine*; Dr. Johnson, in *The Ghost*; and Hogarth, in *A Familiar Epistle*. Every person of distinction expected that it was to be his turn next; and there was no saying where his satire would not have reached, for he was busy with a caustic dedication to Warburton when, on the 4th of November, 1764, he died at Boulogne, at the too early age of three-and-thirty. Dr. Young survived him nearly a year. What the predecessor of Pope in satire thought of the new satirist, no one has told us.

While "the noisy Churchill" engrossed to himself the whole attention of the public, a poem appeared in May, 1762, likely to outlive the caustic effusions of the satirist, because, with equal talent, it is based on less fleeting materials. This was *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in Three Cantos, by a Sailor*; better known as Falconer's *Shipwreck*, and deservedly remembered for its "simple tale," its beautiful transcripts of reality, and as adding a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the great body of our island poetry. The popularity of Churchill kept it on the shelves of the booksellers for a time, but it soon rose into a reputation, and nothing can now occur to keep it down.

When Goldsmith published his first poem (*The Traveller*) in the December of 1764, Churchill had been dead a month, and there was room for a new poet to supply his place. Nor were critics wanting who were able and willing to help it forward. "Such is the poem," says Dr. Johnson, who reviewed it in the *Critical Review*, "on which we now congratulate the public, as on a production to which, since the death of Pope, it will not be easy to find anything equal." This was high praise, not considered undeserved at the time, nor thought so now. Such, indeed, was the reputation of the *Traveller*, that it was likely to have led to a further succession of poets in the school of Pope, but for the timely interposition of a collection of poems which called our attention off from the study of a single school, and directed the young and rising poets to a wider range for study and imitation.

This collection of poems was Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, one of the most tasteful collections of poems in any language, and one of the best and most widely known: "The publication of which," says Southey, "must form an epoch in the history of our poetry whenever it is written." The first edition appeared in 1765, a year remarkable in more ways than one. Dr.

Young, the sole survivor of the poets of the last generation, died, at the great age of eighty-four, on the 5th of April; and Mr. Rogers, the still surviving patriarch of the past generation of poets, was born on the 30th of July of the same year.

The effect of the *Reliques* was more immediate than some have been willing to imagine. *The Hermit* of Goldsmith, a publication of the following year, originated in the *Reliques*; and the *Minstrel* of Beattie, a publication of the year 1771, in the preliminary dissertation prefixed to the volumes. If Percy had rendered no other service to literature than the suggestion of the *Minstrel*, his name would deserve respect. "The *Minstrel*," says Southey, "was an incidental effect of Percy's volumes: Their immediate consequence was to produce a swarm of 'legendary tales,' bearing, in their style, about as much resemblance to the genuine ballad as the heroes of a French tragedy to the historical personages whose names they bear, or a set of stage-dances to the lads and lasses of a village-green in the old times of the May-pole." This was the more immediate effect; the lasting result of the *Reliques* was their directing the rude gropings of genius in a Scott, a Southey, a Coleridge, and a Wordsworth.

Beattie reappeared in 1766 with a volume of poems, better by far than what he had done before, but still insufficient to achieve the reputation which the *Minstrel* subsequently acquired for the author of the volume. A second candidate was Cunningham, a player, still remembered for his *Kate of Aberdeen*, a short but charming piece of simple-hearted poetry. Poor Cunningham made no great way with his verse; he had dedicated his volume, with all the ambition of an actor, to no less a personage than Garrick; but the head of the patentee players received the stroller's poetry with indifference, and did not on this occasion repay—which he commonly did—his encomiums "in kind." But the poet of the year 1766 was Anstey, with his *New Bath Guide*.

"There is a new thing published," says Walpole, "that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the *New Bath Guide*. It stole into the world, and, for a fortnight, no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally everything else; but so much wit, so much humor, fun, and poetry, never met together before. I can say it by heart, and, if I had time, would write it you down; for it is not yet re-printed, and not one to be had."

Gray commended it to Wharton, and Smollett wrote his *Humphrey Clinker* (the last and best of his works) on Anstey's principle in his *Guide*.

A publication of the year 1767, called the *Beauties of English Poesy, selected by Oliver Goldsmith*, deserves to be remarked. The selection seems to have been made as a sort of antidote to Percy's *Reliques*. "My bookseller having informed me," he says, "that there was no collection of English poetry among us of any estimation, * * * I therefore offer this," he adds, "to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has yet appeared. I claim no merit in the choice, as it was obvious, for in all languages the best productions are most easily found." It will hardly be believed by any one who hears it for the first time, that a poet of Goldsmith's taste in poetry could have made a selection from our poets without including a single poet (Milton excepted) from the noble race of

poets who preceded the restoration. Yet such, however, is the case; and I can only account for the principle on which the selection would appear to have been made, that it was meant as an antidote to Percy's publication, or that Goldsmith (and this is not unlikely) was perfectly unacquainted with the poets of a period previous to Dryden and Pope.

Michael Bruce, a young and promising poet, died in the year 1767, at the too early age of twenty-one. Some of his poems—and they were posthumously published, without the last touches of the author—possess unusual beauties. His *Lochleven* is called, by Coleridge, “a poem of great merit;” and the same great critic directs attention to what he calls “the following exquisite passage, expressing the effects of a fine day on the human heart:”—

“Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturbed; and fill the echoing air
With music grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.”

Another poet, whose song ceased before he had time to do still better things, was poor Falconer, who perished at sea in the *Aurora* frigate, in the year 1769. He had sung his own catastrophe in his *Shipwreck* only a few years before.

The poem of the year 1770 was *The Deserted Village*—in some respects a superior poem to *The Traveller*. It was immediately a favorite, and in less than four months had run through five editions. Gray thought Goldsmith a genuine poet. “I was with him,” says Nicholls, “at Malvern, when he received the *Deserted Village*, which he desired me to read to him; he listened with fixed attention, and soon exclaimed, ‘This man is a poet!’”

If *The Deserted Village* was, as it certainly is, an accession to our poetry, the death of Akenside and the far too premature removal of Chatterton were real losses in the very same year in which Goldsmith's great poem appeared. Akenside had, no doubt, sang his song, but Chatterton was only in his eighteenth year. What a production for a boy was the ballad of “Sir Charles Bawdin!” There is nothing nobler of the kind in the whole compass of our poetry. “Tasso alone,” says Campbell, “can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age.”

The Deserted Village of the year 1770 was followed in 1771 by the first book of *The Minstrel*, a poem which has given more delight to minds of a certain class, and that class a high one, than any other poem in the English language. Since Beattie composed his poem on which his fame relies, and securely too for an hereafter, many poems of a far loftier and even a more original character have been added to the now almost overgrown body of our poetry; yet Beattie is still the poet for the young; and still in Edwin—that happy personification of the poetic temperament—young and enthusiastic readers delight and recognize a picture of themselves. Gray lived to commend and to correct it—with the taste of a true poet and the generosity of an unselfish one. “This of all others,” he says, “is my fa-

vorite stanza: it is true poetry, it is inspiration.”
“The stanza is well known—

“O, how canst thou renounce,”

and shares with a stanza in the *Castle of Indolence*, the applause of nations.

Mason, in 1771, put forth a new edition of his *Poems*, and in a separate publication the same year the first book of his *English Garden*. To the *Poems* he has made a few additions, but nothing so beautiful as his epitaph on his wife, inscribed upon her grave in Bristol cathedral. The lines are well known, but not so the circumstance, only recently published, that the last four lines were written by Gray:—

“Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die,
(‘T was e'en to thee,) yet the dread path once
trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids ‘the pure in heart behold their
God.’”

We learn from the same unquestionable quarter, (the *Reminiscences* of the Rev. Norton Nicholls,) that Gray thought very little of what he had seen of the *English Garden*. “He mentioned the poem of the *Garden* with disapprobation, and said it should not be published if he could prevent it.” There are lines and passages, however, of true poetry throughout the poem, which form in themselves an agreeable accession to our stock of favorite passages. How exquisite, for instance, is this:—

“Many a glade is found
The haunt of wood-gods only; where, if art
E'er dared to tread, 't was with unsandalled foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.”

The poem, however, made but a very slender impression on the public mind, nor is it now much read, save by the student of our poetry, to whom it affords a lesson of importance.

The only remembered publication in poetry of the year 1773 was *The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*—a caustic attack, replete with wit, humor, and invective, on the architect's Chinese eccentricities in the gardens at Kew. It was long before Mason was suspected of the satire. Tom Warton was the first to attribute it to his pen; he said it was Walpole's *buckramed* up by Mason. But Walpole, from a letter to Mason only recently published, would appear to have had nothing to do with it. “I have read it,” writes Walpole, “so very often, that I have got it by heart, and now I am master of all its beauties. I confess I like it infinitely better than I did, though I liked it infinitely before. But what signifies what I think? All the world thinks the same. No soul has, I have heard, guessed within a hundred miles. I caught at Anstey's, and have, I believe, contributed to spread the notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's, and, to my infinite honor, mine. But now that you have tapped this mine of talent, and it runs so richly and easily, for Heaven's and for England's sake, do not let it rest.”

The Heroic Epistle was followed, in 1774, by the *Judah Restored*, of Roberts—“a work,” says Campbell, “of no common merit.” Southey calls the author a poet of the same respectable class as the author of *Leonidas* and the *Athenaid*, and adds in a note, “Dr. Roberts' *Judah Restored* was one of the first books that I ever possessed. It was

given me by a lady whom I must ever gratefully and affectionately remember as the kindest friend of my boyhood. I read it often then, and can still recur to it with satisfaction; and perhaps I owe something to the plain dignity of its style, which is suited to the subject, and everywhere bears the stamp of good sense and careful erudition. To acknowledge obligations of this kind is both a pleasure and a duty.* I have Southey's copy of the *Judah* before me at this moment; on the fly-leaf is inscribed, in the neat hand-writing of the poet, "Robert Southey—given me by Mrs. Doldignon, 1784." The poet of *Kehama* was born the year in which the *Judah* appeared, and was only ten years old when a copy of the poem was given to him by the lady he remembers so affectionately as "the kindest friend of his boyhood." This one book may have had the same effect on Southey that Spenser's works had upon the mind of Cowley: "I had read him all over," he says, "before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an enuch."

On the 4th of April, 1774, died Oliver Goldsmith, leaving unfortunately unfinished one of the best of his lighter pieces—his well-known and inimitable *Retaliation*. It was published a fortnight after his death, and became immediately a favorite. A second posthumous publication of the same poet was *The Haunch of Venison*, a clever epistle to Lord Clare, full of characteristic beauties peculiar to its author. Both pieces owe something to Anstey and his *Guide*—the suggestion certainly.

In 1776 Mickle put forth his translation of the *Luciad*—free, flowery, and periphrastical, full of spirit, and not devoid of beauties, but untrue to the majestic simplicity of the great Portuguese.

While Goldsmith was confining his selection from our poets to a period too narrow to embrace many of the nobler productions of the British muse, Gray was annotating Lydgate, and the younger Warton collecting materials for his *History of English Poetry*. Our literature lies under other obligations to the younger Warton—great as that obligation is for his noble and unfinished *History*. He was the first to explain and direct attention to many of the less obvious beauties of *The Faerie Queene*, and, in conjunction with Edwards, the first to revive the sonnet among us, a favorite form of verse with our Elizabethan poets, with Shakespeare and with Milton, but entirely abandoned by the poets who came after them. The first volume of Warton's *History* was published in 1774; his *Poems* containing his sonnets in 1777. The effect produced by their publication was more immediate than has hitherto been thought. We owe the sonnets of Bampfylde (4to. 1778) to the example of the younger Warton. Nor is the pupil unworthy of the master, or unwilling to own his obligation. Some of the *Sixteen Sonnets* of Bampfylde (for such is the title of his thin unpretending quarto) are "beautiful exceedingly," and in one (the tenth) Warton is addressed in a way which he could well appreciate.

The good effects of Percy's *Reliques*, Warton's volume of *History*, and Warton's *Poems*, received a temporary check in the year 1779, by the publication of the first part of Johnson's well-known *Lives of the Poets*, containing his celebrated criticism on the *Lucidas* of Milton, and his noble parallel between Dryden and Pope. The concluding portion of the *Lives*, containing his famous abuse

of Gray, appeared two years later, (1781,) and, like the former portion of the work, was read with deserved avidity. The effect was catching. The school of Dryden and Pope revived. Hayley wrote his *Triumphs of Temper* in the verse recommended by Johnson; Crabbe composed his *Library* and his *Village* in the same versification; Cowper his *Table Talk*, and even Mason (though the last person in the world to admit it) his translation of Du Fresnoy, in Johnson's *only* measure.

But the fear of Dr. Johnson did not reach beyond the grave, and when Cowper put forth his *Task* in the spring of 1785, the great critic was no more. Not that Cowper was likely to be deterred from blank verse by the criticisms of Johnson, for the *Task* was commenced in Johnson's lifetime, and in the same structure of versification. That Johnson could have hurt the sale for a time by a savage remark at the table of Reynolds, no one acquainted with the literature of the period will for a moment doubt. That he could have kept the poem from what it now possesses and deserves—a universal admiration, it would be equally absurd to suppose for a single moment.

When Cowper put forth his *Task* there was no poet of any great ability or distinguished name in the field. Hayley ambled over the course, to use an expression of Southey, without a competitor. But Hayley had done his best, poor as that was, though his day was hardly by. It was Cowper who forced us from the fetters which Johnson had forged for future poets, and Hayley had done his best to rivet and retain. Nor was Cowper without some assistance at this time. Evans' old ballads did something to extend a taste for the early but unknown masters of our poetry. Some of Mickle's imitations, in the same collection, were read by younger minds with an influence of which we enjoy the fruits to this day. Charlotte Smith put forth a volume of her sonnets, replete with touching sentiment, eminently characteristic of the softer graces of the female mind, and the late Sir Egerton Brydges, a volume of poems, containing one noble sonnet ("Echo and Silence") which, though neglected at the time, will live as long as any poem of its length in the English language.

The *Task* was followed by a volume of poems from a provincial press full of the very finest poetry, and one that has stood its test, and will stand forever. The author of the *Task* was of noble extraction, and counted kin with lord chancellors and earls. His fellow author was a poor Scottish peasant, nameless and unknown when his poems were put forth, but known, and deservedly known, wherever the language of his country has been heard. This poet was Robert Burns. Cowper and Burns were far too nobly constituted to think discouragingly of one another. "Is not the *Task*," says Burns, "a glorious poem?" The religion of the *Task*, bating a few scraps of "Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and nature; the religion that exalts and ennobles man." "I have read Burns' poems," says Cowper, "and have read them twice; and though they be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life save Shakspeare, (I should rather say save Prior,) who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he has labored. It will

* Southey's Cowper, vol. iii., p. 32.

be pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration dishonors himself if he aims no higher than to raise a laugh." This, let it be remembered, was written at the time when the poet's reputation was as yet unconfirmed. But the praise is ample, and such as Burns would have loved to have heard from Cowper's lips. "Poor Burns!" he writes in another letter, "loses much of his deserved praise in this country through our ignorance of his language. I despair of meeting with any Englishman who will take the pains that I have taken to understand him. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern. I lent him to a very sensible neighbor of mine: but his uncouth dialect spoiled all; and before he had half read him through, he was quite *ramfuzzled*." The word to which Cowper alludes occurs in the "Epistle to Lapraik;" the meaning was somewhat difficult at the time, few will need to be told it now. The study of Burns is very general in England, and in Ireland he is almost as much understood and appreciated as in his own country.

Mr. Rogers appeared as a poet in the same year with Burns. But his *Ode to Superstition* was little read at the time, and his fame rests now on a wide and a secure foundation. Another poet of the same year was Henry Headley, a young and promising writer, imbued with a fine and cultivated taste, of which his two volumes of selections from our early poets, published in the following year, is still an enduring testimony. If Goldsmith had lived to have seen these selections published, culled by a boy of barely twenty-one, he surely would have blushed to have looked upon his own.

There were other candidates for distinction at this time, imbued with the same tastes and fostered in the same quarter, the cloisters of Trinity college, Oxford, and the wards of Winchester school. The first was Thomas Russell, prematurely snatched away (1788) in his twenty-sixth year, leaving a few sonnets and poems behind him, which his friends judged worthy of knowing hereafter. That he had intended his poems for publication was somewhat uncertain; that he was gifted with no ordinary genius, the magnificent sonnet supposed to be written at Lemnos has put beyond the pale of cavil or suspicion. The second candidate for distinction was William Lisle Bowles, whose fourteen sonnets appeared in 1789, while he was yet an undergraduate at Oxford. The younger Warton lived long enough to foretell the future distinction of the boy his brother had brought up; Coleridge, to thank him in a sonnet for poetic obligations:—

"My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles, for those
soft strains,
Whose sadness soothes me like the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring;"

and Southey, to express in prose his gratitude for similar obligations. The Vicar of Bremhill (now in his eighty-fourth year) has reason to be proud of such testimonies in his favor. It would be idle assertion to call them undeserved; his sonnets are very beautiful, full of soothing sadness, and a pleasing love and reverence for nature, animate and inanimate.

When Bowles was seeing his sonnets through the press, his old antagonist, Lord Byron, was a

child in his mother's or his nurse's arms. While they were yet hardly a year before the public, the younger Warton was buried in the chapel of his college at Oxford amid the tears of many who knew the frank, confiding disposition of his nature.

"For though not sweeter his own Homer sang,
Yet was his life the more endearing song."

Other poems of consequence followed at intervals, not very remote. In 1791 Cowper put forth his translation of the *Iliad* into English blank verse, and Darwin his *Botanic Garden*, a poem in two parts, written in the measure of Pope, but polished till little remained save glitter and fine words.

The only poem of repute of the year 1792 that has reached our time, or seems likely to revive, and acquire an hereafter, is *The Pleasures of Memory*. This is a poem which Goldsmith would have read with pleasure, for it is much in his manner. "There is no such thing," says Byron, "as a vulgar line in the book." The versification is very finished, but not in Darwin's manner to too great a nicety, while there are passages here and there which take silent possession of the heart, a sure sign of unusual excellence.

Wordsworth's first poem, *An Evening Walk, an epistle in verse, addressed to a young lady from the Lakes of the North of England*, appeared the year after *The Pleasures of Memory*, and was followed the same year by a volume of *Descriptive Sketches, in verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian Grisons, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps*. Every line in *The Evening Walk* bears the mark of a keen observer for himself; there is not a borrowed image in the poem, though the pervading character throughout reminds one too closely perhaps of *The Nocturnal Reverie of the Countess of Winchelsea*, a wonderful poem, to which Wordsworth was the first to direct attention. Here is a picture from Wordsworth's first volume, something between a Hobbima and a Hondskoeter:—

"Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
Heard by calm lakes as peeps the folding star,
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Wetting, that drip upon the waters still;
And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
Shoots upward, darting his long neck before."

One feels that our poetry is enriched by a passage of this description—that the poet who could write in this way was likely to make what Addison calls *additions to Nature*, and this Mr. Wordsworth has done in a preëminent degree.

Southey, in 1795, made his first public appearance as a poet in a thin duodecimo volume, printed at Bath, on the poor pale blue paper of the period. This was a kind of *Lara* and *Jacqueline* affair. One half of the volume was by Southey, the other half by Lovell, the poems of the former being distinguished by the signature of "Bion," of the latter by that of "Moschus." The poems are not very many in number, nor are they very good, yet the little volume is not without its interest in the history of a great mind, feeling its way to a proud position in our letters.

The joint publication of Southey and Lovell, in 1795, was followed the next year by a similar kind of publication, between Coleridge and his school-

fellow Lamb. The name of Coleridge appears alone upon the title-page, which is thus described, *Poems on Various Subjects by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge*. Lamb's contributions are distinguished by his initials, and the volume is remarkable in more ways than one. Coleridge calls his sonnets *Effusions*—Effusion 1; Effusion 2. This appellation he removed in a second edition, and called them, what in reality they were, and what, when they were written, he intended they should be, "Sonnets, attempted in the manner of Mr. Bowles." Here is his sonnet of gratitude to the vicar of Bremhill, a mistaken attack on Rogers, subsequently withdrawn, and the following bold panegyric upon Wordsworth: "The expression *green radiance* is borrowed," he writes, "from Mr. Wordsworth, a poet, whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure, but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid coloring."

"'T is certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophet and of poet is the same."

One sees the prophetic eye of taste in the printed judgment of Coleridge on this occasion.

Burns is said to have foretold the future fame of Sir Walter Scott: "This boy will be heard of yet." But the great poet of Scotland was cold in his grave before Scott became a candidate for literary distinction. He died the very year of Scott's first publication. *The Chase, and William and Helen; two Ballads from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürger*. Edinburgh, 1796. Men who love to trace the hereditary descent of genius, foresee a mysterious something in this seeming transmigration. Be this as it may, there is little of Burns in Scott's early publication, little of his own after-excellence, and, in short, very little to admire.

A third publication of the year 1796 was the *Joan of Arc* of Southey, the production of a boy of two-and-twenty, and the first of a series of epics remarkable for the even level of their flight, and the wide difference of opinion they are known to have occasioned. The new epic, however, had its own little phalanx of admirers; and when a volume of smaller poems from the same pen was published a short time after, the poet of *Joan of Arc* had a second accession of admirers. His noble *Inscriptions* acquired him not a few; and all who were blind to the nobler portions of his epic could comprehend the beauties of a story in verse like "Mary the Maid of the Inn."

Our poetry was infested at this time with the unpoetic invectives of Wolcot, and the puerile inanities of the Della Cruscan school. Verse and poetry were too commonly confounded, ease and smoothness were mistaken for higher powers, and the rough impudence of Wolcot for the keen, caustic irony of the muse of Satire. It was time to put an end to such pretensions and to sing-song prettinesses with nothing in the world to recommend them. The opportunity was great, nor was there a poet wanting, or, better still, one unwilling to rid our literature of the weeds and vermin that infested it. The poet who came forward was William Gifford, and the poem he produced, his *Baviad and Meviad*—a clever, well constructed satire, more in Churchill's annihilating manner than the keen, razor-edged satire of Pope or Young. The triumph was complete, and the *Baviad and Meviad*

is still read, though the works it satirizes have been forgotten long ago.

When Wordsworth, in the following year, (1798,) produced his two duodecimo volumes of *Lyrical Ballads*, few read, liked, or understood them;

"And some him frantic deem'd, and
Some him deem'd a wit."

Every shaft of ridicule was turned against him, and with such success that his "audience" was, indeed, but "few." The principle on which his poems are composed was as yet unrecognized; and if the wits, who should have known much better, were blind to the several excellencies of his verse, he had little to look for from the bulk of readers. It was long, very long, therefore, before he had any ascertained and admitted position in the catalogue of English poets. Every description of circumstance seemed to go against him. Rogers put forth his *Epistle to a Friend* in the autumn of the same year, and Campbell his *Pleasures of Hope* in the following spring.

The effect was all but instantaneous. Two such noble examples of the school and poetry of Pope revived a predilection for a form of poetry in which so many great efforts had been achieved; and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth were overlooked in the fresh triumph of a former favorite, and the first production of a new and successful writer.

A third publication of the year 1798 was an octavo volume, since very much enlarged, and entitled, *Plays on the Passions*. This was Joanna Baillie's first publication, and is likely to see an hereafter, not so much from the exaggerated praises of Scott and Southey, for these can effect but little where the substance itself is poor, but from the intrinsic excellence of the work itself, and the fact that it is by far the noblest offspring of the female mind this country has to exhibit, and worth five hundred such *Sacred Dramas* as Hannah More inflicted on the public for a long succession of years, now happily at an end.

The last century closed with *Campbell's Pleasures of Hope*, and the new one opened with Bloomfield's *Former's Boy*, and Moore's first work, his translation of *Anacreon*. Cowper and the elder Warton were removed in 1800 by death from witnessing the full effects of the example they had set us, for the agreeable *Essay on Pope* had its influence certainly in hastening the changes completed by the *Task*. Beattie was suffering from paralysis and age, and Lewis, with his *Monk* and his *Tales of Wonder*, engrossed the attention of a London public. The living Parnassus was as yet without its full complement of tenants, but candidates came forward before long to fill the vacant places. Hogg published, in 1801, a little volume of *Scottish Pastoral Poems, Songs, &c., written in the Dialect of the South*; Leigh Hunt, the same year, a collection of poems entitled *Juvenilia*; Bloomfield, in 1802, his *Rural Tales, Ballads and Songs*; Sir Walter Scott, his *Glenfinlas and Eve of St. John*, more like polished tales than happy imitations of the early ballad, but truly wonderful when viewed in connexion with his after writings; Leyden, in 1803, his *Scottish Descriptive Poems*; Kirke White, his *Clifton Grove*; Campbell, his *Lochiel and Hohenlinden*; and Southey, a second epic, his *Thalaba*, in an irregular measure of his own inventing.

On the 18th of April, 1802, died Dr. Darwin,

and on the following 14th of August L. E. L. was born. In 1803 died Hoole, whose veneer-like translation of Tasso was preferred by Johnson to the glowing and substantial beauties of Fairfax. In the same year Lord Strangford put forward his translation from Camoens, and thus was Darwin perpetuated in the gems, and flowers, and odors of L. E. L., and Hoole in the polished refinements of the noble viscount.

The critic was a wise one who, when he reviewed the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in the year 1803, foresaw a score of metrical romances in the materials of three octavo volumes. No better "preparatory school" for a part of Scott's particular genius could have well been found than the course of study which he had formed for himself in bringing the materials of the *Minstrelsy* together. His mind was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the past, as much as it would in all possibility have been had he lived in the times he describes so truly. His powers of observation were keen and scrutinizing; his love of books and nature an increasing kind of appetite; and he was only in want of a metre to suit the stories he had floating before him, when a friend recited to him from memory some of the striking passages of Coleridge's *Christabel* then unpublished, and then as now, unfortunately a fragment. The rhythmical run of the verse was catching; and a story over which he had long brooded was commenced immediately, in the wild metre of the poem thus opportunely brought beneath his notice.

The metre found, the work went on at about the rate he tells us, of a canto per week; and was finally published in January, 1805, in a quarto volume, price twenty-five shillings! Few will require to be told that Scott's first poem was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that the success of the work exceeded the fondest day dreams of its author, and at once decided that literature should form the main business of his life. "The favor which it at once attained," says Lockhart, "had not been equalled in the case of any one poem of considerable length during at least two generations; it certainly had not been approached in the case of any narrative poem since the days of Dryden." The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500*l*, to which Messrs. Longman and Co. afterwards added 100*l*. in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work.

The year introduced by *The Lay*, closed with *Madoc* and *The Sabbath*. *Madoc*, a new epic by Southey; *The Sabbath*, a didactic poem by James Grahame—the *sepulchral* Grahame of the satire of Lord Byron. *Madoc* found few admirers at the time, nor has it many now, or the number it deserves to have; and *The Sabbath* of Grahame, though full of fine thoughts, and well sustained throughout, made but little way with poets, or with the public:

"Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling
sore!
'To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless
worldly store."

But *Madoc* and *The Sabbath* are sure of being included in the bulk of our British poetry, whenever that large body is reëdited by a poet of true

judgment and discretion, and not by another Alexander Chalmers.

"The corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic." This, however, like many other popular sayings, admits of some exceptions; for the writers who originated the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey, Brougham, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Hallam, and Horner, belonged either to the law or the church, and put forward no pretensions of their own to a grain of ground upon Parnassus. They sat in judgment, however, on the production of the new race of poets with a stern and forbidding countenance. "Hard words and hanging," was the doom of all new candidates for the laurel; so that Hogg's translation of their motto, "*Judex damnatur absolvitur illis*,"—"I'll be d——d if you escape," was true, at least to the spirit in which the journal was conducted. Young men of the present generation can form from the known character of the *Review* for the last eight-and-twenty years but a very slender idea of its influence for the first fifteen years of its existence. Nor is this loss of influence to be attributed to any falling off in the quality and value of its articles, for the *Edinburgh Review*, that can show a paper by Macaulay, or an article like the "Churchill," from the pen of Mr. Forster, may rank in real worth and importance with the best number of the *Review* in the most palmy days of its existence. We are to attribute a decay of influence to another cause, to an abuse of its own power, the reversal of many of its own decrees in its own pages; and the simple circumstance, that merit will buoy up at last, for malice and wit, though they may cause an incalculable deal of mischief for a time—it can be but for a time. Dryden's contempt for Shirley has not prevented what was due to him, the publication of a collected edition of his work; and all the wit that was shot against Wither has failed in keeping him from the place he deserves to hold in the catalogue of British poets.

When the *Edinburgh Review* was in the full first swing of its power and patronage, James Montgomery published his *Wanderer in Switzerland*; Cary, the first part of his well-sustained translation of Dante; Hogg, his *Mountain Bard*; Crabbe, after a silence of twenty years, *The Parish Register*; Tannahill, a volume of Songs; Moore, his *Little's Poems*; Scott, his *Marmion*; and Byron, his *Hours of Idleness*. Crabbe alone was a favorite with the *Review*; Montgomery met with a severe handling; the *Review* of *Little* occasioned a hostile meeting at Chalk Farm; the critique on *Marmion*, the *Quarterly Review*; and the bitter and uncalled-for notice of the *Hours of Idleness*, the swingeing satire, rough and vigorous, of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. "The poetry of this young lord," says the *Review*, "belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit; and our counsel is," it adds, "that he do forthwith abandon poetry and turn his talents which are considerable, and his opportunities which are great, to better account."

The *Edinburgh Review* may be forgiven all its injurious and unjust decrees in criticism, for the entertaining addition it made to our literature in the satire of Lord Byron. Not that the satire itself is a very noble specimen of Byron's muse, or of the school of poetry of which it forms a part; but it is a fine, fearless piece of writing, with a strain of noble invective at times amidst its more prosaic passages and its mere calling of names. The *Review*, moreover, had this good effect, it

roused a muse of fire before its time, but not before its strength was at its height, and, in all probability, added to the bulk and value of the poems he has left us; for there is little reason to suppose that Byron's life would, under any circumstances, have extended much, if at all, beyond the six-and thirty years to which it ran.

Birds cease to sing when kites are in the sky, but real poets, though depressed by criticisms for a time, revive with wonted vigor, and try a new flight in the poetic heaven. Byron understood this thoroughly when he sang,—

"Yet there will still be bards, though fame is smoke.

Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;

And the unquiet feelings which first woke

Song in the world, will seek what then they sought."

Campbell, the pet of the reviewers, put forward his *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809; Crabbe, another favorite, his *Borough*, in 1810; Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*; and Southey, his noblest poem by far, his *Curse of Kehama*, in the same year. Our accessions were considerable, so were our losses. Anstey was removed from among us in 1805, forty years after the publication of *The New Bath Guide*; Charlotte Smith and Kirke White in 1806; Home in 1808, sixty years after the tragedy of *Douglas*, and an ode addressed to him by Collins, had secured his fame; Miss Seward, whose feeble lucubrations I have omitted to detail, was removed in 1809; Tannahill, in 1810; Grahame and Leyden, in 1811; and in the same year the venerable Bishop Percy, whose *Reliques of English Poetry* had wrought the changes of which he lived to see so many noble and permanent effects.

Tales in Verse, *The World before the Flood*, *The Isle of Palms*, and some of the lighter poems of the year 1812, suffered an eclipse in the great quarto publication of that year, the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*. Murray gave 600*l.* for the copyright; the sale was instantaneous, and "I awoke one morning," as the author records, "and found myself famous." The success of the poem was complete, and people applied to the new poet what Waller had said of Denham, "that he broke out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or at the least suspected it."

The memorable quarto of the month of March (*Childe Harold*) was followed in October by one of the wittiest little volumes in the English language. *The Rejected Addresses* of the Messrs. Smith. *The Pipe of Tobacco*, by Isaac Hawkins Browne, clever as it is, must sink before the little brochure of the successful brothers. Philips, in his *Splendid Shilling*, is not more happy in his mock imitation of Milton's manner than the Messrs. Smith of Lord Byron's in the stanzas called "Cui Bono?" The Crabbe, the Scott, the Southey, the Wordsworth, are all good—indeed, there is not a bad parody in the volume; the Crabbe, in a word, is better than Crabbe,—

"Something had happened wrong about a bill,
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill;
So to amend it I was told to go,
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co."

Surely "Emanuel Jennings," compared with the above, rises, as the Messrs. Smith remark, to sublimity itself.

The last publication of the year 1812 was the *Rokeby* of Scott—less successful than any of his former efforts, and with less of the blaze of true genius about it. Copies were scarce at first,—

"Pray have you got *Rokeby*? for I have got mine,
The mail-coach edition, prodigiously fine;

and when copies were got, disappointment almost as speedily ensued. Fine passages throughout the poem unquestionably there are. But the versification was the same with his other poems, and what Curl called "the knack" was caught by a herd of tasteless imitators.

"I well remember," writes Lockhart, "being in those days a young student at Oxford, how the booksellers' shops there were beleaguered for the earliest copies, and how he that had been so fortunate as to secure one was followed to his chamber by a tribe of friends, all as eager to hear it read as ever horse-jockeys were to see the conclusion of a match at New-market; and, indeed, not a few of those enthusiastic academics had bets depending on the issue of the struggle, which they considered the elder favorite as making to keep his own ground against the fiery rivalry of *Childe Harold*."

Byron had novelty on his side, and Scott had to encounter the satiety of the public ear. Other circumstances, moreover, were against him. Moore had given a humorous fling at the poem in his *Twopenny Post Bag*; and the Messrs. Smith, in "A Tale of Drury Lane," in *The Rejected Addresses*, a ludicrous turn to the manner and matter of his former poems. He felt what Byron calls his "reign" was over, and turning from poetry to prose, left the field of verse to a formidable rival, and employed his pen in the composition of a lighter style of literature—one in which he achieved a second reputation, and one in which he is still without a rival.

The public at large have never cared much about poems written in Spenser's stanzas, and Byron was wise when he postponed the completion of his poem in that measure to a later period. Scott had awakened a taste for incident and story. Of mere description the public had had enough already; and of legendary tales in verse more than enough. People were tired, moreover, of border raids and Highland scenery; they longed for novelty and for another clime, and they got their wish. There was no suspense; the poet kept pace with the public: and *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* were still in the infancy of their fame, when *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and *The Siege of Corinth*, appeared to await the judgment of the public. The poet was not unmindful of the fate of others. He knew, moreover, the capricious turns of the public taste, and how necessary it was, to maintain his ground, that he should frequently renew his title to the rank assigned him. Afraid that people were beginning to get tired of Turkish tales, he added a third canto to *Childe Harold*; and when the fourth and last canto of that noble poem was published, he produced a novelty at the same time, a Venetian story (*Beppo*) in Whistlercraft verse—itsself a novelty. Churchill's four years were not better sustained than Byron's twelve. From tales in tripping verse he turned to dramas; and when *Manfred* and *Cain*, and *Sardanapalus* and *Werner* had done their work, *Don Juan* was taken up as a new string to his bow. This, his last, and in some respects his ablest, work was left unfinished at his death. What new style he would have attempted, or

what success was likely to attend a fifth new manner, I need not stay to conjecture. His career was brilliant but short, and though he excelled in every style he attempted, there is every reason to suppose that he had done his best.

While Byron blazed the comet of a season, Shelley and Keats appeared and passed away, leaving some noble memorials of their genius behind them: *The Adonais*, *The Hyperion*, *The Cloud*, the *Sonnet on Chapman's Homer*. But Shelley is too obscure, and Keats too mythological; not the obscurity of thoughts too great for words, or a mythological taste derived from a repletion of learning, but the obscurity of haste and the mythological abundance of one who was not a scholar. Other poems of repute and consequence appeared in the same short season. Not a year went by without producing more than one volume of a quality we never see now.

In 1813, Hogg appeared with *The Quern's Wake*, containing "Bonny Kilmeny;" Allan Cunningham, with a volume of songs, some of surpassing beauty; Moore, with his *Twopenny Post-Bag*; Coleridge with a tragedy (*Remorse*;) and Scott, in disguise, with *The Bridal of Triermain*. In 1814, Wordsworth enriched our poetry with his much-decried *Excursion*; Moore, with his *Irish Melodies*; Southey, with his *Roderick*; and Rogers, with his *Jacqueline*. Scott, in the following year, gave us *The Lord of the Isles* and *The Field of Waterloo*; and Leigh Hunt, "a real good and very original poem," his *Rimini*. Wilson, already known by his *Isle of Palmas*, gained another wreath, in 1816, by his *City of the Plague*. *Lallah Rookh*, and *The Sibylline Leaves* of Coleridge, containing "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," will make the year 1817 a memorable year in the annals of poetry whenever they are written. Keats' *Endymion* was a publication of the year 1818; Shelley's *Cenci*, Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, Rogers' *Human Life*, and Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* and *The Wagoner*, belong to 1819; Keats' *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnus*, and other poems, to 1820; Shelley's *Queen Mab* and *Adonais*; Southey's *Vision of Judgment*, and Byron's parody of the poem, to the year 1821; Rogers' *Italy* and Scott's *Halidon Hill*, to 1822; *The Loves of the Angels* of Moore, to 1823; Campbell's *Theodoric*, to 1824, and Southey's *Tale of Paraguay*, to 1825. Song after this began to cease among us; Byron and Shelley, and Keats, were dead; Scott and Southey, silent; Coleridge dreamt away existence,—

"Fond to begin, but still to finish loathe;"

Campbell past his prime; Rogers and Moore unwilling, rather than unable; Wilson busy with the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; Wordsworth confined

"Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;"

Hogg cultivating sheep on Yarrow, and Allan Cunningham superintending the marble progeny of Chantrey. Song, truly, had gone out among us. No one seems to write from the inborn force of his own genius, from Nature, and his own full thoughts:—

"Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme;

Both learn'd and unlearn'd, all write plays.

It was not so of old: men took up trades

That knew the crafts they had been bred in right;

An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades,

The cobbler kept him to his awl; but now—
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plough."

BEN JONSON.

But the present condition of our poetry will afford material for another paper.

PART II. AND CONCLUSION.

Hogg has told an amusing anecdote of Wordsworth at Mount Rydal. It chanced one night while the bard of Kilmeny was at the Lakes with Wordsworth, Wilson, and De Quincey, that a resplendent arch, something like the aurora borealis, was observed across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other. The splendid meteor became the subject of conversation, and the table was left for an eminence outside where its effect could be seen to greater advantage. Miss Wordsworth, the poet's sister, who accompanied them, expressed a fear lest the brilliant stranger might prove ominous, when Hogg, thinking he was saying a good thing, hazarded the remark that it was neither more nor less "than jost a treemphal aitch raised in honor of the meeting of the poets." Miss Wordsworth smiled, and Wilson laughed and declared the idea not amiss. But when it was told to Wordsworth he took De Quincey aside, and said loud enough to be heard by more than the person he was addressing, "Poets! poets! what does the fellow mean! Where are they?" Hogg was a little offended at the time, but he enjoyed it afterwards; and we have heard him tell the story in his own "slee" and inimitable manner, and laugh immoderately as he told it. Poor James Hogg! Regino has reason to remember James; nor was the poet of "Kilmeny" forgotten when dead, by the great poet of the *Excursion*. There is nothing more touching in poetry since the time of Collins than Wordsworth's extempore verses on the shepherd's death. He knew his claims to be called a poet, and time will confirm his judgment and make the Rydal aurora a story merely to amuse.

Poets, where are they? Is poetry extinct among us, or is it only dormant? Is the crop exhausted, and must the field lie fallow for a time? Or is it that, in this commercial nation of ours, where everything is weighed in Rothschild's scales of pecuniary excellence, that we have no good poetry because we have no demand for it? We falter while we think it is so. Poets we still have, and poetry at times of a rich and novel, but a cultivated flavor. Hardly a week elapses that does not give birth to as many different volumes of verses as there are days in the week. But then there is little that is good; much that *was* imagination, and much that might have passed for poetry when verse was in its infancy among us. Much of that clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme—that cuckoo kind of verse which falls upon the mind and really disgusts you with verse of a higher character. But now we look, and justly too, for something more. Whilst we imitate others we can no more excel than he that sails by others' maps can make a new discovery. All the old dishes of the ancients have been new heated and new set forth *usque ad* — But we forbear. People look for something more than schoolboy common places and thoughts at second-hand, and novelties and nothing more, without a single grain of salt to savor the tun of unmeaningness which they carry with them. It is no easy matter to become a poet,—

"Consoles fiunt quotannis, et novi pro-consules,
Solus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur;"
or, as the old water-poet phrased it,—

"When Heaven intends to do some mighty thing
He makes a poet, or at least—a king."

South was of opinion that the composition of an epigram was the next great difficulty to an epic poem.

"And South beheld that master-piece of man."

Coxcombs who consider the composition of a song an easy matter, should set themselves down, as Burns says, and try. Ask Tommy Moore how many days and nights he has given to a single stanza in an Irish melody! Ask Sam Rogers how long he has spent over the composition of a couplet in *An Epistle to a Friend*; or Wordsworth how long he has labored with a sonnet; or Bowles—yes, ask the Vicar of Bremhill, if he does not owe the bright finish of his verse as much to pains as happiness! Dryden toiled for a fortnight over his *Alexander's Feast*, and yet he wrote with ease—not the ease of the mob of gentlemen ridiculed by Pope, but with great fluency of idea and great mastery of expression. Good things are not knocked off at a heat—for a long jump there must be a very long run, and a long preparatory training too. There is no saying, "I will be a poet." Only consider not the long apprenticeship alone, but the long servitude which the muse requires from those who would invoke her rightly.

"In a poet no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked; to a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety, for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth, and he who knows the most will have most power of diversifying his scenes and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction."*

Every one remembers (poets themselves perhaps excepted) the long course of study and preparation which Milton laid down for himself before he stripped for the *Paradise Lost*. And yet one would hardly think, on first reflection, that any course of preparation was necessary for the poet of *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, and the *Hymn on the Nativity of Christ*. But Milton fully understood the height of his great argument, and how unequalled with every lengthened preparation he must be to record it rightly. But people (not poets) start epics now-a-days without any kind of consideration. No subject is too great for them. *Satan*, *Chaos*, *The Messiah*, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, *the Fall of Nineveh*, *The World before the Flood*. One shudders at the very idea of subjects so sublime taken up as holyday recreations by would-be poets without the vision and the faculty divine, or any other merit (if merit it may be called) than the mere impudence of daring:—

"When will men learn but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference 'twixt the jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,

And beats at heaven's gates with her bright
hoofs?"—BEN JONSON.

Benjamin West, the painter, trafficked with subjects of the same sublime description. And in what way? "Without expression, fancy, or design;" without genius and without art. People forget, or choose to forget, that *subject* alone is not sufficient for a poem. Look at Burns' "Mouse" or Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," or Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," or Gainsborough's "Cottager" with a dish of cream. It is the treatment which ennobles. But there is no driving this into some people's ears. Big with the swollen ambition of securing a footing on the sun-bright summits of Parnassus, they plume themselves on borrowed wings and bladders of their own, and after a world of ink, a world of big ideas, and a copied invocation, they struggle to ascend, and pant and toil to the end of an epic, in as many books as the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. Would that your Robert Montgomerys, your Edwin Atherstones, and sundry such who understand the art of sinking in the low profound—would that they would reflect for five minutes on what an epic poem really is! And what it is, and what it ought to be, glorious John Dryden tells us in a very few words. "A heroic poem," he says, "truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform." And so it is.

"A work," says Milton, "not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." And yet Murray and Moxon are troubled once a week, at the least, with the offer of a new epic, for a certain sum—so run the terms—or, in case of declining that, for half profits. As if epics were blackberries, and men sought fame as Smith O'Brien seeks reputation—by an impertinent folly of their own! But "fools rush in," and there will still be poetasters—Blackmore and his brethren—in spite of critics, hard words, and something harder still—contemptuous neglect.

Few live to see their fame established on a firm and unalterable foundation. The kind criticisms of friends conspire at times to give a false position to a poem, or the malice of enemies unite to obtain for it one equally undeserved. Who now reads Hayley? How many are there in the position of Gascoigne and Churchyard as described by old Michael Drayton!—

"Accounted were great meterers many a day,
But not inspired with bravefire; had they
Lived but a little longer they had seen
Their works before them to have buried been."

That "lived but a little longer!" It is well they did n't. How will it be with the poets of the past generation two hundred years from this! They cannot possibly go down "complete." There must be a weeding. Fancy Sir Walter Scott in twelve volumes, Byron in ten, Southey in ten, Moore in ten, Wordsworth in six—to say nothing of Campbell in two volumes, Rogers in two, and Shelley in four. The poets of the last generation form a library of themselves. And if poetry is multiplied hereafter at the same rate, we shall want fresh shelves, fresh patience, and a new lease of life, for threescore and ten of scriptural existence is far too short to get acquainted with the past and keep up our intimacy with the present. The literature of the last fifty years is a study

* Rascelas.

of itself—Scott's novels, Scott's poetry, Scott's Miscellanies, and Scott's Life! Then of the present, there are the daily papers, the weekly journals, the monthly magazines, the quarterly reviews, all of which we are expected to have a fair passing acquaintance with. There is Mr. Dickens' last book on the table, which I have not as yet had time to read, and old Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* by its side, coaxing me to renew a youthful acquaintance with its pages; and there are *Tristram Shandy*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, and dear delightful *Amelia*, which I fain would read again, but cannot, I fear, for want of time. Only observe the dust on that fine Froissart on my shelves, and that noble old copy of Ben Jonson's works in folio, with a mark, I could swear, in the third act of the *Alchemist* or the *Silent Woman*. There is no keeping pace with the present while we pay anything like due attention to the past. I pity that man who reads Albert Smith who never read *Parthenissa*; but perhaps he pities me because I am indifferently up in the writer he admires. How people are cut off from the full literary enjoyments of this life who never read "Munro his Expedition," or the Duchess of Newcastle's Life of the Duke her husband, or Tom Brown, or Ned Ward, or Roger L'Estrange, or Tom Coryat, or "the works sixty-three in number" of old John Taylor, the sculler on the Thames!

We wish for poets who will write when Nature and their full thoughts bid them, and are not exacting when we look for more than one sprig of laurel to grace a garland. We have already enough of would-be poets—Augustus Cæsar, King James I., Cardinal Richelieu, the great Lord Clarendon, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, the famous Lord Chatham; but poetry is what old George Chapman calls it—a flower of the sun, which disdains to open to the eye of a candle.

"No power the muses' favor can command,

What Richelieu wanted Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd and wish'd in vain."

Your "rich ill poets are without excuse."*

"Your verses, good sir, are no poems, they'll not hinder your rising in the state."† "Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish."‡ People affect to think that the same talents and application which raised Lord Mansfield to the highest honor of the gown, would, had they been turned to the study of poetry, have raised him to as high a position in the catalogue of our poets. 'Tis pretty enough when told in verse—

"How many an Ovid was in Murray lost;"

yet we are inclined to think that there is very little in it, and that Wordsworth is nearer the mark, who says of self-communing and unrecorded men—

"Oh, many are the poets that are sown

By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

But this one word "accomplishment" implies a good deal more than mere dexterity and ease—culture and the inspiring aid of books,

"Pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords."

* Lord Roscommon.

† Ben Jonson.

‡ Selden's *Table-Talk*.

For words are in poetry what colors are in painting, and the music of numbers is not to be matched or done without. Look at Donne. Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers? Whereas his verse is now—if verse it may be called—

"A kind of hobbling prose,
Which limps along and tinkles in the close."

There goes much more to the composition of even a third-rate poet than rhymesters at first are willing to allow, for to nature, exercise, imitation, study, art must be added to make all these perfect—*οὐτε φύσις ἁπλῆ γίνεται τέχνης ἀνεξ ὧντε παν τὰχρη μὴ φύσιν κακτέμνῃ*—Without art nature can never be perfect, and without nature art can claim no being.

One of Boswell's recorded conversations with the great hero of his admiration was on the subject of a collection being made of all the poems of all the English poets who had published a volume of poems.

"Johnson told me," he says, "that a Mr. Coxeter, whom he knew, had gone the greatest length towards this, having collected about 500 volumes of poets whose works were little known; but that upon his death Tom Osborne bought them, and they were dispersed, which he thought a pity, as it was curious to see any series complete, and in every volume of poems something good may be found."

This was a kindly criticism, uttered in the good nature of an easy moment, hardly applicable to the volumes of verse we see published now. Surely there are many put forth without a redeeming stanza or passage to atone for the dry desert of a thousand lines through which the critic is doomed to wander in quest of beauties which he fain would find. Surely Coxeter's collection contained a very large number of one-idea'd volumes!—We could have helped him from our own shelves to a very fair collection of verse printed before 1747, when this "curious" collector died, full of the most trivial nothingnesses. For a little volume of verse of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, said to be unique, or nearly so, Mr. Miller has been known to give twenty guineas or more, and think himself lucky that he has been let off thus easily. Some of these twenty-guinea volumes we have had the curiosity to look into. Poetry there is none; nothing more, indeed, than the mere similitude of verse. Songs, differing from sonnets because the lines are shorter, and sonnets, only to be recognized as such from the fourteen lines which the writer, in compliance with custom, has prudently confined them to.

"Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow
It is the rust we value, not the gold."

It is curious, however, to see any collector complete; and Mr. Miller is to be praised for unceasing endeavors to make his collection English poetry (literally so called) as complete as possible.

The poet of the *Irish Melodies* made an objection when at Abbotsford, too curious to be put over in a paper of this description, when we consider the merit of the remark itself, the rank of poet who made it, and the reputation of the who responded to its truth:—

"Hardly a magazine is now published," said Moore, "that does not contain verses which, some thirty years ago, would have made a reputation."

Scott turned with a look of shrewd humor on his

friend, as if chuckling over his own success, and said—

"Ecce, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows!" and added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, "we have, like Boabdil, taught them to beat us at our own weapons."

There cannot be a doubt but that the poetry of the present day is of that mediocre level of description which neither pleases nor offends; and that much of it, if published sixty years ago, or even thirty years ago, would have secured for more than one writer a high reputation at the time, and possibly a place in Chalmers' collected edition of our *British Poets*. Such a reputation as Miss Seward achieved, or Hayley, or Oram, or Headley, or Hurdis:—

"Fame then was cheap, and the first comers sped;

And they have kept it since by being dead."

DRYDEN.

There was a time when a single poem, nay, a decent epigram, procured a niche for its writer in the temple of our poetry; but these times are gone by, inundated as we now are with verses of one particular level of merit, as flat as the waste of Cumberland, and equally unprofitable; so that the poet, ambitious of a high reputation in our letters, must make it upon something that is completely novel; and there, as Scott remarked, will rest the only chance for an extended reputation.

Poetry has become an easy art, and people have been taught to pump for poetry without a Gildon or a Byshe to aid their labors. Wakely can laugh in the house of commons at the poetry of Wordsworth, and treat the senators who surround him with a happy imitation of the great poet of his time. Verse has become an extempore kind of art, a thing to be assumed when wanted; and O'Connell can throw off at a heat a clever parody upon Dryden's famous epigram; as if, like Theodore Hook, he had served an apprenticeship to the happy art of imitation. That the bulk of the so-called poetry of the present day—"nonsense, well tuned and sweet stupidity"—is injurious to a proper estimation of the true-born poets who still exist, there cannot be a doubt; that it is injurious, moreover, to the advancement of poetry among us, is, I think, equally the case. Poetry, in the highest sense of the word, was never better understood, though never, perhaps, less cultivated than it is now. Criticism has taken a high stand; and when the rage for rhyme has fairly exhausted itself, nature will revive among us, and we shall have a new race of poets to uphold, if not to eclipse, the glories of the old. There are many still among us to repeat without any kind of brag-gart in their blood:

"O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wilde yvie twine,
How could I reare the muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage."

SPENSER.

When poetry was all but extinct among us, Cowper and Burns came forward to revive the drooping muse, and show us, unmistakably enough, that men and studies may decay, but nature never dies.

There is little reason to suppose that the great poet of the *Excursion* is likely to remain more than a few years among us; for though, thank

God, in health and vigor, and as fond of poetry as ever, he has outlived by the period of an apprenticeship, the three-score years and ten, the Scriptural limitation of the life of man. When Wordsworth dies, there will be a new session of the poets for the office of poet-laureate. To whom will the lord-chamberlain assign the laurel, honored and disgraced by a variety of wearers? To whom will the unshorn deity assign it? There may be a difference of opinion between the poet's God and the court lord-chamberlain; there have been differences heretofore, or else Shadwell and Tate, Eusden and Cibber, Whitehead and Pye had never succeeded to the laurels of famous Ben Jonson and glorious John Dryden. Who are our young and our rising poets likely to become claimants, and to have their case considered by Phœbus Apollo in the new session he must summon before very long!

"A session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say;
The laurel that had been so long reserved,
Was now to be given to him best deserved."

And,

"Therefore, the wits of the town came thither,
'T was strange to see how they flock'd together;
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to carry the laurel away that day."

How Suckling would put them forward, we must leave to the fancy of the reader. We can do very little more than enumerate the names of candidates likely to be present on the occasion. We can conceive their entry somewhat after the following manner. A herald, followed by an attendant with a tray of epics from *Nineveh* at twelve shillings to *Orion* at a farthing, and the authors arranged pretty nearly as follows:—Atherstone first (as the favorite poet of Lord Jeffrey's later lucubrations;) Robert Montgomery, 2; Heraud, 3; Read, 4; Horne, 5; and Ben Disraeli, 6. To the epic portion of the candidates the dramatists will succeed, fresh from Sadler's Wells and the Surrey, and led by Talfourd and Bulwer, and followed by Mr. Marston, Mr. Trowton, Mr. Henry Taylor, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Spicer; Jerrold representing comedy, without a fellow to rival or support him. Then will follow the ballad-writers; Macaulay by himself, and Smythe and Lord John Manners walking like the Babes in the Wood together. To the trio will succeed Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, Monckton Milnes, Charles Mackay, and Coventry Patmore, followed by a galaxy of ladies for the gallery, led by Mrs. Norton and Miss Barrett; with Camilla Toulmin, with a bunch of flowers; Frances Brown, with a number of the *Athenæum*; Eliza Cook, with Mr. Cayley's commendation; Miss Costello with a Persian rose; and Mrs. Ogilvy, with her quarto volume of minstrelsy from the north. We can fancy Apollo's confusion at the number; and should in some measure be inclined to abide by his opinion, should he give the laurel at the end, as Suckling has made him, to an alderman of London;

"He openly declared that 't was the best sign
Of good store of wit to have good store of coin,
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the alderman's head."

At this all the wits were in such a maze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze

One upon another, not a man in the place,
But had discontent writ in great in his face."

"Only," and how admirable the wit is:—

"Only the small poets cleared up again,
Out of hope, as 't was thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown,
When he lends any poet about the town."

"O rare Sir John Suckling!"

Is Alfred Tennyson a poet? His merits divide the critics. With some people he is everything, with others he is little or nothing. Betwixt the extremes of admiration and malice, it is hard to judge uprightly of the living. The zeal of his friends is too excessive to be prudent, the indifference of his enemies too studied to be sincere. He is unquestionably a poet, in thought, language, and in numbers. But the *New Timon* tells us he is not a poet; Peel tells us that he is, and gives him a pension of 200*l.* a-year to raise him above the exigencies of the world. But the satirist has dropped his condemnation from the third edition of his poem, and the pension still continues to be paid. Is it, therefore, deserved? We think it is, not from what Mr. Tennyson has as yet performed, but what he has shown himself capable of performing. His poems are, in some respects, an accession to our literature. He has the right stuff in him, and he may yet do more; but unless it is better than what he has already done, he had better withhold it. His admirers—and he will never be without "the few"—will always augur well of after-performances (though never realized) from what has gone before, and attribute to indolence and a pension what from fear and inability he was unable to accomplish. His detractors, on the other hand, will have little to lay hold of; they may flatter themselves with having frightened him into silence, but their liking for his verses will warm as they grow older. He has nothing, however, to fear, if he writes nobly from himself, and the muse is willing and consenting. Great works—

"A work t' outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (Holy Writ excepted) made to yield to none."—Dr. DONNE.

appear too rarely to raise expectation that this or that person is likely to produce one. It is near 200 years since Milton began to prune his wings for the great epic of his age and nation; and what has our poetry produced since then in any way approaching what Milton accomplished? Much that is admirable, and much that will live as long as Milton himself, but nothing of the same stamp, for though Scott may affect to speak of *Manfred* as a poem, wherein Byron "matched Milton upon his own ground," yet we all of us pretty well know otherwise; and that the muse of Byron is as inferior to *Paradise Lost*, as the *Farmer's Boy* to *The Seasons*; or any of the great dramatists of the age of Shakspeare to Shakspeare himself.

Before Mr. Tennyson tries the temper of the public for a third time, (which we hope he will do, and before very many years go by,) it behoves him to consider the structure of his verse, and the pauses of his numbers a little more maturely than he has hitherto done. It behoves him, moreover, to rub off a few affectations of style, the besetting sin of too many of his verses, and too often mistaken, by the young especially, for one of the marks

of originality, and not for what it is—one of the peculiarities; and, what is more, a very bad peculiarity both in matter and in manner. Coleridge understood the deficiencies of Mr. Tennyson's muse when he uttered the following capital criticism upon him:—

"I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in that I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metreist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses; but to deal in new metres without considering what metre means and requires, is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes of success, prescribe to Tennyson—indeed, without it he can never be a poet in art—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres; such as the heroic couplet, the octava stanza, or the octo-syllabic measure of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. He would probably thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan some of his verses."

This is something more than a clever criticism on the muse of Mr. Tennyson! it is a most admirable piece of advice, and deserves to be remembered. Tennyson, and Browning, and Miss Barrett, should act upon it forthwith; they would improve their numbers very materially by such an exercise of their ears. Coleridge's own poetry is a lasting exemplification of the rythmical charms of English verse. He never offends you—he always pleases:—

"His musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,"

that every verse he wrote will satisfy the ear and satisfy the fingers.

A second critic of distinction who has passed judgment on Mr. Tennyson is Mr. Leigh Hunt, always an agreeable and not unfrequently a safe critic to abide by:—

"Alfred Tennyson," writes Mr. Hunt, "is of the school of Keats; that is to say, it is difficult not to see that Keats has been a great deal in his thoughts; and that he delights in the same brooding over his sensations, and the same melodious enjoyment of their expression. In his desire to communicate this music he goes so far as to accent the final syllables in his participles passive; as pleachéd, crownéd, purple-spikéd, &c.; with visible printer's marks, which subjects him but erroneously to a charge of pedantry; though it is a nicety not complimentary to the reader, and of which he may as well get rid. Much, however, as he reminds us of Keats, his genius is his own. He would have written poetry, had his precursor written none; and he has also a vein of metaphysical subtlety, in which the other did not indulge, as may be seen by his verses entitled 'A Character,' those 'On the Confessions of a Sensitive Mind,' and numerous others. He is also a great lover of a certain home kind of landscape, which he delights to paint with a minuteness that in 'The Moated Grange' becomes affecting; and, in 'The

* Table-Talk, p. 232.

Miller's Daughter,' would remind us of the Dutch school, if it were not mixed up with the same deep feeling, varied with a pleasant joviality. Mr. Tennyson has yet given no such evidence of sustained and broad power as that of 'Hyperion,' nor even of such gentler narrative as the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and the poem of 'Lamia' and 'Isabella,' but the materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him." *

This is criticism in full accordance with the kindlier sympathies of our own nature; but much of the weight and value of it must depend on the rank the reader is willing to assign to Mr. Keats. It is, however, intended as a very high encomium; Mr. Hunt appropriating a place in our poetry to Keats which I am afraid he will find very few willing to concede to him.

Our poetry is in a very sorry kind of plight if it has to depend upon Tennyson and Browning for the hereditary honors of its existence. The *Examiner* will tell us "No!" The *Athenæum* will do the same; papers remarkable for the vigor of their articles, the excellence of their occasional criticism, and the general asperity of their manner. A page out of every ten in Herrick's "Hesperides" is more certain of a hereafter than any one dramatic romance or lyric in all the "Bells and Pomegranates" of Mr. Browning. Not but what Mr. Browning is a poet. He is unquestionably a poet; but his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally from it, and his numbers at times are overlaid with affectation, the common conceit of men who affect to tell common things in an uncommon manner. He elogs his verses, moreover, with too many consonants and too many monosyllables, and carries the sense too frequently in a very ungraceful manner from one line to the other. Here is a passage from the seventh number of his "Bells and Pomegranates," which it really is a torture to read:—

"But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
So back to a man
Came our friends, with whose help in the vine-
yards
Grape harvest began;
In the vat half-way up in our house-side,
Like blood the juice spins,
While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
Till breathless he grins,
Dead-beaten, in effort on effort
To keep the grapes under;
For still when he seems all but master,
In pours the fresh plunder
From girls who keep coming and going
With basket on shoulder,
And eyes shut against the rain's driving,
Your girls that are older—
For under the hedges of aloe,
And where, on its bed
Of the orchard's dark mould, the love-apple
Lies pulpy and red,
All the young ones are kneeling and filling
Their laps with the snails
Tempted out by the first rainy weather—
Your best of regales,
As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
When, supping in state,
We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two dozen.
Three over one plate—
Macaroni so tempting to swallow

* Book of Gems, p. 274.

In slippery strings,
And gourds fried in great purple slices,
That color of kings—
Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought
you!

The rain-water slips
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
Which the wasp to your lips
Still follows with fretful persistence—
Nay, taste while awake,
This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball,
That peels, flake by flake,
Like an onion's each smoother and whiter!
Next sip this weak wine
From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,
A leaf of the vine—
And end with the prickly-pear's red flesh,
That leaves through its juice
The stony black seeds on your pearl-teeth
* * * Scirocco is loose!
Hark! the quick pelt of the olives
Which, thick in one's track,
Tempt the stranger to pick up and bite them,
Though not yet old half black!
And how their old twisted trunks shudder!
The medlars let fall
Their hard fruit; the brittle great fig-trees
Snap off, figs and all;
For here comes the whole of the tempest!
No refuge but creep
Back again to my side or my shoulder,
And listen or sleep."

This may be poetry, but it is poetry in the raw material; for the numbers are those of a scannell pipe, and such as Cadmus alone could pronounce when in the state of a serpent. This which follows is the mere twaddle of a cockney at Calais or Cologne:—

"HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there,
And who wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swal-
lows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the
hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops, at the bent spray's edge.
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could re-capture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields are rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!"

This is very inferior to Ambrose Philips, who acquired the distinction of Namby Pamby for similar verse, e. g. his "Lines to Cuzzoni," which Charles Lamb had got by heart. Here is something infinitely better, and by a living poet, one of the props our poetry depends on, and a member of parliament withal—Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes:—

"THE VIOLET GIRL."

"When fancy will continually rehearse
 Some painful scene once present to the eye,
 'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
 That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yestern eve I wearily returned,
 Though bright my morning mood and short my way,

But sad experience in one moment earned,
 Can crush the heaped enjoyments of the day.

Passing the corner of a populous street,
 I marked a girl whose wont it was to stand,
 With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
 And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March weather
 She plied with accents miserably mild;
 It was a frightful thought to set together
 Those blooming blossoms and that fading child.

Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
 Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
 And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth
 On life's wild waste to struggle as it can!

To me that odorous purple ministers
 Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
 While meanest images alone are hers,
 The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
 In the disfurnished chamber of dim cold,
 How she must loathe the very smiling flowers
 That on the squalid table lie unsold!

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
 Sweet preluders of spring! far better so,
 Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
 And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
 Yourselves so much and harbingers of more,
 But a most bitter irony to lift
 The veil that hides our vilest mortal sore."

Si sic omnia dixisset! This is poetry in all languages; it is like mercury, never to be lost or killed.

There is a passage in one of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters to her daughter which still continues to excite a smile on the lips of every reader,—

"The study of English poetry is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Walter. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In this triumph I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved."*

* Letters by Lord Wharncliffe, 2d edit., iii. 44.

The reason assigned for the study of English poetry by English ladies, is truly characteristic of Lady Mary and of the female mind. A lady is to read through every volume of verse, and remember what she reads, to see that her lover writes his own valentine. Ye gods, should one swear to the truth of a song! If a woman will marry a poet, she had better go through the course of study Lady Mary recommends. Not that she is safe to secure a poet to herself after a long life of study. How few read Randolph, and yet he is a very fine poet. Lady Mary might have taken a copy of verses from Randolph to every female writer of the day, and passed them off for the production of a young, a handsome, and a rising writer, and no one would have set her right, or detected the imposition that was passed upon her. We are afraid we must recommend the study of our early English poets to English ladies on some other ground than the chance detection of a lover pleading his passion in the poetry of another under pretence of its being his own. Not that we have any particular predilection for "romantic ladies," as the dear old Duchess of Newcastle calls them, or girls with their heads stuffed full of passionate passages; but we should like to see a more prevalent taste for what is good, for poetry that is really excellent; and this we feel assured is only to be effected by a careful consideration of our elder poets, who have always abundance of meaning in them. It is no use telling young ladies that Mr. Bunn's poetry is not poetry, but only something that looks very like it and reads very unlike it; the words run sweetly to the piano; there is a kind of pretty meaning in what they convey, and the music is pleasing. What more would you want? Why, everything. But then, as we once heard a young lady remark with great good sense and candor, (and her beauty gave an additional relish to what she said,) these unmeaning songs are so much easier to sing. Your fine old songs, so full of poetry and feeling, require a similar feeling in the singer, and young ladies are too frequently only sentimental, and not equal to the task of doing justice to passionate poetry conveyed in music equally passionate, and where they can do justice to it they refuse because it is not fashionable to be passionate, and it really disturbs and disorders one to be so, and in mixed society, "above all."

It cannot be concealed that we have never been so well off for lady-poets as we are at present. Only run the eye over Mr. Dyce's octavo volume of *Specimens of British Poetesses*, and compare the numerical excellencies of the past with the numerous productions of the present day! A few specimens of the elder poetesses—such as the "Nocturnal Reverie," and "The Atheist and the Acorn," both by the Countess of Winchelsea, it would be very difficult to surpass, or even, perhaps, to equal; but in the general qualifications for poetry, both natural and acquired, the ladies, since Charlotte Smith, far surpass their female predecessors. Mrs. Norton is said to be the Byron of our modern poetesses. "She has very much of that intense personal passion," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and Nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong, practical thought and his fearful expression." This is high praise. "Let us suggest, however," says the *Athenaeum*, "that, in the present state of critical opinion, the compliment is

somewhat equivocal, it being hard to decide whether it implies a merit or a defect." If Mrs. Norton is an eminently thoughtful writer, Miss Barrett is still more so. She is the most learned of our lady-writers, reads *Æschylus* and *Euripides* in the originals with the ease of *Porson* or of *Parr*, yet relies upon her own mother wit and feelings when she writes,—

"Nor with Ben Jonson will make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators."

If Mrs. Norton is the *Byron*, Mrs. Southey is said to be the *Cowper* of our modern poetesses. But it would be idle to prolong comparisons. Whatever we may think of our living poets, we have every reason to be proud of our living poetesses.

We will conclude with an anecdote. A charming article appeared about six years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled "Modern English Poetesses." It was written, we believe, by the late *Henry Nelson Coleridge*, and is full of cautious but kindly criticism. The conclusion is worth quotation:—

"Meleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneful line!

1. Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love Lies a Bleeding*.
2. Miss Barrett must be *Greek Valerian* or *Ladder to Heaven*, or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*.
3. Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-Flower* confessed.
4. Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.
5. Lady Emmeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.
6. Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Teasel*.
7. The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Belle*.
8. V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.
9. And the authoress of 'Phantasmion' is *Heart's-Ease*."

The complimentary nature of the criticism drew a world of trouble upon John Murray, the well-known publisher of the *Quarterly*. He was inundated with verse. Each of the nine in less than a week offered him a volume—some on easy terms, some at an advanced price. He received letters, he received calls, and, worse still, volumes of MS. verse. But the friendly character of the criticism was not confined in its influence to the nine reviewed: parcels of verse from all parts of the country were sent to receive an *imprimatur* at Albemarle Street. Some were tied with white tape, some were sewn with violet riband, and a few, in a younger hand, with Berlin wool. "I wished," Mr. Murray has been heard to relate, "ten thousand times over that the article had never been written. I had a great deal of trouble with the ladies who never appeared before; and, while I declined to publish for the nine, succeeded in flattering their vanity by assuring them that they had already done enough for fame, having written as much or more than *Collins*, *Gray*, or *Goldsmith*, whose reputations rested on a foundation too secure to be disturbed." This deserves to be remembered.

From the Manchester Guardian.

ONWARD STILL.

ONWARD, brothers! though we're weary,
Though the way seems long and dreary;
Pause not now to view the past,
Flinch not! flinch not! at the last;

Nerve each heart
To take a part,
Till the Rubicon is passed—
Onward! onward still!

Onward! for a nation's eyes
Are fixed upon us now;
Haggard men with doleful cries,
And men of thoughtful brow;
Famished women—tears are stealing
Down their pale cheeks, as they're kneeling
By their babes and madly pray
That God who gave, would take away
Their infants ere the coming day.

England's sons, ye have the power!
Britons! help us in this hour;
Place your shoulders to the wheel,
Help us, for a kingdom's weal,
Manfully, with tongue and pen—
Truthfully, as honest men.

"God helps those who help themselves."
Will ye, then, like stupid elves,
Carelessly
Stand to see,
With folded arms, the misery
That time is weaving in his woof,
Whilst ye coldly stand aloof;
Nor lift a finger to assuage
A nation's pain? What! would ye ban
Yourselves with deathless infamy,
And desecrate the name of man?

Onward! let no laggard heart
Be ranked amid our band—
Coward minds, that take no part
For the cause in hand:
Cased in soulless apathy,
Talking of "consistency,"
Human souls may die for bread,
What care they—if they are fed?
Still toil we
Faithfully,
Firm to win the victory—
Onward! onward still!

Men of powerful intellect,
Cheer us on our way—
Many noble ones of earth
Lend their genial ray;
With our right
Comes our might,
Truth o'er error must have sway;
Soon will come the glorious day—
Onward! onward still!

Onward, brothers! though we're weary—
Onward, though the way be dreary;
Nerve each heart
To take a part,
Till the Rubicon be passed—
Till the goal be reached at last—
Onward! onward still!

ELAU.

LORD MURRAY.

At break of day, to hunt the deer,
Lord Murray rides with hunting gear :
Glen Tilt his boding step shall know,
The 'minished herd his prowess show ;
And savory haunch and antlers tall
Shall grace to-morrow's banquet hall.

Lord Murray leapeth on his horse,
A little hand arrests his course ;
Two loving eyes upon him burn,
And mutely plead for swift return—
His lady stands to see him go,
Yet standing makes departure slow.

"Go back, my dame," Lord Murray said,
"The wind blows chilly on thy head ;
Go back into thy bower and rest,
Too sharp the morning for thy breast.
Go tend thy health, I charge on thee,
For sake of him thou 'st promised me."

Lord Murray gallops by the brae,
His huntsmen follow up the Tay,
Where Tummel, like a hoyden girl,
Leaps o'er the croy with giddy whirl,
Falls in Tay's arms a silenced wife,
And sinks her maiden name for life.

Lord Murray rides through Garry's den,
Where beetling hills the torrent pen ;
And as he lasheth bridge and rock
The caves reverberate the shock,
Far as the cones of Ben-y-Glo,
That o'er Glen Tilt their shadows throw.

Great sport was his, and worthy gain,
The noblest of the herd were slain ;
Till, worn with chase, the hunter sank
At evening on a mossy bank ;
And as his strength revived with food,
His spirit blessed the solitude.

A silvery mist the distance hid,
And up the valley gently slid ;
While, softened through its curtain white,
The lakes and rivers flashed their light,
And crimson mountains of the west
Cushioned the sun upon their breast.

Hushed was the twilight, birds were dumb,
The midges ceased their vexing hum,
And floated homewards in their sleep ;
All silent browsed the straggling sheep ;
E'en Tilt, sole tattler of the glen,
Ran voiceless in Lord Murray's ken.

An infant's cry ! such hails at birth
The first-pained feeble breath of earth ;
Lord Murray starteth to explore,
But there is stillness as before.
Nothing he sees but fading skies,
The cold, blue peaks, the stars' dim eyes,
The heather nodding wearily,
The wind that riseth drearily ;
It was a fancy, thinketh he ;
But it hath broke his reverie.

In closing night he rideth back,
His heart is darker than his track ;
It is not conscience, dread, or shame—

His soul is stainless as his name—
But shapeless horrors vaguely crowd
Around him, black as thunder-cloud.

He spurs his horse until he reach
His castle's belt of aged beech ;
His lady sped him forth at morn,
But silence hails his late return ;
The little dog that on her waits,
Why runs he whining at the gates !

Lord Murray wonders at the gloom,
His halls deserted as the tomb,
And all along the corridors
Against the windows swing the fires ;
Closed is his lady's door—he stands,
Too weak to ope it with his hands,
Yet bursteth in he knows not how,
And looks upon his lady's brow.

She lay upon their bridal bed,
Her golden tresses round her shed,
Her eyelids dropped, her lips apart,
As if still sighing forth her heart,
But cold and white, as life looked never,
For life had left that face forever.

On her bosom lay a child,
Flushed with sleep wherein it smiled—
Sleep of birth and sleep of death,
Icy cheek and warm young breath,
Rosy babe and clay-white mother
Sully laid by one another.

The nurse, a woman bowed with years,
Knelt by the bed with bursting tears,
And wailed o'er her whose early bloom
She thus had nurtured for the tomb.
A piteous sight it was, in sooth—
The living age, the perished youth.

"The way is long," at last she said ;
"Oh, sorrowing lord, the way is dread,
Through marsh and pitfall, to the rest
God keeps for those who serve Him best ;
And unto man it ne'er was given
To win with ease the joys of heaven.

"But Mary, queen beside her son,
Such grace for woman's soul hath won
(Remembering the manger rude,
Her pangs of virgin motherhood,)
That blessed most of mortals they
Whose life, life-giving, flows away.

"No pains of purgatory knows
The sleeper in that deep repose,
No harsh delays in upper air
The mother, birth-released, must bear ;
For angels near her waiting stand,
And lift her straight to God's right hand.

"No masses need ye for her soul,
Round whom the heavenly censers roll ;
Pure as the babe she bore this day,
Her sins in death were washed away ;
'To win him life 't was hers to die,
And she shall live in heaven for aye ;
Pale in our sight her body lies,
Her soul is blessed in Paradise !"
Lord Murray's voice took up the word,
"Her soul is blessed, praise the Lord !"

Mrs. Ogilvy's Highland Minstrelsy.

From Chambers' Journal.

LITERARY IMPOSITIONS.

THE Count Mariano Alberti sold to a bookseller at Ancona several unedited manuscripts of Tasso, some of which he interpolated, and others forged. In 1827, he declared himself in possession of two till then unknown poems in Tasso's hand-writing; afterwards he produced four other autographs; and then a volume containing thirty-seven poems, which he offered for sale to the Duke of Tuscany, whose agents, however, declared them to be spurious and modern. He then produced a file of Tasso's letters, which were regarded as genuine; till, in 1841, when, on his property being sequestered, the whole affair proved a tissue of almost unexampled forgery.

The literary world is now very generally of the belief that that very beautiful poem, John Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*, first published by Isaac Walton, (1683,) was actually the production of that honest angler.

The copies of the "English Mercurie" (regarded as the earliest English newspaper) in the British Museum, have been discovered to be forgeries, and Chatterton is supposed to have been concerned in their fabrication.

At least a hundred volumes or pamphlets, besides innumerable essays and letters in magazines or newspapers, have been written with a view to dispel the mystery in which for eighty years the authorship of Junius' Letters has been involved. These political letters, so remarkable for the combination of keen severity with a polished and brilliant style, were contributed to the "Public Advertiser," during three years, under the signature of Junius, the actual name of the writer being a secret even to the publisher of that paper. They have been fathered upon Earl Temple, Lord Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, and fifty other distinguished characters. At present, an attempt is again being made to prove them the productions of Mr. Lauchan Maclean; but we need scarcely wish for anything like a positive or convincing result.

Some time before his death, Voltaire showed a perfect indifference for his own works; they were continually reprinting, without his being ever acquainted with it. If an edition of the "Heuriade," or his tragedies, or his historical or fugitive pieces was nearly sold off, another was instantly produced. He requested them not to print so many. They persisted, and reprinted them in a hurry without consulting him; and, what is almost incredible, yet true, they printed a magnificent quarto edition at Geneva without his seeing a single page; in which they inserted a number of pieces not written by him, the real authors of which were well known. His remark upon this occasion is very striking—"I look upon myself as a dead man, whose effects are upon sale." The mayor of Lausanne having established a press, published in that town an edition called complete, with the word London on the title-page, containing a great number of dull and contemptible little pieces in prose and verse, transplanted from the works of Madame Oudot, the "Almanacs of the Muses," the "Portfolio Recovered," and other literary trash, of which the twenty-third volume contains the greatest abundance. Yet the editors had the effrontery to proclaim on the title-page that the book was wholly revised and corrected by the author, who had not seen a single page of it.

In Holland some forgeries were printed as the "Private Letters" of Voltaire, which induced him to parody an old epigram:—

Lo! then exposed to public sight,
My private letters see the light;
So private, that none ever read 'em,
Save they who printed, and who made 'em.

Steevens says, that, "not the smallest part of the work called Cibber's 'Lives of the Poets' was the composition of Cibber, being entirely written by Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his Dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed, as to leave the reader in doubt whether himself or his father was the person designed."

William Henry Ireland having exercised his ingenuity with some success in the imitation of ancient writing, passed off some forged papers as the genuine manuscripts of Shakspeare. Some of the many persons who were deceived by the imposition, subscribed sums of money to defray the publication of these spurious documents, which were accordingly issued in a handsome folio volume. But when Ireland's play of "Vortigern" was performed at Drury Lane as the work of Shakspeare, the audience quickly discerned the cheat; and soon afterwards the clever imposter published his "Confessions," acknowledging himself to be the sole author and writer of these ancient-looking manuscripts.

Poor young Chatterton's forgery of the poems of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, is one of the most celebrated literary impositions on record. Horace Walpole, in a letter written in 1777, says, "Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases; I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius."

In all probability the exact nature of Macpherson's connection with what are called "Ossian's Poems" will never be known. Although snatches of these poems, and of others like them, are *proved* to have existed from old times in the Highlands, there is no proof that the whole existed. Macpherson left what he called the original Gaelic poems to be published after his death; "but," says Mr. Carruthers, "they proved to be an *exact* counterpart of those in English, although in one of the earlier Ossian publications, he had acknowledged taking liberties in the translations. Nothing more seems to be necessary to settle that the book must be regarded as to some unknown extent a modern production, founded upon, and imitative of, certain ancient poems; and this seems to be nearly the decision at which the judgment of the unprejudiced public has arrived."

A species of literary imposition has become common latterly, namely, placing the name of some distinguished man on the title-page as editor of a work the author of which is not mentioned, because obscure. This system, done with a view to allure buyers, is unjust towards the concealed author, if the work really merit the support of an eminent editor, for it is denying a man the fair fame that he ought to receive; and if the work be bad, the public is cheated by the distinguished name put forth as editor and guarantee of its merits. Still, however, the tardiness of the people themselves in encouraging new and unknown

writers of merit, is the reason why publishers resort to this trick to insure a sale and profit.

Several ingenious deceptions have been played off upon geologists and antiquaries. Some youths, desirous of amusing themselves at the expense of Father Kircher, engraved several fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The workmen having picked up the stone while digging the foundation, handed it over to the learned Kircher, who was quite delighted with it, and bestowed much labor and research in explaining the meaning of the extraordinary figures upon it. The success of this trick induced a young man at Wurzburg, of the name of Rodrick, to practise a more serious deception upon Professor Berenger, at the commencement of the last century. Rodrick cut a great number of stones into the shape of different kinds of animals and monstrous forms, such as bats with the heads and wings of butterflies, flying frogs and crabs, with Hebrew characters here and there discernible about the surface. These fabrications were gladly purchased by the professor, who encouraged the search for more. A new supply was accordingly prepared, and boys were employed to take them to the professor, pretending that they had just found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and charging him dearly for the time which they alleged they had employed in collecting them. Having expressed a desire to visit the place where these wonders had been found, the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a number of specimens. At last, when he had formed an ample collection, he published a folio volume, containing twenty-eight plates, with a Latin text explanatory of them, dedicating the volume to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg. The opinions expressed in this book, and the strange manner in which they are defended, render it a curious evidence of the extravagant credulity and folly of its author, who meant to follow it up with other publications; but being apprized by M. Deckard, a brother professor, of the hoax that had been practised, the deluded author became most anxious to recall his work. It is therefore very rare, being only met with in the libraries of the curious; and the copies which the publisher sold after the author's death, have a new title-page in lieu of the absurd allegorical one which originally belonged to them.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

THE MISERERE.

ROME, May, 1846.

THURSDAY, April 9th, was a great day for ceremonies at Rome. The pope attends mass in the morning, in the chapel of St. Peter's; thence he passes to the balcony above the middle door of the church, and gives his benediction to the kneeling thousands in the piazza. Afterwards he returns to the church to perform the ceremony of washing the feet of the thirteen pilgrims of every nation. Meantime the whole church has been filling. The guards in double file have kept out of the north transept all not habited in black. The seats on either side are filled with ladies, with black veils over their heads, not enough obscured, however, to forbid being seen, and if they had been arranged like the Greek slaves, for inspection, no order would have been fitter—ranged rank above rank

on either side, with the crowd of examiners between.

Every nation has its representatives in both the sexes—not easily distinguished in the women for their common dress; still, there is no mistaking the red faces and long necks, albeit sometimes pretty blue eyes, of the English women; the easy, inviting, at home manner of the French; the dark, passionate glances of the Italian women; the modest, curious, perhaps somewhat vain air of the Americans—not enough, however, to make a class; the broad faces, soft skins, laughter-loving eyes of the Germans, and the indescribable high contour of the Russian faces. Among the men, the peaked collars and trimmed whiskers and neat cravat, and stiff hair, pointed out unmistakably English blood; there were besides, German beards and cropped heads, and Italian sleekness covering dirtiness, and greasy hair, and black moustaches—and the easy, familiar air of the French in his broad-bottomed pantaloons, and waistcoat reaching to his thighs; and the stiff, heavy moustache of the Russian, and the court coat of Austria, and the uniform of Sardinia, and the red coat of Indian captaincy, and the grey hood of Carmelites, and the red frocks of neophytes, and the shaved pates of scores of men in orders, and the crosses of men of honor, and the ribbons of princes, and the republican air of Americans, and the rich dresses of diplomats, and the splendid uniform of the Guard Noble, and the quaint Swiss men with their halberds and striped doublets, and over the railing, as the cortege entered, came in more robes of cardinals and prelates and senators than could be remembered.

In the boxes royal appeared presently the Russian phalanx, escort of the sister of the empress, with her family—their uniforms rich as possible; the son a lout of a boy in martial dress, the mother a weak-looking old woman, the daughter fair enough for a pretty girl, if she had not been a princess. They acted very much like other people, which is somewhat strange considering they formed the focus for the direction of more than five thousand pairs of eyes.

At length the pilgrims to be washed came marching in, in pasteboard caps and white frocks, of all colors, and speaking all languages; and all seeming curious in their strange position of being served by one whose toe they kissed on other days, and who rode on occasions in a carriage of gold, while they walked over Europe staff in hand, in an oil-skin cap cape, and with shells pinned to the corners. After them came the pope, with five or six to bear up his robe, and sat himself on a throne; and afterward, with his attendants still about him, marched toward the pilgrims and stooping with a towel he wiped their feet, that had been dipped in the water of a silver basin, carried by an attendant. Meantime the choir are chanting—the pope's choir—and in a way no other choir can chant.

The crowd drift out and up to secure places for seeing the ceremony of the "tavola" above. In it I go, *volens volens*, through church and corridor, and up the stairs regal, and into the ante-chamber of the Chapel Paolina, where a line of soldiers three deep keep off the multitude, admitting the papal costume and the billeted only, through the narrow pass-way formed by soldiers of the guard. The hall of the table gained, all is a jam. Ladies that have sat for three hours alone have a chance of seeing the ceremony, and the push from church to tavola is an exercise of muscular strength which

none but an English woman should hazard. The table is adorned as one should be which is served by popes, and the pilgrims eat as hungry men should eat, who pay nothing for their dinner but the price of being looked at. The ladies look as ladies should look at what has cost them three long hours of waiting, and what will serve for chat in Italian, in French, in German, and in broad English, perhaps beside some New England fireside.

The whole world throng into the Vatican after, for all the galleries are open. To-day they are the more curious idlers, and the Laocoon and Apollo are passed by for the lion in breccia and the crab in basalt. Even Raphael suffers under the indiscriminate, and the fire of his burning city blazes unheeded.

Tired with the hurried views that the crowd imposes, and after giving my final looks at the masterpieces of sculpture, and lounging my leave taking in the room of the priceless pictures, I went into one of the little, dirty cafés adjoining the piazza of St. Peter's, for a dish of coffee to sustain the energies which even pompous processions of papal magnificence and pictures of world-wide reputation failed to keep up.

Afterward came the gathering for the miserere of the Sistine Chapel. The soldiers were at the foot of the Scala Regia, and forbade admission. Even stars and garters, and livried footmen, were jammed among us in the bustle of the throng. At length, when patience was well nigh expired, the line opened, and there was a push up. Already many seats were filled by those who had had the hardihood to wait five hours. The rest were filled in half an hour, and after came another long hour of expectation.

Some study the fresco of the Judgment, or the figures of the ceiling, and others the living beauties around, gathered from every nation. The twelve candles, in the twelve branched candlesticks, are lighted; the choir appear, in their white robes, through the grating of their little balcony. The cardinals, in their red caps and ermine, come in and take their places on the low cushioned seats within the rail. The ambassadors appear in the reserved places, and the service commences with slow and solemn reading; the choir chant a response in full tones for ten minutes. Another reading, and the kneeling of the cardinals—a silence for a moment—and then steal out from the obscure balcony the first sweet notes of the miserere. There is a hush in the crowd—whispering ceases, and the melodious accents flow thicker and faster, and are renewed, and die away into a long sweet wail, as if the angels had turned mourners. Then came other chantings, not without rich beauty, if they had not been contrasted with the richer beauties gone before. As the chant went on, the chapel became gradually obscure, the twelve lights upon the candlesticks before the altar were one by one diminishing, as the service proceeded; only three or four remained. The sun had gone down, and the red glow of twilight came through the dusky windows.

A pause in the chant, and a brief reading from an officiating cardinal, and then all knelt, and the sweet deep flow of the miserere commenced again—growing in force and depth till the whole chapel rang, and the balcony of the choir trembled; then subsiding again into a low strain of a single voice, so prolonged, so tremulous, and so real, that it made the heart ache, and feel the ceremony that

commemorates the death of Christ. Long time prolonged, the wail died not wholly, but just as it seemed expiring was caught up by another stronger voice, which carried it on and on, plaintive as ever—nor stopped with him, for, just as you looked for silence, three voices more began the lament, sweet, touching, mournful, and bore it up to a full cry, when the whole choir caught it and changed it into the wailings of a multitude—wild, shrill, hoarse—by turns a swift chant intervening, as if despair had given force to anguish—again, sweetly, slowly, step by step, voice by voice, note by note, falling into the moan of one low strain, tremulous, faltering, as if tears checked the utterance—increasing, as if grief that would not be comforted sustained it.

I shut my eyes, to enter more fully into the spirit of the scene and of the ceremony. I thought of the hours of agony, of the darkness, of the laments of the beloved of Christ. I know not how long I had indulged thus in the reveries of thought, but as I opened my eyes, the last sad wail was finished—the candles were all gone out—the twilight had passed, and the grey dimness of night stole in at the windows, making the figures of Angelo's fresco seem the gaunt phantoms of a dream; the cardinals were rising, the crowd was bustling to the door, and another day of the ceremonies of the Holy Week was ended. Don.

THE WEST AND THE EAST.

AMONG the items of news brought by the last British steamship, was an announcement that Mr. Rawlings of New York, had arrived in London, for the purpose of establishing there an agency for the sale of nine hundred thousand acres of land, a great portion of which was located in Western Virginia. This led us to think upon a very interesting statement, of the progress of population in certain regions of the United States, prepared by William Darby, Esq., in the early part of the present year. It would be natural to suppose that where a high state of civilization existed, and all the comforts of life were to be had in perfection, there would at least be an indication of a steady increase in population in a degree commensurate with the growth of other and less favored portions of the country. That where great cities were planted, the thriving villages and towns, with the necessary farming country around it for the growth of the necessary supplies, would attract and keep together a population whose numbers should increase, and not diminish. But this is in many instances not so, and the fact that in so old a State as Virginia, an immense body of land remains unsettled—that in Pennsylvania and New York there are thousands of acres of land upon which the foot of a white man, it is said, has never trod—that all along the Atlantic coast, from Virginia to South Carolina, huge plains measuring by miles in extent remain undevoted to any profitable purpose—will suggest the query: Why is it?

The answer may be found not in any aversion of our people to a crowded population, for they are not Daniel Boones, and can bear the sight of a fellow creature, the sound of his voice, and be grateful for the interchange of the courtesies of life—but from the desire of owning more land, and it is the idea of possession, that is the solace for the discomforts of Western settlements, and for the dangers which in the beginning frequently cluster around them.

The tide of emigration from the East to the West is so great, that in many portions of the country the population is not only in a great degree stationary, but in some instances has retrograded. As illustrating what we say it will be found that the population of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, was, in 1810, 1,243,216 souls; and in 1840, only 1,733,029, leaving as an increase during thirty years of prosperity and no war, only 513,185—or a ratio of 1.31. There are in these States 33,326 square miles, and this population is but 52 to the square mile, while nearly the whole of this country is capable of sustaining 200 to the square mile.

In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, the population in 1810 was 2,487,508; and in 1840, 3,685,287; or an increase of 1,197,779; the greatest portion of this being in Pennsylvania.

The ratio of increase, and the population to the square mile has been during the period named, as follows:—

	Rate of increase.	Pop. sq. mile in 1840.
Pennsylvania,	2.12	41.4
New Jersey,	1.49	54
Delaware,	1.07	37.7
Maryland,	1.23	43
Virginia,	1.33	19.3

A comparison of these statistics, with those of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, will show a startling difference; the ratio of increase and population being as follows:

	Ratio of increase.	Pop. sq. mile in 1840.
Michigan,	44.6	40
Indiana,	27.9	40
Illinois,	38.9	19
Missouri,	18.4	8

This increase is too great for an equal growth of the country, and it is a matter for serious consideration, why the East and its advantages should be in such a great degree forsaken for the west and its disadvantages. Why the desire for the possession of a large amount of land cheaply obtained, and dearly held at cost of labor and privations innumerable, should overbear the strong inducements for settlement on the Atlantic border. The annexation of Texas, the addition of Oregon, and the prospective extension of our boundaries, so as to embrace California, are all additional causes for speculation, as to whether the next thirty years will show an increase or decrease in the population of the old States. The immense tide that is rushing thither from us will have a serious effect, but what that is, remains yet to be seen.

It cannot be known so well as it ought to be, that there are such abundant opportunities for profitable and cheap investment this side of the Mississippi, or in all likelihood there would be a better exhibit of increase in fixed population than we have made. And it would be well that means were adopted to spread the knowledge that would in all probability be very acceptable to many who are determined to make the yet sparsely populated West their home.—*United States Gazette*.

IBRAHIM IN TOWN.—Nearly every one acknowledges that there is something almost terrific in the idea of Ibrahim Pacha being actually in London. We have been so in the habit of reading about his impetuosity and all that kind of thing, that we cannot conceive his putting up quietly at

Mivart's hotel, and going down to Ascot on the day of the races. We used to hear that Ibrahim, at the head of his mountain horde, was doing this, that, and the other; routing somebody on one side, ravaging coasts, and carrying his furious arms in all directions; and we are therefore unprepared for finding his name every morning in our newspapers among the fashionable movements of the season. Considering the military impetuosity of his character, we should suggest that a court circular should be specially written to record his acts during his visit to London, in language similar to that in which we have been in the habit of hearing him spoken of. We submit a few specimens:—

“The impetuous Ibrahim left his lair at Mivart's, at an early hour, and made a descent upon the breakfast-room. He ravaged a plate of ham, and spread desolation among the French—rolls that were placed before him. The energetic heir of Mehemet Ali then planted his yatagan in the bosom of a fowl, and made a desperate attack upon it, exclaiming, in his strong Egyptian accent, ‘Thus will I cut off both wings of the army of my enemy!’ Having finished a hearty meal, he rushed into the fastness of a carriage, and scoured the country until he arrived at the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway. The haughty Ibrahim was met by Mr. Russell, M.P., and the impetuous Pacha having exchanged a few signs of courtesy precipitated himself upon the ottoman in the saloon carriage.

“With his usual rapidity of movement he reached the race-course, and came to a stand in a position commanding a view of all that was passing round him. Wine was offered to the wily Egyptian, who did honor to his old friend, the Porte, by finishing an entire bottle.”

The above are only a few of the incidents occurring on one of the days of Ibrahim's sojourn in this country. The narration of events should be continued in the same spirit, when a very interesting record of his visit would be furnished to the public written in a style appropriate to the habits and character of the illustrious person, whose proceedings cannot be faithfully chronicled in the mere every-day language of a *Court Circular*.

Punch.

ABD-EL-KADER AND PELISSIER.—The Parisians denounce Abd-el-Kader for his recent murder of French prisoners. The barbarian killed them by sword and ball. Now, at the Cave of Dahra, Colonel Pelissier, blessed by the light of civilization, magnanimously used it as a torch.—*Punch*.

“THE HOUSE OF PEEL.”—Such is the heading given by some of our contemporaries to the subjoined paragraph:—

“The following passage occurs in the Rev. John Wesley's Journal, bearing date July 27, 1787:—‘I was invited to breakfast, at Bury, by Mr. Peel, a calico printer, who, a few years ago, began with 500*l.*, and is now supposed to have 50,000*l.*’”

We take it, there is many a “house”—for the sneer implied in the word is not to be mistaken—that could not give so truly noble a beginning. How many “houses,” for instance, began with plunder—how many with debauchery? There are a few escutcheons we could name, that, with all their dragons glorified, and bend-sinisters, would look very small before Mr. Peel's spinning-jenny.

From the Journal of Commerce.

OUR OWN OREGON.

As the great problem is at length solved, showing what portion of the Oregon territory belongs to Great Britain, and what portion to the United States, the next thing is to examine the value of the possessions thus allotted to us. Many descriptions of Oregon have been published—but none which we have seen, bears so evidently the marks of candor, and a personal acquaintance with the subject, as one which has just reached us from Canton, China. We learn from a correspondent there, that it was written by Rev. Mr. Hines, who for several years has resided in Oregon as a missionary of the Methodist Church, and has recently returned to this country, taking China in his way. He there left the manuscript of his description, and it was printed at the Hong Kong Register office, after his departure for the United States. He arrived here on the 4th of May last.

Mr. Hines describes the Oregon Territory as bounded northerly 120 miles by Puget Inlet, and from the eastern termination of that inlet by a ridge of mountains which divides the waters of Frazer's river from those which flow into the Columbia,—said ridge extending in a direction east-north-east to the Rocky Mountains. According to this definition, the United States have in truth got nearly "the whole of Oregon," though they have stopped a long way short of 54.40. The natural boundary described by Mr. Hines, is the boundary which would have resulted from Mr. Calhoun's able argument in support of the American title, addressed to the British minister, Mr. Pakenham. Mr. C. claimed for the U. States all the country drained by the Oregon or Columbia river. It is however better to adopt the 49th parallel, agreeably to the treaty just signed and ratified by the American government, (and which is sure to be signed and ratified by the British government,) because it leaves no chance for future differences, and gives us a territory more symmetrical and compact.

The Pacific coast which falls to us under the treaty, is about 450 miles in length, extending from lat. 42 to Cape Flattery at the entrance of Puget Inlet. Along the inlet we have a "water front" of 120 miles; making a total of near 600 miles of coast, without including the gulf which projects from the east end of Puget Inlet, far to the southward, commonly called Admiralty Inlet. These two inlets—the latter of which is wholly ours—contain a plenty of good harbors, and they are the only good harbors we possess on that coast. South of Cape Flattery, the only harbor which a ship can enter is the mouth of Columbia river, and *that*, as all our readers know, is difficult of access, and often extremely dangerous.

The area of surface embraced within American Oregon as defined by the treaty, is probably not less than 300,000 square miles; or more than six times that of the state of New York. From Mr. Hines' description of it we now proceed to quote, in his own words. The reader will observe that the country about Puget Sound, which has been generally described as an excellent agricultural district, is represented by Mr. Hines as extremely barren, although "level, and exceedingly beautiful." Strictly speaking, he says, there is *no soil*. The prairies are covered with shingle, or small stones, with scarcely any admixture of earth. Indeed, there are but few places on this somewhat

extensive tract, where anything can be raised. And this, be it observed, is the tract, or district, about which two great nations have been disputing these thirty years, and for the possession of which they have at times been in imminent danger of incurring the direst calamities.

The face of this country (says Mr. Hines) is wonderfully diversified, and presents every variety of scenery, from the most awfully grand and sublime to the most beautiful and picturesque in nature. In the vicinity of Puget's Sound the country is level and exceedingly beautiful, and consists mostly of prairie land, with but a small portion of timber; but, with this exception, all along the coast it is broken and mountainous. On approaching the coast at the mouth of the Columbia river, ridges of high lands appear on either hand as far as the eye can reach, and the more elevated points serve as land-marks to guide the mariner through the intricate channel across the fearful "Bar of the Columbia." One high mountain called by the Indians "Swalalahoot," from an Indian tradition, and from its appearance, is supposed to have once been an active volcano. With but little variation the country from 30 to 50 miles back from the coast, presents a rough, wild and mountainous aspect, and is covered with dense forests of fir, spruce and cedar trees. Passing over this broken border of the country, you descend on the north side of the Columbia into the valley of the Cowlitz, and on the south into that of the Wallamette river. These valleys extend eastward to that range of mountains which, crossing the Columbia river, forms the Cascades, and is therefore called the "Cascade Mountains." Comprised in these valleys are many extensive prairies, beautiful woodlands, numberless hillocks, rising grounds and majestic hills, from the top of some of which, scenery, as enchanting as was ever presented to the eye, delights and charms the lover of nature, who takes time to visit their conical summits. That part of Oregon extending from the Cascade mountains to the Pacific Ocean, is called the "Lower Country," and is about one hundred and thirty miles wide.

The Cascade Mountains extend in one continuous range, parallel with the coast, quite to California, and have therefore sometimes been called the "Californian Range." Those whose mountain observations have not been very extensive, can form no just conceptions of the grandeur and magnificence of this stupendous range. The highest peaks are covered with eternal snows, and presenting their rounded tops to the heavens, appear like so many magnificent domes to adorn the great temple of nature. Some of them are more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. From one elevation, near the Wallamette river, and from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles distant, the writer has counted eight of these snow-capped mountains without moving from his tracks. Surely no sight can be more enchanting.—One of these mountains, viz., St. Helen, requires a more particular account from a phenomenon which it presented three years ago. In the month of October, 1842, this mountain was discovered, all at once, to be covered with a dense cloud of smoke, which continued to enlarge and move off in dense masses to the eastward, and filling the heavens in that direction, presented an appearance like that of a tremendous conflagration viewed at a vast distance. When the smoke had passed away, it could be distinctly seen, from various parts of the country,

that an eruption had taken place on the north side of St. Helen; and from the smoke that continued to issue from the chasm or crater, it was pronounced to be a volcano in active operation. When the explosion took place vast quantities of dust or ashes were thrown from the chasm, and fell in showers for many miles distant. This mountain is the most regular in its form, and most beautiful in its appearance of all the snow-clad mountains of Oregon, and though on the north side of the Columbia, it belongs to the Cascade Range. Mount Hood, on the south side of the Columbia, is more elevated than St. Helen, and presents a magnificent object on which the eye can gaze without weariness, from innumerable points more than one hundred and fifty miles from its base. But any description of these gigantic piles of Basalt and snow must fall far below the reality; and it is only necessary to gaze for one moment upon these majestic glaciers, to be impressed with the insignificance of the works of art, when compared with the works of nature.

Passing over the Cascade Range to the eastward, you come into another extensive valley, which reaches to the foot of another range, which from its azure like appearance, is called the "Blue Mountains." This valley is about two hundred miles broad, and is called the "middle country." A number of beautiful rivers flow through this valley, and it is also intersected by broken ridges, which divide the numerous streams by which it is watered. This part of the country abounds in extensive plains and "prairie hills," but timber is so very scarce, that the eye of the traveller is seldom delighted with the appearance of a tree. "The Blue Mountains" are steep, rocky and volcanic, and some of them are covered with perpetual snow.

They run nearly parallel with the Cascade Range, though, far to the south, branches of them intersect with the latter range. They are about midway betwixt the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky Mountains. The country east of the Blue Mountains, is the third, or upper region, and extends to the eastern boundary of the Territory of Oregon. The face of it is more varied, if possible, than it is in that part of the country lying west of the Blue Mountains, the southern part being distinguished by its steep and rugged mountains, deep and dismal valleys, called "Holes" by the mountaineers, and wide gravelly plains.

The northern part is less objectionable in its features; the plains being more extensive, the mountains less precipitous, and the valleys not so gloomy. Many portions of this upper region are volcanic, and some of the volcanoes are in constant action. Many of the plains of this region are covered with carbonate of soda, which, in some places, may be gathered in vast quantities, and renders the soil generally unproductive. On the eastern limits of this region, rise in awful grandeur the towering summits of the Rocky Mountains, which have been very properly called the "backbone" of North America. The highest land in North America is in this range, and is near the 53d parallel of north latitude. It is called "Brown's Mountain."

Near this, and in a tremendous gorge of the mountains, one of the principal branches of the Columbia takes its rise. In this region the country presents the wildest and most terrific appearance.

Stupendous glaciers, and chaotic masses of

rocks, ice and snow, present themselves on every side, and defy the power of language fully to describe them.

So far as the face of this entire country is concerned, perhaps no other in the world presents a more varied or a more interesting appearance.

The climate of Oregon varies materially as you proceed from the coast into the interior. To a proper understanding of the climate, it is necessary to consider the winter and summer separately. The winds which prevail in the winter are from the south and east, sometimes veering to the southwest. They usually commence about the first of November, and continue till the first of May.

Sometimes they come on gradually, but at some seasons, they burst upon the country at once, and with the violence of a thunder storm. They are always attended with continued falls of rain, and the period of their continuance is therefore called the rainy season. During the rainy season there are intervals of warm pleasant weather, which are generally followed by cold chilly rains from the south and west. In the latter part of winter there are generally light falls of snow throughout the country, though in the valleys, and particularly in the Wallamette valley, it seldom falls more than two or three inches deep. However, in the winter of 1841 and '42 the snow fell in this valley twelve inches deep, but eight days afterwards it had all disappeared.

Though the winters are disagreeable on account of the chilliness of the southeast winds, and the extreme humidity of the atmosphere, yet the cold is very moderate, the thermometer seldom falling below freezing point. As a matter of course the ground is seldom frozen, and therefore ploughing may be done a great portion of the winter. Occasionally, however, there is an exception to this. A few days before the great fall of snow already mentioned, the mercury fell in some parts of the country, to fifteen degrees below zero; and it continued excessively cold for several days. The lakes were all frozen, so that cattle and horses could pass over them on the ice, and the Columbia river as far down as the mouth of the Wallamette, was bridged with ice for the period of fifteen days. A similar circumstance occurred in the winter of 1834.

In the middle region the rains are not so abundant as in the lower country; the weather is colder, and there is consequently more snow. In that portion of Oregon east of the Blue Mountains called the upper region, it seldom rains except in the spring, and then the rains are not protracted. Vast quantities of snow fall in this region, particularly in the mountains. This part of the territory is distinguished for the extreme dryness of its atmosphere, which, with the vast difference in the temperature betwixt the day and night, forms its most peculiar trait, so far as climate is concerned. From sunrise till noon, the mercury frequently rises from forty to sixty degrees.

It should be observed that none of the winters of Oregon are either so stormy or so cold, but that cattle, horses, sheep, &c., find ample supplies of provender on the wide spread prairies, whither they are driven, to roam at large.

If the winters of Oregon are rather stormy and unpleasant, the summers are sufficiently delightful, to counterbalance all that is disagreeable in the winters.

In the month of March, the weather becomes sufficiently warm to start vegetation, so that thus

early, the prairies become beautifully green and many of Flora's choicest gifts appear, to herald the approach of summer. The summer winds are from the west and north, and there is seldom any pleasant weather, except when these prevail. After a long rainy winter, the people of this country look for the healthy and exhilarating breeze from the bosom of the Pacific, with great solicitude. At length, the wished-for change takes place. The howl of the storm, and the roar of the southern winds, are hushed to silence; the hills and valleys are gently fanned by the western zephyr, and the sun, pouring his floods of light and heat from a cloudless sky, causes nature as by enchantment, to enrobe herself in all the glories of summer. The delightful weather thus ushered in, continues through the entire summer, with but little deviation, and the temperature of the atmosphere, particularly in the Wallamette valley, is agreeably warm and uniform. At noon in the warmest weather the thermometer ranges at about 82° in the shade, but the evenings are considerably cooler. The coolness of the evenings doubtless goes far to neutralize the effects of the malaria that is exhaled through the influence of the sun, from the swamps and marshy places, which are found in some parts of the country. From personal experience, and extensive observation in reference to this particular, the writer is prepared to express the opinion, that the climate of Oregon is decidedly favorable to health. And why should it not be? The temperature, particularly in the lower country, is remarkably uniform. The country is not therefore subject to the evil resulting from sudden changes from extreme heat to extreme cold. The exhilarating ocean breeze, which sets in almost every day during the summer, contributes greatly to purify the atmosphere. These circumstances, connected with the fact that there is but little decaying vegetable matter in the country, and but few dead swamps and marshes to send forth their poisonous miasma, to infect the surrounding regions, are sufficient to show that Oregon must be the abode of health, and that human life is as likely to be protracted, and men to die of old age in this country, as in any other portion of the world. Indeed, such is the healthiness of the climate of this country, that but very few white persons have here sickened and died, since its first occupancy by such, more than thirty years ago. Yet, with these facts before them, there are persons who are ready to publish far and near that the climate of Oregon, and particularly of the lower country, is "decidedly unhealthy. That the most malignant and fatal fevers prevail," than which no representation could be more erroneous.

True the ague and fever, in a very modified form, sometimes prevails in the lower country: but it is easily controlled by proper remedies, and finally leaves the person with a vigorous, and an unimpaired constitution, and seldom returns the second season. Those persons who have lived longest in the country, are generally the most healthy and vigorous; which of itself is a sufficient proof of the friendliness of the climate to the promotion of health. If there is any difference between the different portions of Oregon in regard to the healthiness of its climate, the middle region, and that immediately along the coast, are the most salubrious. The climate of the valleys of the Wallamette, Cowlitz, Umpqua, and Clameth rivers is well calculated for wheat, barley, oats, peas,

apples, peaches, potatoes, turnips, and all other vegetables usually cultivated in the temperate latitudes, while horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, &c., flourish and multiply beyond all parallel; but in the middle and some parts of the upper region, the climate is well adapted to all the pursuits of a pastoral life.

With a uniform, salubrious, and delightful climate, as well adapted to purposes of agriculture as any within the same degrees of latitude in any part of the world, Oregon loses much of its importance, if the *fertility* of the soil does not correspond with the nature of the climate.

The soil of Oregon has been variously represented by persons who have visited the country. Some have viewed it in altogether too favorable a light, while others have greatly underrated it. Some have placed it among the first in the world, while others have considered Oregon as a boundless desert, fit only to be the habitation of wild beasts and savage men. These conflicting representations doubtless have arisen from a superficial acquaintance with the country by the authors of them. They have either not stayed in the country a sufficient length of time to become acquainted with its real productiveness, or they have relied upon that information which has been artfully designed to prevent the country from being known.

The bottom lands, on each bank of the Columbia river, are subject to an annual inundation which is occasioned by the melting of the vast quantities of snow which fall on its upper branches, among the mountains. This flood continues through the month of June and into July, so that whatever may be the richness of the land thus overflowed, but small portions of it will ever be brought to contribute to the support of man. There are however some portions which lie above high water mark, and are remarkably fertile, and produce in abundance all the grains and vegetables common to the best parts of the country. Fort Vancouver is situated on one of these higher parts of the Columbia valley, and here a farm of two thousand acres is cultivated, and produces annually several thousand bushels of grain. Here also apples, pears, and peaches are cultivated successfully, and grapes are brought to a degree of perfection.

Though but few attempts have as yet been made to cultivate the uplands, or timbered lands, yet sufficient has been done to prove that the soil of these portions must be of a superior quality. And indeed this is attested by the immense growth of the timber itself. No inferior soil could send forth those enormous trunks, which in their upward progress spread their magnificent branches to the skies, and often rear their heads to the amazing height of three hundred feet.

Clatsop Plains, on the south side of the Columbia river, near its mouth, embracing an area of about sixty square miles, are amazingly fertile, being composed of a rich alluvial deposit, and producing all kinds of vegetables in the greatest abundance. The country around Puget's Sound on the north side of the river, is altogether of a different character. The prairies are extensive and beautiful, the scenery most delightful, but strictly speaking, there is *no soil* to the country. The prairies are covered with shingle, or small stones, with scarcely any mixture of earth. Indeed there are but few places on this somewhat extensive tract, where anything can be raised. Attempts have been made to redeem it from "native barrenness," but as yet, all have failed.

The Hudson's Bay Company transported some of their surplus population at Red River, to this region, but in consequence of the sterility of the country, they soon became discouraged, and, though contrary to the wishes of the Company, they have abandoned the place and have settled elsewhere. And yet this region has been represented as distinguished alike for the salubrity of its climate, and the fertility of its soil. The climate is indeed delightful, but the soil is exceedingly forbidding, and can never perhaps be recovered from its extreme barrenness.

Of all the different parts of Oregon, those watered by the Cowlitz and Chehalish rivers on the north side of the Columbia, and those on the south, through which the Wallamette with its numerous tributaries and the Umpqua and Clameth rivers flow, are unquestionably the most fertile. The valley of the Wallamette, which embraces an area of 25,000 square miles, is undoubtedly entitled to the appellation of the garden of Oregon. The close observer in travelling through this valley will discover several kinds of soil. On the lower bottoms in some places is a sandy soil, in others a kind of black marle, or loam. There is but little difference in the productiveness of the two kinds. They are both the alluvial deposits of the Wallamette river. On the second bottoms or high prairies as they are called, the soil is a dark loamy clay, and is as strong and fertile as the lower grounds. Some yellow gravelly sand is found high up the river, but this embraces but a small proportion of the valley. The ability of the soil to produce is best ascertained by considering the crops which are annually taken from the land. Under the present system of cultivation the average amount of wheat taken from the English acre, is from twenty-five to thirty bushels. The amount of labor required to accomplish this, is comparatively trifling. The writer has formerly resided in the great wheat-growing country of Genesee, in the State of New York, and understands the amount of labor necessary to raise a thousand bushels of wheat in that country, and from observations in Oregon, he has been brought to the conclusion, that it requires much less labor to raise a thousand bushels in the latter country, than it does in any part of Genesee Flat. The prairies of the Wallamette and other valleys are unlike anything that can be found in any other country. They are naturally very mellow, and appear, as one is passing over them, as though it had been but a year or two since they were cultivated. They are not swarded over with a thick strong turf, as in the western states, but they can be easily ploughed with one good pair of horses, and with once ploughing are ready to receive the seed, and seldom fail, even with the first crop, bountifully to reward the husbandman.

The first crop, however, is never so good as the succeeding ones. It is not an uncommon thing for farmers, without using any extraordinary means, to take from fifty to sixty-five bushels of wheat from an acre, and this has been the average through entire fields.

Doubtless, if farmers would take more pains in cultivating the land, they would realize much more from the acre than they do now; but, if they lose anything in this respect, they gain an equivalent in the immense number of acres which they cultivate. The amount of English grain raised by the different farmers in the country varies from 50 to 300 acres each. As wheat never suffers

from blight, and as there are no insects to trouble it, a good crop is as sure to reward the labor of the husbandman who sows his seed, as day and night to continue until harvest time. This certainty of a good crop is owing as much to the nature of the climate, as to the quality of the soil. Some other crops are not so certain. Potatoes frequently suffer from drought, as also Indian corn. But the soil and climate are well adapted to raising melons, cucumbers, beets, cabbages, and all kinds of garden vegetables. Apples, peaches, and all kinds of fruits which abound in New York, flourish so far as they have been cultivated, and will soon become abundant.

The soil of the middle region differs materially from that of the low country. It bears one general character, and consists of a yellow sandy clay. It produces in great abundance a kind of bunch grass, as also a variety of small shrubbery, and the prickly pear. It is on the almost boundless plains of this region that the Indians raise their immense herds of horses. It is no uncommon thing for one Indian to own fifteen hundred of these animals. Large portions of this country will admit of being cultivated, particularly on the river "De Chutes," the Uritalla and the Walla-Walla, while the whole of its vast extent is most admirably adapted to purposes of grazing. The soil as a whole, though not of the first quality, may be pronounced tolerably good.

The upper region of Oregon is less fertile than the middle, though there are many thousands of acres in various parts of it of good arable land. What has often been said of Oregon as a whole, may be said in truth of a large portion of the upper country, viz., that "it is an extensive barren waste, capable of supporting but a very small number of inhabitants."

But this remark will only apply to the upper region of this vast territory. To apply it to that part of Oregon extending from the Blue Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, would be doing the country great injustice. For instead of this being the case, it is the opinion of those who have been longest in the country, and who consequently know best what the resources of the country are, that this portion of Oregon is capable of sustaining as large a population as all of the New England States. In fact, the natural resources of this country are great, and it is only necessary for them to be known, to be duly appreciated.

It is only necessary to present one single circumstance to show what the country would be capable of doing, provided it was filled with an industrious population. It will be borne in mind that in the fall of 1843 an emigration arrived in the country numbering from eight to ten hundred persons. But few of these raised anything by farming, towards their support, the first year. In the fall of 1844 another emigration, equal to the former, arrived, and all those persons, numbering at least 1800, with the former population, which was about equal to the two emigrations, depended upon the products of 1844 for subsistence until the harvest of 1845. Probably not more than one fourth of the entire population cultivated the land in 1844, yet they were all supported from the granaries of the country; fifteen thousand bushels of wheat were shipped to the Russian settlements; one thousand barrels of flour were exported to the Sandwich Islands; and thousands of bushels yet remained on hand, before the abundant harvest of 1845 was gathered in. With these facts in view,

it does not require much foresight to see that Oregon *can* and *will* compete with any other portion of the world in supplying the islands of the Pacific, the Russian settlements, and every other flour market contiguous, with bread stuffs at as low a rate as can reasonably be desired. In connection with this it may be remarked that pork and beef, of an excellent quality, can be raised in this country with greater ease and facility even than wheat. And the climate being favorable for curing them, the time is not far distant, when these articles will also be exported in abundance.

Already there are many settlers in the country who have from two hundred to five hundred head of cattle, and it is not an uncommon thing for a man to be the owner of one hundred hogs. At present, however, from the great influx of population, these kinds of property bear a high price in the country, but the time may be anticipated when the home market will not be so extensive, and the vast supplies from this quarter must find an outlet.

As in many portions of the country, spruce, fir and pine timber abound, and as there are many water-falls, which afford excellent hydraulic privileges, the facilities for procuring timber in the country are abundant. Already considerable quantities of lumber are exported annually. It should also be observed that salmon in any quantity, and of the very best quality, may be yearly barrelled, which, with the products of dairies, that the country offers the greatest facilities for conducting, in addition to what has already been said concerning the products of the country, is sufficient to show that the exports of Oregon, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, *may* equal those of most other countries.

There are but few countries in which a poor man can place himself above want, with greater facility than in this. This is the testimony of every one that settles in the country. But every country has its defects, and this certainly is not free from them.

It is not the garden of Eden, nor is it a barren desert. It does not "flow with honey" like the land of Canaan, but in some places it literally abounds in milk. And though it is not "a land of wine," yet in the more necessary articles of "corn and oil" it greatly abounds.

Though gold and silver are not yet found in the rich veins of the earth, nor in great abundance in many coffers, yet a competency of whatever is necessary, is always awarded to industry and economy.

That it is a land of mountains and valleys, of rivers and streams, of mighty forests and extended prairies, of a salubrious climate, and a rich and fertile soil, the foregoing remarks will sufficiently show. And in summing up the character of the country, it may be said to be not the *best* country in the world, but it is well entitled to be called a *good* country.

THE BRITISH UNICORN.

"MR. PUNCH,

"You have made my companion, the British Lion, very popular; can you do nothing for me? Understand, I shall be well content with half the notoriety you have bestowed upon my leonine friend; for certainly, since you have signalized him by your notice—since you have drawn him from the obscurity of the National Arms, and discussed the length of his mane and tail, the sharpness of his teeth and claws, and the various modu-

lations of his roar—the poor beast has been worked and belabored more than any costermonger's donkey. 'T will not surprise me, soon, to see the British Lion advertised as peculiarly fitted for 'the most timid lady.' Certainly, timid gentlemen, who might pass for ladies, have of late ridden him hard enough. I much question whether the Culling Smiths, the Sibthorpes, and the Plumptues, are not—for their sharp taskwork inflicted on the British Lion—obnoxious to an information for cruelty to animals. However, to my own case.

"I am a modest brute; so modest, that I have suffered all sorts of scholars and philosophers—men who take the universe to bits and put it together again, like a child's puzzle—to question even my existence. By some I have been called the Indian ass; by others the rhinoceros; and all these presumptuous men have flatly denied my right to the graceful form made familiar by the royal arms to every true-born Briton. But, sir, patience has its limits. Trodden worms will turn; and—it will be found—outraged unicorns will gore.

"Nevertheless, for myself, I could still endure the contempt and slander of the world with perfect indifference. Yes, sir: I could hear my companion, the British Lion, praised for his courage, his magnanimity, an very other after-dinner virtue—(though, between ourselves, I have known him guilty of certain rogueries and fooleries more worthy of the British fox and the British goose; only lions, by virtue of their claws, are privileged as occasional knaves and simpletons)—I say, I could, unmoved, listen to his praises—unmoved as one opera-singer hears the applauding fame of another, (my frequent position over the proscenium has familiarized me with all play-house virtues,) were I alone concerned. But, sir, consider; if I am called a fabulous beast, a fictitious nonentity, a thing that never had a place in the ark, what a rebellious insult is thereby cast upon the Royal Escutcheon! The Lion is a terrible verity, says the world, and with his truthful strength, his awful looks, supports and watches the Royal Shield; but the Unicorn is a nondescript nincompoop: a fib upon four legs: at the very best, a horned flam! Now, I ask it, is not this opinion treasonous? Does it not make the Royal Arms lopsided? On the right they are supported by leonine power; on the left by a worse than nothing—by a fiction! Now, sir, will you urge Lord George Bentinck to move for a committee to inquire into the truth of the existence of the British Unicorn? I suggest Lord George, because, as I am more than half equine, the inquiry could be best carried out by his stable mind. Did I really feel myself the ass that some naturalists have written me down, I could name other honorable members of the honorable house as being peculiarly fitted for the investigation.

"And in the mean time, *Mr. Punch*, do think of me. Let me not suffer for my long endurance. Folks must be tired of the roar of the British Lion; therefore, do now and then say something about the honor of the British Unicorn. For I put it to you, whether it is not too bad that I should bear half the weight of the Royal Shield, and the Lion monopolize all the glory? Besides, the British Lion, for a time at least, has had his day; therefore, do justice to his long-silent and long-suffering companion,

"THE BRITISH UNICORN."

SYDNEY SMITH A FLAGIARIST.

[In order to show that the sincere scorn and horror, with which this most original wit regarded repudiation, was consistent with something like it in his own practice, we copy the conclusion of a review by the Christian Observer, showing, first, that he could appropriate the writings of other men without acknowledgment—and secondly, and this is more important, that he held a high and lucrative office in a church whose doctrines he did not believe. The first fault we could readily forgive, as he *did better* than preach his own sermons; but Sir Roger de Coverley would not have excused the other.]

SYDNEY SMITH again! Yes; we have not quite done with him. In our last number we took up his posthumous sermons wet from the press; and as we did not suppose that our readers would anxiously wish to possess themselves of the book, we thought we should meet their convenience, and perhaps sufficiently satisfy their curiosity, by a selection of extracts. It seemed also desirable to provide a caution against the always defective, and often grossly erroneous, doctrines and the

1809.

"Those who have not strength of character to deviate *materially* from the customs of the world in the patronage of folly, and estimation of vice, need not go all lengths; some scanty limits, some feeble shame they may still preserve."

This is a singular specimen of *ne-quid-nimis* advice. He would not have persons either too good or too bad. He is far from being so harsh as to require the ungodly "to deviate materially" from their vain and vicious customs, or "to keep themselves unspotted from the world;" but "they need not go all lengths" in wickedness; they should retain some regard to respectability of character. On the other hand, he would not have the godly too zealously occupied "with sacred things," but would that they should be decently "conformed to this world," and even "give way a little more than their strict judgment may approve."

In the critique in 1809 our reviewer showed that Sydney Smith had imitated some peculiarities in the style of Jeremy Taylor; and expressed a suspicion that he had "dipped deeply into a little volume of Selections from the Works of Taylor, Hooker, Hall, and Bacon, by Basil Montague;" and in writing the paper last month, some of the titles and contents of the sermons sounded to us rather familiarly; but it did not occur to us, penning our first thoughts as we cut open the fresh pages, to look into the matter. It is due, however, to our readers and the public, that we should not pass it over; and the editor of this posthumous volume will doubtless be vexed with himself for having ushered into the world, as the original compositions of his friend, much that is borrowed;—how much, we have not ascertained; having only compared a few of the sermons with those of Dr. Barrow: though, from internal evidence, we suspect that the larceny is very extensive, and from several authors. Sydney Smith acted prudently in not following the advice of the Times News-
paper:

pernicious principles, upon which the work is based, before it comes generally into circulation.

There was, however, one point upon which we did not touch, and which we had no right even to hint at, unless we were prepared to verify any remark which we might let fall; namely, how far Sydney Smith—most original as Peter Plymley and an Edinburgh Reviewer—was also original as a writer of discourses for the pulpit.

In the year 1843, the conductors of the Times Newspaper recommended our reverend author to publish a volume of his sermons. They were not aware that the facetious canon did perpetrate that enormity in the year 1809; and we took occasion (Christ. Observ. 1843, p. 800) to furnish from our review of the old discourses some anticipations of what the new ones suggested by the Times might be likely to contain; and the prediction has been fulfilled; as for instance, in regard to his constant ravings against "enthusiasm" as the great vice of the age; his dread of being "righteous over much; and what we called his *ne quid nimis* advice, of which we will lay side by side two specimens from the volumes of 1809 and 1846.

1846.

"Do not wage war against the innocent pleasures of life; give way a little more than your strict judgment may approve, rather than alarm others by an air of austerity and needless denial; and above all things do not fall into the fatal mistake of attempting to rack the human mind to too high a pitch of enthusiasm, and to make men occupy themselves more with sacred things than the nature of the mind will admit of, or the condition of human life allow."

per: unless at least he had been more careful in his selections than his friend has been for him.

It is not necessary that we should here discuss the question, under what circumstances, and to what extent, it is desirable or lawful for a clergyman to copy, adapt, digest, or abridge, the writings of other divines in the composition of his discourses for the pulpit. But there can be no doubt that adequate care should be taken not to put into print after his death, as his own, what was not so; and in the case of Sydney Smith, whose celebrity as an author, and in former days as a preacher, was very great, his hearers or readers would scarcely suspect that his discourses from the pulpit were not his own productions, as much as the Peter Plymley Letters; and would feel, when the substitution was discovered, that their credulity had been practised upon;—and what is more painful, that much which raised the writer in their estimation as a divine and a Christian, was not his rightful property.

We confessed ourselves last month very much puzzled in reading these discourses, on account of their manifest inequality, not to say inconsistency, in doctrinal and practical statements. Our readers must have thought that we wrote in a vague and vacillating manner, as in truth we did; for sometimes we described him as saying nothing but what an Arian, and, we might add, a Socinian, might have penned; degrading Christianity into mere practical good sense in attending to the external social duties of life; and writing as though all the doctrines of the Gospel were despicable cant; yet at others putting forth sentiments which embodied many of its essential principles. The inconsistency was not ours, but the author's; who,

in laying hold of the good things of other men, does not always succeed in deteriorating them to his own standard. When our readers shall have perused the passages which we are about to quote from these discourses, side by side with extracts from those of Dr. Isaac Barrow, they will be able to account for the perplexity under which we wrote last month; as for instance at p. 294, where, having spoken of the genuine Sydney Smith, we added:

"We are far from saying that in this volume there is nothing which rises above this manner of address. On the contrary, we have been pleasantly surprised at much that is contained in these sermons, which ever and anon advance into the territories of religion to an extent which was not to be predicted from the ordinary style of Sydney Smith's Reviews, Plymley Letters, popular pamphlets, and, we may add, colloquial intercourse. There is a recognition of various truths of the Gospel which might have surprised some of the author's Holland-House acquaintance, and led them to ask whether their facetious friend had become a fanatic. In truth there is some discrepancy, or inconsistency, which it is not easy to reconcile."

The reconciliation is now to our minds easy enough. Sydney Smith paid no attention to theological study; he was not a diligent reader of the word of God, as is evinced by his strange blunders in reference and quotation; he had no doctrinal system, except that of having none; he had no taste for writing sermons;—we mean discourses for the pulpit, embodying Christian doctrines and precepts, as distinguished from mere essays upon human life and manners;—no understanding of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as the power of God unto salvation; or if he understood it as a matter of theory, he was apparently skeptical in regard to it. Everything approaching to true religion in the heart, and evinced in the life, he scoffed at as rant and fanaticism; and, whether from distaste, or from a consciousness that divinity was not within the range of his attainments, he evidently eschewed it; so that wherever we find any remark in his discourses of a more than usually doctrinal character—the doctrine being sound—we strongly suspect that it is borrowed.

Our task will now be to exhibit a few specimens of Sydney Smith's obligations to Dr. Barrow, confining our collation to that one writer, and to three of our author's discourses.

The first which we select for notice, is that entitled "The Excellency of the Christian Gospel," from Philippians iii. 8: "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." On this sermon we remarked last month:

"One solution which has occurred to us of the seeming discrepancy in his sermons is, that in speaking of the Gospel, or its essential peculiarities, (so far as he touches upon them,) he does so in an extenuated sense; meaning little more by the Gospel than a code of moral conduct. He would keep down everything to this, so as to prevent what he calls enthusiasm. The proof of our remark is rather to be gathered from the general strain of his discourses, and from what they do not include, than from particular passages which may be briefly quoted. As an illustration, however, we will give some account of the sermon entitled, 'The Excellency of the Christian Gospel;' from that glowing declaration of the Apostle

Paul: 'Yea doubtless; and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' If there is any text in the Bible which exhibits what Canon Smith would have considered 'enthusiasm,' it is this; yet he manages to take the glow from it; by confining the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus to the social benefits conferred by the Gospel—its effects upon our temporal concerns. We say he confines it to this; for though what he predicates of it does not necessarily exclude something else not predicated; yet that something else, though the highest object of the Gospel, is not touched upon by him; the inferior, the secular, blessing engrosses all his attention; he does not intimate that St. Paul referred to anything higher: and he forbears to give the Apostle's own reason why he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ—not because of its excellent effects upon our temporal concerns; but because it is 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' We know that in offering these remarks, we subject ourselves to rebuke, as though we wished unfairly to lower the tone of the volume. We only wish to speak the words of truth; our desire would be to give to every passage the highest spiritual construction which it is able to bear; but if we find ourselves limited in one page by what we read in another, what can we do, as honest men, but state what appears to us to be the actual result of the whole? When we meet, for instance, with the words gospel, redemption, and salvation, we should not be justified in giving to them a meaning which Canon Smith would have deemed 'enthusiastic;' and then palming this meaning upon him.

"But let us see how the sermon on 'The Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ,' bears out our estimate. The reader should weigh each sentence in the balance of the sanctuary to ascertain the momentum of the whole. In the very first line, for example, 'the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord,' is called 'This eulogium upon our blessed religion.' Here at once 'Christ Jesus' is made a sort of abstraction for 'religion;' and all that relates to the Redeemer in his Person and Offices is quietly but effectually set aside. Try the experiment with another of the Apostle Paul's declarations respecting 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' He says, 'I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' Is this 'enthusiastic?' The 'pious Apostle' (as Sydney Smith terms him) gloried in Christ; counted all loss for Christ; knew 'Whom he had believed;' not merely *what* he had believed; not simply 'our blessed religion;' but its divine Author, our prophet, priest, king; who is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; whom having not seen, we love; in whom though now we see him not, yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

After these remarks, we gave illustrative extracts; but expressed ourselves much puzzled to understand how the merely secular or temporal benefits of religion could be accounted "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus;" and after quoting Sydney Smith's account of the "advantages of religion," we added that "The pious Apostle (as the canon calls him) would not have known his own words in this free paraphrase."

The solution is now evident to us. This discourse upon Philippians iii. 8, is copied from one

of Barrow's, entitled "The Profitableness of Godliness," from 1 Tim. iv. 8, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Barrow's line of argument was striking and appropriate; namely, to show that even as concerns the life that now is, "Godliness is profitable;" but it becomes almost nonsense when made to illustrate quite another passage; a passage of as apparently opposite a character as was consistent with both being true; for in Philippians iii. the Apostle is speaking not of "the temporal advantages of Christianity," but of the severe trials which had befallen him in this life for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, for whom he counted all things but loss; but, walking by faith and not by sight, he consoled himself for his present secular disadvantages, by a realization of the countervailing value of spiritual and eternal blessings. (See verses 9—11, and 20, 21.) Sydney Smith had better have adopted the satirical suggestion of another facetious prebendary, one Laurence Sterne, who advised clergymen, when they were at a loss

for a text that suited their sermon, to choose "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia;" which had Sydney Smith done, though his text would have been irrelevant, he would not have needed to turn it inside out.

To show fully the extent of Canon Smith's obligations to Dr. Barrow in this discourse, we should be obliged to quote the whole; but a few paragraphs will suffice as a specimen. The sermon was preached at the Cathedral of St. Paul; so that, not only in addressing his village congregation, but in the few discourses which it was his duty to deliver in the Metropolitan church, in return for the large emoluments of his canonry, he did not deem it worth his while to think out a topic on so dry a subject as divinity; but was content to mangle one of Dr. Barrow's sermons—the second of the first volume; as if his balloon alighted upon almost the first which presented itself. His reply, in his off-hand manner, would perhaps be, "Oh, I took the second, because I had already used the first."

DR. BARROW.

"It hath been ever a main obstruction to the practice of piety, that it hath been taken for no friend, or rather for an enemy to profit; as both unprofitable and prejudicial to its followers: and many semblances there are countenancing that opinion. For religion seemeth to smother or to slacken the industry and alacrity of men in following profit many ways: by charging them to be content with a little, and careful for nothing; by diverting their affections and cares from worldly affairs to matters of another nature, place, and time; prescribing in the first place to seek things spiritual, heavenly, and future; by disparaging all secular wealth, as a thing, in comparison to virtue and spiritual goods, very mean and inconsiderable; by checking greedy desires and aspiring thoughts after it; by debarring the most ready ways of getting it (violence, exaction, fraud, and flattery); yea, straitening the best ways, eager care and diligence, by commending strict justice in all cases, and always taking part with conscience when it clasheth with interest."

"For voiding which prejudices, and the recommendation of St. Paul's project, I shall, as I said, propose some of those innumerable advantages, by considering which the immense profitableness of piety will appear."

"First, then, we may consider, that piety is exceedingly useful for all sorts of men, in all capacities, all states, all relations; fitting and disposing them to manage all their respective concerns, to discharge all their peculiar duties, in a proper, just and decent manner. It rendereth all superiors equal and moderate in their administrations; mild, courteous, and affable in their converse; benign and condescending in all their demeanor toward their inferiors."

"It is therefore the concernment of all men, who, as the Psalmist speaketh, desire to live well, and would fain see good days: it is the special interest of great persons, (of the magistracy, the nobility, the gentry, of all persons that have any considerable interest in the world,) who would safely and sweetly enjoy their dignity, power, or wealth, by all means to protect and promote piety, as the best instrument of their security, and undisturbedly enjoying the accommodations of their state. 'T is in all respects their best wisdom and policy;

SYDNEY SMITH.

"It has ever been one of the principal obstructions to Christianity, that it has been considered as unfriendly to worldly advantages, for Christianity seems to smother and slacken the industry of men, by charging them to be content with a little; by disparaging secular wealth, and praising spiritual feeling; by debarring men of what seems to be the readiest instruments of profit—violence, exaction, fraud, and flattery, and by limiting the use even of those instruments which are good—care, vigilance, and dexterity; by paring away the licentious use of wealth, and always taking part with conscience whenever it clashes with interest."

"For a remedy to these prejudices, and for a justification of the assertion contained in my text, I shall mention some of those worldly advantages, both general and particular, which render apparent the excellence of the Christian religion."

"First, then, it appears that the Gospel is exceedingly useful for all sorts of men, in all capacities, states, and relations; inasmuch as it disposes them to manage all their respective concerns, and discharge all their peculiar duties, in a proper, just, and decent manner. It renders superiors equal and moderate in command, mild in conversation, and benign in demeanor."

"It is, therefore, the concern of all men who (as the Psalmist says) desire to live well, and would fain see good days—of all who have any considerable interest in the world, to consider the Gospel (independently of all other considerations) as the best instrument of their security, and the undisturbed enjoyment of the accommodations of their state. It is in all respects, then, the best wisdom and policy; that which will as well preserve their outward state here, as save their souls hereafter. All the arts and tricks, all the sleights

DR. BARROW.

that which will as well preserve their outward state here, as satisfy their consciences within, and save their souls hereafter. All the Machiavelian arts and tricks, all the sleights and fetches of worldly craft, do signify nothing in comparison to this one plain and easy way of securing and furthering their interests."

"If, then, it be a gross absurdity to desire the fruits, and not to take care of the root, not to cultivate the stock whence they sprout; if every prince gladly would have his subjects loyal and obedient, every master would have his servants honest, diligent, and observant, every parent would have his children officious and grateful, every man would have his friend faithful and kind, every one would have those just and sincere, with whom he doth negotiate or converse; if any one would choose to be related to such, and would esteem their relation a happiness; then consequently should every man in reason strive to further piety, from whence alone these good dispositions and practices do proceed."

"Is a man prosperous, high, or wealthy in condition? Piety guardeth him from all the mischiefs incident to that state, and disposeth him to enjoy the best advantages thereof. It keepeth him from being swelled and puffed up with vain conceit, from being transported with fond complacency or confidence therein; minding him, that it is purely the gift of God; that it absolutely dependeth on his disposal, so that it may soon be taken from him; and that he cannot otherwise than by humility, by gratitude, by the good use of it, be secure to retain it; minding him also, that he shall assuredly be forced to render a strict account concerning the good management thereof. It preserveth him from being perverted or corrupted with the temptations to which that condition is most liable; from luxury, from sloth, from stupidity, from forgetfulness of God, and of himself; maintaining among the floods of plenty a sober and steady mind."

The discourse continues in the same manner; but we have quoted enough. But much of the best of Barrow's matter is omitted. We will give an illustration from another sermon.

DR. BARROW.

"On the duty of Prayer.

"1 Thess. v. 17.—Pray without ceasing.

"It is the manner of St. Paul in his Epistles, after that he hath discussed some main points of doctrine or discipline, (which occasion required that he should clear and settle,) to propose several good advices and rules, in the observance whereof the life of Christian practice doth consist. These he rangeth not in any formal method, nor linketh together with strict connexion, but freely scattereth them, so as from his mind (as out of a fertile soil, impregnated with all seeds of wisdom and goodness,) they did aptly spring up, or as they were suggested by that Holy Spirit which continually guided and governed them."

"*Pray without ceasing.* For understanding these words, let us first consider what is meant by the act enjoined, *praying*; then what the qualification or circumstance adjoined, *without ceasing*, doth import.

"The word *prayer* doth, in its usual latitude of acceptation, comprehend all sorts of devotion * * It includeth that praise which we should yield to God, implying our due esteem of his most excellent

SYDNEY SMITH.

and resources of worldly cunning, signify nothing in comparison of this one plain, easy way, of securing and promoting our interest; it is so excellent even in this point of view, that but for it, all things would be lost."

"If, then, it is the greatest of all follies to covet the fruit, and not cultivate the stock from whence it springs—if a ruler would have his subjects loyal, if a master would have his servants observant, if a parent would have his children grateful, if a man would have his friend faithful—if every one would have those with whom they converse just and sincere—if to bear any relation to men of this stamp be happiness, then is the Gospel most excellent, even in this world, for from the Gospel do these good dispositions and sound practices ever proceed."

"If a man be prosperous and wealthy in condition, the Gospel guards him from all mischief incident to that state, and while it disposes him to enjoy its best advantages, it keeps him from being swelled with conceit, and transported with fond complacency in his fortune. It reminds him that his lot is the gift of God, that it depends upon His disposal, that it may be soon taken away from him, and that he cannot otherwise than by humility and gratitude, and by the good use of it, be sure to retain it. It preserves him from luxury, sloth, forgetfulness of God and himself; it maintains among the floods of plenty a sober mind."

SYDNEY SMITH.

"On the necessity of Prayer.

"1 Thess. v. 17.—Pray without ceasing.

"It is the manner of St. Paul in his Epistles, after he has discussed doctrines, to propose rules, in the observance of which the life of a Christian consists: these he ranges not in any formal manner, but freely scatters them as they are suggested by the Holy Spirit which guided him."

"*Pray without ceasing!* For understanding these words I will first consider what is meant by praying, then what is meant by the qualification adjoined, of praying without ceasing.

"The word *prayer* in its usual meaning, comprehends every sort of devotion. It includes the praise we yield to God, implying our admiration of his perfections, of his works, of the wise dispen-

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perfections, most glorious works, most just and wise dispensations of providence and grace; that thanksgiving whereby we should express an affectionate presentment of our obligation to him for the numberless great benefits we receive from him; that acknowledgment of our entire dependence upon him, or our total subjection to his power and pleasure; together with that profession of faith in him, and avowing of service to him, which we do owe as his natural creatures and subjects; that humble confession of our infirmity, our vileness, our guilt, our misery, (joined with deprecation of wrath and vengeance,) which is due from us as wretched men, and grievous sinners; that petition of things needful or convenient for us, of supply in our wants, of succor and comfort in our distresses, of direction and assistance in our understandings, of mercy and pardon for our offences * * * * All these religious performances, prayer, in its larger notion, doth comprise; according whereto in common use, the whole body of divine service, containing all such acts, is termed *prayer*; and temples, consecrated to the performance of all holy duties, are styled *houses of prayer*."

"*Praying incessantly* may import the maintaining in our souls a ready disposition or habitual inclination to devotion; that which in Scripture is termed *the spirit of supplication*. This, in moral esteem, and according to current language derived thence, amounteth to a continual practice; a man being reckoned and said to do that, to which he is ever prompt and propense; as it is said of the righteous man, that *he is ever merciful and lendeth*, because he is constantly disposed to supply his neighbor with needful relief; although he doth not ever actually dispense alms, or furnish his neighbor with supplies for his necessity. *My heart*, said David, *is fixed; I will sing and give praise: fixed*, that is, readily prepared, and steadily inclined to devotion. So should ours constantly be. If there be (from stupidity of mind, from coldness of affection, from sluggishness of spirit, from worldly distraction) any indisposition or averseness thereto, we should, by serious consideration and industrious care, labor to remove them; rousing our spirits, and kindling in our affections some fervency of desire toward spiritual things."

"*Praying incessantly* may denote a vigilant attendance (with earnest regard, and firm purpose) employed upon devotion: such attendance as men usually bestow on their affairs, whereof although the actual prosecution sometimes doth stick, yet the design continually proceedeth; * * * as we say that such an one is building a house, is writing a book, is occupying such land, although he is at present sleeping, or eating, or following any other business; because his main design never sleepeth, and his purpose continues uninterrupted. This is that which is so often enjoined under the phrase of *watching about prayer*. *Watch ye therefore, and pray always*, saith our Lord. *Continue in prayer, and watch in the same*, said St. Paul. *Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer*, saith St. Peter. Which expressions import a most constant and careful attendance upon this duty; that we do not make it a matter of small consideration or indifference, of curiosity, of chance, to be transacted drowsily or faintly, with a desultory and slight endeavor, by fits as the humor taketh us; but that, accounting it a business of the choicest nature and weightiest moment, we do adhere thereto

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sessions of his providence and grace; it includes that thanksgiving by which we express an affectionate remembrance of our obligations to God for numberless benefits; it includes acknowledgment of entire dependence, of subjection to his power and pleasure; it includes possession of faith, and avowal of service; it includes humble acknowledgment of guilt and misery due from grievous sinners. We must ask in prayer supply for our wants, succor for our distress, direction for our undertaking, pardon for our offences. All these religious performances prayer comprises; according to which, our whole body of divine service is called prayer, and temples consecrated to the performance of all holy duties, are called houses of prayer."

"*Praying incessantly* may mean, a ready disposition to devotion, that which in Scripture is termed the spirit of supplication: this in common language amounts to a continual practice, a man being said to do that to which he is ever prompt, as it is said of the righteous man that 'he is ever merciful, and lendeth;' because he is constantly ready to supply his neighbor with needful relief. 'My heart,' says David, 'is fixed: I will sing and give praise;' fixed—that is, readily prepared, and steadily inclined to devotion. So should ours constantly be! If there be from coldness, from sluggishness, from distraction, any aversion to prayer, we should by consideration and care labor to remove them, rousing in our spirits, and kindling in our affections, fervor towards spiritual things."

"*Praying incessantly* may denote a vigilant attendance with an earnest regard and firm purpose employed upon devotion: such attendance as you bestow in your affairs, where, though the prosecution sometimes stops, the design always proceeds; as we say that such a person is building an house, or writing a book, or occupying land, though he is at the moment following some other business, his main design never sleeps, and his purpose continues uninterrupted. This is that which is so often enjoined under the phrase of *watching about prayer*. 'Watch ye, therefore, and pray,' says our Lord. 'Continue in prayer, and watch in the same,' saith St. Paul. 'Be ye sober, and watch in prayer,' saith St. Peter. Which expressions import constant and careful attendance upon this duty, that we do not make it a matter of small consideration or indifference, of curiosity, or chance, to be transacted faintly, and with slight endeavor, just as the humor takes you; but that, accounting it a business of choice nature, and weighty moment, you adhere to it immovably, regard it without distraction, and pursue it with diligence unwearied."

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with unmovable purpose; regard it with undistracted attention, pursue it with unwearied diligence."

"*Praying incessantly* may signify, that we do actually embrace all fit seasons and emergent occasions of devotion. This in moral computation doth pass for continual performance: as a tree is said to bear that fruit which it produceth in the season; and a man is accounted to work in that trade, which he exerciseth whenever he is called thereto. The sense is, in several precepts parallel to that in hand, plainly expressed. *Pray*, saith St. Paul, *with all prayer and supplication*.

"*Every one* (saith the Psalmist) *that is godly will pray unto thee in a time when thou mayst be found.* * * * Thus, when we have received any singular blessing or notable favor from God, when prosperous success hath attended our honest enterprises, when we have been happily rescued from imminent dangers, when we have been supported in difficulties, or relieved in wants and straits; then is it seasonable to render sacrifices of thanksgiving and praise to the God of victory, help, and mercy; to admire and celebrate him, who is our strength and our deliverer, *our faithful refuge in trouble, our fortress and the rock of our salvation.* To omit this piece of devotion, then, is vile ingratitude, or stupid negligence and sloth. In surveying the glorious works of nature, or the strange events of Providence; then is a proper occasion suggested to send up hymns of praise to the power, the wisdom, the goodness of the world's great Creator and Governor."

"When we undertake any business of special moment and difficulty, then it is expedient (wisdom prompting it) to sue for God's aid, to commit our affairs into his hand, to recommend our endeavors to the blessing of him, by whose guidance all things are ordered, without whose concurrence nothing can be effected, upon whose arbitrary disposal all success dependeth. * * * When we do fall into doubts or darknesses, (in the course either of our spiritual or secular affairs,) not knowing what course to steer, or which way to turn ourselves, (a case which, to so blind silly creatures as we are, must often happen,) then doth the time bid us to consult the great Oracle of truth, the mighty Counsellor, the Father of lights, seeking resolution and satisfaction, light and wisdom from him; saying with the Psalmist, 'Shew me thy ways, O Lord, lead me in thy truth, and teach me; for thou art the God of my salvation: Order my steps in thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.'"

"When any storm of danger blustereth about us, perilously threatening, or furiously assailing us with mischief, (so that hardly by our own strength or wit we can hope to evade,) then with the wings of ardent devotion we should fly unto God for shelter and for relief. * * * When also (from ignorance or mistake, from inadvertency, negligence or rashness, from weakness, from wantonness, from presumption) we have transgressed our duty, and incurred sinful guilt; then (for avoiding the consequent danger and vengeance, for unloading our consciences of the burden and discomfort thereof) with humble confession in our mouths and serious contrition in our hearts, we should apply ourselves to the God of mercy, deprecating his wrath, and imploring pardon from him; remembering that promise of St. John, *If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, &c.*"

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"*Praying incessantly* may signify that you embrace all fit seasons for devotion; as a tree is said to bear that fruit which it produces in the season, and a man is accounted to work in that trade which he exercises whenever he is called upon. 'Pray,' says St. Paul, 'in every season.'"

"Every one," says the Psalmist, 'that is godly will pray unto thee when thou mayest be found. My prayer is made unto thee in an acceptable time.' Thus when you have received any singular favor or notable blessing from God, when success has attended your honest enterprises, when you have been happily rescued from danger, when you have been supported in any difficulty or relieved in want, then it is highly seasonable to render sacrifices of thanksgiving to the God of mercy; to celebrate him who is our strength and our deliverer, our faithful refuge in trouble, our fortress, and the rock of our salvation. To omit devotion under such circumstances is base ingratitude or stupid sloth. In surveying the glorious works of nature, or the awful events of Providence—then is a proper occasion to send up hymns to the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the world's Creator and Governor."

"When you undertake any business of special moment and difficulty, then is it expedient to sue for God's aid, to commit your affairs into his hands, to recommend your endeavors to the blessing of Him by whose guidance all things are ordered, without whose consent nothing can be effected, upon whose disposal all success depends. When you fall into doubt and darkness, not knowing what course to steer, or which way to turn, (and to which of you all, does not this sometimes happen?) then is the time also to consult the great oracle of truth, the mighty counsellor, the Father of lights, and saying with the Psalmist, 'Show me thy ways, oh Lord! lead me in thy truth, and teach me, for thou art the God of my salvation. Order my steps in thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.'"

"When any storm of danger threatens, then on the wings of ardent devotion you should fly to God for shelter and relief. When any strong temptation invades you, which by your own strength you cannot grapple, but are likely to sink under it, then is it needful that you should seek from God a supply of spiritual force and the succor of Almighty grace. When from ignorance, or mistake, or rashness, you have transgressed your duty and incurred guilt, then for turning away vengeance and for disburthening your conscience, with humble confession in your mouth, and serious contrition in your heart, you should apply yourself to the God of mercy; deprecating his wrath, and imploring pardon from him. 'If you confess your sins, he is faithful and just to forgive you your sins,' &c."

We again presume that the above will suffice as a specimen of Sydney Smith's borrowings and mutilations. His discourse is not an honest digest, making the matter his own; but (in a man so able in composition) either sheer idle larceny, or an indication of consciousness that he could not write on the subject to any good purpose. He is too lazy even to take a reasonable portion of what he pillages; for the whole of his discourse may be read in ten minutes; a very meagre repast for a congregation hungering for the bread of life. It was evident he loved not his employment, and took very little pains in it.

We leave our readers to compare these extracts for themselves. It will be seen that some passages which last month we said surprised us from the pen of Sydney Smith—such, for instance, as that above-cited, where he speaks of the Holy Spirit as guiding the Apostle; and another a few lines after the last extract, where he urges his auditors "Not to quench or damp any sparks of devout affection kindled by the Divine Spirit,"—are mere quotations from Barrow, and not the suggestion of his own thoughts. We much doubt whether in any passage the essential peculiarities of the doctrines of Jesus Christ were referred to spontaneously and heartily by him; though he might endure some reference to them in copying a sermon, as he did in the Church Service, in condescension to the weakness of "fanatics."

The Sermon entitled "Upright Walking sure Walking," from Psalm x. 9, is so notoriously one of Barrow's, and the heading is so conspicuous, that it indicated a great defect of recollection in us last month that we did not recognize it at the first glance. Extracts would be superfluous. It is Barrow's, as those above mentioned are;—not the full feast of that munificent purveyor, but a few scraps of his dainties, and the washings of his dishes.

How far the same system is pursued with respect to other authors, or to Barrow himself, we have already said that we have not examined; for to do so might require us to refer to hundreds of volumes; and with no certainty at last that we had tracked all his sources. We feel quite sure that many passages or discourses are borrowed; they have not the native turn of Sydney Smith's mind; and in various places we seem to have reminiscences of having read them in substance elsewhere. We conjecture that the preacher's habit was very much to limit the original working out and composition of sermons, to those cases in which he had some passing and favorite topic to dilate upon; and to content himself in regard to the ordinary subjects of pastoral instruction with giving to his auditors what cost him least.

We survey such a volume as this with pain. What might a man, gifted as Sydney Smith was, have been as a preacher of Christ's holy gospel, had he understood and felt it in its real character; had it been the joy of his heart; and had he determined, by God's grace, not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified; setting forth his salvation as the only remedy for the sins and the sorrows of a guilty world? There might have been peculiarity of manner; he might

have been as original as an evangelical instructor, as he was as a political satirist;—every man has his gift—and it is not necessary or desirable to drill all the ministers of Christ into a platoon uniformity of topics or style; but the characteristics of the Gospel are unchangeable; its essential features must ever be kept in distinct prominence; and never must the preacher overlook man's desolate and degraded condition by reason of the fall; the work of the Holy and undivided Trinity in his recovery; the Father giving his Son as a ransom for lost mankind; the Son undertaking and completing the mighty task; the Holy Spirit enlightening, regenerating, and purifying the soul; justification by faith, which receives the Redeemer, as made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; and the heavenly graces divinely implanted in the heart of the believer, and evinced, as the necessary fruits of faith, in a holy and spiritual life. Such was not the character of Sydney Smith's preaching; he did not recognize such principles, or look for such effects; and he would have scoffed at any man as a fanatic who should set forth the Gospel after this fashion. But if it be anything, it is this; if it is not "a cunningly devised fable," it is "the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth." There is no middle course consistent with Scripture, or the documents of the Anglican confession; and those who declare that they believe themselves moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them the office of a Gospel minister, and upon that declaration are admitted thereto, but when admitted become mere lecturers in good morals or good manners, abuse their trust, and are answerable for "the blood of souls." Whether Sydney Smith seriously considered his responsibility in this awful light, and acted upon it, was a question between him and his God; but his published sermons are before the world, and we dare not assert that they bear evidence that such were his views; or that he had duly weighed the solemn declaration of St. Paul, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

COAL GAS LIGHTING IN CHINA.—Whether, or to what extent, the Chinese artificially produce illuminating gas from bituminous coal we are uncertain. But it is a fact that spontaneous jets of gas, derived from boring into coal beds, have for centuries been burning, and turned to that and other economical purposes. If the Chinese are not manufacturers, they are, nevertheless, gas consumers and employers on a large scale; and have evidently been so ages before the knowledge of its application was acquired by Europeans. Beds of coal are frequently pierced by the borers for salt water; and the inflammable gas is forced up in jets, twenty or thirty feet in height. From these fountains the vapor has been conveyed to the salt-works in pipes, and there used for the boiling and evaporation of the salt. Other tubes convey the gas intended for lighting the streets, and the larger apartments and kitchens. As there is still more gas than is required, the excess is conducted beyond the limits of the salt-works, and there forms separate chimneys or columns of fire.

From the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Anecdotes of Dogs. By EDWARD JESSE, Esq. 4to.

IN very ancient times, we do not at present recollect the exact country—but there was once a dragon that fell deeply in love with a very beautiful young lady, whom he had seen when he went in disguise to her father's court, for in those early periods of the world it did not seem unusual for dragons and princesses to fall in love with one another. Now this young lady, who was the daughter of the king of the country, had the misfortune to be blind from her birth; but, notwithstanding, her eyes were so bright that no one could possibly suspect the defect, and, so carefully was the secret kept by the strict command of the king and queen, her august and afflicted parents, that it would probably have remained unknown to this day, had not a favorite *dog* of the princess accidentally sitting by her on the sofa, as she was helping herself to a small plate of minced veal;—but we are afraid that if we begin our history of *dogs* so far back, not only may the further details appear somewhat too redundant and copious, but, besides, we shall deprive ourselves of the power of mentioning the more authentic anecdotes given by Mr. Jesse of the canine species in the excellent, interesting, and instructive volume before us—for Mr. Jesse has most judiciously made his book a repository of *facts*, and has neither bewildered himself nor his readers in an endless maze of metaphysical speculations regarding the *theory* of instinct. Every additional and authenticated fact is a step gained in our knowledge of the animal. We must first know what dogs do, before we can reason as to how they do it. It is not every one who has the opportunity of gaining such acquaintance with the singularities of character here mentioned. We meet everywhere plenty of *sad* dogs and *comical* dogs; but dogs who can think, and talk, and argue, and act, like Christians—these are dogs worth knowing, and a larger acquaintance can be gained among them in this volume than in any other we have ever met with. But to read it with advantage requires, we think, some preparatory education. Thus, to those of our readers who are quite unacquainted with the genus which is called by Linnæus "*Canis*," by Buffon "*Le Chien*," and by English naturalists, as Pennant, Shaw, and others, "*The Dog*," it may be as well to describe it, or perhaps it would be better to refer to the very scientific and learned volumes of the authors we have mentioned; when, after making themselves masters of the description—as *Ordo*, *Ferarum*; *Genus*, *Canis*; *Species*, *Culinarius*, or *Turnspit*—the plan we should devise them to adopt is as follows; when they have mastered the definitions, they should then, in order to understand the internal structure, attend a few mornings at the Hunterian Museum, where Professor Owen will be happy to exhibit them specimens of the various skeletons from that superb collection; and perhaps one or two subsequent days spent attentively with Mr. Gray of the British Museum in inspecting the various skins of the animals in his cases, will suffice for general purposes; after which they will find little difficulty in becoming acquainted with specimens of the living animals in the zoological and other collections. We have only to say, that this is the method we pursued, and so successfully that there is not a single dog mentioned in Mr. Jesse's book that we

are not more or less acquainted with, except, indeed, the "*Irish-Wolf-dog*," and that we should have known had it not been *extinct*.

But, before we give any notices from the volume itself, we may as well mention what are the somewhat extraordinary results of a closer investigation of the peculiar and individual characteristics of dogs, as witnessed and recorded by persons who have devoted much attention to the subject, and who have been equally acute in their observations and accurate and faithful in their record. It appears, then, that there is scarcely a *character* which it has been supposed the human being is alone able to possess, but the dog can also, whether by imitation, by instinct, or intelligence, claim his share.

Thus, a dog is a poulterer; he is a time keeper; a penny postman; a butler. He is a member of the Humane Society; he is a calculator; he possesses imagination; understands hospital practice; is a goal deliverer; a ferryman. He is one of the detective police; a thief-catcher; he carries a lantern by night; he provides dinners; he is a caterer; he is a fireman; he dislikes new married ladies—eschews all brides; he knocks and rings; he peels turnips; he has an antipathy to whips; he is a hypocrite—an imposter; he is a truly excellent person; he likes apples; he calls Mr. Williams by his name; he detects house-breakers; he is given to melancholy; he remembers injuries; he is kind and attentive in sickness; he does not take bribes; he is an undertaker; he will not do other people's work; he comes from Asia, but does not seem inclined to go back; he never tells lies; he takes long tours; he knows those who are descended from the kings of Ireland; he is superior to the generality of mankind; he dislikes parts of the morning service; he does not appear to believe in a future state, &c. &c. Such is the result of the information in the volume before us, where we find an account of twenty species of dogs, consisting of those most remarkable and most interesting; and we must say that there is not a single species described in which Mr. Jesse has not introduced some *new* matter—some additional information regarding their habits, instincts, and peculiarities, which stamp an authentic value on the work, and add another link to the chain of science. On the very disputed subject of the "*Irish wolf-dog*" he has collected, we think, all the information that is available; and the result in our minds agrees with the conclusions of Mr. Scrope, that it is probably the same animal as the original Highland deerhound, the dog described in the chase (p. 84;) and we reluctantly but firmly repudiate the authority of the picture we saw at Mr. Lambert's (now at Lord Derby's,) said to be taken of one of Lord Altamont's breed, as a resemblance of the true animal; and so we told Mr. Lambert at the time.

Some persons have objected to the identity of the Irish and Scotch dogs, on the ground that the latter, in the few specimens still remaining, would not be able to cope with the wolf or master him. Probably not, nor generally would a single foxhound master a fox. The destruction of the wolf was not trusted *alone* to the dog; he was no doubt pursued in Ireland and England formerly, as in France now, by chasseurs with guns, *assisted* by dogs; just as Mr. Scrope describes the system adopted in the deer-stalking. The large wolf-dogs would either retard, or bring the wolf to bay till the hunters came up, or follow and destroy him if

wounded; or a *couple* such dogs as Bran and Boska might possibly attack and overpower him; but no dogs could ever be employed to *destroy* wolves *suis viribus*. In the course of two or three such deadly encounters they must be severely and perhaps fatally maimed, and rendered unable to do further service; and yet writers seem to take for granted that the wolf-dog would destroy wolves, as greyhounds do hares, and upon that argument bestow on it greater size and strength than it probably ever had, *certainly* if it was the same as the Highland deer-hound. When we were in Germany and Switzerland we heard many stories of the Great St. Bernard dogs destroying wolves, but they were too vague to be true; and we once saw at Gex in Switzerland a dog of this breed, that was said to be the largest dog in Europe, and for which large sums had certainly been refused, who we were told by the owner had killed several; but we still maintain our doubts on the subject. The wolf is much more agile and active in its movements than the dog, and could easily evade him; while he has not courage to attack an enemy able to encounter him. This animal has indeed a very strong natural antipathy to the dog; and in the severe winters in Germany it comes into the villages and carries off all the *smaller* dogs it can meet with, while in Russia even the large mastiffs or sheep-hounds are torn to pieces by the wolves if they stray too far from home. Nor could anything be gained in the breed of dogs by *crossing* with the wolf; it would create a restless, cunning, half ferocious, half cowardly, we may call it untamable, animal, instead of the long civilized, long attached, noble, courageous, gentle, and man-loving dog. That in all our menageries and zoological collections no experiments have been made on the various breeds of *wild* dogs, such as those of Andalusia, India, and the Cape, and no attempts to discover whether by domestication they would change their habits, and even fall into different varieties, we much wonder. It would be a rational and curious inquiry, and might throw light on the history of the domesticated dog, and show on what foundation such theories as those of Buffon and others have been built, whether wrong or right.

Were we to extract the new and curious illustrations which in the work have been brought to bear on the instincts and powers of the dog, it would be to transcribe half the volume; therefore all we can do is to give two or three extracts, and leave the rest to the reader's curiosity, which will be amply gratified.

P. 22. "During a very severe frost and snow in Scotland the fowls did not make their appearance at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and no one knew what had become of them. The *house dog* at last entered the kitchen, bearing in his mouth a hen, apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the sagacious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately set off. He soon came again with another, which he deposited in the same place; and so continued, till the whole of the poor birds were recovered. Wandering about the yard, the birds had been benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog, observing them, effected their deliverance."

P. 23. "I have been informed of two instances of dogs having slipped their collars, and put their heads in again, of their own accord, after having committed depredations during the night; and I

have elsewhere mentioned the fact of a dog, now in my possession, who undid the collar of another dog chained to a kennel near him."

P. 48. "At Albany in Worcestershire, at the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The dog usually received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having on one day only neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog, on the arrival of the next mail, buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search."

P. 206. "Mr. Morritt had two terriers of the pepper and mustard breed. These dogs (females) were strongly attached to their excellent master, and he to them. They were mother and daughter, and each produced a litter of puppies at the same time. Mr. Morritt was *severely* ill at the time, and confined to his bed. Fond as these dogs were of their puppies, they had an equal affection to their master; and in order to prove to him that such was the case, they adopted the following expedient:—They conveyed their two litters of puppies to one place, and while one of the mothers remained to suckle and take care of them, the other went into Mr. Morritt's bedroom, and continued there from morning until evening. When evening arrived she went and relieved the other dog, who then came into the bedroom, and remained quietly all night by the side of the bed; and this they continued to do day after day in succession."

P. 210. "A few years ago a *blind* terrier dog was brought from Cashibury Park, near Watford, to Windsor. On arriving at the latter place he became very restless, and took the first opportunity of making his escape, and, *blind* as he was, made his way back to Cashibury, his native place."

P. 227. "A gentleman residing at Worcester, had a favorite spaniel, which he brought with him to London *inside the coach*. After having been in town a day or two he missed the dog, and wrote to acquaint his family at Worcester with the loss. He received an answer informing him that he need not distress himself about *Rose*, as she arrived at Worcester five days after she had been lost in London, but thin and sadly out of condition."

P. 243. "The late Duke of Argyle had a favorite poodle, who was his constant companion. The dog, on the occasion of one of the duke's journeys to Inverary Castle, was, by some mistake, left behind in London. On missing his master, the faithful animal set off in search of him, and made his way into Scotland, and was found early one morning at the gate of the castle. This anecdote is related by the family, and a portrait of the dog is shown."

P. 301. "There is a story of the Bath turnspits, who were in the habit of collecting together in the abbey church of that town during divine service. It is said—but I will not vouch for the truth of the story—that hearing one day the word '*spit*,' which occurred in the lesson for the day, they all ran out of the church in the greatest hurry, evidently associating the word with the task they had to perform."

Probably some other phrases had previously caught the attention of these canes *gulae dediti*, as, "Thou shalt eat it *roast*," &c., or, "Not *roast* with fire;" and perhaps these dogs did not like the frequent repetitions of the word "*concur*," especially as followed by "*concord*." However,

they were evidently very clever, sensible dogs, and knew, as well as the *footmen* do, the proper moment to leave the church.

And now we must reluctantly leave this entertaining and instructive volume. How far the possession of such materials may enable us hereafter, by *induction*, to throw light on the mysterious nature of animal instinct, we cannot say: probably it is altogether out of our reach, a spiritual world unknown to us, and unapproachable. There are strange and singular circumstances we should not have expected connected with it. Perhaps the minds of the animal creation are constructed on different principles from ours, and possessed of quite other means and springs of action. The most wonderful powers are given to the *smallest insects*. What is a dog, or an elephant, the most sagacious of the larger animals, compared to a bee, who has solved a problem in the highest mathematics without possessing a knowledge of the differential calculus, in order to enable her to deposit a drop of honey in a little case? Much difficulty has been thrown round this inquiry from the want of precise terms to express what we really intend to signify when we speak of the faculties of animals. Instinct, intelligence, understanding, reason, are all terms with difficulty admitting strict definition. When we say, on witnessing some remarkable action of an animal, "Surely this is reason!" do we mean that same reason given to man, which makes him a responsible being? If it is answered, "the same in kind, but not in degree," then it is possible that some animal may appear who has passed the limits of the ordinary faculties bestowed on his race, and, improving his *reason*, at last brings it to a comparison with man's; and thus we should have a responsible monkey, or a poodle regulating his actions on the greatest-happiness principle; an Ipswich coach-horse refusing to travel on Sundays, or a Bengal tiger taking during Lent to vegetable food. Or who is to define the exact limits beyond which animal reason is not to go? But if it is allowed that it is not the same in *kind*, then it is not "reason;" and then we have to retrace our steps, and find some other term. We may talk about animals possessing "reason," but with what astonishment and alarm should we not really behold such a phenomenon! Instinct certainly appears sometimes to advance beyond its proper boundaries, and touch upon the line of reason, but as surely it instantly recedes from it.

Ἀνθρώπους δ' οὐ μόνους τῶν ἄλλων ἰσὺν ἔχουσι Ζεὺς.
There are, however, one or two circumstances we should not lose sight of in this inquiry. The question being, When do animals appear to show some quality different from, and superior to, instinct, and which seems to form a part of the *animus rationalis*? Now we think that this variation from the general law is seldom shown in *wild* animals, with the exception of the bee; nor is their instinct able to expand and alter itself sufficiently to meet great and unexpected demands. Every animal is gifted with the power to endeavor to preserve itself from its *natural* enemies—the antelope from the leopard, the swallow from the hawk, the flying-fish from the dolphin. But when, instead of meeting their *natural* enemies, they are opposed to the superior powers and complicated artifices of man, then their instinct does not proportionably advance, as reason would do. We call a hen stupid because, taking out her eggs from her nest, we put some chalk stones in their place, on which she remains brooding in perfect satisfaction. Now there is no stu-

pidity in this, but the fact marks the limits and the intent of instinct in the bird; because no animal, no hawk, no carrion crow, nor any other enemy of hers, would thus change her eggs, and she was not provided by nature with a faculty to meet the philosophical ingenuity of man, endeavoring by these *sleight-of-hand* tricks to investigate the nature and extent of her faculties. The salmon can escape from its natural enemies, the porpoise and dogfish, but cannot distinguish the artificial fly from the natural one. But this shows no want of sagacity in the creature; for the deception of the artificial fly lies *beyond* the boundary of its natural and necessary instinct. Every animal in short is gifted with an instinct sufficient to preserve itself, in accordance with the tenure of life given by the Creator: but no animal can preserve itself from the superior power, the mechanical ingenuity, and inventive skill of man. Hence we conclude, that in the animal creation, in their wild and natural state, *instinct* acts by laws limited, and regular, and sufficient for the preservation of the creature or its species.

But the case is somewhat altered, and the investigation becomes more complicated, when animals are domesticated with man, taken under his protection, and living in his presence, and artificial habits are superinduced. They then are removed from their natural sphere, and placed in circumstances where some qualities are no longer wanted, and others are required. They first begin by seeing they are under a power superior to their own: they fear and they love; and through love and fear they obey. Then they are naturally led to watch, to observe, to learn, and to imitate. Some instinctive qualities, as those of assiduity and activity in procuring food, are no longer wanted, and are disused; while others are required, and exercised, and improved. Their mental faculties are enlarged and sharpened, by living with an intelligence, and obeying a power superior to their own. The *wild* elephant, the *wild* dog, exhibit no superior faculties whatever: these are developed by domestication and education; but it must be remarked, whenever an animal that has been tamed and instructed regains its liberty, its acquired faculties all cease, and it relapses into its original nature; if not, "a monkey who had seen the world," when he escaped from confinement, might become the Socrates of his native forests; introduce both the fine and useful arts among his brethren, and have a school of young philosophers with cheek-pouches and prehensile tails. Again, it must be observed that the acquired habits of an artificial life become *hereditary*; but it requires that the change should be transmitted through successive generations before the domestication is complete; and then it is observed that an alteration of structure takes place, as in the goose, rabbit, &c. We should also observe that we are ignorant of the degree to which the *senses* of animals are developed. It is, notwithstanding various and careful experiments, quite a doubtful and disputed question, whether the vulture detects its distant prey by the sight or smell; in fact, the experiments are contradictory; but either the power of sight or that of smell in the bird must be developed to an excess we can scarcely appreciate. In the same manner the wolf can at a distance scent the fallen beast; and the seagulls assemble rapidly in multitudes from all quarters to a single small spot where the retreating tide has left their proper food. This may however be accounted for, by supposing an

extraordinarily developed nervous system, as superior to ours, as a magnifying glass is to a common one. But how shall we explain actions still more perplexing, and yet perfectly authenticated!—as that a cat should be put in a basket, and that basket placed in a carriage, and it should go twelve or fifteen miles in the dark to its new home, and yet in a few days should be found at its old abode. Here we should suppose neither eye nor ear, neither sight nor smell, nor any *known sense* or faculty, could supply the knowledge and power wanted. We know of no mental processes, nor corporeal sense, analogous to what must be requisite for the execution of such a journey as this; or was it, may we ask in reverence, a hand divine that for this poor animal lighted a lamp within the recesses of its nature pregnant with ethereal fire, and drew for it a *meridian* to guide it in safety in its dark and solitary way; and yet we confess *ἀγνοοῖν ὁ τρόπος τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τῶν ἀρχῶν αὐτοῦ*. But we must now stop; we are not satisfied with any theories or speculations that have been advanced on this subject, however ingenious or profound; and for ourselves, we think it is safest and wisest, as it is most accordant to our own feelings, to believe that we are surrounded and served by creatures the able and willing ministers of our wants and desires; who yet exist as a living world unknown to us, and the nature of whose mental faculties are to ours a mysterious, an awful, and an impenetrable secret. Deo omnipotenti detur gloria!

LEAGUE—ANTI-CORN-LAW.—An association formed to do a certain thing, and wonderful to relate, actually doing it. The Anti-Corn-Law League originated at a public dinner given to Dr. Bowring, in 1838, at Manchester, and is a remarkable instance of after-dinner enthusiasm having led to anything like sincerity and earnestness. As the league progressed it took to publishing tracts against the corn laws, and issued about one hundred tons; but it is a well-known truth that tracts never make a subject attractive. The arguments are believed to have been weighty, and put the question on a broad scale, for they succeeded in putting it on those very broad scales that are generally used by the cheesemongers. The other measures of the Anti-Corn-Law League were, however, taken with so much judgment, and pursued with so much energy, that the government, placed in power for the purpose of protecting the corn laws, became so completely converted as to propose and carry their abolition.—*Punch*.

LONDON'S SAFETY.—Napoleon, when he conquered Italy, carried away all the statues. London, in the event of an invasion, is at all events protected from a similar spoliation, for all its statues are so bad that not the greatest barbarian would do us the friendly turn to carry away one of them.—*Punch*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE copy from Mr. Walsh's letter of 29th May a few paragraphs which could not be crowded into the last number.

A war of tariffs has been commenced between the government of Sardinia and the Austrian in Italy. As the King of Sardinia has encouraged eloquent publications in favor of Italian nationality

and unity, and liberal institutions and administration, it is inferred that the tariff-contest may mean, on his side, a design of ultimate Italian independence. King Charles Albert, it is said, could raise, in a fortnight, an excellent army of a hundred thousand men, and the finances of Piedmont are remarkably prosperous: all Italy would answer to his call, and the Austrian domination be at once crushed. But the Holy See would not confederate with the house of Savoy against the Austrians, its protectors: moreover, that house would dread the too constitutional or republican tendencies of a revolution. An eminent Sardinian refugee charges the Sardinian monarch with seeming to encourage the patriotic and liberal oracles, in order the better to beguile the party of reform and peninsular nationality, which, ever and anon, effervesces and occasions a popular glow and monarchical panic. The independence and union of Italy is an ancient and beautiful theme; genius of every kind has lavished all inspiration and national instinct upon it in exquisite prose and verse. We have never seen it near to be realized; more may be hoped, however, than in the case of Poland.

The house on the Quay Napoleon which was inhabited by Abelard and Eloisa has just been demolished. Well if their whole memory could be so; it is strangely consecrated in French literature. A sealed inscription, which I saw accidentally some years ago, in the wall of the first story of the quaint old edifice, certifies their residence.

In a discussion in the central congress of agriculture on the 25th instant, a member expatiated on the success with which the "masses" in the United States were "moralized" by labor, especially in the manufactories. Thousands of young operatives in the same *fabrique*, and morals yet as pure, could be desired! Let us, he exclaimed, try to employ, in this country, in a similar way, the hundreds of thousands of children of indigent families, to whom the state grants and seems to owe nothing, but who have claims on our charity and our prudence. Mix your myriads of *foundlings* with them indiscriminately, and you will doubly preserve and moralize the latter. The stain of the birth will be effaced in the common existence and training; an excellent scheme. You may find, in the late debates in the house of commons, very honorable mention of the discipline and the moral and intellectual superiority of the operatives of Lowell. In the British factory question stress is laid there on the number of hours of labor in the week—greater, it is observed, than in England; but the feeding, lodging—the whole being of the American operative, give faculty for more labor with much less fatigue or disadvantage, of whatever description, than those of any European. Awful testimony was borne in the house to the effects of the usual labor in Great Britain on both adults and children. Still, said Sir James Graham, "if we restrict the hours, we risk all national supremacy and vitality; then we would be bound, in justice to the workmen, to adopt a *minimum* of wages; and, if they did that, the consequence would be that capital would take unto itself wings, and would be invested abroad, where wages were lower and there was no such legislative interference. The commencement of that career would be the first step towards the destruction of our manufacturing prosperity, and with the downfall of our manufacturing prosperity we might look for the loss of our position amongst the nations of the earth. [Hear, hear.]"

From Chambers' Journal.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS AT SMYRNA.*

It must be almost impossible for those who have never had an opportunity of visiting eastern countries, or experiencing a greater degree of summer heat than our own temperate climate can produce, to form any idea of the marvellous brilliancy of those striking landscapes when the noonday sun is pouring down his full splendor upon them. It is but seldom, indeed, that persons habitually resident in those regions ever witness such a sight. There are few admirers of nature sufficiently enthusiastic to brave a *coup de soleil*, or a brain fever, one or other of which fatal consequences are too often the result of incautious exposure. Yet although it was on one of the most sultry days in the month of May that we landed at Smyrna, I think any one would have risked a good deal to have witnessed the scene which gradually opened upon us as we approached that interesting spot. Sky, earth, and sea, all were bathed in one flood of light; and the full blaze of an unclouded sun at once illuminated and embellished the beautiful Asiatic shore and the picturesque city which lay before us. Only one dark spot, which even that flaming orb could not brighten, gave effect to the landscape; and this was the grove of sombre cypress-trees which, spreading over the side of the hill almost to the sea-shore, marked out the Moslem cemetery. There are few, if any, of the eastern cities more deeply interesting than Smyrna; the very name must at once suggest its principal claim for a more than ordinary share of attention; and in fact it is only in reference to it, as one of the seven churches of Asia, that the more prominent features of its present condition become so remarkable. From its central position as well as from its commercial influence, it is the resort of persons of every country and denomination, besides being the resting-place of travellers to many different quarters; and, in consequence of this, I believe there is no place where so many different religions are not only tolerated, but firmly established and flourishing, in perfect harmony with each other. Mohammedanism is of course the religion of the country, but its various sects are here more than usually distinct. Judaism greatly prevails—the Hebrew population being numerous, and the members of the Armenian church scarcely less so. Then there is the Gueber, or fire-worshipper, whose adoration of the sun is at least less astonishing here than it would be in England: the Greek; the Roman Catholic; the Nestorian; and many others, which I have neither time nor space to enumerate; besides a considerable number of Protestants from all parts of the globe. There are several European families which have become naturalized at Smyrna; and notwithstanding the lapse of a generation or so, they cling with the greatest tenacity to the manners and customs of their countries, and in many instances have preserved the purity of their faith, both in doctrine and ritual,

far more perfectly than it now exists in the lands whence they brought it. Besides all this, Smyrna is, as it were, the focus of the numerous branches of missionary societies in the East, and it is consequently inhabited by a vast number of Americans. It was my favorite plan, that we should endeavor to visit all the places of worship to which we could gain access in the city; but we were on our way to the Black Sea, and the steamer only remained four-and-twenty hours at Smyrna, which was undoubtedly too short a stay for so interesting a place, and rendered my project scarcely feasible.

We had scarcely anchored, when the fact that we had passed, within the last twelve hours, from one quarter of the globe to another, was brought with full conviction on our minds by the arrival of sundry most Asiatic-looking figures, whose manners and appearance afforded a striking contrast to the Greeks of the classical island of Scio, which was the last place we had touched at. Although nothing could be more picturesque than these fine-looking, majestic men, with their black eyes, long beards, and dark olive complexions, they were merely "valets de place" come to offer their services; and it seemed very strange to hear them, in their flowing garments and heavy turbans, talking French, English, and Italian with the greatest ease. The process of going on shore appeared to us one of considerable difficulty; for the only means of transporting ourselves and our luggage was in boats, so extremely small and narrow, that we fancied the weight of one person would be sufficient to capsize them; but as there was no alternative, we consented to embark in a slender little caïque, which, though it danced on the waves as if it had been made of India-rubber, certainly brought us safely to land. We had so many friends and near connexions in Smyrna, that we scarcely felt ourselves in a strange country, as we walked, accompanied by them, to the house of Madame W—, whose kind hospitality was to save us from the miseries of a night in a *soi-disant* European hotel. The streets, as in all eastern towns, were dirty, dark, and narrow; but we were too much delighted with the endless variety of costume, to think either of the rough stones, or of the heat of the sun, from which we were only partially protected by the projecting balconies and canopied stalls. We passed along the whole length of the "Street of Roses," scarcely finding time to ask to what nation each fantastic figure belonged. There was the Armenian, with his narrow, straight robe, and his black head-dress, which I can only describe as an enormous square cushion; the dervish, with his blue mantle and high conical cap; the Cossack, with a perfect mountain of fur on his head; and numbers of women, with their white or black veils and huge brown cloaks.

The house of Madame W—, to which we were going, was in the Quartier Franc, and, like most other good houses in that part of the town, was surrounded by a large court, filled with trees, the entrance to which was by a stone passage, so long and wide, that we fancied ourselves still in the street, until the ponderous gate was closed behind us. We were not sorry to remain quietly under shelter for several hours, till the heat had

* We are indebted for this paper to the same lady who lately graced our pages with descriptions of the Slave Market of Constantinople and the Harem of Eiredeen Pacha.

abated; but as soon as the streets were somewhat in shade, we set out to walk to the Bridge of the Caravans, which is the fashionable evening promenade in Smyrna. To reach this spot, we had to traverse almost the whole town, in fact but a continuance of ill-paved streets. It is the custom of the Smyrniote ladies (rather a singular one, according to our ideas) to pass the evening in the open air, at the doors of their houses. Amongst the higher classes, they even have their vestibules arranged for this purpose, with ottomans, cushions at no allowance, and tables loaded with sweetmeats and all sorts of "fricandises;" and really they looked so charming, as they reclined in graceful attitudes, laughing and talking together, in their little red and gold capes, short velvet jackets, and silk petticoats, that we were quite disposed to approve of a practice which thus enabled us to judge of the famed beauty of the Smyrniote women; and I must own that, except in the island of Naxos, which I think unrivalled on this score, I have never seen a greater collection of lovely faces. We could not, however, pay them all the attention they deserved, from the very evident necessity of taking care of ourselves in the narrow streets; for the Turks treated us with indifference; and I think they would really have walked over us quite coolly, rather than give themselves the trouble of making way. We had especially to keep clear of all the magnificent Osmans and Mustaphas who came jogging towards us, mounted on little miserable donkeys, and looking most pompously ridiculous with their solemn faces and ponderous turbans, whose weight alone would have seemed sufficient to have overpowered the wretched animals they rode on. The change was delightful when we emerged from the stifling atmosphere of the town into the lanes which led through green vineyards, and beneath the pleasant shade of mulberry-trees to the bridge; nor did we find the walk too long, though the distance is considerable from the Quartier Franc.

This much-vaunted bridge derives its name from the number of caravans that hourly pass over it on their way to the interior of the country, and is remarkable only from the extreme beauty of its position. It is high, long, and narrow, stretching over a clear and rapid stream, and surrounded on all sides by magnificent old trees. At a short distance rises a green and vine-clad hill, whose summit is crowned by a ruined castle, which, though picturesque, is of no great antiquity or interest. On the one side of the river—the refreshing murmur of whose waters has, in this sultry land, a charm we never could imagine elsewhere—numberless little establishments have been erected, where coffee, pipes, ices, &c., are provided for the promenaders, and chairs are placed under the trees, that they may sit luxuriously in the shade, and partake of these refreshments; and here does the whole fashionable world of Smyrna congregate every evening, to walk and talk, to see and be seen. On the other side of this narrow stream, but a few yards distant, silent, desolate, and shrouded in impenetrable darkness, lies a vast Turkish burial-ground, extending much farther than the eye can reach, and possessing, in the highest degree, the picturesque beauty for which those cemeteries have always been celebrated. It was impossible for the most unimaginative mind not to be struck with this singular sight: that little sparkling river, dancing on its way with, on the one hand, life busy, gay, and frivolous; and,

on the other, death in its most solemn gloom and stillness! We determined to visit both; but we chose first to inspect the portion devoted to the living; and certainly it presented life under a novel aspect. Everything that retained the true "souleur locale" was delightful, especially the portly Mussulmans, seated in a circle on their rich carpets, smoking gravely, and emitting a short sentence once in half an hour. But amidst the crowds from every nation that surrounded us, there were not a few who laid claim to being thoroughly Europeanized; having, in their own opinion, arrived at this happy consummation by caricaturing outrageously the Parisian fashions of the last season—just as they are apt to do in provincial towns at home; though nowhere could the glaring mixture of colors, and the indescribable hats and feathers, have looked so absurd as when contrasted with the native costume, and surrounded by that truly Oriental scenery. We were watching a group of Turks who were supping together—each one partaking in turn of a greasy ball of rice, which was administered to him by the head of the party, whose green turban distinguished him as a descendant of the prophet—when an exclamation from one of our companions attracted our attention to a caravan that was crossing the bridge. The procession was headed by a little, sober-looking donkey, unburdened, and without saddle or bridle, which led the way with great sagacity; and notwithstanding his humble appearance, we were assured that, without his assistance, the drivers would have found it impossible to have induced the camels to proceed. Next came a long and almost interminable line of those huge animals, walking in single file with that slow undulating movement which is so peculiar to their species; they were heavily loaded, and each one was mounted by his master, who guided him merely by the voice. The long train, with its gay eastern dresses, had an admirable effect as it wound under the trees and across the bridge; it was altogether in perfect keeping with the landscape. We watched them till the last camel, of which there were some fifteen or twenty, had disappeared, and then we also crossed the bridge, in order to explore the cemetery.

The distance was but short which separated the haunts of the living from the dwelling of the dead; yet scarcely had we penetrated a few steps into those thick shades, when we found ourselves shut out completely from all sight or sound that told of human life, and in the very midst of that most awful of all desolation—a solitude peopled with the ashes of those who were and are not! Around us, on every side, dark and silent, rose an interminable forest of gigantic cypress-trees, so closely grouped, that even the light of day could scarcely penetrate amongst them, and spreading on and on in unbroken gloom, till the eye became bewildered in attempting to limit their empire; and beneath, yet more interminable, yet more sad and silent, lay the forest of tombs, each cold white stone strangely distinct in the surrounding darkness, and yet so innumerable, so thickly strewn upon the earth, that a chill struck on the heart at the thought of how immense was this population of the dead. There was not a sound: for the summer breeze, passing through the unbending branches of the cypresses, drew no murmur from those mournful trees, and the slanting rays of the setting sun, as they shot at intervals across the graves, made the turbaned monuments look, in the faint glimmering

light, like the pale phantoms of the departed, each one watching over his own slumbering ashes. We sat down among the tombs to wait the termination of sunset, whose influence we felt in the deepening shadows round us; though it was rarely that we caught a glimpse of that fading glory, or of the softer light of the rising moon, whose silver crescent, appearing among the trees, amply compensated for the entire absence of twilight. Monsieur V—— read to us the inscription on one of the graves near us, whose highly-gilt monument and painted turban seemed to indicate that the dust it contained had once been honored of men. It stated that this son of the faithful had, throughout a long life, so perseveringly performed all the outward acts of devotion in which the religion of the Moslem consists, that he was most assuredly wandering even now with the dark-eyed houris by the shores of that lake where lie the sparkling bowls filled with the water of immortality. To me, in that vast abode of the dead, which in its deep stillness seemed so far removed from the hopes and fears of human life, it was quite painful to be recalled by this pompous panegyric to the gross and lowering ideas with which the Mohammedans have clothed even the heaven of their dreams; for their creed does not allow the soul to disengage itself from the trammels of the flesh, even in their hope of an immortality beyond the grave. It is a very characteristic trait of this people, the care with which a little basin is scooped out on the stone of every grave, to catch the rain-water, that the birds may come and drink; thus carrying out their principle of universal charity even after death. We left the cemetery as soon as it was dark, passing once more through the merry groups who were proceeding homewards, each one carrying his little paper lantern to light his steps as he went along.

Before six o'clock the next morning we were all astir, anxious to accomplish what we could in the short time allotted to us. We proceeded first to the bazaars, in search of some of the beautiful Smyrniote embroidery, which is nowhere else to be found. These bazaars are as spacious as they are interminable, and their shops displayed the produce of every part of the globe. We entered into several of them, finding each furnished with its Persian carpets, and comfortable cushions placed round the wall, where we were invited to sit and drink coffee as long as we chose. But the most interesting sight, where everything was new and picturesque, were the traders who had come from the interior of the country, and who, with their singular dresses, wild gestures, and strange dialect, attracted much of our attention as they stood in groups round the seats of the money changers, or at the stall of the public weigher—his balance and weights being in constant requisition for the grains and spices which formed the principal part of their merchandise.

I was very anxious to gain admittance into a mosque, which is as difficult in Smyrna as it is easy in Constantinople; and accordingly proceeded to one of the largest, in hopes of being able to effect an entrance with the help of Monsieur V——. Numbers of Turks were collected on the wide steps which lead to the three principal doors, and round the fountains, where they performed their ablutions before daring to enter within the sacred precincts. As soon as we had passed the railing which enclosed the outer court, they hurried towards us, with the evident intention of opposing our further progress. Monsieur V—— addressed

them in Turkish; and for some time his utmost eloquence was only met by the most angry refusals; at last, however, they consented, with very surly looks, to admit us, provided we would take off our shoes; nor would they even allow us to substitute slippers, as is the custom at Constantinople. None of the party were disposed to undergo the penance of walking in this manner up the stone stairs excepting myself; and I therefore entered alone, but not until each of the Turks had separately knelt down to ascertain that I really had, in all sincerity, complied with their request. The mosque was extremely large, divided into three compartments, the centre of which was the most sacred, and separated from the others by a few low steps. At the east end, much in the same position as the altar in Christian churches, was a representation of the tomb of the prophet, and near it was a sort of pulpit, from which a portion of the Koran was read every day. From the vast domed roof hung a long rope, supporting innumerable little glass lamps, and various strange-looking ornaments—such as ostriches' eggs, horses' tails, &c.; and in the centre were inscribed the seven names of God in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, forming a large circle of gilt letters. The floor was entirely covered with those beautiful little carpets of which even one is considered a treasure elsewhere. A few early worshippers were scattered here and there, bowed towards Mecca, with their foreheads touching the ground; and, difficult as it is to attract the attention of a Turk when engaged in his devotions, my entrance roused them all. They stared at me for a moment in utter amazement, and then simultaneously starting from their knees, crowded round me, vociferating and even throwing themselves on the ground, to ascertain if I had not already desecrated their sanctuary by walking as though on common ground. The mullah, through whose influence I had been admitted, came to my assistance, and showed them that I had left my shoes outside, upon which they returned to their places, though with looks of great discontent. I was standing near the principal door, which was wide open, and so large, as to afford a view of the interior of the mosque from the street; at that moment a Frenchman, who was on board of the same steamer with ourselves, happening to pass by, saw me there, and imagined that any one might enter at will. He therefore came up the stairs, and had advanced to the door, when he was observed by a man, apparently belonging to the mosque, who was sweeping the carpets. I suppose he was already exasperated at my presence; but he had scarcely perceived this new intruder, than he uttered a howl of rage, and seizing a pole which stood near, he ran at him with it in the most ferocious manner. The attack was so sudden and so determined, that the poor Frenchman had no time to collect his ideas; he ejaculated one faint "*Miséricorde!*" then tumbled head-foremost down the stairs, and disappeared in a whirlwind of dust. I soon after made my exit also, but in a quieter manner, and we then turned our steps in the direction of the Jewish synagogue, which, to my great delight, Monsieur V—— had promised I should visit, as he was well acquainted with one of the rabbins.

The synagogue is in a crowded part of the town, and so hemmed in by houses, that it is not easy to distinguish its outward form; and the more so, as it is surrounded by a high wall. We were admitted at a side door, where we waited a few minutes

till Monsieur V—— returned with the Rabbi Michaël. I do not think I ever saw a more pleasant looking person. He wore a high black cap, with a loose robe and inner garment of striped silk; his hair, unlike the generality of Jews, was quite fair, and combed back from a broad open forehead, and his long beard did not at all detract from his youthful appearance. His manner was full of quiet dignity, though perfectly unassuming, and his voice was peculiarly sweet and low-toned. He conducted us up the stairs, and, unlocking the door, admitted us into the synagogue, with which, to say the truth, I was much disappointed, though it was totally unlike any other place of worship I had ever seen. It was a large square room, lighted by narrow windows, and surrounded by seats made of plain new wood; for it had only been recently built, the former building having been destroyed in a late conflagration. In the centre was a small platform, raised a few steps, and enclosed by a high close railing, hung with thick curtains of crimson silk. These the rabbin drew back, and we saw a small table, with a covering also of silk, embroidered with gold, on which were laid the books of the Pentateuch, and various parchments inscribed with Hebrew characters. At the upper end of the room an ample curtain concealed some object, apparently too sacred to be exposed to view; and the rabbin looked so uneasy when we approached it, that we could not venture even to inquire what it was. He showed us the garments of the high priest, which were kept in a large iron chest, and which were both magnificent and curious. There was the linen ephod, the embroidered robe, the breast-plate, and the girdle—the two latter were engraved with the sacred words. We had not time to examine many minor details in the arrangement of the synagogue, but it was altogether less interesting than I expected. The rabbin invited us most earnestly to go and rest a few minutes in his abode; and Monsieur V—— persuaded us to agree to his request, as he said his house was one of the most beautiful in Smyrna, and well worth seeing. We had merely to cross the street to reach the door, and, after ascending a wide stone staircase, we entered into a large hall paved with marble, and abundantly furnished with ottomans and carpets. The upper end of the room was entirely occupied by three immense windows cut down to the ground, and opening on a flight of white marble steps, which led down into one of the loveliest little gardens imaginable; the light was almost obscured by the clustering vines and thick rose-bushes; and the fragrance of these and other plants, the cool shade which they produced, and, above all, the refreshing murmur of the fountains, certainly rendered this a most charming abode. The rabbin's wife, who came in with refreshments, was a most suitable inhabitant for such a dwelling, for she was really a beautiful woman, with all the distinguishing features of the Jewish race. Though less dignified than her husband, she seemed gentle and amiable, and her dress was particularly becoming—the bright green handkerchief which bound her forehead showing off to great advantage her clear black eyes and dark complexion. We remained with them for some time, and after seeing the interior of this family, we no longer wondered at the high respect in which the Jews are held in Smyrna. We left them at last, to pay a visit which, for me at least, had no small attractions.

I had received a letter written in Arabic, of

which I was anxious to procure a translation, and Monsieur V—— found, after many inquiries, that there was but a single person in Smyrna to whom I could apply for one with any chance of success. This was a venerable dervish, famed for his sanctity and learning, who was universally resorted to for advice, and whose wisdom and knowledge were supposed never to be at fault. There is a very attractive degree of mystery connected with the sect of dervishes: their origin, and the exact nature of their peculiar tenets, are not, as far as I could learn, precisely known; but they are everywhere held in high estimation. The dancing and howling dervishes live together in monasteries, which are in many points similar to those in Roman Catholic countries; but the sage we were going to visit did not belong to either of those orders, and therefore lived quite alone. Monsieur V—— thought it highly improbable that he would consent to receive the visit of a lady—an event which certainly never could have occurred in his life before; but as my anxiety was principally to obtain a translation of my letter, I was quite willing to wait till this should be accomplished. We soon reached the place, a small solitary house on the outskirts of the town, and my companion went up the narrow stair, and disappeared, leaving me, too happy to escape from the burning sun, under the cool matting that sheltered the terrace. In a few minutes he came back, laughing heartily, and told me that the old dervish was in the highest state of excitement at the idea of being visited by a European lady, and that he would willingly translate my letter, if I would only come in and let him see me. Two negro slaves held up the curtain which hung before the door, and I entered the “sanctum” of the wise man. It was a room of moderate size, with a large recess at one end, three sides of which were of glass. Several steps, covered with a splendid Persian carpet, raised this part of the room above the rest, and it was almost filled by a high divan, on which the dervish was seated in great state. He wore the conical cap and flowing robes of his sect; and really his long beard, streaming down to his waist, and his solemn countenance, impressed me with a very sufficient idea of his vast wisdom. A large box stood beside him, filled with curious old parchments; and the divan, as well as the platform beneath, was strewn with books of all kinds. In the lower part of the room there were a number of astronomical instruments, and various extraordinary looking machines, of which I could not even divine the use. The only other inhabitant of the room was a younger dervish, who, though seated on the same ottoman, evidently felt much awed in the presence of his superior, and sat stroking his beard in silence. The sage decidedly thought it beneath his dignity to exhibit any astonishment at my appearance, and he returned my salutations in a most majestic manner; though I was much amused at the sly glance he fixed on me when he thought I did not observe him. A chair was placed for me in the outer part of the room, as he could not allow the infidel to approach nearer to him, or even to ascend the steps which led to his seat. After the usual complimentary speeches, coffee was brought, which I was forced to swallow, much against my will, as it was without sugar, and excessively thick. He then took out his writing materials, which he wore, according to the eastern custom, in his belt, and received my letter from the younger dervish, to whom it had been transmitted by Monsieur V——,

with all due formality. He read it, then solemnly bowed to me, as an indication that he understood it; he next proceeded to take a small sheet of paper, which he laid on the palm of his hand, and began to write, using a pen made of a reed. It seemed to me impossible to form a single letter in this position; but in the course of a few minutes he presented me with a translation of the manuscript in Persian, Syriac, and Turkish, and the writing of each separate character was a perfect model. This was all I required, as it was easy to obtain a translation from the Turkish. But the good dervish seemed to think I ought now to make myself agreeable to him, and he commenced a conversation through the medium of Monsieur V——, who acted as interpreter. First he asked me questions innumerable about myself, my family, and my whole history past and present. Having then ascertained that I belonged to that very distant and barbarous island of Great Britain, he composedly begged that I would give him a distinct account of the government, laws, religion, and institutions of that country, with which, he assured me, he was wholly unacquainted. My companion laughed outright at my look of despair at this exorbitant demand; and as we could distinguish from the windows the steamer which was to carry me away with its chimney already smoking, he pointed it out to the dervish as a reason for terminating our visit immediately. He seemed very reluctant to let me go; but I at last arose, and having made him a flowery speech, which he heard most graciously, I prepared to go out. He then turned with considerable energy to Monsieur V——, and asked him to bid me stop one moment. I complied, and extending one hand towards me, while he raised the other to heaven, he uttered, in the most impressive manner, what seemed to me to be a short prayer, as it commenced with the words, "Allah il Allah!" The younger dervish and Monsieur V—— listened to it with the greatest reverence; and when he had concluded, my friend translated it word for word to me. It was a blessing, solemn and fervent, which he had called down upon me; beginning with saying that, infidel as I was, he prayed of Allah to hear him in my behalf, and, with the beautifully figurative language of the East, asking that my voyage through life to the eternal shore might be brightened with sunshine as gay as that which now smiled on my journey to my native land; and, above all, that the most secret wish of my soul might be gratified. The solemn manner in which this prayer was uttered by the good old man made no small impression on me, and I was not sorry to carry such a blessing away with me, when, a few hours after, we left Smyrna with a calm sea and a fair wind on our way to the Dardanelles.

Dial of the Seasons; or, a Portraiture of Nature.

By THOMAS FISHER, of Philadelphia. Harvey & Darton.

THE minds of some men are most singularly constituted; and present so many seeming anomalies that it becomes impossible to measure them by any scale, or to reduce them within the limits of comprehensibility. Of this peculiar order is, evidently, the mind of the author of the "*Dial of the Seasons*;" which, so far from exhibiting the regu-

larity he would lead us to believe that he admires, exposes in every page the most tortuous system and in every chapter plays the most eccentric tricks. Having taken some trouble to understand the peculiarities of this work—full of right and wrong—truth and error—correct reasoning and false deductions—knowledge and ignorance—correct feeling and false sympathies—industrious research and the most hasty and unwarranted assertions—we think we have got a glimpse of something like the condition of its author's mind. We have no desire to be in the slightest degree uncharitable; but there are really so many intelligent—and, in some respects, estimable—persons doing mischief to themselves, and injury to the world of science and literature, by means similar to those employed by the author of the "*Dial of the Seasons*," that we feel ourselves called upon to cut deep—that we may cure.

Gifted naturally with minds above the common order, with quick perceptions and good memory, the laborious routine necessary to subdue those minds to thought, is intolerable to such men; and, having heard or read of the wonders of genius, self, flattering self, looking at his own image, sees there all the phenomena which are supposed to mark this spontaneous development of intelligence, and so perpetrates the eccentricities believed to constitute some of its attributes. The knowledge obtained by desultory reading—which, as in the case of our author, is often mistaken for research—is put forward in a garb which is offered as the easy robings of a finished thought, but which is too often the braided *blouse* of ignorance and conceit. This pernicious habit ruins everything within its influence:—and, on both sides of the Atlantic, the efforts of human thought are at present suffering from the disease in which the resemblance is substituted for the reality—the shadow mistaken for the substance.

In the book before us, we have the sciences of meteorology, astronomy and optics, united with natural history and all its allied sciences, mixed into an *olla podrida*, with poems on the Creation of Light—The Prairie—The Song of the Sea and Isles—and The Retreat of the Berinsina; the whole flavored with the high spice of moral reflections on external order—whilst all within is in the most admirable confusion. If the author, and others of his class, could be induced to bend their minds to humble themes, and carefully and minutely examine into the truths which lie at their feet, they might achieve for themselves a triumph—they would certainly derive a pleasure—unknown to them as yet; and escape the disappointments to which they doom themselves. "All noble growths are slow," was a truth uttered by an American philosopher. The excellent in anything can only be attained by honest zeal and careful and uniring labor. To attempt to reach at one stride the top of the hill on which rest the giants of the earth after efforts the most toilsome, is a folly which certainly involves its own punishment. Let us then recommend the author of the "*Dial of the Seasons*" to bow himself to labor; and, connecting with his most humble tasks, the highest thoughts, to train his wandering mind into truth. If this be done ere he next attempts a "*Portraiture of Nature*," he will not then produce a mere caricature—mistaking it for a true copy—as in the present volume he has done. —*Athenæum*.

From Chambers' Journal.

FATHER BLACKHALL'S SERVICES.

"A BRIEF NARRATIVE of the Services Performed to Three Noble Ladies, by Gilbert Blackhall," is one of the books printed by the Spalding Club in Aberdeen. It affords some curious peeps into the state of society in the north of Scotland in the first half of the seventeenth century, especially those families by whom the Catholic faith was still adhered to. The reverend father is an arrant gossip. He is curious in the every-day pursuits, the tempers, the occupations, nay, the clothing and feeding, of those with whom he was concerned. Moreover, he was an ill-requited man. He had the highest possible opinion of his own merits and exertions: but he did not find other people ready to acknowledge his claims; hence he set them forth, with all due precision and minuteness, in a narrative which fills a considerable quarto volume. Had he not been a weak-minded man, occupying himself in trifles, he probably had gained a great reputation by some folio volume, written in Latin, against Luther and John Knox, but we would not have had the curious pictures of national customs and grotesque incidents with which his garrulous narrative supplies us. The first person to whom we find Father Blackhall performing his services is the Lady Isabel Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol. This lady, after her mother's death, went to France in 1630. A certain Mr. James Forbes was her father's friend and correspondent in France, and she was, as merchants say, "consigned to him." He appointed Blackhall her confessor; "which he did repent thereafter," as Blackhall says; and indeed the chief purport of the narrative is to describe the efforts which her spiritual adviser made to protect her from the unseasonable addresses of Mr. Forbes. There is much curious matter in this part of the father's narrative; but we must pass from it to another portion of his adventures, in which we think the reader will probably be more interested.

At the conclusion of his engagement with Lady Isabel, he received an application from the Lady Frendraught, celebrated for the suspicion under which she fell, a few years before, of having set fire to her house, in order to burn Lord Aboyne in it. The horror of this event appears to have deterred the reverend father from such a connexion. He says—"My Lady of Frendraught did send to me, praying me to come to her, for the *frère* she had before was lately departed from this life. I refused absolutely to see her, because she was suspected to be guilty of the death of my lord of Aboyne, who, seven years before, was burned in the castle of Frendraught: whether she be guilty or not, God knoweth, for that hath not been yet discovered." Fate determined that, instead of the suspected murderess, he should ally himself with the Dowager Lady Aboyne, the widow of the victim; and he entered the service of "this truly noble and religious lady" about the middle of July, 1638. Though the Roman Catholics were a proscribed body through Scotland generally, the Marquis of Huntly, and some other Catholic lords in the north, possessed a considerable extent of feudal power for the protection of themselves and their adherents; and such a person as Blackhall, if not absolutely secure, would be removed from many causes of apprehension by such an alliance. In addition to their claims on the respect of the people as their spiritual advisers, these priests

could found on the dangers and hardships they were perpetually liable to; and as they were executed and hunted beyond their own community, they seem to have obtained the greater privileges, immunities, and benisons within it. In his new appointment, the reverend father loses none of that spirit of inquiry and interference regarding small matters for which he has already appeared so conspicuous. We find him thus describing his position in the household, and the order he thought fit to take concerning it. "I did eat in my chamber as they who were before me used to do: four dishes of meat was the least that was sent to me at every meal, with ale and wine conforming; which I thought superfluous; but knowing the noble disposition of the lady, who gave the order herself for all the tables, as well of her servants as her own, I would not so soon utter my mind, until I should know better how my admonitions would be received. I asked my man what was done with the relics of my table. He answered me boldly that he sold them, and said the relics of priests were due unto their men. When I did hire you, said I, did I promise you such casualties? No, sir, said he; but it is the custom of this house, as all the servants will bear witness. They are fools, said I, and not capable to bear witness who give testimony to their own prejudice. What prejudice is that to thee? said he. My lady doth bestow the meat upon you, and asketh no count of it back again; so what you leave, I think should be for me rather than for any other body. If I did buy the meat myself, said I, was I bound to give you all that rested over my own suffisance, so that I could not bestow it in any other way after you had got your suffisance of it? No, said he; you might dispose of it at your own pleasure, and so doth my lady, who wills your man [to] get what you leave. No, said I; my lady wills, and I likewise, that thou carry to the kitchen all that I leave, both meat, bread, and drink, that all may serve the common table; and go thou to it, and there take your part of all, as the others do. And if thou determine anything another way, thou shalt not serve me one hour longer. I told my lady afterwards this dialogue which passed between my man and me, whereat she did laugh well; and this did acquire me the affections of the servants, who grudged, but could not mend it; for they knew that my lady would not take notice of such base things, much less correct them."

The people in the neighborhood seem not to have been in general Roman Catholics; for the father complains much of their importunate curiosity, saying that "if he but opened the window, they ran to see him as some monstrous thing;" and one woman declared she hoped to wash her hands in his heart's blood. Aboyne castle stands near the village of Charlestown of Aboyne, close to the river Dee, and thirty miles from its mouth at Aberdeen. Eastward, descend fine sweeps of arable land towards the coast, while to the west begins the great Highland range of the Grampians. There, in the close vicinity of their strongholds, the lands of Aboyne were subject to perpetual depredations by the Highland reivers of the day. The lonely widow appears to have had but a scanty retinue for so wild a neighborhood, and we find her obliged to add to the accomplished Blackhall's titles of priest and chamberlain, that of captain of her castle. He describes the manner in which he repelled one of these invasions; and it is clear that his own prowess on the occasion has not been neg-

lected by the historian. When a visitation by friends was of the following character, the nature of an inroad from neutrals or enemies may be anticipated :—

"The very first that obliged us to make use of our arms were the Marquis of Huntly's* own men of Badenoch. They had been at Aberdeen getting arms, some forty or thereabout, with their officer, Thomas Gordon, a proud and saucy rascal. They, coming up the north side of the water of Dee, came to Aboyne, and presented themselves upon the Peat Hill; and Thomas Gordon, leaving the rest there, did come with three others to the gate, which I made to be kept fast. I sent Thomas Cordonier, the porter, to the gate to ask what they desired. Thomas, the officer, answered boldly that they would lodge in the house, because they were my lord's men, and the house was also his; and that the night before they had lodged in the place of Drum; which I knew to be false, for the laird of Drum was not a man to lodge such rascals in his house. When the porter told me this so insolent answer, I did go to the gate; for I had the key in my pocket, and did not give it to the porter, fearing that he might be so simple as to let them in, and we should have had more pain to put them out than to hold them out. I did take with me six good fellows, every one with his sword at his side and a light gun in his hand, and placed them all on one side of the alley that goes from the outer gate, betwixt two walls to the court, every one three or four spaces from another, and made them turn their faces and the mouths of their guns a slanting way, not right to the port, nor to the wall over against them, but a middle way betwixt them both, that they might see both at once. * *

"When I had placed them thus, and encouraged them, I did go to the gate with a bended pistol in my hand; and before I did open the wicket, I told them to retire themselves, all but one, to speak to me: they did so. Thomas Gordon only stayed; the rest were retired only the matter of ten paces, ready to rush in if he could have thrust up the wicket fully. Then I did open it a little, so that he might see my soldiers in the alley. Before he did see them, I asked them what they did come here to seek? He very confidently said, 'We will see my lady, who we know will give us money, and lodge us; and with that was pressing in his shoulder; and I, seeing his impudence, said, 'As you love your life, stir not to win in, otherwise I will discharge my pistol in your heart; and you shall not see my lady, nor get anything from her, unless it be meat and drink without the gate; but none of you shall come within it, and go out again living. Sir, said he, we are my lord's men, and this house is his, and why may we not lodge in it? Have you an order from my lord, says I, to lodge here? Let me see his order. Sir, it is my lord's will that we lodge in his land. Then go seek his land, and lodge in it; for he hath no land nor house here so long as my lady liveth; but if my lord were dwelling here himself, durst you present yourselves to this gate to lodge with him? No, said he, we must respect my lord. You base fellow, said I, should not ladies be respected as much as lords, and more? But you have not so much honesty as to respect anybody. But put in your head, and see how we are prepared to receive you; and tell your neighbors that you shall get no

other money here than that which shall come out of these guns, nor lodging, unless it be graves to bury you; and therefore retire yourself, that I may shut the gate. He retired malcontented; and my lady did send meat and drink at the foot of the Peat Hill, forbidding them to live upon her tenants, but bade them lodge in taverns, paying what they should take; otherwise, they should not go far unpunished. They did so, and went away the next day peaceably."

The next visit was from a party of the clan Cameron, who were at first perplexed by the diplomatic skill of Blackhall, but had subsequently to yield to his warlike prowess. The marauders commenced operations by plundering a tenant's house.

"So we marched with a dozen of guns, eight pistols, and my big carabine. Before we went out at the gate, I told them what order I desired to be kept, which was this: we must seek by all means to surprise them in the house plundering; and to do it, we must march as the Highlanders do, every one after another, without any words among us."

Blackhall then gives all the necessary orders to his men as to where they were to place themselves, so as to guard both door and windows; and says, "How soon we were in the court, I said with a loud voice, Every one to his post; which was done in the twinkling of an eye. Then I went to the door, thinking to break it up with my foot; but it was a thick double door, and the lock very strong. Whilst I was at the door, one of them did come to bolt it; and I, hearing him at it, did shoot a pistol at him. He said afterwards that the ball did pass through the hair of his head: whether he said true or not, I know not. I did go from the door to the windows, and back again, still encouraging them, and praying them at the windows to hold their eyes still upon our enemies, and to kill such as would lay their hands to a weapon; and to those at the door to have their guns ever ready to discharge at such as would mean to come forth without my leave; and still I threatened to burn the house and them all in it, if they would not render themselves at my discretion; which they were loath to do, until they saw the light bundles of straw that I had kindled to throw upon the thatch of the house; although I did not intend to do it, nor burn our friends with our foes. But if Malcolm Dorward, and his wife and servants, and his son John Dorward, and John Cordonier, all of whom the Highlanders had lying in bonds by them, had been out, I would not have made any scruple to have burnt the house and all the Highlanders within it, to give a terror to others who would be so brutal as to oppress ladies who never wronged them."

"They, seeing the light of the burning straw coming in at the windows, and the keepers of the windows bidding them surrender themselves before they be burnt, called for quarter. I told them they should not get other quarter but my discretion; unto which, if they would submit themselves faithfully, they would find the better quarter; if not, be at their hazard. Thereupon I bade their captain come and speak with me all alone, with his gun under his arm, and the stock foremost; but if any did press to follow him, they should kill both him and them who should press to follow him. He did come out as I ordained, and trembled as the leaf of a tree. I believe he thought we would kill him there. I did take his gun from

* The deceased Lord Aboyne was son to this great noble, the chief of the clan Gordon.

him, and discharged it, and laid it down upon the earth by the side of the house. Then, after I had threatened him, and reproached their ingratitude, who durst trouble my lady or her tenants, who was, and yet is, the best friend that their chief Donald Cameron hath; for, said I, he will tell you how I and another man of my lady's went to him where he was hiding himself with his cousin Ewan Cameron, in my lady's land, and brought them in croup to Aboyne, where they were kept secretly for three weeks, until their enemies the Covenanters had left off the seeking of them; and you, unthankful beasts as you are, have rendered a displeasure to my lady for her goodness toward you. He pretended ignorance of that courtesy done to his chief." Blackhall then made him swear that all that had been plundered from the tenants should be restored, and what had been consumed should be paid for: and also "made him swear by the soul of his father that neither he, nor none whom he could hinder, should ever hereafter trouble or molest my lady or any of her tenants." He then ordered every man separately to come out and take the same oath.

"They did all come out severally, and took the same oath as I had commanded them; and as they did come to me, I discharged their guns, to the number of six or eight-and-forty, which made the tenants convene to us from the parts where the shots were heard; so that, before they had all come out, we were nearly as many as they, armed with swords, and targets, and guns. When they had all made their oaths to me, I ranked our people like two hedges, five spaces distant from one another's rank, and but one pace every man from another in that same rank, and turned the mouths of their guns and their faces one toward another, so as the Highlanders might pass, two and two together, betwixt their ranks: they passed so from the door of the hall in which they were, to the place where their guns were lying all empty. They trembled passing, as if they had been in a fever quatern." He and his men then saw the marauders fairly off Lady Aboyne's lands, and, returning to Aboyne, "told my lady the event of our siege, who was very joyful that there was no blood shed on either side."

The state of letter-writing is fully disclosed by the fact, that, in the space of eleven and a half years, Lady Aboyne had only received two letters, and these were from two of her sisters. Indeed, she appears to have lived a most lonely, desolate life. At her death, all her care seems to have been that her daughter, her only child, might be brought up in the Catholic religion. For this purpose she had previously charged Blackhall with the care of her; and manfully did he redeem the pledge, as we find related in the chapter entitled "The Good Offices done to Madame de Gordon, now Dame D'Attour to Madame; by Gilbert Blackhall, priest"—which we shall make the subject of a separate paper.

The leading features in Father Blackhall's history, at least the sole ground on which his memory has been reanimated by the printing of a substantial quarto volume, is the services he performed to "three noble ladies," as they are minutely set forth by himself. In the preceding article we have given whatever appeared curious or entertaining in his intercourse with the second of his noble employers. We now examine the third book of his circumstantial history, in the hope that

it may provide some further incidents worthy of notice.

His former patroness, the widowed and lovely Lady Aboyne, on her deathbed earnestly recommended to Blackhall's protection her daughter, the Lady Henrietta Gordon. It is in the form of a letter to this lady that Blackhall describes his efforts to accomplish her mother's dying exhortation. His main object was to secure an appointment for the young lady in the household of the queen of France, the French court being then an asylum in which many of the decayed or oppressed aristocracy of Scotland found refuge. To pass over from the north of Scotland to France was a journey accompanied by no small array of perils in the early part of the seventeenth century; and it was not the less so, that the country was now raging from end to end with the troubles arising from the Covenant. The father had not proceeded many miles, before he encountered a rather formidable adventure. Along the northwest border of Aberdeenshire, where it marches with Banffshire, there is a wide, desolate moor, stretching over many miles of country to the foot of the mountain mass called the Buck of the Cabrach. It is a wild, dreary district at the present day, differing probably but slightly in its outward features from its state in Blackhall's time, however different may be the guests one would find in the primitive inn of Rhynie, which, when we last partook of its hospitalities, had as venerable an air as if it had been the actual house in which the following scene occurred. The narrative is, by the way, remarkable as illustrating the antiquity of *Finnan haddies*, which must have been a highly esteemed dish; otherwise they would not, as in this instance, have been conveyed inland nearly forty miles from the place where they were cured.

"Passing by the muir of Rhynie," says Blackhall, "I intended to give my horse a measure of oats there, because I had eight miles to ride over the Cushnie Hills, as wild a piece of ground as is in all Britain." He then inquires of a man coming out of the inn if he would get good oats there; and "the unhappy rascal answering, said, Yes, sir; and good ale and beer also; but did not tell me the house was full of men, as drunk as men could be."

"I entered in the court, suspecting nothing; and as I descended from my horse, a gentleman, called John Gordon, son to Leicheston, did embrace me very kindly. He was exceedingly drunk."

Blackhall then enters into the hall with him, which hall he describes as being "full of soldiers, as drunk as beasts, and their captain, William Gordon of Tilliangus, was little better;" adding, "that Tilliangus had got a patent to list a company for the then holy, but now cursed, Covenant; and John Gordon of Leicheston was his lieutenant; and hinting that every covenanting man was then more loyal than the king himself."

Blackhall, when he went into the hall, kept his valise in his own hand, because there was in it a suit of mass clothes, which might have discovered him; and as he was about to salute the company, "the captain, in a commanding way, said, Who are you, sir? which did presently heat my blood. And as I thought he spoke disdainfully to me, I answered in that same tone, saying, This is a question indeed, sir, to have been asked at my footman, if you had seen him coming in to you. He said it was a civil demand. I said it might pass for

such to a valet, but not to a gentleman. He said it was civil, and I said it was not. Leicheston seeing us both very hot, and ready to come to blows, taking me by the hand, said, Go with me, sir, to a chamber, and let this company alone;" to which Blackhall agrees; but the captain follows them, refuses to drink with them, but sits down, and again reiterates his demand, when Blackhall tells him that, if at first the request had been made with kindness, it would have been complied with, but having been made in a disdainful manner, and refused, he could not now with honor grant it, lest it should seem that fear, not complaisance, had been the cause; adding, "And I am resolved not to do anything prejudicial to my honor, neither for fear of death nor hope of reward; but at the next meeting, whensoever it is, I shall freely tell you, for then I hope our party will not be so unequal as it is now, and therefore will not then be ascribed to fear or baseness, as it is now."

"With this answer he went from us to his company; and, as we thought (that is, Leicheston and I,) if not contented, at least paid with reason. In the mean time Leicheston did call for Finnan haddocks (or fish like whittings, but bigger and firmer.) The mistress did give four to her servant to roast for us. When they were roasted, the captain did take them from her, and ate them up, with his soldiers. The servant came and told us that the captain would not suffer her to roast any for us, nor bring us those she had roasted for us. Whereupon I said to the mistress, in great anger, Goodwife, I pray you give me some haddocks, and I will go into your hall and roast them, or some better thing for them, for I will not be so braved by your captain. My money is as good as his, and therefore I will have haddocks for my money, or know wherefore not. She said, You shall have, sir, but you shall not go in among them who are bent to kill you. I pray God deliver my house from murder. I would give all I have in the world to have you safe out of my house. I shall go and roast the haddocks, and bring them to you myself; which she did, and we did eat them, and drink to the health of one another without any trouble; for our resolution was taken, to sell our skins at the dearest rate that we could, if it behoved us to die; for Leicheston had already sworn to die or live with me."

The captain is then represented as returning to them, sitting down and renewing his first demand, to which he receives the same answer, and departs in great wrath to his soldiers. Then Leicheston's servant comes and tells his master, in Irish, that they were making ready to compel Blackhall to tell who he was, or kill him; upon which Leicheston and Blackhall take measures for their reception. But the captain having delayed to come, Blackhall sent Leicheston to show him that it would be a blot against his honor to bring twenty men against two, and offering rather to fight with him hand to hand. Whereupon the captain was highly delighted with his courage, and said, "I did never meet with a man of greater resolution, wherefore I shall honor him wheresoever I shall see him; and tell him I need not fight combats to show my courage: it is well enough known in this country where I live, and I believe so be his where he is known." And shortly after the captain came to Blackhall, and said, "I am come to crave your pardon for the affront that we have done. Good sir, said I, be pleased to change the

name, and call it wrong, but not affront; for a man who is resolved to die in defending his own honor, may receive wrong indeed, but not an affront; and as to me, I never yet received an affront, nor do I think to be so base as ever to receive any." Then, after further demonstrations of cordiality between Blackhall and the captain, the soldiers are brought in unarmed, to testify their friendship also; and Blackhall says, "I did take each of them by the hand very kindly, and drank to them, and they to me. They were in all five-and-twenty; and a minister called Mr. Patrick Galloway, who had been lately banished out of Ireland, in the insurrection that the Irish made against the Scotch in the north of Ireland; whereby ye may judge if I would not have been a good prize to these soldiers of the unholy covenant. They would have been better rewarded for taking a priest nor [than] for a lord." He then diverges to the praise of John Gordon of Leicheston, who had stood by him so staunchly in his extremity, saying, "He was a very gallant gentleman, and as personable a man as was of any name in Scotland; tall, well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, which his generous heart did not belie. For without any other obligation, but only because he did casually meet me in the court, and civilly did bring me in by the hand to their company, he resolved to share with me of life or death, and did embrace my cause as if it had been his own; showing no less interest for my life than he would have done for his own."

When the worthy father had accomplished the object of his mission, he joyfully prepared to leave France; but if, in his native country, he met with dissipated, quarrelsome people, he was exposed in that where he was now sojourning to greater danger from a multitudinous array of robbers. "I passed on my way," says he, "asking in the villages, as I passed, if they did hear anything of voleurs [robbers] on the great way. Their answer was commonly, It is marvellous how you have escaped them, for the way is all covered with them. These were no comfortable news to me, who had all my money upon me in gold." But if it was practicable for one man so to fortify himself as to be impregnable to multitudes, Blackhall had done so. Behold his account of his travelling arsenal. "I had behind my saddle a great cloak-bag, in which were my new clothes and cloak, and a new hat; and at the top of my saddle two Dutch pistols, with wheelworks; and at my two sides two Scotch pistols, with snap-works; and a very wide musket, charged with nine pistol balls, hanging from my neck; and a good sword at my side." It was not to be wondered at that, so accoutred, robber after robber passed him unmolested; but it must be remembered, that we have only his own word for the statement, that they had ever any design to meddle with him. The following is one of his escapes:—

"When I was passing Fleurie, the taverners, as their custom is, cried, Monsieur, we have good wine and good oats; will you give your horse a measure of oats? to whom I answered, My horse hath dined, and myself also: I will not light down. Then a strong, young fellow did come out of a tavern, who said to me, Monsieur, it is very dangerous for you to go through the wood alone in these times: if you will stay but a little, my master is in the tavern drinking a chopin with another gentleman; they will convoy you through the wood. I answered him, saying, I do not fear

any man, neither in the wood nor out of it; and therefore I will not stay one moment for any company. I suspected that they might be voleurs; and he also then said, Since you have so good courage, I will go with you. The way, said I, is free to all men. But why do you not wait upon your master, to come with him, seeing, as you say, the danger is so great? Oh, said he, they are two, well mounted, and fear no voleurs. I believe you, said I. So we went on until we entered into the wood, and then my fellow redoubled his pace, to come nearer to me; which I seeing, turned the mouth of my musket towards him, and commanded him to stay there. Wherefore that? said he. Because I will so, said I: thou shalt not make me thy prey. Therefore, if thou advance but one foot, I shall discharge my musket into thy belly. He stood, and said, You need not fear, having so good a baton in thy hand. I fear no man, said I; but I will make thee fear if thou remove one foot forward until I be out of the wood. In the mean time I was ever advancing forward, and mine eye towards him. So, seeing that I did hold my gun bent towards him, he turned his back to me, and went into the thick of the wood, and I did not see him any more. Then the peasant, who all the time had kept a good distance from me, but so as he did both see and hear what was passing betwixt us, said, God be blessed, sir, who inspired you with His grace to distrust this voleur, and hold him back from you; for if you had suffered him to come near you, he would undoubtedly have got hold of your clothes, and pulled you down from your horse, and stabbed you. Behold, he is hiding himself in the wood: you have saved your own life and mine; for how soon he had killed you, he would have killed me also, for fear I might have discovered him hereafter."

On his way back to Scotland, the father was wrecked on the coast of Holy Island; and he gives the following most expressive account of the state of society among a people who profit by shipwrecks:—"The country people convened the next day, to take the goods which the sea had cast to the land; amongst which there was a caseful of castor-hats, with gold hat-bands, for which the minister of the parish, a Scotsman, named Lindsay, and a gentleman dwelling near the island, did fight; and the minister did sore wound the gentleman; and the common people did get away the case, and broke it, and every one took away what he could get of it, whilst the church and the state were fighting for it in vain." He then mentions, "that the tempest having ceased, we went a walking in the island, and did go to the governor, Robin Rugg, a notable good fellow, as his great red nose, full of pimples, did give testimony. He made us breakfast with him, and gave us very good sack, and did show us the tower in which he lived, which is no strength at all, but like the watch-towers upon the coast of Italy. We did take him with us to our inn, and made him the best cheer that we could. He was a very civil and jovial gentleman, and good company; and among the rest of his merry discourses, he told us how the common people there do pray for ships which they see in danger. They all sit down on their knees, and hold up their hands, and say, very devoutly, Lord, send her to us; God, send her to us! You, said he, seeing them upon their knees, and their hands joined, do think that they are praying for your safety; but their minds are far from that. They pray God, not to save you, or send

you to the port, but to send you to them by shipwreck, that they may get the spoil of her. And to show that this is their meaning, said he, if the ship come well to the port, or eschew shipwreck, they get up in anger, crying, The devil stick her, she is away from us!"

After a multitude of difficulties and dangers, which we cannot follow out in detail, the father returned with his ward to France; and here he found a new impediment in her intractable, haughty temper. With true Highland pride, the damsel thought that crowned heads were her only earthly superiors; and in the palaces of the French nobility, as different from her own rude home as a peer's mansion in London is from a farmer's cottage at the present day, her Highland blood boiled against the etiquettes and deferences to which the highest of the young nobility of France gave implicit obedience. Being placed in the family of the Countess of Brienne, to be trained for attendance at court, we are told that "Both the count and countess, for the queen's sake, were very civil to her; but the more they honored her, the less did she respect them. Whether that proceeded from pride, thinking that and much more was due unto her, or from inadvertency, not reflecting upon their civilities, which is called a kind of brutality, I know not; God knoweth. But what I have seen with my own eyes, and heard with mine ears, that I write here, and nothing more; for I have seen my Lady of Brienne sit in her own carriage, without her gate, upon the street, fretting a whole quarter of an hour for Mademoiselle de Gordon, sending and sending over and over again for her to go to the mass; and which did highly displease me, when she was at the carriage, stepped into it, not opening her mouth to make any excuse for making the lady stay for her, no more than if she had been mistress of the carriage, and the lady but only her servant. This I have, with much grief, seen more than two or three times; and that lady did complain to me of her as often as I did go to see her."

We must conclude with a specimen of the extremities to which the damsel's pride reduced her, notwithstanding the anxiety of her courtly friends to serve her; premising, for the reader's comfort, that the whole ended in her being received into the queen's household.

"When they arrived at St. Germain, the queen knew not how to dispose of her, because the number of her filles [maids of honor] was complete, and Madame de Brienne would not meddle with her any more. The queen told her that she, having no vacant place for her, would place her with Madame la Princesse. She answered her majesty very courageously, saying she had never done anything to displease her relatives, who, she knew, would be highly displeased, hearing that she, who came to France to wait upon her majesty, had descended to serve the Princess of Condé; and prayed her majesty to excuse her, if she refused to do what her relatives would disavow in her. The queen did not take it ill of her, this her generous answer, but did pray monsieur the prince, and madame, to keep her with them as a friend, until she could take her to herself, which at the present she could not do. They, to oblige the queen, did accept of her as a friend, and made her sit at their own table, where she remained in that posture until the princes—to wit, Condé, Conti, and Longueville—were sent prisoners to Bois de Vincienne; and then the princess would

not keep her any longer, but, a few days after their imprisonment, sent her to Madame de Brienne in a sedan; and Madame de Brienne would not receive her, but sent her to my Lord Aubeny, who sent her back to Madame de Brienne, and bade tell her that he had no woman in his house, and therefore could not receive her without disparagement of her honor and his. Madame de Brienne would not let her come within her house, but sent for Madame de Ferrand, a councillor's lady, and prayed her to take the young lady in her carriage, and deliver her to Madame de la Flotte in the Palais Royal. When they arrived there, it was near nine o'clock at night. Madame de la Flotte, seeing them come to her at that time of night, and thinking that this lady—to wit, Madame de Ferrand—had been but one of Madame de Brienne's gentlewomen, did claw her up soundly for bringing Mademoiselle de Gordon to her at that time of night." But Madame de la Flotte, when she saw she was mistaken in the lady, asked her pardon, and showed her how she could not possibly receive Mademoiselle de Gordon that night, but would next day; and back she was taken to Madame de Brienne, who, late as the hour was, refused to let her in; and Madame de Ferrand was at last constrained to take her with her to her own house; Blackhall remarking, "So Mademoiselle de Gordon might have learned, by Madame de Brienne's unkindness towards her, how improvident a thing it is to neglect powerful persons, able both to do good and evil."

GAME ALLIGATORS.

Your Alligators are looking up. They have been considered dull, stupid wretches; but are now discovered to have a world of light in them, when properly extracted and kindled: in a word, they are to be killed for their oil. We have almost used up whales, and shall now begin to burn the midnight alligator. An expedition has started from Montreal, for Black Creek, for the fishery. The writer says—

"You know how many of these enormous animals are shot out of wantonness, from the decks of the steamboats that plough our waters. I expect hereafter to hear of laws passed for their protection."

We would do more than protect—we would suggest that they be fed by a regular supply of men, women, and children. We—in merry England here—compare peasants, their wives and families, to our game, our birds and partridges: why should not the folks on the border of Black Creek make alligators game, and so fatten them upon live Indians! But this will come. A sense of the value of alligators is evidently gaining ground.

"We must allow them to be killed only at a proper season, when they are fattest, and not permit their destruction at the season when they lay their eggs."

Thus, doubtless, there will be alligator preserves; and to poach alligators' eggs in the south, will be made as criminal as to poach the eggs of pheasants in the west. Foreign states besought Bentham for constitutions—why do not the folks of Montreal apply to Mr. Grantley Berkeley for a short, concise, stringent law—or a set of laws, like a set of razors—one for every week-day, and a particularly sharp one for Sundays, for the protection of alligators! Surely he might work

into a code his grand panacea—his never-failing "punch on the head"—with the most beneficent effect.

"The alligator is a formidable-looking creature. It is true, but he is generally harmless. His office is to prowl in the sluggish waters of this southern region, *pick up what he can*, and digest it into excellent oil for the illumination of our houses."

Is not this the perfect type of a penny-a-liner? Are not his looks—his office—his brilliant result, as burning in the columns of the press—all shadowed forth in this? The Egyptians were a wise people. We call them barbarous idolaters for worshipping the crocodile. They put jewelled rings in his ears, and built a city—Crocodylropolis—in his honor. A hideous, ravenous, filthy wretch he seems to us; but the Egyptians, doubtless, knew of his oil, and treating him like an unacknowledged genius, worshipped him for his hidden light.—*Punch*.

A "FORLORN HOPE."—Marshal Bugeaud has hit upon a new expedient for capturing Abd-el-kader. He has taken his dog. The cunning Marshal evidently thinks that his only chance of finding out Abd-el-kader's hiding place is by following in the track of his dog. It would make a fine picture for Versailles—"The French army marching to Victory," and a poodle at the head of it.—*Punch*.

THE APPEALS IN THE LORDS.—A foreigner would be very much struck by the air of calm decency that pervades the hearing of appeals in the house of lords. Three peers are sufficient to form a house, and these three are not required to keep awake during the proceedings; so that the chairman generally goes off first, into the arms of Somnus, and his example is speedily followed by his two supporters. Lord Brougham, who never will go to sleep under any circumstances, generally smuggles the last new novel under his papers, and amuses himself with a "quiet read;" or, while pretending to take notes, he is not unfrequently rattling off some "copy" for one of the numerous works that he always has in the hands of the printer. The counsel go quietly on with their speeches, utterly regardless of the inattention they experience; and the whole affair has an aspect of sober quietude that is peculiarly imposing on all who witness it. We shall look in some day, and give a *verbatim* report of the proceedings.—*Punch*.

REFORM OF THE LAW.—Chancellors, ex-chancellors, and queen's counsel, are members of a society for the reform of the law. They meet and denounce the wickedness of costs, and then hie away to practice. This reminds us of a passage in Borrow's *Gipsies of Spain*:—"And now, my dears," says the head of the family to the younger branches—"now you have said your prayers, go out and steal."—*Punch*.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO FIGHT.—The State of Louisiana has passed an act for the protection of all debtors who are willing to take arms against Mexico; thus offering a premium to those heroes who, at home, are not "worth powder and shot."—*Punch*.

DETERMINED SUICIDE.—Sir Robert Peel intends to persevere in endeavoring to carry the Coercion Bill.—*Punch*.

MR. JEAMES AGAIN.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As newmarus inquiries have been maid both at my privit resddence, The Wheel of Fortune Otel, and at your Hoffie, regarding the fate of that dear babby, James Hangelo, whose primumture dissappearnts caused such hagnies to his distracted parents, I must begg, dear sir, the permission to occupy a part of your valuable collams once more, and hease the public mind about my blessid boy.

"Victims of that nashnal cuss, the Broken Gage, me and Mrs. Plush was left in the train to Cheltenham, sougtring from that most disagreeble of complaints, a halmost broken Art. The skreema of Mrs. Jeames might be said almost to out-Y the squeel of the dying, as we rusht into that fashnable Spaw, and my pore Mary Hann found it was not Baby, but Bundles I had in my lapp.

"When the old Dowidger, Lady Bareacres, who was waiting heagerly at the train, that owing to that abawminable brake of Gage, the luggitch, her Ladyship's Cherrybrandy box, the cradle for Lady Hangelina's baby, the lace, crockary, and chany, was rejucied to one immortal smash; the old cat howld at me and pore dear Mary Hann, as if it was huss, and not the infunule Brake of Gage, was to blame; and as if we ad no misfortns of our hown to deplaw. She bust out about my stupid imparence; called Mary Hann a good for nothing creecher, and wep and abewed and took on about her broken Chayny Bowl, a great deal more than she did about a dear little Christian child. 'Don't talk to me about your bratt of a babby,' (seshe;) 'where's my bowl!—where's my medsan!—where's my bewtiffle Pint lace!—All in rewins through your stupidatty, you brute, you!'

"'Bring your haction against the Great Western, Maam,' says I, quite rileed by this crowel and unfealing hold wixen. 'Ask the pawters at Gloster, why your goods is spiled—it's not the fust time they've been asked the question. Git the gage haltered against the nex time you send for medsan—and meanwile buy some at the Plow—they keep it very good and strong there, I'll be bound. Has for hus, we're a going back to the cussid station at Gloster, in such of our blessid child.'

"'You don't mean to say, young woman,' seshee, 'that you're not going to Lady Hangelina: what's her dear boy to do! who's to nuss it?'

"'You nuss it, Maam,' says I. 'Me and Mary Hann return this momint by the Fly.' And so (whishing her a suckastic ajew) Mrs. Jeames and I lep into a one oss weakle, and told the driver to go like mad back to Gloster.

"I can't describe my pore gals hagny juring our ride. She sat in the carridge as silent as a milestone, and as madd as a march Air. When we got to Gloster she sprang hout of it as wild as a Tigris, and rusht to the station, up to the fatle Bench.

"'My child, my child,' shreex she, in a hoss, hot voice. 'Where's my infant! a little bewtiffe child, with blue eyes—dear Mr. Policeman, give it to me—a thousand guineas for it.'

"'Faix, Maam,' says the man, a Hirishman, 'and the divvle a babby have I seen this day except thirteen of my own—and you're welcome to any one of them, and kindly.'

"As if his babby was equal to ours, as my darling Mary Hann said, afterwards. All the station

was scrouging round us by this time—pawters & clark and refreshmint people and all. 'What's this year row about that there babby?' at last says the Inspector, stepping hup. I thought my wife was going to jump into his harms. 'Have you got him!' says she.

"'Was it a child in a blue cloak?' says he.

"'And blue eyes!' says my wife.

"'I put a label on him and sent him on to Bristol; he's there by this time. The Guard of the Mail took him and put him in a letter-box,' says he: 'he went 20 minutes ago. We found him on the broad gauge line, and sent him on by it, in course,' says he. 'And it'll be a caution to you, young woman, for the future, to label your children along with the rest of your luggage.'

"If my piguniary means had been such as *once* they was, you mav imadgine I'd have had a speashle train and been hoff like smoak. As it was, we was oblidged to wait 4 mormal hours for the next train (4 ears they seemed to us,) and then away we went.

"'My boy! my little boy!' says poor, choking Mary Hann, when we got there. 'A parcel in a blue cloak,' says the man! 'Nobody claimed him here, and so we sent him back by the mail. An Irish nurse here gave him some supper, and he's at Paddington by this time. Yes,' says he, looking at the clock, 'he's been there these ten minutes.'

"But seeing my poor wife's distracted histarri-cle state, this good-naturd man says, 'I think, my dear, there's a way to ease your mind. We'll know in five minutes how he is.'

"'Sir,' says she, 'don't make sport of me.'

"'No, my dear, we'll telegraph him.'

"And he began hoppersating on that singlar and ingenus electrickle inwention, which aniliates time, and carries intelligence in the twinkling of a peg-post.

"'I'll ask,' says he, 'for the child marked G. W. 273.'

"Back comes the telegraph, with the sign 'All right.'

"'Ask what he's doing, sir,' said my wife, quite amazed. Back comes the answer in a Jiffy—

"'C. R. Y. I. N. G.'

"This caused all the bystanders to laugh excep my pore Mary Hann, who pull'd a very sad face.

"The good-naterd feller presently said, 'he'd have another trile;' and what d'ye think was the answer! I'm blest if it was n't—

"'P. A. P.'

"He was eating pap! There's for you—there's a rogue for you—there's a March of Intellect! Mary Hann smiled now for the fust time. 'He'll sleep now,' says she. And she sat down with a full heart.

"If hever that good-naterd Shooperintendent comes to London he need never ask for his skore at the Wheel of Fortune Hotel, I promise you—where me and my wife and James Hangelo now is; and where only yesterday, a gent came in and drew this pictur of us in our bar.

"And if they go on breaking gages; and if the child, the most precious luggage of the Henglishman, is to be bundled about in this year waw, why it won't be for want of warning, both from Professor Harris, the Commissioner, and from

"My dear Mr. Punch's obeajent servant,

"JEAMES PLUSH."

From the Art-Union.

THE TALBÓTYPE.—SUN-PICTURES.

THROUGH the courtesy of H. Fox Talbot, Esq., we are enabled to present, with this number of the Art-Union, an example of the "sun-pictures," of the method of the production of which this accomplished gentleman is the inventor. It will be remembered that we have from time to time called attention to these truly wonderful representations, in our notices of Mr. Talbot's work, "The Pencil of Nature." By the public these "sun-pictures" are still misapprehended—still "misnomered;" we shall accordingly, in this notice, show what they are not, and endeavor to explain what they are, as it is yet far from generally accepted that they result from the action of light alone, and are not produced by some *leger-de-main* of art. On their first appearance, artists who were not as yet cognizant of the discovery were utterly at a loss to pronounce upon them—they could, at once, understand that they were characterized by nothing like human handling; there was no resemblance to *touch*, for the eye to rest upon—they resembled nothing that had ever been done, either in the broad or narrow styles of water-color washing—they had nothing in common with mezzotint—nothing with lithography—nothing with any known method of engraving. By the artist all this was determinable, but still the main question was unsolved. By the public they were considered drawings, or some modification of lithography, or mezzotint—and this is still extensively believed. It cannot be understood that these are veritable *Phæbi labores*—that no two are exactly alike, and that to copy them surpasses all human ingenuity, inasmuch as they are a transfer to paper of the masses and tracery of light and shade by a means utterly inimitable by the ordinary resources of art. On every print or plate, of what kind soever, the trace of manipulation is perceptible; but an examination of a sun-picture by a magnifying glass serves only to render the problem more difficult of solution, if the mind of the inquirer be occupied with art without reference to nature.

A due consideration of these productions suggests to us at once those works which are essentially the triumphs of the Dutch school—as the nearest approach which the labors of the human hand have ever effected to the sun-picture. No detailed comparison can be instituted; but we are here taught—and there is no appeal from the precept—that finish is by no means incompatible with breadth. How skeptical soever the eye may be, there is nothing inharmonious in nature; therefore the closest imitation of nature is the nearest approach to the beautiful; and she is, consequently, outraged in proportion to any amount of discordant hardness which may exist in professed representations of truth.

These photogenic* drawings are not extensively known in proportion to the importance of the discovery. The picture which accompanies this number of the Art-Union, as an example, will, to those to whom the art is entirely new, afford some idea of the style in which these productions are brought forward, and will, at the same time, support the observations we have already made on the subject. To meet the inquiries to which the in-

imitable representation will naturally give rise, we supply a brief account of the process and its invention.

Early in October, 1833, the inventor, H. Fox Talbot, Esq., F. R. S., was amusing himself in sketching, by the aid of Wollaston's camera lucida, passages of the enchanting scenery of the shores of the Lake of Como. But the results effected by this means were unsatisfactory, inasmuch as to lead to the conclusion that the use of the instrument required a certain knowledge of drawing, which the operator unfortunately did not possess. The rejection of this instrument by Mr. Talbot induced him to make trial of another instrument, the *camera obscura*, which prompted the wish that the beautiful imagery which it displays could be made a fixed and permanent picture or impression upon the paper. Reflecting on the known chemical influence of light, it occurred to Mr. Talbot that a certain action might be exerted upon paper in a manner so entirely subject to the degrees of light and shade by which it was promoted, as to bear a strict resemblance to the forms on which the light fell; and "although," says Mr. Talbot, "I knew the fact from chemical books that nitrate of silver was changed or decomposed by light, still I had never seen the experiment tried, and therefore I had no idea whether the action was a rapid or a slow one—a point, however, of the utmost importance, since, if it were a slow one, my theory might prove but a philosophic dream."

Early in the year 1834, Mr. Talbot began to reduce his speculations to experiment by employing a solution of the nitrate of silver for the purpose of preparing the paper; but the result was unsatisfactory, and not less so was an experiment with the chloride of silver already formed. The effect was then tried of the formation of the chloride on the paper, by first washing the paper with a strong solution of salt, and afterwards with nitrate of silver; but this proceeding was not more satisfactory than the others.

In the course of numerous experiments, Mr. Talbot discovered that the paper was rendered more sensitive by the employment of a weaker solution of salt than he had before used, having hitherto erred in the formation of a too perfect chloride; whereas that which was really necessary to the desiderated end was an imperfect chloride. The result of this step was a facility in obtaining distinct and very pleasing images of such things as leaves, lace, and other flat objects of complicated forms and outlines, by exposing them to the light of the sun; but the paper was not yet sufficiently sensitive for the purpose of obtaining pictures with the *camera obscura*.

At Geneva, in the autumn of 1834, Mr. Talbot prosecuted the inquiry by varying the experiments in many ways. His attention was directed to iodide of silver by a remark of Sir H. Davy, as to a superior susceptibility in the iodide; but, in making the trial, the result was the contrary of the statement of Sir H. Davy—that the iodide of silver was more sensitive to light than the chloride. It proved itself not only less sensitive than the chloride, but did not in any way respond to the influence of the strongest sunshine, but would retain its original tint (a pale straw color) for any length of time unchanged in the sun. By this fact the operator was convinced that little dependence could be placed on the statements of chemical writers with regard to this particular subject—in fact, those aids and resources which are available

* The name photogenic drawing, or photography, was invented by Mr. Talbot, having been previously unknown.

in other inquiries were here altogether wanting, so that every step towards the discovery, and in its progress to perfection, is, it may be truly said, the result of the unassisted labors of Mr. Talbot, to whom alone be the whole honor.

Although the experiment was not according to the observation of Sir H. Davy, the fact of the iodide of silver being insensible to light was of immediate utility: for the iodide of silver being found to be insensible to light, and the chloride being easily convertible into the iodide by immersion into iodide of potassium, it followed that a picture made with chloride could be fixed by dipping it into a bath of the alkaline iodide.

"This process of fixation" (extracted from the "Pencil of Nature"—Mr. Talbot's work already mentioned) "was a simple one, and it was sometimes very successful. The disadvantages to which it was liable did not manifest themselves until a later period, and arose from a new and unexpected cause, namely, that when a picture is so treated, although it is permanently secured against the darkening effect of the solar rays, yet it is exposed to a contrary or whitening effect from them; so that after the lapse of some days, the dark parts of the picture begin to fade, and gradually the whole picture becomes obliterated, and is reduced to the appearance of a uniform pale yellow sheet of paper. A good many pictures, no doubt, escape this fate; but, as they all seem liable to it, the fixing process by iodine must be considered as not sufficiently certain to be retained in use as a photographic process, except when employed with several careful precautions, which it would be too long to speak of in this place."

During the summer of 1835, Mr. Talbot renewed his attempts to execute pictures of buildings with the camera obscura; and having communicated to the paper a greater degree of sensibility by means of repeated alternate washes of salt and silver, and using it in a moist state, the time for obtaining a representation with the camera obscura on a bright day was reduced to ten minutes. But these were small, and, although others of larger size were obtainable, a much greater amount of patience was necessary for their production; and, moreover, they were less perfect than the smaller ones, as it was difficult to keep the instrument steady for any great length of time pointing at the same object; and, the paper being employed in a moist state, the action was not sufficiently uniform.

At the close of 1838, Mr. Talbot discovered a fact of a new kind, of which he thus speaks:—"Having spread a piece of silver leaf on a pane of glass, and thrown a particle of iodine upon it, I observed that colored rings formed themselves around the central particle, especially if the glass was slightly warmed. The colored rings I had no difficulty in attributing to the formation of infinitely thin layers or strata of iodide of silver; but a most unexpected phenomenon occurred when the silver plate was brought into the light, by placing it near a window; for then the colored rings shortly began to change their colors, and assumed other and quite unusual tints, such as are never seen in the colors of thin plates. For instance, the part of the silver plate which at first shone with a pale yellow color was changed to a dark olive green when brought into the daylight. This change was not very rapid—it was much less rapid than the changes of some of the sensitive papers which I had been in the habit of employing;

and, therefore, after having admired the beauty of this new phenomenon, I laid the specimens by for a time, to see whether they would preserve the same appearance, or would undergo any further alteration." This experiment, as our readers will see, was a curious anticipation of the first part of the Daguerreotype process about six months before Daguerre announced it.

In September, 1840, Mr. Talbot discovered the process first called Calotype (but the name has since been changed by some of his friends into Talbotype.*). By this process the action of light on paper was rendered many hundred times more rapid, allowing portraits to be taken from the life, which could not previously be accomplished. The method of obtaining the Calotype pictures, communicated by Mr. Talbot to the Royal Society, shortly after the discovery is as follows:—

"*Preparation of the Paper.*—Take a sheet of the best writing paper, having a smooth surface, and a close and even texture.

"The water-mark, if any, should be cut off, lest it should injure the appearance of the picture. Dissolve 100 grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in six ounces of distilled water. Wash the paper with this solution with a soft brush, on one side, and put a mark on that side whereby to know it again. Dry the paper cautiously at a distant fire, or else let it dry spontaneously in a dark room. When dry, or nearly so, dip it into a solution of iodide of potassium containing 500 grains of that salt dissolved in one pint of water, and let it stay two or three minutes in this solution. Then dip it into a vessel of water, dry it lightly with blotting paper, and finish drying it at a fire, which will not injure it even if held pretty near; or else it may be left to dry spontaneously.

"All this is best done in the evening by candle-light. The paper so far prepared I call *iodized paper*, because it has a uniform pale yellow coating of iodide of silver. It is scarcely sensitive to light, but, nevertheless, it ought to be kept in a portfolio or a drawer, until wanted for use. It may be kept for any length of time without spoiling or undergoing any change, if protected from the light. This is the first part of the preparation of Calotype paper, and may be performed at any time. The remaining part is best deferred until shortly before the paper is wanted for use.

"When that time is arrived, take a sheet of the iodized paper, and wash it with a liquid prepared in the following manner:—

"Dissolve 100 grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in two ounces of distilled water; add to this solution one sixth of its volume of strong acetic acid. Let this mixture be called A.

"Make a saturated solution of crystallized gallic acid in cold distilled water. The quantity dissolved is very small. Call this solution B.

"When a sheet of paper is wanted for use, mix together the liquids A and B in equal volumes, but only mix a small quantity of them at a time, because the mixture does not keep long without spoiling. I shall call this mixture the *gallo-nitrate of silver*.

"Then take a sheet of iodized paper and wash it over with this gallo nitrate of silver, with a soft brush, taking care to wash it on the side which has

* Specimens of the Talbotype may be procured in great variety of Messrs. Gambart and Co., Berners street, and Messrs. Ackermann and Co., Strand, London; and may be ordered of any respectable printseller in town or country.

been previously marked. This operation should be performed by candle-light. Let the paper rest half a minute, and then dip it into water. Then dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and finally dry it cautiously at a fire, holding it a considerable distance therefrom. When dry, the paper is fit for use. I have named the paper thus prepared Calotype paper, on account of its great utility in obtaining the pictures of objects with the camera obscura. If this paper be kept in a press, it will often retain its qualities in perfection for three months or more, being ready for use at any moment; but this is not uniformly the case, and I therefore recommend that it should be used in a few hours after it has been prepared. If it is used immediately, the last drying may be dispensed with, and the paper may be used moist. Instead of employing a solution of crystallized gallic acid for the liquid B, the *tincture of galls* diluted with water may be used, but I do not think the results are altogether so satisfactory.

Use of the paper.—The Calotype paper is sensitive to light in an extraordinary degree, which transcends a hundred times or more that of any kind of photographic paper hitherto described. This may be made manifest by the following experiment:—Take a piece of this paper, and, having covered half of it, expose the other half to daylight for the space of *one second* in dark cloudy weather in winter. This brief moment suffices to produce a strong impression upon the paper. But the impression is latent and invisible, and its existence would not be suspected by any one who was not forewarned of it by previous experiments.

The method of causing the impression to become visible is extremely simple. It consists in washing the paper once more with the gallo-nitrate of silver, prepared in the way before described, and then warming it gently before the fire. In a few seconds the part of the paper upon which the light has acted begins to darken, and finally grows entirely black, while the other part of the paper retains its whiteness. Even a weaker impression than this may be *brought out* by repeating the wash of gallo-nitrate of silver, and again warming the paper. On the other hand, a stronger impression does not require the warming of the paper, for a wash of the gallo-nitrate suffices to make it visible, without heat, in the course of a minute or two.

A very remarkable proof of the sensitiveness of the Calotype paper is afforded by the fact that it will take an impression from simple moonlight, not concentrated by a lens. If a leaf is laid upon a sheet of the paper, an image of it may be obtained in this way in from a quarter to half an hour.

This paper, being possessed of so high a degree of sensitiveness, is therefore well suited to receive images in the camera obscura. If the aperture of the object-lens is one inch, and the focal length fifteen inches, I find that *one minute** is amply sufficient in summer to impress a strong image upon the paper, of any building upon which the sun is shining. When the aperture amounts to one third of the focal length, and the object is very white, as a plaster bust, &c., it appears to me that *one second* is sufficient to obtain a pretty good image of it.

The images thus received upon the Calotype paper are for the most part invisible impressions.

They may be made visible by the process already related, namely, by washing them with the gallo-nitrate of silver, and then warming the paper. When the paper is quite blank, as is generally the case, it is a highly curious and beautiful phenomenon to see the spontaneous commencement of the picture, first tracing out the stronger outlines, and then gradually filling up all the numerous and complicated details. The artist should watch the picture as it develops itself, and when in his judgment it has attained the greatest degree of strength and clearness, he should stop further progress by washing it with the fixing liquid.

The Fixing Process.—To fix the picture, it should be first washed with water, then lightly dried with blotting-paper, and then washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, containing 100 grains of that salt dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water. After a minute or two it should be again dipped in water, and then finally dried. The picture is in this manner very strongly fixed, and with this great advantage, that it remains transparent, and that, therefore, there is no difficulty in obtaining a copy from it. The Calotype picture is a *negative* one, in which the lights of nature are represented by shades; but the copies are *positive*, having the lights conformable to nature. They also represent the objects in their natural position with respect to right and left. The copies may be made upon Calotype paper in a very short time, the invisible impressions being *brought out* in the way already described. But I prefer to make copies upon photographic paper prepared in the way which I originally described in a memoir read to the Royal Society in February, 1839, and which is made by washing the best writing-paper, *first*, with a weak solution of common salt, and, *next*, with a solution of nitrate of silver. Although it takes a much longer time to obtain a copy upon this paper, yet, when obtained, the tints appear more harmonious and pleasing to the eye; it requires in general from three minutes to thirty minutes of sunshine, according to circumstances to obtain a good copy on this sort of photographic paper. The copy should be washed and dried, and the fixing process (which may be deferred to a subsequent day) is the same as that already mentioned. The copies are made by placing the picture upon the photographic paper, with a board below and a sheet of glass above, and pressing the papers into close contact by means of screws or otherwise.

After a calotype picture has furnished several copies, it sometimes grows faint, and no more good copies then can be made from it. But these pictures possess the beautiful and extraordinary property of being susceptible of revival. In order to revive them and restore their original appearance, it is only necessary to wash them again by candlelight with gallo-nitrate of silver, and warm them; this causes all the shades of the picture to darken greatly, while the white parts remain unaffected. The shaded parts of the paper thus acquire an opacity which gives a renewed spirit and life to the copies, of which a second series may now be taken, extending often to a very considerable number. In reviving the picture it sometimes happens that various details make their appearance which had not before been seen, having been latent all the time, yet, nevertheless, not destroyed by their long exposure to sunshine.

I will terminate these observations by stating a few experiments calculated to render the mode of action of the sensitive paper more familiar.

* Subsequent experiments, during the summer of 1841, showed that *ten seconds* was the proper time under the circumstances above mentioned.

"1. Wash a piece of iodized paper with the gallo-nitrate; expose it to daylight for a second or two, and then withdraw it. The paper will soon begin to darken spontaneously, and will grow quite black.

"2. The same as before, but let the paper be warmed. The blackening will be more rapid in consequence of the warmth.

"3. Put a large drop of the gallo-nitrate on one part of the paper, and moisten another part of it more sparingly, then leave it exposed to a very faint daylight; it will be found that the lesser quantity produces the greater effect in darkening the paper; and, in general, it will be seen that the most rapid darkening takes place at the moment when the paper becomes nearly dry; also, if only a portion of the paper is moistened, it will be observed that the edges or boundaries of the moistened part are more acted on by the light than any other part of the surface.

"4. If the paper, after being moistened with the gallo-nitrate, is washed with water and dried, a slight exposure to daylight no longer suffices to produce so much discoloration; indeed, it often produces none at all. But by subsequently washing it again with the gallo-nitrate, and warming it, the same degree of discoloration is developed as in the other case (experiments 1 and 2.) The dry paper appears, therefore, to be equal or superior, in sensitiveness to the moist; only with this difference, that it receives a *virtual* instead of an *actual* impression from the light, which it requires a subsequent process to develop."

The date of the announcement of Daguerre's discovery, (January, 1839,) being five years after the commencement of the labors of Mr. Talbot, makes it sufficiently clear that, had Daguerre's researches been unsuccessful, the discovery of this other branch of photography had still been secured to the world by those of Mr. Talbot—since the inventions are altogether independent of each other. The announcements in both cases, as we have already stated, were simultaneous, and it was conjectured by the public, before the processes were known, that the means employed were the same; but, when the processes were described, their difference was at once acknowledged. The Daguerreotype is now so well known to the public that it is not necessary, in reference to it, to do more than state a broad difference between it and the Talbotype: for the execution of portraits and pictures by the former process, plates of polished silver are used; while, in the latter, paper is employed, as may be seen in the example which accompanies this notice. The Talbotype is less extensively known than the Daguerreotype, although meriting, at least, an equal publicity: for it may be considered superior to the latter in respect of the material upon which the picture is cast, and fully equal to it in power of detail. Every means has been employed in propagating a knowledge of the Daguerreotype, and its merits have done the rest. On the other hand, the Talbotype has been hitherto only circulated in private societies, and is, consequently, less generally known. We presume, however, that the circulation of the very large number of examples with which Mr. Talbot has supplied us, will have the effect of making many thousands acquainted with it who had previously only heard of it as one of the wonders of the age.

It is now nearly thirteen years since Mr. Talbot commenced his labors, which he has, up to this period, prosecuted with so fortunate and happy a

result; while yet, by the constancy of his exertions, the invention is increasing in excellence; as it is now in his power to execute much more beautiful things than have hitherto been attempted.

In the sixth number of the "Pencil of Nature," a plate is published to show another important application of the photographic art. This is a repetition of a sketch of "Hagar in the Desert," by Francesco Mola, which has been taken from a facsimile executed at Munich: hence we are furnished with indubitable proof that by this means can original sketches of the old masters be illimitably multiplied, with a nicety of execution surpassing any imitative effort of the human hand.

As we have already stated, had M. Daguerre never effected any discovery, we should still have had that of Mr. Talbot. Of each of these inventions the comparative available utilities must not be forgotten: to the former, for his ingenious and persevering experiments, all honor is due; and also to the claims of the latter not an iota less of distinction is to be awarded. In reducing the two inventions to a consideration of their real utilities, the preference must be given to the Talbotype. The invention of Daguerre was matured at its announcement: we hear from time to time of improvements, but, on examination, these have never added one truly useful feature to the first development. On the other hand, the Talbotype, since it was first made known, has, through the unremitting labors and research of its inventor, been wonderfully improved: we have just spoken of a most valuable capability—that of increasing ancient and valuable drawings upon the material whereon they were originally made, and so fitting them for the portfolio. The Daguerreotype is most faithful in repeating prints, &c.; but what can be done with metal plates? The powers of the Talbotype are admirably adapted to book illustration, and in this respect they have yet to be shown; in short, the microscopic precision with which texture and form are rendered by this means is not to be attained by any attempts at imitation by any manipulative process, however elaborate.

Hence, as to the real utility of the two inventions, there is no question. Mr. Talbot is still assiduously laboring for the further perfection of the invention, the advancement of which will be sufficiently seen in other works, shortly to appear, which are much superior to anything that has yet been produced.

The Life of MARTIN LUTHER, gathered from his own Writings. By M. MICHELET, Author of the "History of France," "The People," &c., &c. Translated by G. H. SMITH, F.G.S.

THE peculiar value of this work consists in the fact that it is "neither the life of Luther turned into an historical romance, nor a history of the establishment of Lutheranism, but a biography consisting of a series of transcripts from Luther's own revelations." With the exception of the events of the earlier years of his life, when Luther could not have been the penman, the transcriber has seldom occasion to hold the pen himself. His task has been limited to selecting, arranging and fixing the chronology of detached passages. Throughout the whole work, Luther is his own spokesman—Luther's life is told by Luther himself. We need not add that by an author so accomplished as M. Michelet, this task is admirably executed.—*Protestant Churchmen.*

From Godey's Lady's Book.

CHARACTER AND OPINIONS OF THE LATE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

BY WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

WHEN a great man is inearthed, there usually springs up such a crop of memoirs, eulogies, defamations, and what not, that it would seem as if the mortal seed had been committed to the ground only to reappear, even in this world, in a more etherealized or intellectual form. When a conspicuous man dies, there is a somewhat kindred tendency to supply the blank he leaves in the public eye by notices and discussions of his claims to public attention.

Sydney Smith certainly was not a great man, but his pungent and ready wit made us ever sensible of his presence, and of late his hard hits at American repudiation drew our attention to him peculiarly. We had learned almost to regard him as the exponent of English feeling on this sore subject. When he died, those Pennsylvanians whom he had praised as behaving with great decorum and refraining from any attempt to pick English pockets at the queen's coronation dinner, must have felt somewhat relieved. He threw stones with great dexterity where the object was vulnerable, and those who suffered from his blows suffered in silence, forgetting, through the boldness of their assailant, that his house was of glass if they chose to retaliate.

The glory of Sydney Smith is to have set on foot the *Edinburgh Review*—his shame, that after having contributed to it some of the most impudent and illiberal articles, he should have said, when all was over and hot blood cold, that he saw very little to alter or repent of. He who saw other people's prejudices and littlenesses so keenly, was even thus lamentably blind to his own. He who could rebuke with such scorching causticity what he considered as pecuniary dishonesty, was capable of dishonesty of another kind quite as disgraceful to the perpetrator, and far more ruinous to the sufferer.

That there has been a vast progress in the political condition of Great Britain within the present century is undeniable. That the *Edinburgh Review* has advocated with steadiness and ability the leading beneficial changes, is equally true. It is impossible to assign to this or to any one cause the precise degree of merit to which it may be entitled, but from the talent with which that journal has been conducted from the outset, the high place it has maintained in the literary and political world, and its large circulation, we may safely award it the first place. This is only saying that Brougham, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Macaulay and their associates, have unitedly done more than any other set of men in effecting what may be termed the second English Revolution. Some of these men have, it is true, figured in parliament; but we doubt much whether their influence individually has been as great, even there, as in the *Review*—collectively we are very sure it has not. They are men of the closet and the pen, far more powerful in the silent page than in the animated debate, which calls for personal qualifications possessed by so few scholars.

Very properly, then, may Sydney Smith pride himself, as he does in the preface to his works, on having set on foot such a journal and contributed to it for so many years. Many a man has

passed for a hero on account of achievements or happy accidents of far less importance. But a part of his self-glorification on this topic makes us smile, and we hardly know whether the witty canon can be in earnest or is merely playing off a joke that may take in at least the uninitiated. He says, "To bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a course of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate." We would gladly have been informed of the duration of this martyrdom. We have a hint of oatmeal commons at the outset, to be sure, but we think before long the "reproach" of being the associate of Brougham, Jeffrey and Macaulay, and the "poverty" of two guineas a page or fifty pounds an article, must have been "boiled peas" in comparison with any real sacrifice. Peter Plymley's Letters, too—a pretty good sized book and not particularly clerical—twenty thousand copies sold!—good picking for somebody, and we do not believe the reverend gentleman one likely to let it all fall into other hands; at least his Pennsylvania groans never seemed to us quite disinterested virtuous indignation. A few years after the "poverty" complained of, and subsequent also to the fall of Pennsylvania stocks, we find this victim's estate sworn under the value of seventy thousand pounds. To American perceptions, at least, this is very tolerable poverty—one that would console most men like Sydney Smith for a good deal of reproach.

Old Lord Stowell once said to him—"Mr. Smith, you would have been a much richer man if you had joined us;" and he claims not a little merit that he did not act on the old lord's hint. We know not how rich the tory clergy usually are, but we think most of them would be content to pass from the tutorship of a juvenile member of the squirarchy to an estate of £70,000.

As to the other boast, of having no intemperance and violence to reproach himself with, we think many years' enjoyment of the titlings of this world's fat things must have dulled the good man's memory, or the near approach to that other state of being when sincerity and earnestness in religious matters will stand us in better stead than church preferment, would have brought to his mind, with some compunctious visitings, the many bitter things he had written against the Methodists. Take an instance: "We shall use the general term Methodism to designate these particular classes of fanatics"—i. e., "Arminian and Calvinistic Methodists and the *Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England*"—"not troubling ourselves to point out the finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy, but treating them all as in one general conspiracy against common sense and rational orthodox Christianity." The class thus disposed of, it will be remembered, includes, among a host of eminent persons, Wilberforce, Hannah More, Leigh Richmond and Lord Teignmouth. It includes those who built up the British and Foreign Bible Society, and those who put down the slave trade. Yet after thirty years' interval, the Reverend Sydney Smith finds no cause to wish such things unsaid. And again: "Not that they preach faith without works, for if they told the people they might rob and murder with impunity, the civil magistrate must be compelled to interfere"—that is, fear of the civil magistrate prevents the preaching of robbery and murder by the Methodists.

No intemperance and violence here against Whitefield and Wesley, who "did not run naked into the streets or pretend to the prophetic character—and therefore were not committed to Newgate!"

The preaching of Whitefield and Wesley did certainly differ somewhat from that of Mr. Smith. Two of the four sermons* he has given us with the essays are addressed to lawyers, and one to a mayor and corporation. The occasions were what is called extraordinary, and the sermons are certainly no less so. "And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying," &c. From this text a sermon was preached "before the Hon. Sir John Bayley, Knt.," and we pity Sir John. "We must not forget," says the witty priest—"we must not forget the question, and we must not forget who asked the question, and we must not forget who answered it, and what that answer was." He must have a hard heart who does not sympathize with a writer who, having a reputation to support, is put to such shifts for sentences wherewith to occupy the orthodox "just fifteen minutes." He tells the lawyers he shall address them on their particular duties. Very well—all right and proper. The first paragraph contains an appeal to them as living flesh and blood lawyers, whether they do not find their *devotion* interfered with, their taste for devotion lessened, their time for devotion abridged. Trying questions—for the preacher himself allows, in the same paragraph, that "rivals are to be watched, superiors are to be cultivated, connexions cherished"—evidently the *nine* points of the law. But there is a *tenth*—"what time for the altar—what time for God?" Then the "particular duties." "The genuine and unaffected piety of a lawyer is of great advantage to the general interests of religion, inasmuch as to the highest member of that profession a great share of church patronage is entrusted." A lawyer, then, ought certainly to be genuinely and unaffectedly pious, for—he may get to be lord chancellor! The Rev. S. S. (not Sinner Saved, of leather breeches memory) must have his joke even in the pulpit. Then follow more "particular duties" for such of his hearers as may come to the woollack, of which zeal for the church as by law established is first, second and third—and, in fact, no other is alluded to.

Mr. Smith does not tell us that he was the proposer of the motto of the Edinburgh Review, but no one construed it more strictly, as its earlier pages abundantly testify. Impaling of authors was a favorite sport with him, as well as with other reviewers of that period. They and their brethren have been taught better manners since. Some of Smith's articles abound in abuse and insult, and descend even to the most disgusting allusions to accomplish the object. Even his wit would hardly make such coarseness taking in our day. The reviews have assumed a tone more earnest and more conciliating, recognizing the probability that an author possesses human feelings, and the possibility that he may be inclined to appease them by retaliation. Mr. Smith's wit is not of the highest order, but it is abundant—more like the incessant heat lightning of a summer evening than like the dazzling ribbons

that split the clouds asunder at intervals, blinding the beholder so that black looks white for a while. He is not a little indebted to quaint and funny words, such as *anserous*, *armigeral*, *mumpsimus*, *furfurous*, *agricolous*, *plumigrinous*—a class of adjectives, which it would require but a schoolboy's knowledge of Latin to enlarge indefinitely. He is still more indebted to that entire unscrupulousness which generally becomes the characteristic of the professed wit—a freedom which holds nothing sacred, and which overleaps all the nice and delicate boundaries that prevent other men of equal ability from acquiring the reputation of wit. But with all allowances he is rich in genuine fun, and holds some of the abuses of his country up to ridicule with all the hilarious *abandon* of a boy who has stolen a few moments in which to kick a prohibited foot-ball. He seems not so much determined to get the laugh on his side as to enjoy it himself—not so desirous of making the absurdity in question odious as of extracting all possible amusement out of it. The subjects which he handles in this temper are fair game certainly: witness "the Persecuting Bishops" and others of like character. On subjects which touch his kinder feelings he can be serious. With the Methodists he keeps nowhere any terms either of justice or decency.

Mr. Smith's opposition to the "godly" school is accounted for by the way in which, as he tells us, he formed his conceptions of true, practical piety. We always suppose the Bible to furnish the means by which all men, and clergymen in particular, were to be guided on this point. But there is, it seems, a more excellent way: "It has been our good fortune to be acquainted with many truly religious persons—and from their manly, rational and serious characters, our conceptions of true practical piety have been formed." These models must have been Edinburgh reviewers. To the same source, it is to be presumed, we are to trace the morals of the reverend critic.

What are those morals? The morals of the only parson in that powerful body—the high priest of that despotic junta—become a matter of no little consequence. The utilitarianism of Paley lies evidently at the root of them. Expediency he owns, in almost all cases, for his god. Paley's white lies form, consistently, a part of the code. "I have always denied the authorship of the Plymley Letters," &c. The Bible he seldom alludes to, except to draw from it some ludicrous image; and, in fact, we should think he had studied Rochefoucault much more. Like most persons of the merely practical school, he rarely ascends to principles. Gifted with keen sagacity, he perceives that honesty is the best policy, and advocates it because it is so, and just so far as it seems to be so, but no farther. Accordingly, like other reasoners of that school, he stops short when policy appears to stop—at the point where the doctrine begins to affect themselves. This political parson, therefore, argues most strenuously and ably for Catholic emancipation—it will be sound policy, and—it will help the established church. He urges reform in the state with great vigor—he opposes reform in the church with at least equal force. Humanize your game laws, amend your poor laws, reform your house of commons, remove the crying abuses of the state; but lay no hands on cathedrals—especially on that of St. Paul—and diminish no church patronage, least of all, that of the reverend canons of that foundation. They enjoy each a sinecure of fifteen hundred or two

* These remarks do not apply in general to the volume of sermons published since Mr. Smith's death, of which the writer entertains a high opinion. He can abate nothing, however, of what he has said concerning those selected for publication by Mr. Smith himself and incorporated by him with his essays.

thousand pounds per annum, but let that alone! And you, my lords bishops, beware how you sanction such an attempt, for your own £15,000 or £20,000 will be endangered by the precedent. "I ask the Bishop of London—does he think, after reformers have tasted the flesh of the church, that they will put up with any other diet? Does he forget that deans and chapters are but mock-turtle—that more delicious delicacies remain behind?" Such are the arguments of a man who prides himself on being a reformer—an old reformer, all his days a reformer. Reform is good so long as it keeps within proper bounds; let it pass these, and it will unsettle the foundations—it will mar the superstructure of society! Is it proposed to abolish a church sinecure after the death of the present incumbent? Think of the oaths of the archbishops! (the coronation oath had been abundantly ridiculed in the case of Catholic emancipation)—think of the sanctity of private property! think of the danger of innovation! So clamors the reverend moralist who had for years been contending against all these bugbears, and meantime reached the fat canonry of St. Paul's. "The honest boldness of the Edinburgh Review," says he, "effected much;" but honesty becomes folly when it would lead to the lessening of church revenues, however enormous.

Time and space allow us to touch only on the more striking points in the character of this able reviewer and most widely influential writer. No man labored more zealously or more efficiently in the cause of Catholic emancipation, or with a more generous and at the same time caustic warmth in the defence of humanity against certain barbarities in English law and English custom. His papers on the latter class of subjects are eminently pungent and striking, while those on the Catholic question are equally admirable, sparkling with wit, and, what in a popular argument is of great practical importance, level to the comprehension of every one. He does not, it is true, advocate measures on the highest ground, but on the ground best calculated to produce conviction in the minds of those whom he addresses. He was no man to throw away his pearls.

Sydney Smith was far from possessing a mind of the highest order. He effected much, not through any extraordinary reach of thought, but by strong common sense, aided by a lively wit and a keen sense of the ludicrous, all directed against certain popular errors of his day. But he was a man of maxims, not of principles—one who aimed at nothing higher than people's conduct, and that by means of the head and not the heart.

Another proof that his mind was not of a high order is, that he was infinitely more engaged in pulling down than in building up. He attacks existing abuses with eagerness and success, but even where the occasion calls for it, (and the occasion does sometimes call for it,) he offers no substitute, proposes no remedial plan. He attacks the Methodists with a virulence and vulgarity altogether inexcusable, and bewails their influence over the middling and lower classes, but he considers the case hopeless. "A man of education and a gentleman—cannot contend against such artists"—"the regular clergy—are too dignified;"—but "something may be done in the way of ridicule," and in allowing members of the establishment to open chapels *without* the consent of the rector. Education might do something, but "none of these things will be done." No great fertility

or resource here, and no very admirable boldness, since some discussion of the reasons why "Methodism" grew out—a huge scion—from the establishment, and some suggestions as to the mode of preventing further secessions by the offer of spiritual bread rather than polished stones, might have come very properly from a professed reformer.

It is the same with East India missions. The duty of Christianizing those countries is admitted, but the plan adopted is bad, and the men concerned are not to be trusted. Yet no other method is proposed, and it is even said that *suited* persons cannot be found to undertake it. Some severe attacks and many bitter innuendoes against the clergy of the established church are found in the writings of our political reformer, but not a hint as to how they shall be made better. Our conjecture that as an originator or supporter of positive measures he was held in but little esteem, is confirmed by the fact that he scarce appears at all as a politician after his party obtained the chief power in the state. His vocation was gone. He was a potent assailant of old abuses, but not fitted to bring forward and defend the new measures which the times demanded.

His views of education are marked by sterling sense and judgment. His papers on the subject deserve to be studied by every enlightened person in this country as well as in England. In them his natural acumen triumphs over all the prejudices of his time and country, and they are as well suited to the democratical side of the water as to the other.

In all matters of morals and religion, Sydney Smith appears to have been a good deal of a Mr. Worldly Wiseman—wise, truly, for himself and others—as regards worldly matters, but not possessing nor caring to possess other wisdom. His opinion of human nature was evidently low, and he looked to low means for influencing mankind. He was a warm friend to the established church, for it made himself and many other gentlemen very comfortable, giving them, besides abundant means, rank, influence and consideration, which they could hardly have found anywhere else. But he was apparently no warm friend to the established clergy, titled or otherwise, if we may judge from the innumerable slurs which he casts upon them in his writings. He allows them, to be sure, the credit of calmness, moderation and dignity, but marks them, nevertheless, as abundantly dishonest, selfish and grasping. What a satire upon them is contained in the following remark: "No Orthodox clergyman can do so (open a church) without the consent of the parson of the parish, who always refuses because he does not choose to have his monopoly disturbed; and refuses in parishes where there are not accommodations for one half the persons who wish to frequent the Church of England." Fit persons, truly, to be entrusted with a monopoly in such things! Though Mr. Smith seems to have annexed to the term "sound religion," (a favorite term with him,) only the idea of adherence to the established church, yet nobody deals the clergy harder blows. He inverts the rule of Mrs. Ranby, who was all sin without a single fault; for he credits the clergy with all excellence as a body, while he allows them individually no merit under heaven but decency.

Mr. Smith attributes an extraordinary efficacy to money. He speaks of "the English curse of poverty," but he certainly shows himself in this

point as in many others, a true Englishman. He does not, indeed, say that the gift of the Holy Ghost may be purchased with money, but he comes as near it as anybody since the days of Simon Magus. To give one example. In the Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, he states that he had found out the capital possessed by seven clergymen taken promiscuously in his neighborhood, and he finds it to be £72,000, while the average income from the livings is £400 *per annum*. And he draws the conclusion "from the gambling propensities of human nature, and the irresistible tendency to hope they shall gain the highest prizes, you tempt men into your service who keep up their credit and yours, not by your allowance, but by their own capital," &c. Keeping up the credit of the church by large fortunes! Americans are thought to place a high estimate on money, but it may be doubted whether any clergyman or layman among us would consider four hundred pounds a year insufficient to keep up the credit of the religion founded by our Saviour and his apostles. But Mr. Smith in this case only echoed the sentiment of the mass of his countrymen. He says—"It is always considered a piece of impertinence in England if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects." True—and evidently no less an impertinence in Mr. Smith's eyes than in those of others of his class. Witness his advocacy of the church as it is, because it attracts men of wealth; and his dread of anything approaching to an equalization of livings, because the average would be only £385, or \$1400, a year! His whole argument is based upon the supposition that riches are indispensable to the respectability and influence of the clergy, and his unmeasured abuse of the Methodists turns in part upon their poverty.

That Mr. Smith was no friend to the reform bill we infer with confidence from the absence of all allusion to it in his long gratulatory list of the beneficial measures accomplished by "the talents of the good and able men" of his time. In short, he was a genuine English aristocrat, a term which we use not all in an invidious sense. He was a friend to the middling and lower classes, but there is nothing in his writings which would lead us to think that he regarded them as fit depositaries of political power. He was an enemy to all oppression of the poor by the rich, but he had at least an equal dread of the beggar on horseback. He could commend in our land of equality certain qualities which agreed with his own natural bias—economy, industry, common sense, enterprise—but he had a supreme contempt for the democratic character, and was never better pleased than when he could find room for a fling at the Yankees. The aristocratic feeling of England is, in our view, still more strongly inherent in the church, the army and the navy, than in the hereditary wealth and station of the country. Whoever belongs to either of the first-mentioned classes, in a place above the rank of subalterns, has a position from which he derives a certain respectability, and by which he is somewhat linked to the higher classes. All are paid "once in money and three or four times in hope," and the zeal of expectants is always greater and their appreciation of the desired good more intense than those of actual possessors. Hence a sort of official and officious loyalty to the established institutions of the country, always observable in British clergymen and officers in both

services. These are the very people, generally speaking, who have honored us by visits of exploration, and their report has usually been such as would prove satisfactory at home, and furnish racy articles about America to such reviewers as Mr. Smith. We regret that our countrymen have evinced such a sensitiveness to opinions thus concocted.

In the Council of the Beasts, (says Lessing,) which met to determine their respective claims to rank and consequence, the nobler animals declared the decision a matter of no moment, as each had its own claims, good and substantial, whether allowed by others or not. All acquiesced in this view of the matter except the ass and the ape, who took it much to heart that no decision was pronounced.

Upon the whole, we conclude Mr. Smith to have been a keen-witted and sensible worldling, more capable of discerning the faults and absurdities of others than desirous of correcting his own; having a glimmering perception of how things ought to be, but lacking courage to recommend unpopular means of making them such. We regard him as a poor teacher of morals, and of religion no teacher at all. He pleaded the cause of down-trodden humanity less through sensibility and sympathy than through acute perception of wrong. He can characterize as "holy poltroonery" an unwillingness to examine religious or political tenets, but no man shows more weakness when the temporalities of the church are called in question. He hated the Methodists because they pretended to a warmth of piety which, if sincere, must put to shame the lifeless ministrations of the establishment, and he advocated the emancipation of the Catholics because it secured the foundations of his own church. He occupied the position of a professed servant of God, and he lived and died emphatically a man of this world. At another time we may attempt some detailed examination of his writings.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARGUIN AND ITS VICTIMS.

THOUGH discovered by the Portuguese four hundred years ago, and successively possessed by them, by the Dutch, and the French, the island of Arguin, adjacent to the western coast of Africa, was, till within a few months since, a perfect *terra incognita* to the English public. At that time circumstances of a distressing nature aroused attention to the subject; it being reported that several of our countrymen were held in captivity, and barbarously treated by the islanders. Among the most zealous advocates for the liberation of the unhappy captives was Captain Grover, whose name is so familiar to the public in connexion with the Bokhara victims. Through him we now learn some particulars respecting the island, its inhabitants, and our then suffering brethren—his information having been collected from Mr. Northwood, commanding the barque *Margaret*, who was detained three weeks in captivity; from William Honey, who was kept eleven months a prisoner at Arguin, and in a neighboring island; and from Mr. Vaughan, commanding the merchant brig *Courier*.*

* Arguin, which has been successively a trading post of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French, and finally abandoned by the latter, with the view to the concentration of the

It appears, by the log of the brig *Courier*, that, on the 26th May, 1844, the chief mate, Mr. Wilson, was sent with three hands to take soundings near Arguin, and that, on approaching the shore, they saw some natives, among whom was a white man, who hailed them in English. This induced Mr. Wilson to run his boat on shore, for the purpose of relieving his supposed countryman; but as he neared, the natives began to beat their captive with clubs, and it was not till the boat's muskets were levelled at their heads that they desisted, and took to their heels. The white man immediately made for the boat, and was taken on board the *Courier*. He stated that his name was Samuel Phillips, that he was a seaman belonging to the *Margaret*, of London, commanded by Captain Northwood, who, with a portion of the crew, was there in captivity, and subjected to the most cruel treatment by the natives.

Captain Vaughan immediately determined to release his fellow-countrymen by ransom or otherwise; and therefore brought up his ship, and anchored on the west side of the island, in four and a half fathoms water, about a mile from the shore. Four men then appeared on the beach, and made signs for them to land. This was not complied with; and on the following morning the *Courier* got under weigh, and proceeded to the south-west point of the island, anchoring again in five fathoms water. The chief mate then landed with six men, and were kindly received by the natives, who promised to bring down Captain Northwood and the other prisoners early next day, to be ransomed. At the appointed time the natives came to the beach with Captain Northwood, who waved his hat, and requested Captain Vaughan to send a boat ashore; and accordingly the mate was again despatched with six hands, and provided with a supply of tobacco and other things, to offer in ex-

change for the captives. The chief was, however, not satisfied with the proposed ransom; and Captain Northwood desired the men to return to the *Courier*, and request Captain Vaughan to send everything he could possibly spare. The latter, accordingly, gave his mate in addition three or four dozen handkerchiefs, and other articles, and the crew collected among themselves twenty-five shirts. These were all put in the long-boat, under the charge of Mr. Wilson and his six hands, accompanied by the cutter, with five men, all well armed. Captain Vaughan gave positive orders that they were on no account to land, but to anchor near the shore, exhibit the articles they had brought, and only to allow two or three chiefs to approach them to treat. Unfortunately these orders were disregarded, and as the islanders appeared friendly, the whole party went on shore. Captain Vaughan, seeing from his ship that about forty natives were hastening to the beach, called loudly to Mr. Wilson to return on board—an order which, although it was heard, was not attended to. The islanders, as Captain Vaughan expected, fired as soon as the party landed; and the only one who escaped was Mr. Barrington Daines, the second mate, who succeeded in swimming off to the ship, although desperately wounded, having received two shots in the arm, and one in the side. Mr. Wilson and two men were killed, while three were dangerously wounded. William Honey received two balls in the left arm, close to the shoulder. Being considered dead, he was, with Mr. Wilson and the other two men, thrown into the sea; but, revived doubtless by the salt water, had contrived to crawl to land. Captain Vaughan having only two seamen and two landmen left in his ship, and seeing that the Arguins were preparing to attack him, slipped his cable, and was reluctantly compelled to leave his countrymen to their wretched fate.

trade at their factory on the Senegal, is situated in 20 degrees 27 minutes north, and 16 degrees 37 minutes west. It is between thirty and forty miles long, and about one mile wide. It is about eight miles from the mainland, (west coast of Africa,) between which and the island the water is shallow. There are three or four channels, the main having a depth of five feet. On the outer or seaward side there is, according to the positive assurance of Captains Northwood and Vaughan, and of W. Honey, from five to seven fathoms water close in-shore; a fact which is, moreover, attested by a person in Bathurst, and signed by Lloyd's agent. This is important, as a different opinion has been entertained. The island is of a whitish rock, covered with a constantly shifting sand. The northern portion is flat, but the southern rises to an elevation which admits of its being seen at a distance of thirty miles. The soil produces no wood but a small shrub, yielding a caustic juice applied medicinally by the natives. Fuel is brought to the island from a place fifty miles in the interior of the continent. Water is abundant and excellent, though it has the appearance of milk. Two fairs are held annually on the island, in June and December; many strangers from a distance frequent them, bringing for barter necklaces, beads, cloths, and tobacco, for which they receive dried fish and oil.

The inhabitants are about sixty in number, including women and children. Their only food is fish and fish-oil: they have neither bread nor vegetables, except a small portion of rice, which is reserved for the sick. These people are remarkably affectionate to their children, and seldom quarrel among themselves. They are strict Mohammedans in all things but their ablutions, which they neglect. The people are tall and well-proportioned, and their dress simple. They go armed with musket, dagger, and scimitar, and possess six boats, including those captured from the British. The only quadrupeds on the island, exclusive of dogs and cats, are white rats. The heat is very great, though generally tempered by a breeze from the north-east; and healthiness appears to be characteristic of the island.

The wounded were now carried to a small hut, where their sufferings during the night were intense. The next day, however, Captain Northwood induced the natives to dress their wounds; and though the system of surgery was rude in the extreme, it proved efficient. Indeed, all the men recovered, even those whose limbs, in Europe, would have been subjected to instant amputation. After a preliminary dressing, of a somewhat novel and not very delicate character, their wounds were the next day scraped with a common knife, and cauterized with the head of a red-hot nail. They were then washed with fish-oil, which gave great relief. The sufferings of Honey were dreadful; he was burned eighteen times, and eight pieces of the main bone of his arm came away. The wound in his breast they cut out with an instrument, resembling in shape a blacksmith's shovel, while they forced out the balls with brass rods. John M'Donald received three balls in the abdomen, two very severe sabre cuts on the head, by which his skull was fractured. His head and skull were scraped with a common knife twice a-day. Strange to say, the sufferings of these men seemed to afford great amusement to the women and children, who imitated their moans and cries. However, they all recovered, though, during the eleven months of their captivity, their only food was fish; and they were often kept a considerable time without water, although there was abundance of it. Even the women, who among the most savage tribes show almost always some sign of compassion, appeared to take delight in their sufferings,

and the little children pelted them with stones. To add to their miseries, they were in daily expectation of being sent to the mainland and sold to perpetual slavery.

There was, however, one person who had heard of their captivity, and who was taking active measures for their deliverance; namely Captain Isemonger, commanding the merchant brig *Africanus*, who happened fortunately to be on the coast. This gentleman possesses great influence on that part of the coast of Africa; and, on communicating the intelligence to the king of Trazars, who is very friendly to the English, this monarch immediately sent to Arguin, ordering the restoration of the captives, or threatening to send an expedition to destroy the whole tribe. Captain Northwood, and all his men who could be moved, were accordingly placed in an old fishing-boat, escorted by ten of the natives, and, after a painful voyage of nine days, were delivered over to the gallant Isemonger. Honey and his two wounded companions were left behind, and Captain Northwood did not then think there was the least chance they would survive their sufferings. However, through the exertions of the man who effected the deliverance of all, these wounded men were ordered to be delivered up, without ransom, to any European ship that would receive them. No vessel appearing to claim them, despite the efforts made at home for that purpose, they were, after eleven months of great suffering, conveyed by the Arguins themselves to the Gambia. It must appear extraordinary that these men should have been allowed to remain eleven months in this dreadful state, within eight days' run of our shore. Despite the efforts of the owners to induce government to act, some misapprehension seemed to exist; for, in reply to the urgent intreaties of the mother of William Honey, the secretary of state forwarded an extract from a despatch written by Captain Bosanquet, commanding her majesty's ship *Alert*, which states that he had communicated with one of the chiefs of Arguin, who "stated that the three Englishmen had died of their wounds, and that they had no white prisoners." This despatch is dated 7th November, 1844, and the men were not liberated until the 1st May, 1845. They arrived in London on 3d of August. It is most unfortunate that this report should have been fully credited, as, but for the benenolent and patriotic exertions of Captain Isemonger, they would have lingered out their wretched lives upon the island.

From Chambers' Journal.

SALEABLE CIVILITIES.

We observed the other day, in a popular magazine, an anecdote of a gentleman who, having dropped a package of papers, and getting it restored to him by a working man, who ran across a street for the purpose, *was so shabby* as merely to render thanks in return. The writer seemed to consider it necessary that the gentleman should have given at least sixpence as a remuneration for this act of ordinary civility. This way of thinking touches upon a feature of our age, especially as regards metropolitan life, which is worthy of a few remarks.

It seems now to be held as a fixed point of duty amongst us, that whenever a gentleman, by choice or accident, receives the least civility from his inferiors, he should reward them in money. It may be something costing hardly an effort, some-

thing called for by the exigency of a moment, and done through merely instinctive impulse; yet coin must honor it. The simplest charities of life become a matter of tariff between superiors and inferiors.

Let us proceed to illustrate this part of our national code of morality. We were once placed in circumstances in Paris strongly reminding us of Sterne and his grisette. Wandering along its obscure streets, we lost our way, and appeared likely to have roamed on forever, as each new street seemed the precise facsimile of the last, until at length we ventured to ask the way from a busy, little Frenchwoman, seated at the door of her shop. A thousand different directions, uttered in a thousand different phrases, sent us away as perplexed as before. Led by blind chance, we directed our steps straight on, and passed a street down which we ought to have turned. We had not gone far, when a great outcry was heard behind us, joining itself to the clatter of a couple of wooden shoes. Monsieur was altogether wrong; and we were led to understand that we might have girdled the globe in that direction without arriving at our destination; however, the error was corrected, and we speedily reached home. We were in precisely the same predicament in London, and had occasion to ask for similar instruction from one of two lumping boys idly lounging at the corner of a street. What was our success? The boy declined affording the requisite information gratuitously, but offered to put us right in two minutes for twopence. Behold the contrast! Assuredly, many though the social errors of our neighbors are, mercenary civility is not to be reckoned among them.

Every-day life supplies us with abundant instances—they must occur to every one—of the venal light in which all little good offices are regarded in England. If a horse has broken his bridle, and gambolled a few yards down the street, and is brought back an unwilling captive by some adventurous person; if a memorandum is dropped, and some lucky boy has picked it up, and restored it to its rightful owner; if, on a blustering day, the wind *will* take your hat off, and it scampers down some hilly street, and is caught by some fleet-legged errand-boy, who has participated with some half dozen others in the fun of the capture; if your handkerchief hangs from your pocket, and some extra-honest passer-by informs you of the circumstance, with a touch of his hat, intimating that your honor might have lost it; if you sprain your ankle, or fall over a shred of orange-peel, or are knocked down by some runaway horse, and are assisted by some humane members of the surrounding mob into a neighboring surgery; if, in short, in any of the thousand misfortunes which are daily apportioned to us, an inferior renders assistance to, or does some little office for, his superior, a debt is incurred; it is a cash account; creditor and debtor are the synonyma for obliger and obligee: humanity, good-nature, nay, the first elements of the Christian duty of man to man, are obliterated from the minds of both parties, and the obligation can only be discharged by treating it as so much merchandise, and paying for it. It would be far from difficult to construct a scale of metropolitan civilities, and to affix the orthodox rates to each of the minor kindnesses; thus—

Holding a horse for a few minutes, twopence—
if with extra politeness, fourpence.

Directions in topography, or street-seeking, twopence—with personal attendance, threepence.

Picking up a handkerchief, one penny to boys, twopence to men.

Shutting a cab-door, to the waterman one penny—where does your honor want to go!—twopence.

Assistance in case of accident—varies from sixpence to a shilling;

and so on. He who would be so foolhardy as to refuse these regular demands, while his bravery might be extolled, would incur the odium of every bystander, and might think himself fortunate if he escaped the open execrations of the disappointed benefactor.

Such a state of things is very disgraceful in an age calling itself an era of refinement, and turning up its nose at all bygone times, as if there were nothing that was good or great in them. If out-of-door civility must have its price, let there be a regular body of such "helps" enrolled at once; give them a regular livery, and let each wear a brazen badge, denoting his number and the regular rate of payment for all sorts of civilities; and thus deliver honest men from the insult and injury of the degradation of their brotherly-kindness to the level of, or rather to an inferiority to, the base metal with which it is bought and for which it is sold.

We are continually being disgusted with applications for beer, for something to drink our health, for something to grease the wheels of our gig with, for something to water our garden with, or to sprinkle the dusty road with. If the carpenter has done some trifling job, when he comes to be paid, something must be given over and above his regular pay to wet the work with, or it is impossible that it will stand. If the dustman perform his arduous office, and, after relieving our dustbin of its contents, comes up, with cindered hair and grimy face, to acquaint us with the fact, surely we could not deny him something to wash down the dust with which he is pretty nigh choked. If the sweep has been putting the chimney to rights, then "the heap of soot there was to be sure—never seed a chimbley so foul—he was always so pettickler about them smoke jacks—he knowed a many sweeps as 'ud smesh them all to nothing: could our honor give him something to oil his husky throat with?"

The principle on which such demands are made seems to us wholly bad. It is on this, the hydra whose hundred heads spring up in every possible direction, that we would animadvert. The work done, of course, is worth its pay, just as much as twenty shillings are worth a sovereign. The demand is made for the civility with which its performance is attended—a demand, by the way, invariably greater in proportion to the civility with which the workman himself has been treated. Such civility, we would say, is due, and ought to be rendered, merely as a requirement of the social compact between man and man in all ranks and spheres of life. This custom of performing work in a civil manner, merely with the ultimate view to certain pence, sixpences, and shillings, must be directly injurious to the workman's own character, lowering him in his own esteem, and derogating, in no inconsiderable degree, from his respectability in the estimation of his superiors. We regard it in its least serious light, simply as unreasonable. The matter puts on a more serious aspect when we look at it, as we have strong reason to do,

with regard to its normal consequences, as the A B C of a course of beggary. The tale of the officer who gave one of his men a sovereign to drink his health with, and was astonished to find that, in the man's anxiety to obey orders, he had drunk his health so assiduously for three or four days, as to be brought at last to the guardroom, and disgraced in his regiment, is one which is continually enacted. The money given and received in the manner to which we are alluding, is sacred to the alehouse, and to the fellowship of pot-companions; and the libations made at such a shrine, commenced under the sanction, authority, and recommendation of the donor, are perpetuated by the taste and newly-acquired habits of the recipient, until, in too many instances, they reduce him to rags, and his family to wretchedness.

We are here looking at the subject in a strong, but in by no means a singular light. We know many who deplore the necessity they are continually under, in order to avoid insult, of contributing to keep up a custom in direct opposition to their deliberate convictions; and we believe that few ordinary doings of the affluent classes are more injurious to the character and wholesome self-esteem of the humbler classes, than when, instead of reciprocating kindness for kindness, or expressing simply a sense of sincere obligation in return for a minor good office, they make unworthy, and, after all, inadequate returns of money. If brotherly-kindness be the bond of union among men, and a series of mutual obligations the links of that chain, can it be otherwise than that the rude attempt to cut asunder one of these links by the strong hand of money, will injure, if not loosen the rest! The example set by railway companies, in making a demand for money by any one of their officials a sufficient ground for his dismissal, is one which, if its principle were carried out in private life, would tend to the complete abolition of the nuisance; but we regret to add that, even at railway stations, in spite of the urgent request that no money should be offered, and the threat that its acceptance would be followed, if discovered, by immediate dismissal, persons are yet found, on the one side, stimulated by a weak and foolish pride, to offer the temptation, and, on the other, sufficiently blind and unprincipled, for the sake of a few paltry pence, to hazard the security of an otherwise permanent and comfortable situation. We can vouch for the correctness of our assertion.

Like some diseased atmosphere, this custom has penetrated the remotest recesses of social life, spreading its infection on high and low, from the palace to the prison, in the streets, by the roadside, in the grand hotel, in the petty tavern, in the playhouse, and even inside the church-door; and though now and then some ultra-reformer of a commercial traveller, in a fretful letter to the *Times*, goes into an elaborate calculation of how much a year the item of civility costs him, and denounces the whole host of waiters, and chambermaids, and hostlers, and boots, and ostlers, and porters, spreading wild dismay throughout the hostels of our quendom; and though some Boanerges of a public writer hurls his thunderbolts at the stolid head of that sluggish giant, the people; and though some mighty preacher proclaims it, as practised within consecrated walls, to be on the one side an insult, and on the other a sin, like a noxious weed, it only springs up the ranker, whether it is cut up or cut down.

We cannot help believing that it is to the upper classes of society that the origin of the evil is attributable; and among them, its parent may be found in pride—we would not say an ungenerous, but a mistaken pride, productive of an unwillingness to receive the smallest assistance from the hands of an inferior, without the endeavor to return it. How salutary a sentiment under the control of a sound judgment—how unsalutary when misdirected! The error was mainly in the head. The dangerous consequences of introducing a species of moral barter were unforeseen, and no definite line was drawn between good offices costing the poorer man little, and those costing him much. Thus was the custom developed. How easy its conception, how rapid its growth, how ripe its maturity, when, lost to a sense of mutual esteem, the poor man renders, and the richer pays for, a civility whose venal character defiles its purity, and robs it of its value!

Thus neither is honesty nor civility suffered to be its own reward. Well might the (I believe) virtuous old man in "The Mysteries of the Forest" exclaim, "What! must I be paid for doing my duty?" Let us hope for the time when, under a second Lycurgan code, money will resume its proper level; when *pour l'amour de Dieu* and *pour l'amour d'homme*, will be tenfold more constraining motives to the relative discharge of moral duties, than heaps of silver or bags of gold; the time when there will be no more charges for "fash," no more touching of the forelock, and "Please remember the boots, sir;" no more money-seeking officiousness of your host's lacquey, as he tenders your hat and glove; no more the half extended hand of the pew-opener, and the "Would you like a seat nearer the desk, sir?"—the time—oh, Utopian dreamer!—when he who would offer to pay by money for an act of humanity, performed from no mercenary motive, would be rebuked as one who had offered an insult to his fellow-man, and an injury to society; the time when civility shall have lost its venality, and when love shall be shown for love, and not love for money!

THE VULGARITY OF RAGS.

At the last meeting of the Ragged School Union Society, Lord Ashley said—"Many persons objected to these schools, on account of their name; and one friend of his own had told him that if the name were changed, he would give a large sum towards their support." Lord Ashley's friend—whoever he may be, whether of the clergy or the laity—is a wise man; a man who knows the world, and all its learned double-meanings. Why—can there be a doubt of it?—if we begin to label things with their proper names—if we call "rags" rags—dirt, dirt,—hypocrisy, hypocrisy—there is an end of the great business of society. For, we contend that it is the work of one moiety of the world to put off certain pocket-pieces, as though they were sterling coin; and the other half to take them with a grave, smug face, as current gold; though occasionally each party puts his tongue in his cheek, to show that at all events he is too clever not to see the counterfeit that passes for sterling money. Now, many people, like Lord Ashley's friend, do not choose to have their benevolence associated with raggedness—it is not respectable. Rags, to be sure, are the gowns of the pupils. They con their books in their "looped and win-

dowed wretchedness;" but why say so? Why should the gentility of very genteel benevolence be turned from its purpose by the nasty poverty—the foul and tattered condition of the recipients? Why should not wretchedness be at least, nominally, laid in lavender? Why cannot we have pleasant destitution? Now rags—real working-day rags, fluttering about unwashed flesh—are too true. Therefore, although we see the tatters of the students—although we nose them, can we not, at the least, sink the foul, frowsy truth, in some sweet, conventional lie? Yes: we will not say "Ragged Schools." We will amend the sinful verity, and, laying down a counterfeit, will call them—"Academies for Youths of Limited Circumstances."

Lord Ashley's friend—you, who will not subscribe to the real thing; come, pull out your purse to the name:—

"Lord Ashley's friend—one hundred guineas!"

And now, John Bull—you lover of a lie—as the thing is made respectable—as there are no "rags,"—canvas your friends and acquaintance; and although you know that you ask for the "Ragged Schools," sink the vulgar name, and beg subscriptions for the "Youths of Limited Circumstances."—*Punch*.

We regret to learn, that letters from the island of Bourbon destroy the hope which had been entertained, as we informed our readers, of the safety of M. Maizan, a young naval officer, who, at the close of the year 1844, undertook an exploring expedition into Central Africa—giving the certain particulars of his melancholy fate. That gallant gentleman left Zanzibar, in April, 1845, furnished with a firman of Sultan Saïd for the principal chiefs—who, however, are, practically, very independent of his authority. Having learnt that a chief named Pazy manifested hostile intentions towards him, M. Maizan remained some time on the coast; but, after having collected information as to the country through which he had to pass, he ventured to proceed—making a considerable circuit, to avoid the territory of his savage enemy. A march of twenty days brought him to the village of Daguelamohor—three days' journey only from the coast in a direct line; and here he waited for his baggage, which he had confided to an Arab servant. This servant would appear to have been in communication with Pazy—and informed him of the road which his master had taken; for the chief, with some men of his tribe, came suddenly upon the latter at Daguelamohor, at the end of July, and surrounded the hut in which he had taken up his abode. Having dragged him out, and tied him to a palisade, they cut his throat and the articulations of his limbs, in the presence of another servant, who has since been redeemed from Pazy by the Sultan—and has furnished these details to the French consul at Zanzibar. The last letter received by the consul from M. Maizan is dated from this village of Daguelamohor; and must have been despatched but a few minutes before that unfortunate young gentleman met his death.—We may mention, in this paragraph, that tidings from La Plata announce the death of M. Aimé Bonpland, the celebrated naturalist, and fellow-traveller of Baron Humboldt—so long held prisoner by Dr. Francia in Paraguay—as having taken place in Corrientes; where, since his release, the philosopher has resided.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

MR. SHEIL.

EVERY public speaker who can arrest the attention and act upon the feelings of an audience, is, in the most loose or enlarged acceptance of the term, an orator; even in its strict and literal sense, the same definition would almost apply. But it is needless to remind our readers that there are almost as many gradations of excellence included in that general term as there are in similar ones used in reference to painting, or sculpture, or poetry, or acting. As the circle of public intelligence becomes expanded, by the greater spread of general knowledge among the people, and the more universal excitement of all classes in questions of a political or social nature in reference to legislation, the number of public speakers who excite attention and maintain a hold upon the feelings of the people, becomes almost indefinitely multiplied; the intellectual quality of their speeches is deteriorated in proportion as their practical utility is increased; and it becomes more and more difficult to settle the old and often-disputed question, "What is an orator?" Several speakers have already been included in this series, and more will probably follow, whom it would have been absurd to place upon the list of those, so few in names, but so brilliant in performances, who, by the common consent of mankind, by the testimony of history and the evidence of their works, happily undestroyed, are recognized as being the great masters in the art of oratory. Yet, on the other hand, the individuals so excluded exercise a direct and powerful influence over their fellow-countrymen scarcely paralleled, and certainly not exceeded, by the higher order of public speakers. Their utilitarian value fully compensates to the general mind for their want of artificial enhancement. The public, perhaps, would care little to know what were the brilliant excellencies of Mr. Sheil or Mr. Macaulay, or what a critical analysis would discover of their defects, if the plan of the writer gave them that information on the condition that in the exercise of a somewhat hypercritical judgment, he left them in ignorance of the oratorical qualifications of Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Cobden, or even Lord George Bentinck, men with whose names the whole country is ringing. Yet a speech from Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Mr. Sheil, Mr. Macaulay, or Mr. Disraeli, or from Mr. Fox and some of the most distinguished platform speakers, wholly differs not merely in the degree but also in the nature of its excellence from those of the more practical orators—they who really lead the public mind. The one is a study for the intellect and a pleasure to the imagination, for its intrinsic excellence or beauty, while the other derives its interest from extraneous causes, ceasing with the excitement of the hour; such as the position of the speaker, the nature and position of the subject he is handling, and, generally, from the exciting political causes which every year of struggling perpetuates. But the men of the higher order have their ultimate reward. The others have the applause of the present hour alone. Their lumbering speeches are duly reported in the newspapers, in their inglorious rivalry which shall produce the greater number of columns of print; but after the lapse of a week they are forgotten, or only remembered that they may be quoted at a future time against themselves, when, in the mutations of

modern politics, they shall find it necessary to contradict all their former assertions and argue against all their former opinions. But the real orator of the highest class—he who has had a nobler end in view than forensic sophistry or mere clap-trap and cajolery—not only is admired at the time he utters his speech, but is remembered long after his temporary rivals are forgotten. His effusions are read and studied as models by successive aspirants to fame; they are admired by the poet as he admires his Milton, his Wordsworth, or his Tennyson; by the artist as he admires his Titian or his Turner; and it is to them also that the most valuable praise of all is accorded—that of posterity. The practical men secure the present only, the men of genius enjoy both the present and the future.

Mr. Sheil is a man of genius, and, making allowance for some defects which shall be hereafter adverted to, an orator of the highest order. Whether his speeches be read in the closet years after they were delivered, or whether they be heard with all the advantage of that burning eloquence, that brilliancy of diction, that fiery impetuosity of action, which have now become almost associated with the name of Sheil, they are still the same powerful, beautiful, soul-stirring works, still models of the finest rhetorical art. Scarcely any terms of admiration would be too strong as applied to some of his speeches, while even those which do not rise to the highest pitch of excellence have, nevertheless, so decided and so distinctive a character, that they may be at once known to be the production not only of a superior mind, but of the particular man from whom they have proceeded. The very faults of his style cease to be defects when regarded in connection with the pervading tone of his mind, and the leading features of his character.

Mr. Sheil's parliamentary reputation is now of about fifteen years' standing. For that period he has reigned without a rival as the most brilliant and imaginative speaker, and the most accomplished rhetorician, in the house of commons. That assembly—heterogeneous as are the materials of which it is composed—possesses a marvellous instinct in the discovery and the appreciation of oratorical talent. It is their interest that they should have among them those who can occasionally charm them from the plodding realities of legislation, and the dull lucubrations of the practical men. Therefore, they are always alive to excellence, and stamp it at once. Not very long since a new member, a Mr. Cardwell, made a remarkably valuable speech on a question of a practical nature, full of powerful reasoning, concentration, and mastery of the facts. Till the evening when he made that speech, he was comparatively unknown; but he had not been on his legs a quarter of an hour, before the unerring instinct of the house (which operates as closely upon good business speeches as on the most eloquent) discovered that, in his degree, he was a superior man, and the cheering with which he was greeted at the close of his address was the stamp they set on his ability. Sir Robert Peel was among the listeners, and in a few weeks afterwards Mr. Cardwell became a minister. If, in these days of statistics and sophistry, a modest and undistinguished individual was thus singled out, *a fortiori*, it could not have been long before such an orator as Mr. Sheil was elevated to the highest point in the admiration of the house, at a time

when high oratory was more valued. He came but to be heard and to be triumphant. Heralded by the hyperbolic praise of his Irish admirers, his first speech was looked for with a curiosity not unmingled with doubt. But he passed the ordeal successfully, and from that hour has been regarded as one of the most distinguished and remarkable of the many great orators which his country, fertile in genius as in natural riches, has ever produced.

Our mention of the Hibernian admirers of Mr. Sheil reminds us that we have something to say of that gentleman beyond what is prompted by a recollection of his speeches in the house of commons. For, unlike most of our most distinguished men, Mr. Sheil was famous as an orator long before he entered parliament. His eloquence had not been the least important element in causing that unanimity of feeling among the people of Ireland which ultimately led to the great political and religious revolution of 1829. There are very few instances on record of men who have become famous as speakers at the bar, or at the hustings, or at public meetings, having equally stood the test of the house of commons. It is one of Mr. Sheil's many claims on our admiration, that having been an energetic, enthusiastic, and successful leader in a great popular, or rather a great national movement, he should have had the taste and tact to so subdue his nature in the very hour of triumph, as afterwards to adapt his speaking to the tone most agreeable to the house, and to charm them as much by the fire of his eloquence as by the delicacy of his rhetorical artifices, without the aid of those stronger and more stirring stimulants to the passions which form the very essence of successful mob-oratory. In very few instances indeed has he even discarded these voluntary fetters on the exuberant vigor of his patriotism and nationality.

Not as an orator merely will Mr. Sheil assist to rescue this age from the charge of mediocrity. Thirty years ago he first began to be known and appreciated as a poet—when he was only looking forward to the bar as a profession, and long ere visions of applauding millions, or of high ministerial office, or a place in the councils of his sovereign, ever crossed his ardent and aspiring soul. As the author of the tragedies *Eradne* and *The Apostate*, Mr. Sheil already occupied a high place among the writers who were then his contemporaries—a place not very much unlike that now held by Talfourd. In the intervals of those productions, and for some time afterwards, he contributed to the periodicals of the day, and had altogether, even at the early age of twenty-two, made himself that kind of reputation for originality and a high order of talent which floats about society and interests, by some means or other, more certain in their action than perceptible, the general mind in the career of particular individuals. Still, although there were at all times vague predictions that he would “do something” some day or other, no one seems at that time to have suspected that he contained within him the powers which soon afterwards made him second but to one man as a leader of the Irish people, and ultimately have enabled him to compete with the most illustrious men of the day in those qualifications which ensure parliamentary success.

But with the time came the man. The Roman Catholic question had of late years assumed a great parliamentary importance. The stalking-

horse of an ambitious party, the cause had come at last to be regarded as “respectable.” English statesmen and orators—men who in a few years became the rulers of the country—succeeded those great and eloquent Irishmen in whom the advocacy of Roman Catholic freedom from civil disabilities had always been regarded as justifiable—nay, a matter of duty. In the mean while, all the legal dexterity of Mr. O'Connell had been devoted to the construction of an artful but comprehensive scheme of agitation, by which the people of Ireland might be organized and an unanimous call be made on the English parliament for emancipation. This organization went on, with more or less success, for years. Under the name of the Roman Catholic Association it rose from the most insignificant revival (after a temporary dispersion) in the year 1823, until it assumed that gigantic shape which ultimately terrified the government of England into an undignified submission. It was in that year, 1823, that Mr. Sheil and Mr. O'Connell, who were destined at no very distant time to be the great leaders of the association, first met, under circumstances somewhat romantic, at the house of a mutual friend in the mountains of Wicklow. There a congeniality of object overcame the natural repulsion of antagonist minds, and they laid down the plan of a new agitation. That their meeting was purely an accidental one made the results which followed still more remarkable.

Their first efforts were received with indifference by the people; but in a very few weeks the association was formed, and the rolling stone was set in motion. To those who are curious in such matters it will be instructive and amusing to observe the parallel circumstances of the origination of the Roman Catholic Association by some six or seven enthusiasts at a bookseller's shop in Dublin, and that of the anti-corn-law league, by a few merchants at Manchester, or at Preston—for the cotton-heroes of the late campaign have not yet determined at which place the nucleus was formed.

We have alluded to the natural repulsion of antagonist minds. Contrast more marked could scarcely exist than that which was exhibited by the two great leaders of the association. That their mental qualities were so different, and the sources of the admiration which each in his sphere excited so opposite, may be held to be one of the causes of the great success the association achieved. If Mr. Sheil was great in rhetoric—if his impassioned appeals to his countrymen and to the world stood the test not merely of Hibernian enthusiasm, but also of English criticism, Mr. O'Connell was greater in planning, in organization, in action, and he had in his rough and vigorous eloquence a lever which moved the passions of the Irish people. He perhaps had the good sense to see that as an orator, in the higher sense of the term, he could never equal his more brilliant and intellectual colleague. His triumphs lay in the council-chamber on the one hand, and in the market-place or the hill-side on the other. It was in the forum or on the platform that the more elevated and refined eloquence of Mr. Sheil, adorned with all the graces of art, charmed while it astonished a higher and more cultivated audience. Thus they never clashed. While all Europe rang with the fame of the “peaceful agitator,” who had taught his countrymen to use the forms of the constitution to the subversion of its spirit and objects;

every scholar, every statesman, every lover of the beautiful in oratory as an art, had already learned to admire that new, thrilling, imaginative, yet forcible style of eloquence, which ever and anon, amid the din and clamor of noisier warfare, sounded the spirit-stirring tocsin of nationality and religious liberty, breaking forth like intermittent lightning-flashes amid the thunders of the agitation. Mr. Sheil, on the other hand, looked up to Mr. O'Connell for his indomitable energy and perseverance, his craft, cunning, caution, his thorough nationality and identification with the feelings of the people, and would as little have thought of substantially opposing his decision or resisting his general control over the proceedings of the association, as the other would have attempted to vie with him in eloquence. So they went on together, side by side, though really exercising so distinct an influence, with scarcely any of that jealousy or rivalry which has so often stifled similar undertakings in their very infancy. If Mr. Sheil's ideas of agitation were more grand and comprehensive; if he would fain have gone by a more direct and manly but more dangerous road to the intelligence of the English parliament and people; if, in his anxiety to impress on the world a deep and startling conviction of the union and nationality of the Irish people, and their absolute, even their slavish devotion to their leaders; if in this his superabundant energy and velocity of purpose, he would have drawn the association into the meshes of the law, there was Mr. O'Connell at his right hand to repress and guide, to steer clear of the rocks and shoals, to accomplish by that crafty prudence and keen dexterity in escape which savors so much of political cowardice, those objects which, in the other case, would have been realized by a more manly display of political audacity. Mr. Sheil might be the braver man at the boarding-pike or the gun, but Mr. O'Connell was the safer at the helm.

To Mr. Sheil was owing the idea of at once teaching the people of Ireland union and a sense of their strength, while obtaining an universal expression of their wish for emancipation, by means of simultaneous meetings throughout Ireland, in every parish in the kingdom, for the purpose of petitioning parliament to concede the Catholic claims. He would have gone further. He would have had a form of prayer prepared, by means of which, in every chapel in Ireland, the people might simultaneously join in an appeal to Heaven for the advancement of what *they* had been taught to believe was a sacred cause; that millions of men and women might breathe the same aspiration to their Creator, at the same moment throughout the length and breadth of the land. The conception, apart from its impropriety in a religious point of view, was a grand one, and strongly illustrative of its author's character. It was an idea more likely to occur to an enthusiastic and ardent imagination like that of Mr. Sheil, than to the more practical mind of Mr. O'Connell; who again was much more at home in framing a resolution or organizing an association, or holding a meeting, in such a manner as to evade the law. It was his successful boast that there was no act of parliament through which he would not drive a coach-and-six. Mr. Sheil had a poet's conception of agitation and organization; Mr. O'Connell's was that of a lawyer. Characters more opposed could scarcely have been brought together; that they harmonized so well, notwithstanding the many

daily causes of instinctive antagonism that must have arisen, is a miracle only to be accounted for by the influence which a popular movement always exercises on its leaders, so long as they are all pressing forward towards the same goal.

The Mr. Sheil, who now sits and speaks in the house of commons, who is a right honorable member of her majesty's privy council, and was not, so very many years ago, one of the most ornamental, if not quite the most useful, of the members of the whig cabinet, is, however, a very different personage, indeed, from the young, enthusiastic Irishman, barrister, poet, orator, agitator, whose fiery spirit fused into one silver flow of brilliant eloquence so many pure elements of democratic power. Except at intervals, when the old habit recurs, or when some tempting opportunity presents itself to urge the wrongs of Ireland without compromising his new associates, Mr. Sheil is one of the most quiet, silent, unobtrusive members of the house of commons. Indeed, he has become so identified with the whigs, that you scarcely remember him even as an Irishman, still less as one of those who, for so many years, defied the whole parliamentary power of the empire. He has of late years thrown himself almost entirely into the conventionalities of the house of commons, and has undergone mutation from a popular leader into a partisan. This is said in no spirit of disparagement; on the contrary, however "Young Ireland" may affect to scorn such apparent lukewarmness and subserviency to circumstances, it is really one of Mr. Sheil's most solid claims to our respect. Nor is his oratorical power diminished when, on occasion, he deigns to resort to it. On several occasions he has delivered speeches on great questions not affecting Ireland alone, but the whole empire, which, for vigor, beauty of imagery, boldness of conception, and sarcastic power, will vie with the best of those made in the very heat and fervor of his patriotism. It is not that his strength is diminished, but that it is more under the regulation of his taste and judgment.

Some of the speeches—harangues they would bear to be called—made by Mr. Sheil at the meetings of the Roman Catholic Association, will bear comparison with the most memorable ever called forth by the spirit of democracy. Almost from the first day he appeared on the platform of the association, the attention of the political world, indeed of all thinking men was fixed upon him. Those who could not be present to witness the powerful aid lent to his burning words by his striking and original action, still saw unquestionable genius in the exquisite language, the novel metaphors, so bold yet so well controlled, the forcible antithesis, the luxuriant imagery, the unapproachable sarcastic power, and, above all, in an irrepressible spirit of patriotism, an indignant sense of insulted national honor, that bore onwards the stream of his thoughts with a wild and reckless abandonment, perilous at every fall, yet, torrent-like, free again at a fresh bound and rushing far away in flashing beauty. By the side of the deep, steady current of Mr. O'Connell's eloquence, slow moving like a mighty river, the rapid flow of Mr. Sheil's pure, clear, poetical diction, gave a delightful and refreshing relief to the mind. Take up the proceedings of those meetings, and the very sentences, so short and exquisitely framed, seem as it were to gleam and glitter. Never was sedition clothed in more seductive language, or democratic principles

made more fascinating to the most fastidious intellect. In his strong conviction of the justice of his cause, he would certainly at times broach doctrines as to the means to be employed, which it required all the moral weight of Mr. O'Connell and his timorous prudence to counteract. But if the fiery and impetuous young advocate of a people was sometimes thus hurried on, by the ardor of his imagination, to lengths which his calmer judgment would have hesitated to confront, it was so clearly only the irrepressible enthusiasm of the poet-agitator, not the significant appeal of the designing demagogue, that the poison of the thought had its antidote along with it in the chosen and beautiful words through which it was conveyed. But, with all their faults, and in spite of the meagre and imperfect reports of them which appeared in the newspapers and the published proceedings of the Roman Catholic Association, those speeches spread the reputation of Mr. Sheil far and wide—wherever public opinion was aroused on the Roman Catholic question—a question which, to the opponents as well as to the supporters of the Roman Catholic claims, was growing to be one of the most vital importance. Their faults were, indeed, many. The politician might be able to find excuses in the singular position of the then leaders of the Irish people, and the momentous nature and exciting interest of the contest, for the occasional bursts of anti-English feeling, the exultation over English faults and follies, the unconstitutional tone of many of those orations, by which the suppressed hatreds of centuries were arrayed against the comparatively innocent statesmen and people of a single age; the poisoned arrows of the rash rhetorician might rebound from the mail of principle in which the Protestant legislator encased himself, confident in its strength against all but the artillery of popular enthusiasm poured in by the more crafty and designing genius of O'Connell. But the critic, fastidious in eloquence, could not forgive, in one whose genius he was compelled to admire, the frequent violations of good taste which the rising orator had not then learnt to avoid—the use, without selection or abstinence, of metaphors, whose extravagance could not be excused, however their boldness might be felt or their force acknowledged, and the sacrifice to political passions of the symmetry and poetical harmony of what, but for those errors of a luxuriant fancy, might have been grand models of oratorical perfection for all time, each, for its eloquent history of national wrongs, an epic, not spoken only to listening thousands, but recorded as at once a delight and a warning to millions yet to come. And, indeed, we do not overrate the political value of those speeches while thus looking back at their faults. Time has obliterated their immediate effects, there are not many who remember to have heard them; and, of the multitudes who read them and felt their power at the time they were delivered, the majority have forgotten, in the excitement of subsequent contests, the great moral influence which they once exercised. But history is already recording their results, and, happily for his own fame, and for the gratification of his countrymen, he who delivered them is yet strong, ay, still stronger in those powers which he possesses in such rare perfection, toned down and chastened as they now are in their exercise, by increased intercourse with mankind, and the natural effect which time and the absence of all causes of excitement have produced on an ardent and irritable temperament. The

speeches to which we more particularly refer were delivered at intervals between 1823 and 1829. Bad as the reports of these speeches are, still their intrinsic worth, their powerful eloquence, and exquisite beauty, make themselves felt through ever so debased a medium. Perhaps the most remarkable of his speeches—the most original and characteristic of his peculiar mind—were those he made at the different aggregate meetings of the Roman Catholics which took place at intervals during the agitation for emancipation. Then he had a wider field and a more inspiring audience than even at the meetings of the Association; for, at the latter, the cautious spirit of O'Connell prevailed almost without restraint; the jealous eye of the government watched, with lynx-like precision, every movement of so dangerous an organization; and even the enthusiasm and valorous fancy of a Sheil were restrained within the limits of a technical construction of the liberty of public speech. But the aggregate meetings were more a matter of open public constitutional right, and there the enthusiastic and indignant orator revelled in the wild freedom of conscious power and irresistible impulse. The full force and beauty of those speeches can now scarcely be appreciated but by those who were so fortunate as to hear them. They left an impression which has never been effaced by even the more perfect and chastened productions of the maturer mind of the orator. One of his greatest triumphs was on the occasion of that miracle—morally, still more than politically, a miracle—the Clare election. Nor should we forget to mention, among his great orations, his speech at a great meeting, (at Carlow, if we remember rightly,) where, taking the first chapter of Exodus for his theme, and with the Bible in his hand, he quoted with a solemnity and effect electrical on the sympathies of a religious and enthusiastic people, the words of the inspired writer, and founded on them an impassioned appeal to his countrymen to persevere in their career—to press onwards to the goal appointed for them, heedless of the fears of the timid or the suggestions of the compromising. Words are inadequate to convey the effect of this speech: nor was the speech one of words only; it was the action, the fine harmony between the thoughts and the expression, when the feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of tension in the enthusiasm inspired by the cause, and the sympathy of the multitude around; all these drew forth the hidden strength of his nature till he poured the full force of his fervid soul into his solemn theme.

A very short period found him in the House of Commons. As soon as the Emancipation-bill qualified him, as a Roman Catholic, to sit, his ambition, or the tactics of the Association, led to his being put forward for the county of Louth. He was unsuccessful; and was ultimately content to slip into Parliament for a nomination borough—that of Milburne Port. In 1831, on the 21st of March, he made his first speech in the House of Commons, on the second reading of the Reform-bill. He had not long proceeded with his address ere the House perceived, and acknowledged by their cheers, that they had in him, as in Mr. Macaulay, a mine of oratorical wealth, and a perpetual source of the highest gratification. His reputation for power and originality as a speaker had preceded him; and the utmost anxiety was manifested to hear his maiden essay. In this respect he was differently situated from his eloquent rival. From

Mr. Sheil, all men expected much; Mr. Macaulay's powers, except, of course, as an essayist, were known only to a comparatively few of his personal friends, and those who had been his contemporaries at Cambridge. If he therefore made, by comparison, a more brilliant speech, and achieved a more complete triumph, great allowance must be made for surprise. Mr. Sheil, notwithstanding the extravagant expectations formed of him, also achieved a triumph; but it took him a longer time to acquire his absolute ascendancy as an orator. People, too, were always afraid that his nationality, which had been so useful in the agitation, would every now and then break out in some anti-English demonstration.

But Mr. Sheil showed himself almost as great a tactician as he was a rhetorician. The war over and the victory won, he buried the sword and forbore to exult over the vanquished. Throughout his subsequent parliamentary career, he has identified himself with an English party; and, while still advocating, with eloquence as energetic but more chastened, the "wrongs" of Ireland, he has never run counter to the feelings of the English as a nation. In this respect he differs from Mr. O'Connell and the *parti prêtre* as much as from "Young Ireland" or the party republican. Gratitude for emancipation made him, together with the new Irish Catholic members, vote with the mass of the English people on the Reform question. That gratitude has never died within him. The penal laws on the Roman Catholics he conceived to be the real badge of national subjugation; those once abrogated, he considered himself one of the people of the British empire, and, while still urging on Parliament the gradual fulfilment of the contract of 1829, in what he would call its spirit as well as its letter, he never forgot that justice to England was quite as sacred a duty as justice to Ireland. Not so all his friends.

This tact and abstinence in Mr. Sheil very materially lessen the difficulty of criticizing the speeches he has made in Parliament. If they are ever disfigured, it is not by wrong sentiment or the undue infusion of political feeling; their blemishes are obvious only in a critical point of view, and are at the same time so entirely counterbalanced by their beauties, that they might be passed over, were it not that their exposure might possibly prevent a very seductive example being followed by others. It should be added, too, that our remarks apply to Mr. Sheil's speeches *as delivered*, not as printed in the newspapers. From the extraordinary rapidity of his utterance, and the abrupt transitions of voice in which his enthusiasm and ardor lead him to indulge, even the most experienced reporters find a difficulty in rendering his speeches with perfect fidelity and freedom. It is obvious that an orator whose beauties of style depend so much upon the most slight and evanescent touches, the nicest discrimination of language, the artful collocation of words and sentences so as to make emphasis supply in many cases the thought which parliamentary custom will not permit to be expressed in words, must suffer irrevocable damage if in the process of transmutation the fine aroma is lost, or the exquisite tints and shades confounded in a general flatness and tameness of coloring. Nor is the case mended when he afterwards writes his own speeches. He then falls into nearly the same error. The heat of his mind has cooled, and he cannot so speedily reproduce it. Sometimes an intelligent and able reporter will produce a better version than his own.

An analysis of Mr. Sheil's speeches would show them to be in the highest degree artificial. It is his object to produce, by the most elaborate selection of themes, the most chosen forms of phrase, and the most refined art in their arrangement, the same effect which the spontaneous efforts of an earnest orator would have had in the highest powers always at command. Mr. Sheil speaks but seldom, and takes much time to prepare his speeches, which, though delivered with all the air of passion and abandonment which the enthusiasm of the moment might be supposed to inspire, are studied even in the most minute particulars—in the words chosen, the contrasts of ideas and imagery, the tone of voice, the very gesture. This preparation may not extend perhaps to every part of the speech. In the level portions, or in those allusions which are called forth by what has happened during the debate, he trusts in a great measure to the impulse or the judgment of the moment, though even here you may every now and then detect a phrase or a thought which smells of the lamp; but the great passages of the speech—those which the world afterwards admires, and which, in fact, form the foundation of the fame of the orator—these are hewn, chiselled, and polished with all the tender care of a sculptor, rehearsed with all their possible effects, and kept in reserve until the moment when they may be incorporated in all their brilliancy and perfection, with the less conspicuous parts, where they shine forth resplendently like bright gems in a dull setting. It is in rhetoric and sarcasm that he is most distinguished. As a rhetorician he is almost perfect. No man whom this generation has ever heard speak equals him in the power with which he works out an idea, an argument, or an illustration, so as to make it carry all the force and weight of which it can possibly be made capable. And this, although it is really the result of such art, is done by means apparently so simple that the hearer's mind is unconsciously captivated. A happy adaptation of some common thought, an infusion of nervous metaphor, which gives a coloring to a whole passage without leaving open any point tangible to opposition; delicate antithesis, the more effective from its not appearing forced;—these are among the many arts which Mr. Sheil uses to insinuate his views and feelings into the mind, while avoiding the appearance of making a deliberate assault, or laying himself out to entrap or to persuade. Occasionally there are bursts of passionate eloquence which it requires all your skepticism to make you believe are not the warm outpourings of an excited mind; but so you may say of a Kemble or a Macready. In his speeches on Irish subjects especially this apparent sincerity is most conspicuous. His heart always appears to be in his appeals to the English nation on behalf of his country, and no doubt at many times he must fling off his habits of preparation and give rein to his feelings or his imagination. In speaking of Ireland he personifies her—talks of her and her wrongs as he would of some lovely and injured woman, whose cause he was espousing. Sometimes his propensity to personify runs him into extremes. Speaking of the address for a Coercion-bill in 1833, he characterized it as one "which struck Ireland dumb, and clapped a padlock on her lips; though it never could stop the throbbing of her big and indignant heart!" One of his most remarkable and beautiful outbursts of nationality was in 1837, in his celebrated attack on Lord Lyndhurst for his "alien" speech. Alluding to

the alleged charge that the Irish were aliens in blood and religion, he delivered this magnificent burst :—

“Where was Arthur Duke of Wellington when those words were uttered! Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

‘The battles, sieges, fortunes that he ‘d pass’d’

ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before! What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats of Badajoz! All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory; Vimiera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse—and last of all, the greatest. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, (pointing to Sir Henry Hardinge,) who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest;—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the ‘aliens’ blanched! And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose: when with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, ‘Up, lads, and at them!’—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, on the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green arm of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust: the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate! And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out!”

The effect produced by this passage will not be easily forgotten. The passionate vehemence of the speaker and the mournful music of his voice were a living echo to the deep emotions with which his soul seemed charged. Lord Lyndhurst was in the house at the time, and although conscious that the whole passage was only a beautiful phantasmagoria raised by the art of the rhetorician, still he could not but admire. It would seem invidious to attempt to neutralize so fine a burst of feeling; but a few words of truth will go far to do it. It unfortunately happens that Mr. Sheil himself, in a speech at the Roman Catholic Association, in January, 1823, laid down in distinct and unequivocal terms the very same doctrine—that the Irish were aliens—for giving currency to

which he so successfully assailed Lord Lyndhurst with the keen arrows of his oblivious passion.

Metaphor and antithesis are the chief agents he uses in his speeches. Sometimes the latter is exquisitely perfect; sometimes, on the other hand, labored and clumsy, and so forced as to defeat itself. Too often he is run away with by the seduction of this pleasing but mechanical mode of pointing thoughts, to the manifest injury and weakening of his argument or of the general tone he wishes to convey. Then you see that he is only the orator, the sentence-maker, the painter of brilliant pictures; that he wishes his triumphs to be more over the passions or the imagination than over the reason or the judgment. His style has other defects akin to these. For instance, he will often sacrifice the real strength of a phrase and endanger the success of the thought or argument it conveys, led away by the seductive sound of some word or words rhythmically pleasing in combination, but the application of which in such a manner the judgment rejects; and he will also lose the force and beauty of real antithesis in the glitter or the novelty of its false counterpart. For an odd paradoxical phrase he will risk the simplicity and truth of a sentence. Speaking of the Whig Tithe-bill, he exclaimed, “Tithes are to be abolished. How! By providing for them a sepulchre from which they are to rise in an *immortal resuscitation!*” This is an abuse of language. His metaphors are bold and striking. Among many brilliant things in his speeches against Lord Stanley he said—“The people of Ireland behold the pinnacles of the Establishment shattered by the lightning of Grattan’s eloquence.”

He excels in sarcastic humor, which is generally conveyed in the most delicate touches. He is like Lord Lyndhurst in the apparent ease and artlessness with which he infuses the most keen and cutting allusions by the addition of a word or the turn of a sentence in the midst of the most level argument. Henselwood makes a “dead set” at his victim, like Lord Brougham; and he therefore produces the more effect. Some of his smartest hits of this kind were at Lord Stanley. It was he who spoke of that minister as “the then Secretary-at-war with Ireland;” and, when alluding to Sir James Graham in council with the noble lord, he spoke of them as “Lord Stanley and *his confederate*.” On another occasion, speaking of “divine service,” as referred to in an act of parliament, he jetted in a parenthesis (“divine is an *alias* for Protestant”) well understood by the Roman Catholics, and having as much force as twenty elaborate speeches. He is not very reverent in his jokes. Alluding to the Temporalities act, he observed that “Lord Stanley had struck off ten bishops at one blow; he blew off ten mitres from the head of the hierarchy at a single puff.” If he can make a witty point or shape a felicitous phrase, no fastidiousness of taste or delicacy of feeling restrains him from wreaking his wit on an antagonist. There are several instances on record where he has done this towards individuals, though never in an ill-natured or spiteful spirit. He is equally liberal in his sarcastic allusions to classes or bodies of men, and not more delicate. We remember an instance in one of his speeches which illustrates this peculiarity in his style. He had been drawing a somewhat glowing and overcharged picture of the good results to ensue from church reform, and he summed them up in terms of characteristic power, and of a degree of coarse-

ness not often met with in his speeches. He said, as a climax to his anticipations of good, that when these reforms should have been effected, "the bloated paunch of the unwieldy rector would no longer heave in holy magnitude beside the shrinking abdomen of the starving and miserably prolific curate."

Sometimes his sarcasm on individuals is really searing, sometimes playfully severe. We remember one amusing instance of the latter. One day, at the Catholic Association, a volunteer patriot—a Mr. Addis, we believe—came forward and made a very strong speech, more remarkable for enthusiasm than prudence, in which he offered, if necessary, to lay his head on the block in the cause of Ireland. His address was rather a dangerous one to those whom he professed to serve, as the crown lawyers were at that time more than usually on the alert. Mr. Sheil desired publicly to counteract the possible mischief. He rose, and, with his peculiar sarcastic emphasis, observed, "The honorable gentleman has just made us an oblation of his head; he has accompanied his offer with abundant evidence of the value of the sacrifice." Columns of abuse from Mr. O'Connell would not have proved half so effectual as this quiet rebuke.

But we must draw these observations to a close. The characteristics and defects of his speeches have been more dwelt upon, because his eccentricities of delivery have been frequently and powerfully described. There is a striking correspondence between his personal peculiarities and the leading features of his speeches. He is unique as an orator. There is a harmony between the outer and inner man which you do not find in others—for instance, in Mr. Macaulay. Having read his speeches, if you see him, you are not surprised to find that it was from him that they proceeded. Small in stature, delicately formed, with a strongly marked countenance full of expression, he looks the man of genius, and betrays in every motion that impulsive temperament on which excitement acts like a whirlwind. He seems "of imagination all compact." You see the body, but you think of the mind. It is embodied passion, thought, fancy; not mere organized matter. "Look! what comes here!—a grave unto a soul, holding the Eternal Spirit against its will!" you are tempted to exclaim with the poet who of all others could have appreciated such rare products of nature's love-labor, such unusual blendings of the spiritual and the material. Yet there is nothing of the beautiful in a physical sense, little of that personal perfection or refinement which made a Byron or a Shelley so loved or worshipped by their intimates. The charm of Mr. Sheil's appearance consists in the striking and powerful development of intellect; in the quick reflex of thought in the features; the mobility of body, the firm grasp, as it were, which is taken by the mind of the corporeal frame, making it the ready and obedient slave of its slightest and most sudden will. Thoroughly masculine in moral strength, in the intensity of his feelings, and the strong power with which he impresses them on others, Mr. Sheil has also all the femininity which we attach to our idea of the poetical temperament, though it shows itself not in personal delicacy or symmetry so much as in a supreme and serene control over the body by the spirit. There is more of Edmund Kean than of Shelley in this transparency of the corporeal man to the intellectual light within. A writer, who would seem to be well acquainted with his subject,

has said, speaking of Mr. Sheil's personal appearance,—

"Small in stature and make, like so many men of genius, he bears the marks of a delicate organization. The defects of a figure not disproportioned, and yet not strictly symmetrical, are overlooked in the play of the all-informing mind, which keeps the frame and limbs in rapid and harmonious motion when in action. The body, though so small in itself, is surmounted by a head which lends it dignity—a head, though proportionately small in size, yet so full of intellectual development, so wide-browed, that, while it seems large in itself, it raises the apparent stature of the wiry frame on which it rests. The forehead is broad and prominent, but, at first sight, it rather contradicts the usual development of the intellectual; though really deep and high, it seems to overhang the brow. Under it gleams an eye, piercing and restless even in the repose of the mind, but indescribably bright and deep-meaning when excited. The mouth, small, sharp—the lips chiselled fine, till, under the influence of passion, they are almost transparent like a shell—is a quick ally in giving point and meaning to the subtlest ideas of the ever-active brain; apt in its keen-like expression, alike of the withering sarcasm, the delicate irony, or the overwhelming burst of sincere and passionate vehemence. The features generally are small, but, under the influence of ennobling emotion, they seem to expand, until, at times, they look grand, almost heroic. Yet when the baser passions obtain the mastery over this child of impulse—as they will sometimes over the best in the heat of party warfare—these features, so capable of giving expression to all that elevates our moral and intellectual nature, become contracted, the paleness of concentrated passion overspreads them. Instead of the eloquent earnestness of high-wrought feeling, you see (but this is rare, indeed) the gloating hue of suppressed rage, the tremulous restraint of cautious spite. In place of the dilated eye, and features flushed with noble elevation of soul, or conscious pride of intellectual power, you have a keen, piercing, adder-like glance, withering, fascinating, but no longer beautiful. Yet the intellect, though for a time the slave of passion, is the intellect still."

His peculiar style of eloquence, his rapidity of utterance, variety and impressiveness of action, and harmonious tones of voice, now deep and richly melodious in the expression of solemn emotion, now loud and piercing in the excitement of passion, almost defy description. Imagine all the beauties of Kean's performance of Othello crowded into half an hour's highly sustained eloquence, and you have some tangible idea of what is the effect. While the impulse is upon him he seems as if possessed, his nature is stirred to its very depths, the fountains of his soul pour forth unceasingly the living waters. His head glows like a ball of fire, the soul struggles through every outlet of expression. His arms, now raised aloft, as if in imprecation, are, in a moment, extended downwards, as if in supplication, the clenched fingers clasped like those of one in strong agony. Anon, and the small, thin, delicate wiry hand is stretched forth, the face assumes an expression the very ideal of the sarcastic, and the finger of scorn is pointed towards the object of attack. A thousand varying expressions, each powerful and all beautiful, are crowded into the brief time during which his excitement (which, like that of actors, though prepared, is genuine

while it lasts) hurries him on to pour forth his whole soul in language of such elegance and force.

Mr. Sheil occupies a position different from that of most of his countrymen in parliament. The Irish member who most approaches him in intellectual qualities, though not in actual eloquence, is Mr. Wyse. Like Mr. Wyse, he has associated himself with the whig party, who chose him to be one of their ministers when they desired to fraternize with the Irish Catholics, because he was at once talented, moderate, and respectable. For joining them, he has been made the subject of virulent abuse by the extreme party in Ireland: but he has too much steadiness of purpose and good sense to be much affected by it. His position in the house is well earned, not merely by his eloquence, but also by the general amenity of his disposition, whether as a politician or a private individual. Were all the Irish members like Mr. Sheil, the Irish question might be speedily and satisfactorily settled.

From the Spectator.

MEMOIRS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONARY IN THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

MR. MUSGRAVE, whose colonial life as a clergyman is narrated in this volume, was, by dint of books on geography, early smitten with "romantic ideas concerning America;" and it was his boyish determination to settle in what he then thought an earthly Paradise. This idea passed away; but in very early manhood "a circumstance occurred, involving in its consequences so much of sorrow and misery as led him to form a more true and correct estimate of the comparative value of the things of heaven and earth than he had ever done before." He studied for the church; took orders; passed some time as a hard-working curate in a large town; and in the year 18— was appointed a missionary for a township in one of our North American Colonies, (which seems to have been Canada,) by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

The Memoirs contain an account of his life and experiences, from his first arrival in the colony, full of the hope and buoyancy of youth, till he has reached mature age, somewhat broken by toil, narrowed circumstances, and domestic afflictions. The topics of his pen are—the character of his parish duties and of his parishioners; the troubles he had in raising money to build churches, and in contending with sectarians; various incidents of a singular, or, as Mr. Musgrave is inclined to think, of a "providential" kind, occurring among the rough and simple people by whom a district is first broken up; with accounts of occasional conversions among his flock. The more biographical subjects involve his own adventures on various occasions when travelling about the country, the personal difficulties he experienced in household affairs, from the peculiar position of a clergyman and the backward state of the district; together with some domestic incidents—his marriage, the deaths of children, &c.; and a sketch of the campaign against the rebels, when he turned out, unarmed, at the head of his armed parishioners, who rose en masse.

With a slight touch of provincial fine writing, the narrative of Mr. Musgrave is very real, but

slightly literal and feeble. His composition has a singular mixture of the simplicity of the old divines with the peculiarity of the modern Methodist tract, and something of that original unkempt character which people acquire in solitude, and which gave such individual raciness to the men of the middle ages, and even to our grandfathers. His weakness and peculiarities, however, impart interest to the book, as they present a truer view of the common life of the country, and of course homelier information, than if a more judging eye had selected the subjects and a more skilful pen presented them. They are also full of suggestions and intimations. In the superstitions of the people respecting haunted houses, supernatural warnings, unearthly horsemen riding by night, and other sounds as mysterious, we have a picture of "old England" such as it was before rapid locomotion had banished the belief of the invisible world, or at least the avowal of it, save in those out-of-the-way places which modern improvements have not reached. More striking still is the manner in which it enables us to read and realize many things in the olden time: we transport ourselves "beyond the ignorant present." Mechanical and material facilities have induced in this country a division of labor and a fastidious refinement which attach fully enough if not too much to conventional and external forms. We are so accustomed to a "professional gentleman," much more a clergyman, not soiling his hands by doing anything useful, that when we read of ancient enactments against divines frequenting public-houses or keeping them, or pursuing any secular occupation for gain, no effort of the mind can reconcile us to the idea; and much the same might be said of the farming parson, not yet entirely extinct. In the Memoirs before us, we are led to see the absolute necessity of many of these things in the outset (however improper or corrupt they might finally become;) and that in a poor country, where money is scarce and population thin and scattered, the clergyman cannot receive a money salary, but must derive his subsistence to a great extent from his own exertions. Where tradesmen of any kind are rare and there are no capitalists, he must work himself, or overlook the workmen he hires; ride like a post-boy or a jockey, and indeed harder, in the mere fulfilment of his duties; and put up with any accommodation that may offer. No doubt, the forms of things are different. In Canada there are no tithes, which the Romish Church in Europe managed to exact at a very early period; on the other hand, a money salary, though insufficient, is paid to the missionaries; and the knowledge even of the most ignorant settler is very different from popular opinion in the dark ages. The picture of a clergyman's life in Canada also suggests the advantage of celibacy to a missionary; as his labors indicate that monasteries in the first case had a real utility. Independently of the obvious advantage of dividing labor according to the aptitude of men's natures, transferring the coarser business to the coarser mind, and reserving the religious duties and the scholarly pursuits to the better and more refined character, one man was really insufficient for the duties of a large district. In the Protestant church this separation cannot well take place; and in new or poor countries a divine must become something like a jack-of-all-trades—with no great advantage, we suspect, to his intellect or his delicacy.

These opinions will be best tested by a perusal

of the book : the proper extracts to support them fully would occupy more space than we can spare ; but here is one.

A CLERGYMAN'S DUTY IN A COLONY.

" On one occasion I was called upon one Saturday morning, I well remember it yet, to marry a couple at a settlement fifteen miles off. I started very early, and got back about five o'clock in the evening, weary and almost worn out, more by the excessive heat than by the length of the journey ; and was very thankful to return to my comfortable home. But on giving my horse, which was about as tired as myself, to my servant, I was informed that a man was waiting for me, and had been for several hours, to go with him twenty-five miles to see his wife, who was thought to be at the very point of death. I directed my servant to give the man his dinner, and got my own ; and then immediately set off with him on a fresh horse, and arrived at my journey's end about ten o'clock at night. I found the poor woman very ill, worse indeed than she had been represented to be. I sat up and talked and prayed with her, or read to her, till four o'clock in the morning ; when her happy spirit ascended to Him who gave it.

" I then threw myself on a sofa, which I found in an adjoining room, for an hour or two ; and starting again for home, got there in time to take a hasty breakfast, and to dress for church, at eleven.

" Morning service over, I rode nine miles to one of my outposts, for evening service ; and then home once more.

" I was up early the next morning, in order to be off in time for the poor woman's funeral, which was to be at ten o'clock, by my own appointment. As I mounted my horse, my servant, a raw but well-meaning Irish lad, said to me—' An is 't off agin ye are ! Sure an the horses 'll be kilt, if the maister hisself is n't.'

" ' I cannot help it, John,' I replied ; ' I must go.'

" ' Well, well !' he rejoined ; ' I never seen the likes o' this afore ! But there's no rest for the wicked, I see.'

" I cast upon him a searching look, to ascertain whether his remark was to be imputed to impertinence : but the simple expression of commiseration on his countenance at once convinced me that he meant no harm.

" I pushed on, for fear of being too late, to meet the funeral at the burial-ground, about three miles from the house of mourning. I was there far too soon, and had to wait several hours. There is an unwillingness on such occasions to be punctual ; arising, I am inclined to believe, from the fear of being guilty of an undue and disrespectful haste ' to bury their dead out of their sight.'

" It was late in the evening when I got home ; and, what with the fatigue and the heat of the weather, and the want of rest, I was fairly worn out, and so ill as to be obliged to keep my room for three days."

CURIOSITY AND GOOD COMPANY.

" I had for fellow passengers a country judge of the Court of Requests, a magistrate, and a colonel and major of militia, all belonging to and residing in my intended mission. Through the indefatigable exertions of some or all of these titled gentry, in examining the partially-defaced direc-

tions on my trunks, and questioning not only my servant but myself also, my name and purpose had been successfully made out before I had been an hour in their company. I was far from being sorry for this, as I received from them the most marked and flattering attentions.

" I thought at first, that, as far as good society was concerned, I had ' fallen on my feet :' but, alas ! my judge turned out to be a petty sheep-keeper, a doler out of drams to the drunken ruffians ; the magistrate, an old rebel soldier of the United States, living upon a pension of 20*l.* a year from that government as the reward of his treason, and at the same time holding a commission of the peace under the one against which he had successfully fought. The colonel, the most respectable of my dignified companions, had been a sergeant in the ——— regiment, and was now living upon his pension of 2 shilling a day ; and to complete my catalogue, the major was the jolly landlord of a paltry village-tavern."

COLONIAL POVERTY.

" The people belonging to the church, although more numerous than those of any other single denomination, were still very few : and the first time I administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, I had only nine communicants. They were also very poor, as new settlers generally are ; and this was comparatively, with the exception of the small village, a new settlement ; and yet, strange as it may appear to a dweller in the old country, they were all well off in the world. They had all the necessities and comforts of life at their command, and even some of the luxuries : still they were poor, as far as the ability to pay money was concerned ; they had it not, neither could they obtain it without great exertions, and still greater sacrifices ; and nothing else would build the church. Some of the work, it is true, could be done by themselves ; and they willingly and freely did it."

THE Annual Meeting of the members of the London Library took place, some days since, at their new mansion in St. James' square,—the Earl of Clarendon in the chair. It appeared, from the report, that this institution is fast progressing in public favor. The plan (which includes the lending of the best books in every language at the homes of the subscribers, and some of these the most rare editions of standard works and books of the highest price, for the small annual subscription of 2*l.* with an entrance fee of 6*l.*.) has obtained such success, that, independently of the presents made by his royal highness Prince Albert and others, there have been expended upwards of 7500*l.* in the purchase of books. The library already contains upwards of 10,000 volumes.

AMONG the public works in Ireland about to be immediately commenced, for the purpose of furnishing labor to the poor, we observe that preparations are making for the erection of the new college in Galway, on the site selected, and approved by the Board of Works. The design is described as being that of a splendid edifice—of the architectural style of Henry the Eighth's time—well adapted to the accidental resources of the locality, which abounds in limestone of the very best quality.

From Chambers' Journal.

JENNER AND VACCINATION.

No more fatal or formidable disease has ever scourged the human race than one—now happily becoming the subject for history—the small-pox. Authoritative evidence has of late years been adduced to show that it existed in the Mosaic period, and in China it has been known from the earliest ages. Most of the fearful plagues which from time to time, on various portions of the earth's surface, have swept myriads into untimely graves, were no other than devastating visitations of this dreaded disease; and even pursuing its ordinary course, it carried off one in fourteen of all that were born. In Ceylon, whenever it broke out, entire villages were abandoned; and in Thibet, on one occasion, the capital was deserted for three whole years. In the Russian empire, two millions of human beings died of small-pox in twelve months. Bernouilli calculated that fifteen millions fell victims to it every twenty-five years, taking the whole world, or six hundred thousand annually, of which number not less than two hundred and ten thousand were estimated for Europe alone. And to come down to more recent times, the readers of Mr. Catlin's work on the Indians of North America will remember the terrible accounts of the destruction of whole tribes by this deadly malady. Regarded as inevitable, it came also to be considered as irremediable, and the world submitted to its ravages as a calamity of fate. In 1714, Dr. Timoni of Constantinople published a work on the subject; and to the good sense, courage, and influence of Lady M. W. Montagu, who caused her son to be inoculated in the Turkish capital by Mr. Maitland, surgeon to the embassy, England is indebted for the counteracting practice. In 1722, her daughter was inoculated in this country by the same gentleman; and the method was generally adopted until 1740, when it had fallen nearly into disuse; but favorable accounts coming from abroad, it was again revived; and, to propagate the salutary modification, the then Princess of Wales caused two of her daughters to be inoculated. The new remedy, however, met with great opposition. Some denounced it as an attempt, "at once impious and unavailing, to counteract the visitations of an all-wise Providence;" asserting that, in the case of adults who voluntarily submitted themselves to it, the crime was that of suicide; but in respect to children, "it was horrid murder of the little unoffending innocents." It was anathematized from the pulpits as an invention of Satan, and its "abettors" as sorcerers and atheists. A clergyman of London, named Massey, declared that it was no new art, as Job had been inoculated by the devil.

Owing to the careless practice of the time, there was some show of right in the opposition. The infected were not kept separate from others; and as inoculation always produced the true disease in its usual infectious form, it became more widely disseminated, and the mortality frightfully increased. In the year 1800, it broke out no less than twenty times in the Channel fleet alone; and the records of the Asylum for the Indigent Blind showed that three fourths of those relieved lost their sight from small-pox. Its victims in Great Britain amounted to forty-five thousand annually; and the celebrated La Condamine, pleading for the adoption of a remedy in France, said, "*La petite vérole nous décime*"—"The small-pox decimates

us." Such were the fatal effects of a disease described by Sir Matthew Hale, even in those who recovered, as "the very next degree to absolute rottenness, putrefaction, and death itself."

The world was in this distressing condition when a remedy at once mild, harmless, and effectual, first attracted the attention of Jenner, then a young man pursuing his studies under a practitioner at Sodbury, in Gloucestershire; where the subject of small-pox being in the presence of a country girl who came for advice, she exclaimed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." "This incident rivetted the attention of Jenner. It was the first time that the popular notion, which was not at all uncommon in the district, had been brought home to him with force and influence. Most happily, the impression then made was never effaced. Young as he was, and insufficiently acquainted with any of the laws of physiology or pathology, he dwelt with deep interest on the communication which had been casually made to him by a peasant, and partly foresaw the vast consequences involved in so remarkable a phenomenon."* Possessing much patience and firmness of purpose, Jenner was willing to wait the fruition of his ideas; and contented himself at first with speaking of the prophylactic virtues of the cow-pox among his friends, which he recommended them to investigate. But they treated it as an idle notion; and as he persisted in bringing it before them, they threatened to expel him from their society, "if he continued to harass them with so unprofitable a subject." His firmness of purpose came to his aid; he persevered in his inquiries. It was continually urged, in reply to his assertions, "The evidence is altogether so inconclusive and unsatisfactory, that we put no value on it, and cannot think that it will lead to anything but uncertainty and disappointment." His opinions, in many instances, met with abhorrence and contempt, and were treated with general indifference.

Jenner was fortunate in possessing the friendship of the celebrated John Hunter, under whom he had studied in London, and to whom he communicated his views. The reply of the great anatomist supported and stimulated his courage—"Don't think, but *try*; be patient, be accurate." He knew how to wait. In 1775, his ideas and prospects began to assume a definite form: he foresaw something of the great work before him. To one of his friends, to whom he had explained his theory, he said, "I have intrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove of essential benefit to the human race." He vaccinated his own son on three different occasions. Many years, however, elapsed before he had an opportunity of completing his experiments, in the course of which a formidable obstacle was encountered: he found that cow-pox was not, in every case, an effectual preventative of the small-pox. This led him to discover the true from the spurious vaccine matter; of which the former alone produces any specific action on the constitution. Though this disappointed, it did not discourage him. He investigated the facts, and arrived at last at the true explanation. He talked of it;

* In after-life, Jenner was accustomed to relate an anecdote of the days of Charles II. Some one telling the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland that she would soon deplore the loss of her beauty from the effects of the small-pox, then raging in London, she replied there was no ground for fear, as in her own country she had undergone an attack of the cow-pox, which was a preservative.

wrote of it to his friends; and it was mentioned in London in 1788 by medical professors in their lectures.

In 1798, he published the result of his observations in a quarto of about seventy pages,* in which he gave details of twenty-three cases of successful vaccination on individuals, to whom it was afterwards found to be impossible to communicate the small-pox either by contagion or inoculation. After weighing every sentence with the greatest care, it was submitted to the judgment of his friends. The work is interspersed with remarks on the identity of the matter in the cow, and in the heels of the horse, when suffering from the disease known as "grease"† and concludes, "Thus far have I proceeded in an inquiry founded, as it must appear, on the basis of an experiment in which, however, conjecture has been occasionally admitted, in order to present to persons well situated for such discussions objects for a more minute investigation. In the mean time, I shall myself continue to prosecute this inquiry, encouraged by the hope of its becoming essentially beneficial to mankind."

The publication of this work, so modestly and temperately written, immediately excited the greatest attention. In the same year the author had occasion to visit London, where, during his stay of nearly three months, he could not meet with a single person willing to come forward to test the experiment. Mr. Cline, however, afterwards tried the vaccine matter, and proved that, when it had gone through the system, it was impossible to communicate small-pox to the same person. Two ladies, whose names are deserving of record—Lady Ducie, and the Countess of Berkeley—broke through the prejudices of the day, and caused their children to be vaccinated. The countenance and coöperation of the higher classes of London were in great part secured by the instrumentality of Mr. Knight, inspector-general of military hospitals; and it appeared that females were most conspicuous in the good work; arising, probably, from their natural anxiety as mothers for the safety of their offspring. Lady Peyton urged the professional men in her neighborhood to adopt the practice. In the following year the children of the Duke of Clarence, then residing at Bushy, were vaccinated; and a feeling began to spread in favor of the protective remedy.

Jenner watched for the realization of his hopes. The happiness appeared to be his "of removing, from among the list of human diseases, one of the most mortal that ever scourged our race." But the opposition was brewing; and first, after the publication of his "Inquiry," came that of Dr. Ingenhousz—a name celebrated in medical and scientific history. He was on a visit to Lord Lansdowne at his seat in Wiltshire, when, hearing of a case of small-pox in a man who had previously caught the cow-pox while milking at a dairy, he wrote to Jenner, pointing out the mischief his doctrine would cause, "should it prove erroneous." Jenner replied temperately and conclusively; but his opponent, who signed himself "physician to

the emperor and king," became "rude, and truly imperious," in proportion as his arguments were confuted. We are informed that "he knew no more of the real nature of cow-pox than Master Selwin did of Greek." But, said Jenner, writing to a friend, "'Tis no use to shoot straws at an eagle. * * My friends must not desert me now: brick-bats and hostile weapons of every sort are flying thick around me. * * My experiments move on, but I have all to do single-handed." In a subsequent letter to Ingenhousz, he explains, "Ere I proceed, let me be permitted to observe that truth in this and every other physiological inquiry that has occupied my attention, has ever been the first object of my pursuit; and should it appear, in the present instance, that I have been led into error, fond as I may appear of the offspring of my labors, I had rather see it perish at once, than exist and do a public injury."

Many eminent professional men now appeared to favor his views, while others received them with derision and distrust. Some doubted all the facts and reasons adduced in his "Inquiry;" a second party denied the merit of bringing forward a fact which had been long known in obscure places in the country; a third affirmed that everything relating to it had yet to be discovered; and a fourth, that the discoverer's opinions were worth nothing—that he had originally obtained the vaccine virus from another practitioner; and, even admitting his reasons, the protective powers of the new remedy would be lost after the lapse of four years. The declared enemies to the practice were less fatal to its success than its pretended friends: the latter had a professional status, which lent authority to their statements, that imposed on the unthinking part of the community. Experiments were made at the Small-pox Hospital in London, which proved most disastrous to the infant cause; as, from want of care, the true variolous matter, as Jenner expressed it, was "contaminated" with small-pox, and differed in effect but very slightly from the real disease. This drew upon him the indignation of the metropolitan practitioners: who, however, as it was afterwards established, had been actually disseminating the tainted matter over many parts of England and the continent.

In 1799, Dr. Woodville, a physician of London, published a report throwing doubts on the real efficacy of vaccination, which tended to check the high expectations that had been formed of it. Another member of the medical profession, Dr. Pearson, lectured on the subject, and issued circulars, offering to distribute the matter to all who applied; thus constituting himself the chief promoter of the new method, to the prejudice of the discoverer, to whom his nephew wrote, "All your friends agree that now is your time to establish your fame and fortune: but if you delay taking a personal active part any longer, the opportunity will be lost forever." It had been intimated to Jenner, that if he would settle in London, he might command a practice of £10,000 per annum. He observes, in his reply, "Shall I, who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life—the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame!"

But the good cause continued to make progress. Its author, in a letter written to the Princess Louisa at Berlin, in December of the same year, states that 5000 persons had then been vaccinated, and afterwards exposed to the contagion of small-pox;

* An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ; a disease discovered in some of the western counties of England, particularly Gloucestershire, and known by the name of the Cow-pox.

† It is now known "that there are at least four animals—namely, the horse, the cow, the sheep, and the goat—which are affected with a disorder communicable to man, and capable of securing him from what appears to be a malignant form of the same disease."

but without any ill effect. Lord Egremont took great pains, in a correspondence with Jenner, to clear up the anomaly arising from impure vaccination at Petworth, where he took all the patients, fourteen in number, into his mansion, to prevent the spread of the disease. This nobleman subsequently became one of the most zealous promoters of the new method.

Notwithstanding the violent and unscrupulous opposition manifested in many quarters, the new cause made progress. In this same year attempts were made to form vaccine institutions for gratuitous vaccination, in which Bath took the lead, followed soon after by London. At the head of the latter was Dr. Pearson, of whom mention has been already made. He arrogated to himself all the honors and advantages as head of the establishment; and, following his "rule of doing justice," as he stated in a letter to Jenner, had reserved for him the honor of "extra-corresponding physician." Jenner declined the offered dignity, and wrote to Lord Egremont his objections to the plan proposed by Dr. Pearson—the man who had denied and distorted his experiments—and declared firmly against any compromise or contradiction of his own views. Although a fierce war was then raging, the fance of the new remedy found its way to the continent. Drs. Odier and Peschin of Geneva wrote and lectured on the subject: and in the two following years 1500 persons were vaccinated in that city. It was known in America before it had been heard of in Paris. Dr. Waterhouse of Massachusetts first made the American public acquainted with it, through the medium of the newspapers, as "*Something Curious in the Medical Line.*" The president Jefferson, with his sons-in-law, vaccinated nearly two hundred persons among their own connexions. At the same time it reached our colony of Newfoundland.

Soon after, a vaccine institution was opened in Paris, superintended by committees appointed to obtain precise information, through whose labors the salutary remedy was made known throughout France. The Spanish government, in 1800, took up the question with extraordinary zeal, and fitted out an expedition to convey vaccination to their South American colonies. In 1801, a mission was sent to carry it to Gibraltar and Malta; and in the same year Dr. Walker accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby's forces to Egypt, and vaccinated great numbers of the troops. It was also introduced at Palermo, where, in the preceding year, 8000 persons had died of small-pox; and into our vessels of war by Dr. Trotter, physician to the fleet, who said, in one of his letters, "The Jennerian inoculation will be deservedly recorded as one of the greatest blessings to the navy of Great Britain that was ever extended to it." It was eagerly welcomed in Germany: and the successful vaccination of Princess Louisa caused its effective introduction into Prussia, the result of which was, the foundation of a Royal Inoculation Institute at Berlin. In Vienna, the use of the new remedy was at first forbidden, having been confounded with small-pox inoculation: the restrictions were, however, soon removed, and some of the most successful experiments performed in that city. At Brunn, in Moravia, a philanthropic nobleman, Count Hugh de Salm, exerted himself, by the distributing of rewards and treatises, to disseminate the practice in that part of the empire. A temple was erected and dedicated to Jenner, in which his birthday is still annually celebrated.

In 1801, the vaccine was sent from Breslau to Moscow, where the empress-dowager "zealously promoted the new practice," and desired that the name of *Vaccinoff* should be given to the first infant—a female—submitted to it. She sent a diamond ring to Jenner, with a letter signed by her own hand, expressive of "her gratitude to him who rendered this signal service to humanity." Jenner replied, that the imperial favor was not for him alone; "it will be felt by the whole world; for sanctions like these will materially tend to extinguish prejudice." In Denmark and Sweden, so effectual were the measures taken for the propagation of the antidote, that the small-pox was extirpated, and did not return for twenty years; and in Wirtemberg, penalties were exacted from all those who neglected vaccination.

Jenner himself offered one thousand guineas towards fitting out a ship to convey the vaccine to Asia, when it had been delayed by the parsimony of the government. It reached the East Indies in 1801; and the physicians at Bombay corresponded with the discoverer on the subject. The coöperation of the Brahmins, and the favor of the natives, were secured by a trick. A short poem was written in Sanscrit, on old paper, purporting to be of great antiquity, and to have been early known in the country, in which the remedy was recommended; and appealed directly to the religious feelings of the natives, as the "wonderful preventive" was said to have been originally derived from a cow. It was carried to Africa by way of the Mediterranean; and in 1803, Lord and Lady Elgin, being then on a tour, successfully introduced it into Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. The matter was sent overland to Bagdad, on lint secured between glass closely sealed, and dipped in melted wax until it became covered by a solid ball, then packed in a box with paper shavings. It arrived safe, and succeeded at the first trial. In other instances, the matter was found to be efficacious after twice crossing the Atlantic, and retained its virtues during a tedious mission through the remotest provinces of the Russian empire to the borders of China.

The progress of the "extirpator" was such, that in 1803 it was stated, in evidence before a committee of the house of commons, that 2,000,000 of persons had then been vaccinated, of whom not one had died of the affection. These numbers were, however, but a small proportion of what they might have been, had the practice of vaccination been allowed to have free course—unopposed by ignorance, prejudice, or selfishness. Though there were many to do justice to the immortal discovery, yet a host of others, on very slender grounds, raised a fierce and clamorous opposition. Few even of its friends took the pains to make themselves well acquainted with the principles of the new method. A "faction" of physicians got up a spirited opposition in the papal states, and reported that vaccination had been forbidden and abandoned in England. The most ridiculous and absurd reports were published. A lady complained that, since her daughter was vaccinated, "she coughs like a cow, and has grown hairy all over her body;" and in one part of the country the practice was discontinued, because those who "had been inoculated in that manner bellowed like bulls." A Mr. Gooch of Suffolk had, with his wife, vaccinated 611 patients, of which he observes—"In spite of all ignorant prejudice, and wilful misrepresentations, this wonderful discovery is

spreading far and wide in this county. The first people we inoculated in Hadleigh were absolutely pelted, and driven into their houses if they appeared out."

The same arguments that had been used nearly a century earlier against small-pox inoculation, were directed against vaccination; while, in Switzerland, pastors were recommending it from their pulpits, the most uncompromising hostility was shown in other places. Ehrmann of Frankfort undertook to prove from Scripture, and the writings of the fathers, that "vaccine was nothing less than Antichrist." Sermons, abounding in invective, were preached against it. The leading physician of Philadelphia pronounced it to be "too beastly and indelicate for polished society." In later years, the celebrated Cobbett also denounced it, in his sledge-hammer style, as "beastly," and unfit for adoption.

Dr. Rowley, a physician of London, was perhaps more violent in his attacks than any other opponent; and his work is so far useful, as it gives us the sum of the arguments used against vaccination, and shows at the same time to what extreme lengths individuals may be carried by passion and prejudice. The doctor set himself up as the hero of anti-vaccination; for which he formed a society to examine all cases of failures, and of small-pox after vaccination, which he condemned as a "greasy, horse-heeled project. The sooner cow-pox infatuation is abandoned *in toto*, so much the better for society. * * The world has been viper-broth mad—tar water mad—magnetism mad—cow-pox mad. * * Cow-pox devastation—all supported by ignorance, knavery, folly, and false faith. * * Those will be considered the greatest enemies to society who longest persist in spreading the criminal and murderous evil. * * Chase from their houses all who propose vaccination. * * Glaring tyranny, to force vaccination on the poor. * * The world did not require cow-pox; the cow-pox was forced into the world. * * Earth trembled! and Heaven profusely shed tears. * * The most excellent physicians are always modest, candid, and unassuming;" whilst vaccinators are "infatuated visionists," who pursue an "irrational and destructive practice. Wild, light-headed adherents, who have distinguished themselves by ignorance." The doctor appears to have exhausted the vocabulary to find terms for the expression of his abuse, which was not unproductive of evil. It was proved that, although vaccination was performed gratuitously at the Bloomsbury dispensary, yet not a single person applied during several months of the year 1806. An able reply was published by a surgeon named Blair, who turned the doctor's weapons upon himself, in a pamphlet whose title was quoted from one of his learned opponent's fiery paragraphs: it was entitled "The Vaccination Contest; or Mild Humanity, Reason, Religion, and Truth, against fierce, unfeeling Ferocity, overbearing Insolence, mortified Pride, and Desperation."

The attacks on the invaluable discovery were, at the same time, vigorously carried on in other quarters. We should be at a loss to understand the motives of so much hostility, did we not see something of the kind in our own day, in the sneers occasionally bestowed on novel matters of science. The cause, however, triumphed. Ribaldry, scorns, and abuse have dwindled down to a mere echo, and are scarcely or never heard. The glory of a great man is ever attended by envy. The

nations of antiquity would have raised altars to Jenner's memory, or stamped his effigy on their coins—as was the case in some of the states of Greece, and was done by the citizens of Cos in honor of their countryman Hippocrates. Cuvier said, "If vaccine were the only discovery of the epoch, it would serve to render it illustrious forever."

Part of Jenner's reward was in the letters he received from all quarters of the world, filled with expressions of grateful reverence, and anticipations of the benefits of his discovery. His case was brought before parliament, and, not without opposition, the sum of 30,000*l.* was voted to him in two grants. It was proved that, had he kept vaccination a secret, he might have made 20,000*l.* a year; but he worked not for himself. The chancellor of the exchequer said of it, during the debate, that it was "the greatest, or one of the most important, discoveries to human society that was made since the creation of man."

But far greater the reward, in the consciousness that he had saved to the world millions of lives, and secured humanity from its deadliest destroyer. It is not what we undertake, but what we accomplish and confirm, that constitutes glory. Jenner died with the title of benefactor to his kind. In the words of his friend Dr. Lettsom, "His claim is that of having multiplied the human race, and happily invoked the goddess of health to arrest the arm that scatters pestilence and death over the creation." His is one of those English names with which intelligent foreigners are, as might be expected, most familiar. Often have such persons, taken to Westminster Abbey, and told that it is devoted to the names of our great men, asked for the monument of Jenner. Strange to say, while much military prowess, now of little account, is there recorded, this truly great and memorable man is without his stone, and likely long to remain so.

Amongst French gossip, we may mention, that the Minister of Public Instruction has sent M. Alexandre, one of the Inspectors-General of the University, to Greece, to examine into the best means for facilitating the study of Modern Greek in the royal colleges of France. It is intended, too, to found an establishment at Athens, to which a certain number of pupils of the normal schools are to be sent, with a view to the same acquisition.

We find it stated, in a French scientific paper, that Siberia contains gold in such abundance, that its discovery is likely to produce a financial revolution in Europe similar to that which took place on the discovery of Peru. In the period of the last fourteen years, the produce of the gold mines in that country is said to have doubled. Eleven thousand persons are daily employed in washing the mineral; and three times the number could be so occupied if the hands could be found. Nothing but this want of laborers, adds our authority, prevents the markets of Europe from being filled with the gold of this rich deposit.—*Athenæum*.

TO BE SOLD, (a great bargain, in consequence of the Corn Law Bill passing,) THE BRITISH LION, the proprietors having no further use for him. He would stuff well as a curiosity. His tail would be invaluable to a young member who wishes to come out in the comic line, à la Sibthorpe or D'Israeli, on account of its waggish propensities. For terms, apply at the Agricultural Protection Office, New Bond Street.—*Punch*.

SIR ROBERT PEELE'S MINISTRY.

ALL the world is interested in the probable change of ministry in England. The weakness, incapacity, and insincerity of the whigs has been so often demonstrated, that our only hope of good from them, is as instruments in the hands of Sir Robert Peel. Whether in office or out, this eminent English reformer will probably control, if he do not even direct, the course of public affairs. It were desirable that he should direct, with full power, the progress of the necessary changes. His vast sense, and eminent ability, amount to greatness. We copy from the *Spectator* of 13 June.

The Corn-bill is Sir Robert Peel's special mission; to carry that he returned to office; to that he gave precedence in the work of the session; that bill the protectionists obstructed by every expedient; and thus they delayed the Coercion-bill which stood behind. They would have had Sir Robert prove his "earnestness" by pushing forward the Irish measure, no doubt, because that would have effected their object of stopping the Corn-bill. The Corn-bill, however, is urged forward; and so they take their revenge on the other bill—and on Peel.

The revenge only seems to succeed. Peel will not be beaten. Throughout this trying struggle, but most especially in the latter stages, his command of temper has been wonderful. It is a wise self-control. It not only saves those exasperations of which one of his best colleagues is so recklessly lavish, but is a severe test of his capacity for commanding circumstances. It lays in a stock of popularity proportionate to the intensity of the present annoyance; attests his personal sacrifices, and the sincerity with which he obeys the dictates of conscience and patriotic policy; and it proves his power to conquer obstacles—even the obstacles that he might suffer from his own naturally imperious temper.

The Coercion-bill cannot pass. Why then should the minister persevere? There may be several reasons, but one is evident enough: to give it up would be to relinquish the government of Ireland, before the fulness of time for resigning the official seals. Other ministers, who have not been recently placed in a state of antagonism with Irish agitators, may abstain from urging such a measure; but Sir Robert Peel cannot abandon it now.

Nor do those who are to succeed him altogether relish the task before them of governing Ireland. They begin to anticipate reproaches, by affecting that Peel hands over the country in a worse state than he found it. Nonsense: he found sedition, and sedition is quelled. The existing social disorder is the old perpetual disease. They say that he has "no policy" for Ireland. Who has one? what policy has yet been enunciated by any? It is indeed the first time that a bill for the coercion of Ireland will have been refused by the British parliament; which is an important fact, and may prove to be the first premonitory sign of some better policy to be yet evolved. We hope so. The bill is part of the old repertoire of Irish legislation, and means very little: had it been enacted, it would have made no substantial difference in the state of the country—it is but a shadow of the past; but its omission is an innovation, and means much as the sign of a new spirit. Those, however, who refuse

coercion bills are bound to be prepared with something better for good government—a matured policy, practical and efficient measures. Pretences that Sir Robert Peel leaves Ireland in some extraordinary condition will not serve as excuse for whig inaction.

Some have accounted for Sir Robert Peel's pertinacity by the presumption that he "chooses the Coercion-bill as the measure upon which to go out of office." We cannot see a shadow of probability in such a conjecture—not a motive for such a "choice" on the part of Peel, but many against it. It would be palpably impolitic for him to retire with even the appearance of attempting a measure hostile to Ireland. His Coercion-bill was only part, and we think the bad part, of a scheme for the improvement of that country; and it is the part to which he would be the least desirous of giving disproportionate prominence. Others reproach him with inviting the whigs in consenting to retain office on sufferance. All these persons forget his explicit declaration, that he would remain in office until the fate of the Corn-bill should be settled, and that being placed in a minority on another measure should not make him abandon his main enterprise. It is nearly achieved. Respecting his intentions we know nothing; but our belief is, that when his peculiar mission is accomplished he will lay down the power which he retains solely for the accomplishment of that mission; and will then leave the government of Ireland, with the rest, to that better management which the whigs seem to think they can extemporize.

PEEL OUT OF OFFICE.

TRIUMPHANT revenge for the country party! still more triumph for the place-hunters expectant, and all the enemies whatsoever of Robert Peel! The Corn Bill is safe—even the venerable John Gladstone declares it to be virtually carried—but its author is sacrificed. The corn-laws are abolished, but so is Peel. No doubt, some of the more politic Tories look beyond, and, not withdrawing all their trust in the ablest man on their side of the house, hope better things of him in opposition than in office: they think that he will return to the old position which he sustained in the decade ending with 1841, controlling the whigs—when he revised all that they did, exercised a veto, frustrated so many of their projects, and allowed a minimum to be done upon sufferance. In that way a "Reform Ministry" was converted into a great obstruction to reform; and the Tories would gladly see a return of that day. Liberals used to prescribe continued endurance of the whigs to keep out the Tories: the Tories have learned that the whigs may serve the purpose of keeping out Peel; while they expect that Peel, out of office, will revert to his old policy of nullifying whig measures. "Don't you wish you may get it!" The phrase is not classical, but the question is apt. If you are squeamish you may take it in the poetic form—"The wish was father to the thought." The speculators make a grievous omission; they forget what has happened since Sir Robert Peel was last in opposition.

Once in office, the whigs can only hold it on the tenure of reform—they must be a reforming ministry. They can only exist on the strength of outdoing the minister who has outdone them. Many things which were not expected of the neophyte will be demanded of the professing veterans,

as arrears long over due. They, therefore, cannot repeat the old passive policy of mere occupancy for fear of worse.

Nor can Sir Robert Peel take up his old ground. It was, perhaps, a sense of this which made him hint, two or three months back, that in going out of office he should not necessarily go into "opposition." His position as a statesman is quite altered. Before, he was the ablest man of a party—the party resisting that advancement which the whigs professed to desire. It was the administrative and legislative *incapacity* of the whigs which provoked his chief hostility: to the *principles* of their policy he at more than one remarkable juncture signified his adhesion. But he was the principal antagonist of the whigs, and out of all measure the ablest; as such, their enemies chose him for leader. In office, with matured intellect and experience, he has seen the necessity of carrying out in deeds that policy which before lurked in parenthetical admissions; and he has passed the severest commentary on his predecessors by doing more in their policy than they did themselves. From being the leader of a clique he has become the leader of a nation. He has undertaken the function of representing the national mind; and thus reflecting the popular disposition, he is as popular as the looking-glass. Were there a national poll for the office of prime minister, the man returned would be Robert Peel. There must be something rotten in the thing called Party which can force from office the very man whom the country would choose, at the very height of his popularity and power. But though ejected from office, he will not be ejected from power. His own abilities are as great as ever. His inherent strength was never so free, never so perfectly at his own command; since he is quite emancipated from party trammels. In that respect his position is without precedent. His alliances are broken; he takes up new ground, without obligations, without restraints, except the necessities involved in his newly-acquired popularity.

He goes out of office attended by his chosen band of conservatives, properly so called—the picked men of the party which he formed, which has been dissolved, and which has now deposited its essential element around the nucleus that he furnishes in his own person. Those men are not mere servile followers, swearing by Peel as an idol: they are, like himself, men brought up among tories, who have undergone the same process of deliberate conversion that has altered him: they are so many lesser Peels—a class of whom he is the type, and therefore the leader. These men include among their number the most able, intelligent, and influential of those who now sit on the right hand of the speaker: nor are their mere numbers contemptible.

There is sometimes a talk of "an appeal to the people." By what channel? how do you reach "the people" in order to make the appeal? Not through the constituencies, surely; for they represent the people imperfectly. But even that limited appeal, and even too if made by the whigs, would not seem likely to alter the classification of parties very materially. There would now be three parties joining issue in the appeal—the whigs, the tories, and the proper conservatives; the two latter being separated into distinct parties by the tory desertion of Peel. The election might perhaps somewhat increase the numbers of the whigs, being in office. Spite against Peel would oust some few of his adherents in favor of tories. But on the whole, toryism is manifestly declining; it

is growing old-fashioned; and—most fatal characteristic of all!—unsuccessful. It is unlikely that the tories should gain at the next general election, or even hold their ground. On the contrary, we incline to think that in many places, liberals and Peel-conservatives will coalesce to return their respective candidates in pairs; a kind of vote-splitting which will, for the first time, not neutralize but strengthen the representation of many places for all questions of present importance. So far, then, as Sir Robert Peel's section of the house is concerned, the next election, however brought about, is likely to augment his strength.

Under these totally new circumstances, his policy out of office must be totally new. He will again perhaps exercise a controlling power over the whigs in office; but a control in the sense of compelling them to advance real measures, not shams "for rejection," and of making those measures practical—good—real steps forward. And that he will be well able to do. He will in all likelihood be the leader of a party sufficiently numerous and influential to hold the balance between whigs and tories; sufficiently tried in practical reforms to assay those put forth by the whigs; and sufficiently in earnest, should the whigs falter, to take the work out of their hands.

DISTINGUISHED PUFFERS.—People are very naturally surprised at the zeal and amiability manifested by several nobles of the land in coming forward to testify to the merits of quacks, chemists, and corn-cutters. Old Warren, of blacking celebrity, used to avow that he kept a poet. George Robins is believed to have for some time retained the services of a novelist, who, by his magic descriptions, turned patches of grass into paddocks. But in the present day it would seem that puffing has become more ambitious; and no advertising establishment can be considered complete without a nobleman. As to the corn-cutters, they have on their side so many members of the peerage, that they could carry the corn question of themselves, while the proprietor of some pill or ointment has got so completely into the good graces of the Earl of Aldborough, that his lordship seems to pass his time in taking pills, and writing puffs about them for the newspapers.

As the aristocracy have latterly devoted themselves a good deal to this branch of utility, we think an advertisement like the following would be productive of much good to the proprietors of quack medicines:—

WANTED, by the proprietor of a new pill, an earl who is willing to be cured of every disease, and to notify the fact of his restoration to health in the public newspapers. A gouty marquis will be liberally treated with; and dukes with corns or bunions may enter into an arrangement, either by the week, month, or season. There is a vacancy for a consumptive countess; or any lady of title having three or four daughters who are willing to take pulmonic wafers, and sign testimonials, may hear of a desirable offer. Persons signing the testimonials without taking the wafers, will be allowed the price of the latter in soap, or any other fancy article of perfumery.

N. B.—No Irish earl need apply, as no person on this description will on any account be treated with. A few barristers wanted for the new voice lozenges, and an engagement is open to any magistrate who is willing to recommend the portable luncheon in his official capacity.—*Punch*.

ALGERIA.

[Mr. Walsh's Letter to the National Intelligencer.]

PARIS, June 12, 1846.

As Ireland is "the great difficulty" of the British government, the enterprise in Africa is that of the French, and of all the French political parties. But Hibernia is an integral portion of the British home empire; cannot be abandoned; may not be conquered; will not quail or crouch. The difficulty must prove in the end less manageable, more dangerous, for England, than the case of Algeria for France. Of the latter, let me write in some detail. It has deeply occupied and sorely puzzled the chambers since the beginning of the month. The legitimists cry for perseverance, because the reduction of Algiers was affected under the Bourbons; the radicals, relishing war and conquest wheresoever, do the same; the other divisions of the opposition would not—with the exception of a few bold, frank, and independent members—absolutely recoil, but they entertain a variety and contrariety of plans of occupation, warfare, and internal administration of affairs; the king has his family field and his personal policy in Algeria; the cabinet subscribe to his feelings and views; and, besides, the French stake in that region has become so considerable that it seems necessary or inevitable to play the game out desperately on the broadest scale. No one can define Algeria; not yet conquest—not colony—not an organized community; the government is supposed to wish for a viceroyalty; on the other hand, it is said, "there must not be a viceroyalty; only a second France, organized, governed, administered like the first, our own." In the chamber of peers, on the 3d instant, the massacre of the three hundred French prisoners (not yet ascertained) was the subject of a call on the minister of foreign affairs. It had transpired that Abd-el-Kader had offered to negotiate for an exchange, there being a multitude of Arab prisoners in France. Mr. Guizot answered:

"If the government did not accept these overtures it was because they concealed a snare, as the Emir wanted to have proposals made to him by France for the purpose of having the advantage of rejecting them. Such had been the firm conviction of Marshal Bugeaud, and such was the recommendation he had transmitted to government. 'This is not serious,' said he, 'the intention is to deceive the Arab tribes.' The government would have been altogether unreasonable to desire to impose its wishes on M. Bugeaud, and all the principal officers, on the spot. But the noble peer was quite wrong in supposing that therefore nothing was done. The government did in fact employ all the means in its power to come to their aid. An attempt was made to surprise the deira, but it failed; and a negotiation was opened with the Emperor of Morocco on the subject. The government said to him, 'French prisoners are in your territory; this cannot be permitted; get them given back to us.' Once before prisoners had been restored in that way. The negotiations were going on actively of late, and other means of a secret character were employed."

The deira is the head-quarters—the personal camp—of the Emir. The camp conceived alarm when it learned that the emperor might act against it; it resolved, from necessity, to break up and disperse; and Mr. Guizot, without adverting to French precedents, added:

"It was at the moment of this critical resolution that the deplorable catastrophe took place. The deira did not feel itself strong enough to guard the prisoners, and was unwilling to set them at liberty; it therefore put them to death."

Count Pelet de la Lozère, a moderate, sensible peer, severely blamed the government for refusing to pursue a negotiation with Abd-el-Kader. Mr. Guizot contended that there was "as much generosity and humanity practised by Marshal Bugeaud and the army as was compatible with the nature of the war and its objects." He continued thus: "Marshal Bugeaud says what he thinks with a truly military roughness—*avec une rudesse vraiment militaire*; but he is always patriotic, humane, equitable, generous; he has rendered great services by his perseverance, skill, and courage; I acknowledge again that he sometimes expresses his sentiments and the core of his ideas rather crudely, blurtily." This eulogium resembled that which Mr. Guizot pronounced in the other chamber on Narvaez, the Spanish hero of the sabre. Some peers intimated that Bugeaud's bulletins and razzias seemed to be forgotten; and they went back to the excesses of the French troops in Spain as one of the causes of the miscarriage of Napoleon's invasion.

In the chamber of deputies, yesterday afternoon, the minister was summoned anew to explain why he had not entertained the Emir's proposition for an exchange: he gave an explanation of identical purport: "he believed that Marshal Bugeaud was convinced of the inutility of listening to the overtures, and he, Mr. Guizot, implicitly adopted that opinion." This adoption he proclaimed, because he had been charged with the design of casting the blame of the catastrophe on Bugeaud. The organ of Mr. Thiers repeats the accusation of perfidy to the marshal. But it is not easy to admit that either believed the Arab overture a feint—a scheme merely to impress the tribes with the notion that their chief was treating on equal terms with the French Sultan. It was natural, every way politic, for Abd-el-Kader to wish to release some hundreds of his old followers, by ridding himself of the French soldiers, whom he foresaw it would be impossible for him to guard—whom he had little interest to destroy. The conclusion of an exchange would have been the best manifestation, for the Arabs, of that equality, the appearance of which, according to the French, he mainly sought. It is plausibly suggested that the marshal himself was not sincere with the cabinet; that he either expected the deliverance of the prisoners, without equivalent, on the dispersion of the deira, or was willing to risk the massacre, because it might excite a spirit in France suspicious for his ideas and habits in regard to unlimited havoc and conquest. The *National*, on the 3d instant, says: "In our soul and conscience, we pronounce the ministers guilty of the massacre of the prisoners." This language belongs to party-violence; but the ministers must regret that they deferred to the marshal.

Some of the Paris journals have not hesitated to inquire whether there be not extenuation or, indeed, warrant, for the assumed orders of Abd-el-Kader, in the French razzias and butcheries; and they have even translated the articles in the affirmative of several of the London organs. The following paragraph of the *Chronicle* is of the number: "We do not wish to be considered as for one moment justifying or even palliating the conduct of

Abd-el-Kader; but it may well be asked if the French themselves are not in some measure to blame? Were they not the first to begin a war of extermination? Does Abd-el-Kader do anything now but follow the example which he received from his Christian conquerors? It is impossible not to recur on such an occasion to the dreadful tragedy acted in the same country last year. The conduct of Colonel Pelissier, who smothered the eight hundred wretched Arabs in the caves of Dahra, was probably not more justified by necessity than that of Abd-el-Kader is now. Indeed, it is possible that a stronger case of urgent necessity could be made out in favor of the Arab chief than in that of the French colonel; for it appears Abd-el-Kader was under the necessity of breaking up his deira, and, as he could not carry his prisoners along with him, he was obliged either to destroy them or set them at liberty; whereas Colonel Pelissier, who was pressed by no immediate danger, could have forced the whole of his victims to surrender by two days' blockade. We, however, can do nothing but condemn the conduct of both parties; but, as the French government has, with the approbation of the nation, rewarded Colonel Pelissier by advancing him to the rank of general, we cannot see how they can now attach such blame to the Emir, or consider the affair as anything but the natural consequence of the system of war in which they are engaged."

A nondescript Paris paper, the *Courrier Francaise*, of no ordinary shrewdness and candor in most of its editorial columns, cited the strictures of the London Globe, which fall heavily on the French, and then said:

"It is painful to us to have to quote such a judgment, but is there not some truth in the remarks of the English journalist? Are we not guilty of having over excited, by the abominable affair of the grotto of the Dahra, the ferocious instincts of our savage adversaries? Have not we, a civilized people, given to our barbarian adversaries the example of barbarism? We suffocated an entire tribe, composed of one thousand individuals, and, in return, three hundred of our prisoners are butchered. When will cease this odious system, which produces such reprisals? When will the chiefs of our army of Africa comprehend that their mission is to subdue the population of that country, and not to sweep it from the face of the earth? We know that these systematic butcheries are deeply repugnant to our army. It is repugnant to our soldiers to have to perform the functions of executioners. This sanguinary system is the system of one man. Are we wrong, then, in demanding his recall? Are we wrong in demanding that the command of our army in Africa shall be taken from a man who is a dishonor to our civilization? France has lost men enough and millions enough in Africa by the fault of M. Bugeaud, without risking there the loss of her reputation for generosity and humanity."

In his speech of yesterday afternoon Mr. Guizot observed: "I have seen, I think, in the newspapers somewhere, that one of our generals in Africa had asked for forces (to attack the deira) which were refused him. That is not true. We examined, I repeat, whether it were not possible to deliver the unfortunate prisoners by force." The *Courrier* this morning mentions that Mr. Guizot saw the statement in its page; that General Lamoriciere had asked four hundred horse to enable him to make the attempt; this could be proved,

and that the *lie* was reported confidently on the minister. In the chamber of deputies, on the 8th instant, the question of Algeria—for which thirteen or fourteen speakers were inscribed at the desk of the secretaries—was regularly and solemnly undertaken. The minister of war opened it in an elaborate exposition, *couleur de rose*, for the present and the future, though differently tinged in the past. He argued that there could be no limitation to the enterprise of conquest; results sanctioned the system of war hitherto practised. The Emir could not now fix himself anywhere; he could only appear in some place or other, and then vanish. The tribes saw that he was a fugitive; those of the west, who had emigrated, were returning submissively. "If," continued the minister, "you intimate surprise that he still exists, I can answer that it is very easy for an intelligent, dauntless chief, who has a part of the population on his side, to elude or outstrip all pursuit for a certain period. I took part, for six years, in our war in Spain with Mina, and in a province not larger than one of our departments. Never were we able, with twenty or twenty-five thousand troops, the best of Europe, I do not say to seize and hold him, but even to overtake and fight him; and what may seem more extraordinary, he had infantry alone, and constantly moved in the plains. Ere long Abd-el-Kader will cease to be a formidable enemy; he cannot finally prevail or escape."

A new deputy, a conservative, Mr. Abraham Dubois, entered, with abundant oratorical and party preparation, into a vindication of the scheme of the most comprehensive dominion and destructive hostilities. He essayed to exculpate entirely the stifling and combustion of the Arabs in the grottoes. "When, at Austerlitz, Napoleon caused, by a storm of bullets, the ice of the lake to give way, on which twelve thousand Russians were flying after defeat, all of whom were quickly drowned, what voice, what philanthropic cry was then raised? What history has taxed the conqueror of Austerlitz with barbarity? The French column in Algeria could not leave the Arabs behind them in the grottoes; their rear would have been harassed; the sick and the laggards would have been out off; thirty or forty of our soldiers might have perished. For my part, however respectful and sincere my sympathies with philanthropy, viewed in the highest and broadest aspect, the love of human kind, the love of the greatest number, I still say, I frankly acknowledge that the lives of thirty or forty French soldiers will always be for me more precious than that of the enemies of France, were they five hundred—were they even Arabs."

This strain did not seem acceptable to the Chamber, though, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Mauguin, of the opposition held this language: "Gentlemen, an English sailor, when mutilated by Spanish cruisers, exclaimed, 'I leave my soul to God, and my revenge to my country.' No time was lost for vengeance: war followed—a war profoundly politic and judicious, if you look to its remote results. Well, in our case, here, it is not one soul—one revenge—we have to deal with; three hundred souls have been bequeathed to God—three hundred revenges are bequeathed to the country." The memory of the ears of Captain Jenkins had no better effect on the Chamber. Mr. Abraham Dubois was rebuked by his successor in the tribune; the latter cited as an instance of kindred obduracy the language of a recent disserta-

tion or inquiry. "By what signs do we discover that a particular race is doomed to destruction by a decree of Providence?" The author's theory is, that there is a constant substitution of races, with constant improvement. All the inferior were disappearing before the superior; the Mexicans, Caribs, Red Skins; so the Arabs and Moors, like the American Indians, had their sentence of gradual supplantation and extinction; *this was the true harmony and progress of the rational creation*. Real philanthropy would teach the extermination of savage or irreclaimable races; the stagnant waters must be drawn off the marsh, to introduce the living and the productive.

Mr. de Tocqueville followed with a comprehensive and able discourse in favor of colonization and civil government, and against the Bugeaud dictatorship and devastation. This strikes me as, on the whole, his best parliamentary effort. It seems the most poignant, practical, and complete; abounding in material facts and cogent in all forms of reasoning. He especially exposed the arbitrary and anarchical character of the domestic government of the entire territory, the ignorance of the home administration respecting the real transactions there, and the constant discordance between the Algerian authorities and functionaries, civil and military, and the cabinet and the department of war in Paris. During the five years Marshal Bugeaud had passed in Algeria, he spent only two in the capital, Algiers: in his absence, confusion, speculation, oppression reigned without obstacle or stint. The marshal wanted no civil administration, no merely civil settlements; he acted according to his own views, indifferent to those of the ministry or chambers. It was computed that the European colonists were a hundred thousand. In fact, there was no *agricultural* population. Of the few villages erected, half the inhabitants were dead, the other half in extreme wretchedness. About the one hundred thousand soldiers, "with their wants and passions," you found, of course, all sorts of adventurers, traffickers, and settlers. These made no settlement—proved nothing. He (Mr. de T.) felt shame for his country when he read the publications of the Swiss colonization societies, warning their people against emigration to Algeria, where they would find only misery or death. "Go rather to the wildest parts of North America, to the almost barbarous communities of the south." For the truth of these statements he could vouch from personal observation; he appealed to the like knowledge and candor of several deputies, recent observers of the same scenes. The idea of a juxtaposition of European settlers and Arab tribes under the common sway and legislation of France, was utterly chimerical; the more they became acquainted with the aborigines or natives the clearer this truth. The race was distinct from all on whom the British and the Dutch had and were acting in the east; a hundred thousand perfect troops as pioneers of European civilization—an unprecedented case—might seem a decisive advantage; but for that even, the essential inextinguishable traits of the Arab would prove more than a match. In France, a certain number of rich and powerful families regarded Algeria as the Bastille was viewed by the noblesse and court before the revolution; they contrived to get their intractable or dissolute young men sent to Algeria with public functions. He desired a special department or ministry for that region; there was no institution whatever, with such inherent efficacy, as to be

able to dispense with daily human exertion: without real *government*, there was nothing good; Algeria was the weightiest of French concerns; yet it was surrendered to chance. The ministerial press in Paris assailed Bugeaud and his plans; the marshal's press in Algeria retaliated on the cabinet; personal interests had on both sides supreme and constant sway. He could not help inferring that Marshal Bugeaud was kept abroad to save the ministry from the mischief he might do them at home; hence the panegyrics in the chambers, and the fanciful pictures of Algerian prosperity exhibited by the head of the war department.

M. de Givré, a master of his subject, illustrating the rapacity and improvidence of the civil administration in Algeria, related these circumstances. There existed a great number of religious (Moslem) foundations with considerable endowments of domain; the proceeds of which, by the express direction of the donors, were to be applied to works of piety or charity. The French authorities took possession and diverted the whole to their personal expenses. This was shocking enough to Arab religious sentiment. Later, all the property of the foundations—the whole of the establishments—was confiscated, and roundly, unceremoniously merged in the French public domain. The natives, whether friendly or hostile, were alike the prey of all sorts of knavery, design, and spoliation, in which the public functionaries and agents shared. A mighty *African Company* was organized in Paris, and expected to contract for Algeria, by means of influence in the chambers and ministerial bureaux. It was a scheme of jobbing and rapine. Mr. de Givré deemed the main question entirely maritime and Mediterranean; he rejoiced in the enlargement and defences of the port of Algiers; in the event of a war with Great Britain he would not fear for the African coast; steam and the multiplication of secondary foreign navies in the Mediterranean would place France in equal circumstances. "If England should go to Algiers, why, we can go to London; there is now a bridge between Calais and Dover; we can command two hundred and fifty leagues of African coast. The British maintain their consul-general at Algiers, and without your *exequatur*, he is a diplomatic as well as a commercial functionary; you are not recognized; in the British official almanacs the old denomination of the *Barbary Powers* is retained. Algeria is not designated under the head 'France,' as are the dependencies of all the other powers under that of each. We understand, and we must be prepared. Algeria is our only field: Asia is divided between England and Russia; America shuts us out; you may protest, but you cannot prevail; conquest in Europe is out of the question. Providence has allotted to us Africa on the Mediterranean."

One of the manliest and strongest addresses I have in memory is that of M. de Tracy, son of the celebrated political metaphysician. He laid bare, in all its deformity and hopelessness, the Algerian enterprise. He had been connected, from the outset, with the question in the chamber and the committees. After him, and Lamartine, the next day, every Frenchman might have exclaimed, "Now we have only to examine how we can extricate ourselves from this awful scrape." M. de Tracy would not admit the sort of fatality which some pleaded—as the British do for the extension of their empire in India—that necessitated acquiescence in the constantly progressive sacrifices

in Algeria. Napoleon paraded destiny, and, therefore, certitude of success in his decrees of conquest; he would plant his eagles on the rock of Cadiz and the towers of Lisbon: three years afterwards the peninsula was evacuated by the French. *Perseverance* was the text and the argument of the government and the zealots in the affair of Algeria. At first Gen. Clausel pledged himself to subject the whole regency and maintain peace with *twelve* thousand men; two years afterwards Gen. Bugeaud would be satisfied with *forty* thousand. In 1841, when the effective force in Algeria was notoriously seventy thousand, only thirty-eight thousand was the *cipher* of the budget, he (M. de Tracy) remonstrated, and observed: "Do not be frightened at the truth: ere long you will reach a hundred thousand." The next day the journals denounced him as a visionary alarmist. At the present time the force exceeded his prediction, not including the ten thousand native combatants in French pay. He would predict equally a war with Morocco. That would be an inevitable incident of the neighborhood, and the Mahometan sympathies and common interests. The treaty of Tangiers was gladly concluded, because to invade Morocco would have required another hundred thousand men. The French grotto atrocity was cited by the Druses when they butchered the Maronites: whosoever, in the world, the Moslems were free to act, they would endeavor to avenge that affair. "I must (he exclaimed) protest, with all my soul and breath, against the odious theories by which it has been attempted, in this tribune, to justify the Dahra executions by fire and smoke. In my early youth I embraced the military career: I followed it with gladness and pride; I quitted it with regret; but I would not have remained in it a single day, a single instant, if any one had proved to me that it imposed *duties* as horrible as those acts."

A number of voices in the chamber cheered this thrilling passage. Algeria, he proceeded, was the modern *Minotaur* that devoured, every year, the finest part of the French youth and the most precious part of French treasures. He maintained that, for fifteen years, there had not been a cabinet of which the majority did not think as he did in the whole matter. *War* was the cause of the persistency; the ministry feared *above*, and feared the chambers; the chambers, the electoral colleges, and so on. Finally the press frightened ministers, chambers, and voters. Mr. Ferdinand Barrot, who lately obtained a large grant in Algeria, then argued that the conquest was one of civilization over barbarism. That several hundred square leagues were secure; that the Arabs were manageable; that both civil and military colonies could be made to prosper, though he must confess that the settlements he inspected were in a dismal plight. Bodies of emigrants had repaired to the region with formal grants of land from the department of war; when arrived no one would tell them the location, or what to do. A letter to him said: "We are here, in Algeria, now six months; about a hundred families in all: the authorities cannot or will not give us possession of the grants. Most of us are perishing in hovels and hospitals."

M. Desjobert, an old, unwearied, unflinching enemy to all Algerian plans and illusions, reopened the debate, on the 10th instant, with what Lamartine called his implacable figures. "The government (he began) never has told the truth about Africa—never. M. Thiers deceived us like his predecessors and successors. Algeria has devoured

at least one hundred thousand of our soldiers; twenty thousand youth are annually wrested for it from their families, of whom six thousand die on an average. The minister of finance confessed lately, here, that the war has cost, besides, more than a thousand millions of francs. Of your one hundred thousand of Europeans not seven thousand cultivate the soil, and about two thirds of these merely raise vegetables and fruit near the gates of the towns. All the European population, army included, subsists by imports from the continent. The importation of grain has constantly and greatly increased. To raise wheat and cattle is impossible in competition with the prices of what is brought from the Black Sea, and Spain and Italy. You depend entirely on foreign supplies and the cattle of the Arabs, which you now obtain chiefly by pillage. Two generals, who have served many years in Algeria, have issued pamphlets, in which they admit or proclaim that, in the event of a maritime war, you must renounce your whole game—your sacrifices will have been all in vain. I do not hesitate to term your enterprise *barbarous*; it can succeed by *extermination* alone; and it is baleful for France, whose armies it decimates, whose treasury it ruins, whose external might and influence it paralyzes."

This is but a meagre abstract of Desjobert's array of figures and considerations. I must pass to the oration of Lamartine—nearly three hours in the delivery—and a masterpiece of rhetoric, reasoning, and manly frankness. "You may extort a bill of indemnity, a bill of silence you shall not have for your abominations and fallacies—never." The first orators of England, the Burkes, Foxes, and Sheridans, branded the crimes, extortions, and ravages of the Clives and the Hastings; her Indian empire became the larger and safer. The world, or Europe at least, is in a *crisis*; France must be ready to meet any one of or all the four great powers; Europe distrusts France and remembers bitterly the excesses of the Revolution and the Empire; there is now a latent coalition against you more formidable than that of Pilitz; if you did not think so why your ramparts and fortresses about your capital? If you have faith in peace, then you contradict and combat, with them, the Revolution of July. Do not understand me as wishing war; France has shed enough of blood; has reaped enough of blood-stained laurels; let us not revert to the Imperial era; notwithstanding the glory won by Napoleon for the nation, would that we could extirpate his memory from the too war-loving hearts of my countrymen! You harp on chance and fatality and Providence keeping the *incognito* for you; you would commit yourselves to mystic auguries and popular instincts; Providence means, on the contrary, that enlightened and reflecting minds—the wisdom of true statesmen and the circumspection of true patriots, should correct and overrule vulgar illusions and blind propensities. Charles X. and his councils never designed more than the extinction of Algerine piracy and the establishment of French influence and naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. The first general who set his foot in Algeria issued a proclamation to the Arabs, in which he assured them that the French came, not to occupy their soil, to drive them away; not to conquer them; but to deliver them from their Turkish tyrants and protect and defend them. Marshal Valle was too moderate in his views of warfare and conquest; too much of a founder and

a statesman; he was recalled to afford scope to the aspirations and energies of a Bugeaud, and the consequence was an accumulation of difficulties and impossibilities baffling all the heads and withering all the hearts of the chambers. The Arabs were *impermeable* to European civilization; they could never be *seated* by the side of European communities in one body, politic and social; the *fusion of the races*—a fine phrase—happened to be beyond human ability; he knew the Arabs well: he could understand the reply of a Sheik, to whom the *fusion* was propounded: "There is a *race* between us; if you were to put your head and mine in the same boiling pot, they would separate from one another." When Bugeaud won the victory of Isly, what did he conquer? The Moorish sands on which he fought. The mortality of the French troops was not chiefly by arms; but by fatigue, fever, climate, pestilence; it was a war of *luxury*, speculation, prospect; therefore the less prodigal should they be of their thousands of lives and their *billions* of francs, for so had the computation ripened, so would it expand, to judge from the past. The more the Arabs were instructed, sharpened, advanced, by their contact or collision with the Christians, the stronger their will and capacity to resist and expel the intruders. The Christian missionaries had never converted *Islamism*; the Turks, with fifteen thousand troops, could keep the Arabs in a sort of subjection; all estimates of number might be defied in the French attempt. In instructions given in 1837 by the commission of the French government to generals going to investigate the African question on the spot, you mark this paragraph: "As to the extermination of the natives—as to the complete driving back (*refoulement*) of the population, you will have to examine whether this mode of *pacification* may be at any time practicable." Lamartine proceeded to demonstrate by official and other authentic reports that this was the system preferred and unlimitedly pursued. His quotations begot the liveliest agitation and wincing impatience throughout the chamber. *Pudet*, &c. He was not to be stopped. "You shall hear much, and you shall shudder. I will brave all your denials, your murmurs, your inattention, real or feigned. You shall know what are your *razzias*, what rapine, ravage, and massacre you threatened in proclamations, and how you fulfilled your threats." The details are in the superlative of ferocity and destruction. They lost nothing in the recitation and commentary of the indignant poet. What if we had the particulars of devastation and homicide, the scenes of woe and horror—those which are not *bulletined*—from the natives themselves? The chamber betrayed emotions of disgust and shame; the orator asked an interval of repose. In a quarter of an hour, he entered the tribune again, to denounce and explode all the plans and devices of colonization, and to show how impotent such a style and scale of war in Africa rendered France in regard to hostile or rival Europe. He was afraid—nay he believed—that it was thus carried on to disable and avert France from any conflict in Europe. He reasoned against the idea of a viceroyalty, which he described as insensate for a country so near to their own kingdom. He ascribed the refusal to accept the crown and incorporation of Belgium; the recreant proceedings of the government in 1840; the humbling recall of the French fleet from the Levant; the submission to Lord Palmerston's treaty of July 15, which was a grand defiance of French power, nationality, and

dignity; the famous note of 8th October; all the self-denial and submission to the stake in Algeria; or rather this immense risk, afford the government a pretext for whatever genuflection. Mr. Guizot claimed the privilege of reply. The opposition journals were angry with Lamartine for his opinions and disclosures; the ministerial naturally sided with Mr. Guizot. The former admired some passages and sallies of Lamartine's speech; they would allow no weight or general excellence to the whole. All logic, sense, and success was discovered in Mr. Guizot's survey of the subject by his *vôtaries*. It strikes me that the minister was feeble and empirical. He stated that he could cite from the history of the wars on natives in India and America, anecdotes, mishaps, and cruelties akin to those which Mr. Lamartine had culled from the French documents. The general cast of the war in Algeria was one of moderation, humanity, self-restraint! To be sure, there might be some energy of defence—some roughness in dealing with a people who massacred French prisoners in their hands; more violent means were necessary in contending with semi-barbarous foes than in civilized warfare. The case of Algeria had become this: If you now abandon that region, it is not the Turks or Arabs who would regain it; some other European power must have dominion. That consideration was quite sufficient to decide him; Algeria must be kept, ruled, and turned to account. Marshal Valé was, indeed, an honorable and capable commander; but it seemed to the government in 1840, as the condition of the enterprise then loomed, that Marshal Bugeaud suited it better. The latter had proved a little restive and refractory; so was Marshal Turenne with Louis XIV. The essential object was to achieve a complete effective domination in Algeria. Assimilation and fusion of races was in sooth a philanthropic dream; but the Arabs might be brought to the relation and state in which the Hindoos are to the British in India and the natives of Java to the Dutch. [A voice from the floor: Neither British nor Dutch colonize, as you pretend to do.] The Arabs, the native tribes, were better disposed to French connection and law than the preceding speakers imagined; he could cite a number of powerful tribes who lived in amity, who fought in alliance with the French; immense progress was visible; very probably there would be more insurrections, more struggles, more efforts; still the accomplishment of all ends was certain and near. Other nations had their difficulties in similar enterprises: see the instance of New Zealand for England. It was intended to found a great *civil* society in Algeria with a *civil* government; when, precisely, could not be affirmed. European colonization was held all-important—the necessary final guaranty of possession; as for the measures, the modes, the questions of annexation, special ministry, modifications of administrative and belligerent systems, the period for their solution had not arrived; the present course of things could not be immediately altered; the government required time, and awaited opportunity.

You have now the substance of the ministerial defence and policy. Nothing was gained in the way of reform or comfort by the many able harangues. The debate reflects credit on the chamber; and, as Algeria is indeed the supreme present concern and perplexing problem for France, I have ventured to bring more of it in my own language, within the compass of a letter, than you or your readers will readily accept or pardon.

VARIETY.

From the Athenæum.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

May 23.—M. Velpéau presented to the Academy a boy who has a third, but deformed, leg at the posterior part of the other legs, which are perfectly formed. It appears that the boy has been to London; where the surgeons were divided in opinion as to the possibility of amputating it without danger. Some of them considered this to be quite practicable; others that the operation would be followed by almost instant death. M. Serres mentioned in this sitting a similar case, in which the superfluous mass was removed with perfect safety.—A communication was received from M. Roque, on a project of manufacturing paper from the fibres of the banana tree. It appears that experiments have been made under the eyes of a committee appointed by the minister of commerce, and that some very white and good paper was produced. It is proposed by M. Roque to carry on this operation in Algeria, not merely as regards the banana tree, but also the Alives and other textile plants; and it is said that a large grant of land has been made to him in the colony for that purpose.

June 4.—Several astronomical and mathematical papers were read—the most remarkable by M. Leverrier. The object of it is to prove that there exists in our solar system a large planet, which nobody yet has seen, but the orbit of which M. Leverrier has calculated, and which, he says, may be seen on the 1st of January next year. He states that he was led to his discovery by the observations collected since 1690 on the course of Uranus. The insurmountable difficulty experienced by geometers, says M. Leverrier, in representing the real course of Uranus by analytical formulæ might arise from various causes. Either the theory was not sufficiently precise, and they had neglected in their calculations some of the influence due to the perturbatory action of the neighboring planets, Jupiter and Saturn; or the theory had not been compared with the observations with sufficient correctness in the construction of the tables of the planet; or, finally, some unknown cause, acting upon Uranus, added other influences to those which result from the action of the sun, of Jupiter, and of Saturn. To get out of this alternative, it was necessary to resume the whole theory of Uranus—recalculate, discuss the observations, and compare them with each other; and this hard task he undertook. The result is, the positive conclusion, that the irregularity of the movement of Uranus is to be attributed to a special cause, independent of all analytical error, and deduced from the constitution of the planetary system itself. The fact of the existence of this cause being established, it was necessary to determine its nature—and, therefore, a new career opened upon M. Leverrier. Was it admissible, as some astronomers had proposed, to modify the law of gravity for the distant regions in which Uranus moves; or did it suffice to assume the resistance of the ether or the influence of an obscure satellite moving round Uranus, or the accidental shock of a comet? Or was he to admit of a still unknown planet whose existence was shown by the anomalous movement of Uranus? M. Leverrier adopted the latter hypothesis; and, proceeding upon that basis, has come to a conclusion, from all his calculations and observations, that no other is possible. This planet, he says, is situated beyond Uranus, at a distance double that

which separates Uranus from the sun, and in a slightly inclined orbit.—A paper by M. Dumas, on the component parts of blood, was read. It is known that blood contains fibrine, albumen, and globulous matter. The analysis of the two former parts is exceedingly simple; but hitherto that of the globules has been difficult, for they consist of living matter. It was necessary to keep them in a state of life. This M. Dumas does by agitating the liquid, giving it air, and keeping up the natural temperature of the person from whom the blood is drawn.

I was not a little surprised, on reading your excellent journal of last week, to find, near the conclusion of the article "Foreign Correspondence," "a question adverted to which" your correspondent "had heard agitated to-day"—that the origin of the disease Pellagra, which is well known to prevail in Lombardy, is attributed to the general consumption of polenta, or Indian corn. He says, "certain it is that the disease exists in no other part of Italy; and that in no other part of Italy is polenta the staff of life." Now, it is very well known that, in Modena and other parts of northern Italy, Indian corn is very much used as food; and, even at Rome, I have often seen and partaken of a very good Modenese dish, called there polenta, and never heard that pellagra was rife in that city, or in any other part of Italy, except in the Milanese—the plains of which lie low, and are very swampy at some seasons; and from that and other causes, abound in malaria, (*"Paria cattiva,"*) which is much more likely to produce a cachectic habit of body and cutaneous and other diseases of debility, than the use of a wholesome, nutritious article of diet, abounding as much in farinaceous matter (azote) as most of the other cerealia. To ascribe the disease to such a cause appears as rational as the vulgar notion that the use of rice produces blindness in Hindostan and other countries, where it forms almost exclusively the diet of the whole population—or that the great consumption of oatmeal in the Highlands of Scotland occasions scabies! In the United States of America, maize, or Indian corn, is, as is well known, consumed in great quantity—as well the new grain roasted, and eaten with fresh butter, as the flour in a great variety of preparations:—and, who ever heard of pellagra, or any similar disease, being ever suspected to be produced in those extensive regions? For the French Academy of Sciences or of Medicine to send a commissioner into Italy to investigate whether the disease pellagra is produced by eating Indian corn, would appear to be as rational and useful as to send one to India or Scotland to examine if blindness is produced by eating rice, or the itch by the use of oatmeal. The French *savants* are fond of such commissions—"Mons parturit, nascitur ridiculus mus!" It would sometimes be well to recollect the good old Latin maxim, "*Post hoc, non semper propter hoc*"—and to apply it in such instances. MEDICUS.

In the *Annuaire* for the present year, presented to the King of the French by the Bureau of Longitudes, M. Arago takes occasion, once for all, to dispose of those weather-predictions which annually make the circuit of Europe falsely stamped with his authority. "Engaged," he says, "both by taste and by duty, in meteorological studies, I have frequently been led to consider whether it will ever be possible, by means of astronomical cal-

culations, to determine, a year in advance, what, in any given place, will be the annual temperature, that of each month, the quantity of rain, or the prevailing winds. I have already presented to the readers of the *Annuaire* the results of the inquiries of the natural philosophers and astronomers concerning the influence of the moon and comets on the changes of the weather. These results demonstrate peremptorily that the lunar and cometary influences are scarcely sensible; and therefore that weather-prophecy can never be a branch of *astronomy properly so called*. For, in fact, our satellite and the comets have been at all times considered in meteorology as the preponderating stars.—Since those former publications, I have examined the subject in another point of view. I have been inquiring if the labors of men, and events which must always escape our prevision, may not have the effect of accidentally and very sensibly modifying climate—as regards temperature in particular. Already, I see that facts will yield me an affirmative answer. I should greatly have preferred to delay the announcement of that result until after the completion of my work; but let me candidly avow that I have sought to make an occasion for protesting aloud against those predictions which are yearly laid in my name at home and abroad. No word has ever issued from my mouth, either in the intimacy of private communication or in my courses delivered during thirty years—no line has ever been published with my assent—which could authorize the attribution to me of any opinion that it is possible, in the present state of our knowledge, to foretell with certainty what the weather will be, a year, a month, a week—nay, I will say, a single day, in advance. I trust only that the annoyance which I have experienced at seeing a host of ridiculous predictions published in my name, may not have led me, by a sort of reaction, to give exaggerated importance to the causes of disturbance which I have enumerated. At present, I feel entitled to deduce from the sum of my investigations this capital consequence:—*Never—whatever may be the progress of the sciences—will the savant, who is conscientious and careful of his reputation, speculate on a prediction of the weather.*”

We find the following curious details in the *Moniteur des Arts*:—“There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken *torsi*—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a color of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighborhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystification; and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the *General Artificial Ruin Association*, and know well where to apply the pick-axe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and labor in fruitless search, before they come finally upon the treasure—for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of six months’ age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonines—filed, pinched and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by com-

parison with London, escaped this epidemic for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of middle-age antiques. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs, tables and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquarian showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. ‘It is very fine,’ said his friend, after examination, ‘and it will last you long—for it is quite new.’

THE CENSORSHIP.—“There appeared recently a work on Austrian finance—written by one well instructed in the matter, and whom the government shrewdly suspected to reside in Prague. As the revelations were very offensive, the government ordered Herr Muhdt, the head of the police at Prague, to discover, if possible, the author. All search was vain. He then received instructions to set out himself for Hamburg—where the work was published—and endeavor to wheedle the secret from Campe, the publisher. Muhdt set off: but some one had been before him, and had warned Campe of his purpose. Campe, who is a very knowing fellow, played his part to perfection; suffered himself to be cajoled, and at last invited Muhdt to tea—half promising to tell him the author’s name, under a condition of secrecy. At tea, Muhdt was very pressing; and Campe, at length, begging him to make no use of his knowledge, confidentially whispered, ‘The author is Herr Muhdt, the head of the police in Prague.’ Conceive the start and the changing color of Herr Muhdt! Alarmed lest, perhaps, the author of the work might have maliciously taken his name—for he had no suspicions of Campe—he earnestly declared himself to be the head of the police. Campe affected astonishment. Muhdt then asked him if he had many copies of the work on hand; and on being told there were still two hundred and fifty, he bought them all. The next day, Campe called at his hotel, to ask him whether he would like any more copies of the work.—‘More!’ exclaimed the astonished Muhdt, ‘more! why I thought you told me I had got them all!’ ‘Sehr richtig!’ replied Campe, ‘all of the *first edition*; but a second is in the press—of which I can let you have as many copies as you please.’”—*For. Quar. Rev.*

MINERAL WEALTH OF SOUTH AFRICA.—The mineral wealth of this vast region is yet to be discovered. Indications of metallic ores are known to abound. Iron is everywhere abundant. Manganese is a common article. Copper of the richest description is to be found at a short distance beyond the Orange River; and there is little doubt that, if scientific persons were sent out, resources of a most important kind would be found in this great field of investigation. Lead of a superior kind has long been known to exist near the mouth of the Van Staden’s river, in the district of Uitenhage. A recent immigrant, Mr. Bevan—a gentleman said to be familiar with mining operations—has visited the spot. Satisfied with the indications, he has been induced to purchase the farm for £1,650; and has already a party employed to collect the ore. It is said, that he has since discovered a lode of native lead—one of the rarest productions of nature, and which hitherto, it has been believed, is only to be procured from the island of Madeira and at Alston in Cumberland.—*Graham’s Town Journal.*

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA—THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON.—Mr. Burford's indefatigable search after new objects of interest, for the exercise of his peculiar art, has here hit upon a subject which, treated as he has treated it, is likely to become one of the most attractive of the popular exhibitions of this season. The point of view is well chosen; because the spectator, admitted as it were, into the intrenchments of the Sikhs, becomes, thereby, from an elevated point, a near witness of each of the turning accidents of the battle—the mustering of the irregulars—the capture of the guns—the hand-to-hand combats—and that final source of damage to the hordes of the discomfited host, the British artillery. Through the distance the Sullej winds along—inclosing with its bright line the masses of belligerents; and beyond that, the country of the Punjab stretches away into a long and slightly broken horizon. The first group that strikes the eye of the visitor is one composed of the chiefs of the enemy; whose brilliant costume, energetic action, and high-mettled horses are delineated with great spirit. Another passage of interest is the rush of the British infantry into the lines of the intrenched ground; where the combat assumes a fierce character—the bayonet on the one side, and the spear and sabre on the other, making fearful destruction. The charge of the dragoons is given with great effect; and leads us on to a more distant view—where the whole disorganized army of the Punjab is rushing pell-mell towards the river. This part, embracing the firing of the bridge and the fording of the stream, presents a vivid picture of the desolating slaughter attending that confused rout. The art of the painter, too, here obtains a conspicuous success. On one side, the dark figures of our artillery-men tell powerfully against the volumes of rolling smoke that intercept the distance:—on the other, the charge of the horse gives rise to individual combats, executed with much judgment and skill;—and these salient objects again frame in, as it were, the break into the middle ground of the picture, where the forces of the Sikhs, routed, despairing, rallying, and flying, offer the pictorial finale. The execution of this panorama is highly creditable to the conjoined efforts of the artists, Messrs. Burford and Selous. The horses, we understand, were entirely designed by the latter gentleman—and they are worthy of especial note. When we take into account, as we reasonably should, the very short space of time that has been employed in the completion of so extended an oil-painting, we are led the more freely to express our commendation of the art with which the various points are combined into an effective whole. The details of the battle—on which we have dwelt little, because every one has eagerly perused the despatches—and because the visitor receives a hand-book containing a well drawn account—are worked out in every direction; all that could with reasonable license be pressed into a moment of time being seized on to present a fitting *résumé* of the “crowning victory.”

SIR STRATFORD CANNING, to whose personal influence with the Porte we are indebted for the possession of the marbles of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, has also, by the same influence, obtained permission to send to England the splendid discoveries which are now being made by Mr. Austen Layard at Nimroud. Of these treasures, a correspondent of the *Times* furnishes the following particulars:—“The discoveries of M. Botta,

at Horsaabad, are well known to the learned world. Those in which Mr. Layard is now engaged at Nimroud promise to be much more interesting and extensive. The mound is eight or ten times larger than that which was excavated by the French. It contains the remains of a palace, a part of which, like that at Horsaabad, appears to have been burnt. There is a vast series of chambers, all built with marble, and covered with sculptures and inscriptions. The inscriptions are in the cuneiform character, of the class usually termed Babylonian. It is possible that this edifice was built at an epoch prior to the overthrow of the Assyrian empire by the Medes and Babylonians under Cyaxares—but whether under the first or second Assyrian dynasty is doubtful. Many of the sculptures discovered by Mr. Layard are, even in the smallest details, as sharp and fresh as though they had been chiselled yesterday. Amongst them is a pair of winged lions with human heads, which are about twelve feet high. They form the entrance to a temple. The execution of these two figures is admirable, and gives the highest idea of the knowledge and civilization of the Assyrians. There are many monsters of this kind, lions and bulls. The other reliefs consist of various divinities; some with eagles' heads—others entirely human but winged,—with battle-pieces and sieges, as at Horsaabad.”

We are able to state, on unquestionable authority, that a treaty for the international protection of copyright has just been signed, at Berlin, between Prussia and England; in which it is confidently expected that, before the ratification, Saxony will join. The consequence will be a reduction of the duty to 15s. per cwt. on at least half the German books imported into England.

FROM ROME, it is stated that a society of private individuals has presented to the government a plan, by which they undertake to render the Tiber navigable to large vessels as far as Ponte Felice. The proposal further contemplates the construction of a port at Fiumicino; and the establishment of a service of steam-boats, on the one side to Leghorn, and on the other to Naples, without touching at Civita Vecchia. The answer of the government has not been given; but, if another piece of gossip be true which reaches us from the same headquarters of exclusion, viz., that the Pope has consented to let a company light the city with gas, there certainly are hopes for the Company of the Tiber. The government that has overcome its fear of light may be expected finally to conquer its objection to locomotion.

A SWEDISH botanist, who assumes to himself the discovery of the means of preserving flowering trees and shrubs in all their beauty, lately sent to the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm a tea-rose, which he affirms that he embalmed in the year 1844—and the flowers of which, as well as the leaves and stems, are in perfect preservation. If this discovery shall be confirmed, it will be of incalculable value; as, by it, the plants of all climates may be preserved, and transplanted to any distance, bearing all their natural appearances.

IN consequence of the death of the Pope, the oldest sovereign in Europe is now Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover, born June 5, 1771. The next in age is the King of the French, born October 5, 1773.

From Mr. Walsh's Letter of 16th June.

THE demise of Pope Gregory occasioned some sensation, because unexpected, for he was represented a day or two before the intelligence as in promising health. Some American gentlemen, who arrived in this capital a fortnight ago, from Rome, have mentioned to me that, in their interviews with His Holiness, they found him easy, communicative, and even facetious at the expense of recent scenes in the streets. The following extract from an English letter from Rome bears date only two days before his dissolution, and its testimony to his character is not from a partial source :

"The demise of Gregory XVI. was the period originally fixed for a new organization of this country ; but it is pleasant to learn that the venerable old pontiff is yet likely to last a year or two ; a swelling in the legs has been announced in our last Roman advices ; his general health is, however, wonderful for his age. With all his political mistakes (and what could a poor monk have learnt in his cell of this wicked world's ways !) the Roman bishop is a genuine honest character. When he dies, you may fairly reproduce the words of Lord Bacon, concerning his namesake and predecessor : ' Gregory XIII. fulfilled the age of eighty-three years, an absolute good man, sound in mind and in body, temperate, full of good works, and an almsgiver.'—(*Novum Organum*. Chapter of Life and Death.)"

A few days ago, a traveller, devoted to internal improvements, observed to me, referring to Gregory's exit, "Now the Roman states will have railroads." The maxim of the defunct was, *stare super vias antiquas*, in every concern. He replied to the applicants, "You will have *your ways* after I have quitted the stage." The world expects other innovations, political concessions to popular or liberal discontents. The *Journal des Debats* of yesterday signifies that it desires an Italian Pope, that is, one who will look to opinions and exigencies in Italy ; who will reform abuses and redeem promises in the political and administrative spheres ; who, in short, will contrive to be independent of Austria. This point will be the more difficult now that the revolutionary billows in the legations and elsewhere have begun to heave. If the disaffected allow a new Pope, of the old heaven, to be fully seated, without extorting stipulations, they will lose their season, their opportunity, during the continuance of peace in Europe. The *Debats* designates six cardinals whom it believes to have the first chances of the succession ; all are above or near seventy years of age, except *Mattei*, who is fifty-four. *Fransoni* stands at the head. In some London sheets, Cardinal *Adon* (English) is mentioned as not without prospects. His elevation would, we may presume, absolutely dismay the Bishop of Exeter.

The Thames, you will see, is to be thoroughly fortified against French or American steam fleets : but how to repel an *English Pope's* bulls !

Mehemet, *on dit*, is about visiting Constantinople, where he will be the most odious, but, at the same time, the most distinguished of all possible guests. It is added that he had set apart a sum of seven millions of francs for the expedition, which may fascinate even Reschid Pacha, the incorruptible. The correspondent at Constantinople of the *Morning Chronicle* says :

"The Sultan has, I am assured, sent an invita-

tion to the Viceroy of Egypt, at his own request, by Jellalapein Bey, to pass some time in Constantinople. He is not expected till Ibrahim Pacha returns from France, to preside over the government of Egypt during the absence of his father. A messenger, it is said, has been dispatched from Alexandria to Paris, to recall Ibrahim for this purpose."

"The meaning of the meditated visit of Mehemet Ali to the Sultan, it is not easy to conjecture. It may arise merely from the caprice of the old man, or from a feeling of religious homage which all Ottomans feel they owe to the successor of the Caliphs. It may have good effects, though it is more likely to have bad ones. A real cordial understanding between the Porte and Egypt may be thereby brought about ; or old Mehemet Ali may inspire the Sultan with a taste for his own most despotic and cruel mode of government, which would be very injurious if not destructive to the reform policy he is at present pursuing. The meeting between him and Khosref, the two most veteran Turks alive, and formerly bitter rivals and enemies, would be a fine study for a painter—though to every eye but the parties, Mehemet Ali would be degraded by the association."

We are informed by the *Epoque* of yesterday (cabinet paper) that England has become, like Russia, jealous of French influence at Constantinople as well as at Athens, and is im providently promoting Russian designs in both capitals. It is a long circumstantial complaint. France would reinstate in the Lebanon the superannuated Emir Beschir, and stickles for the *Chaab* family at all events.

A French dignitary of the new school replied lately to Prince Metternich—who had said to him, "The world is quite sick"—"No, Prince, only the absolute governments."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

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From the Quarterly Review.

Life and Correspondence of David Hume, from the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh and other original Sources.
By JOHN HILL BURTON, Esq. Edinburgh. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.

WHEN in a recent number (Quart. Rev., March, 1844)* we adverted to the light that might be derived from the literary character of Hume from the collection of his correspondence in the hands of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and to the difficulty which would probably be found in making sufficient extracts without offending public feeling, we were not aware that the work was then actually in progress, and that an editor had been courageous enough to set himself to the task of compiling a Life of Hume from these authentic materials. It would have been satisfactory for those who want to have the whole truth, if the editor could have said that all the correspondence was placed at his disposal; but as the matter stands, we must be contented with Mr. Burton's assurance that "there is no passage which he felt any inclination to print as being likely to afford interest to the reader, of which the use has been denied him." (*Advertisement*, p. 11.) We cannot attribute any but good intentions to the Royal Society, or its committee, but we doubt the expediency of such half trust. If they were satisfied of Mr. Burton's sense and delicacy, and that he was quite above converting the relics of the dead into instruments for serving unfair purposes of any sort, there should have been no "denial of the use" of any materials which might tend to illustrate his subject. By acting as they have done, these gentlemen have not only made themselves responsible for the perfect propriety of everything which is here printed, but they have left a suspicion of something remaining behind which appeared to them objectionable, but which might throw light on questions that have been mooted and are still interesting. We will not dwell on this matter. After all, the suppressions may be trifling—of coarse expressions or personalities—which, however, might have been safely trusted to the discretion of an editor. But, in reference to a report formerly noticed in this Review, on which Lord Brougham commented in his sketch of Hume, and to which Mr. Burton also alludes in his preface, we cannot but remark that Hume's letters to Dr. Robertson, which were partially used by Dugald Stewart in his life of Robertson, and which must at that time have formed part of the correspondence in the possession of Baron Hume, are not now in the collection submitted to Mr. Burton's examination; nor has this editor found there or elsewhere a single scrap of Robertson's letters to Hume (vol. ii., p. 48.)

We have said that the editor of a life of Hume had a difficult task—difficult in what was to be brought forward, and doubly difficult in what was to be passed over. To reconcile the natural partiality of a biographer for his subject, with the honesty of a true and faithful historian; to avoid all con-

cealment or palliation of errors and false doctrines, while the public eye must not be insulted by their defence; these were the difficulties and dangers that must have been apparent to any one contemplating the task. On the other hand, we can fancy few things more likely to excite the ambition of a young man of letters living in Edinburgh, than the offer of access to a large and hitherto unused store of materials for the biography of David Hume. His life has many points of interest, from the society in which he mixed as well as the peculiarities of his personal character; and his writings are in themselves too remarkable, and have exercised too great an influence on the opinions of mankind, not to be worthy of the most careful and critical study.

On the whole Mr. Burton has, we think, acquitted himself very creditably. We do not always agree with him in his views of moral, social, and political questions; his local prejudices must now and then provoke a smile; his diction, though in general unaffected, and occasionally vigorous, is blemished not seldom by verbosity and clumsiness; but he has the merit of diligence, and carries conviction of his honesty and candor, and we must say, he has performed the most delicate part of his task with a more complete avoidance of offence than we could have thought possible.

As a collection of Hume's papers this book is extremely valuable. It is true that they do not tell us much more of his life, that is, of the events of his life, than we knew before. Yet a biographical sketch written even by the subject of it himself, and penned with all the simplicity and grace which Hume has thrown into his "own life," affords but meagre food for study and reflection, when compared with a collection like this of his letters and journals, and scrap-books, setting forth the dreams and aspirations of the boy, the opinions and feelings, the loves and hatreds, the views of life, the successes and disappointments of the man, all in the fresh colors and of the size and importance that nearness gives.

"David Hume was born at Edinburgh on the 26th of April, 1711." He was the second son of a good gentleman's family, though much too poor to afford anything like a provision for a second son. He perhaps had in him to the last something of the usual pedigree-vanity of the northern *gentil-lâtre*; but he inherited also the best patrimony of Scotch younger children, careful frugality and a proud determination of independence. Whether mainly from the circumstances of the country at that time, which opened few channels for enterprise and the occupation of youth, or from his natural disposition, his talents were not devoted to any active pursuit or profession. In the multitude of his letters and recollections Hume never mentions a school or a teacher of his youth, nor dwells at all upon the time which most men love to look back upon as that which gives a color to their after-life. He gives us to understand only that he was a grave, bookish boy, and that when he had run through the paltry course of academical education which Edinburgh then afforded, he took to philosophize and build castles after his own

* Living Age, No. 3.

device. At sixteen, he writes to a friend a letter which his biographer thinks a very remarkable one :—

"Just now I am entirely confined to myself and library for diversion. Since we parted—

— ea sola voluptas,
Solamenque mali—

And indeed to me they are not a small one : for I take no more of them than I please ; for I hate task-reading, and I diversify them at pleasure—sometimes a philosopher, sometimes a poet— which change is not unpleasant nor disserviceable neither ; for what will more surely engrave upon my mind a Tusculan disputation of Cicero's *De Aegritudine Lenienda*, than an Eclogue or Georgick of Virgil's ! The philosopher's wise man and the poet's husbandman agree in peace of mind, in a liberty and independency on fortune, and contempt of riches, power, and glory. Everything is placid and quiet in both : nothing perturbed or disordered.

*At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita—
Speluncæ, vivique læci ; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somnos
Non abint.*

"These lines will, in my opinion, come nothing short of the instruction of the finest sentence in Cicero : and is more to me, as Virgil's life is more the subject of my ambition, being what I can apprehend to be more within my power. For the perfectly wise man, that outbraves fortune, is surely greater than the husbandman who slips by her ; and, indeed, this pastoral and Saturnian happiness I have in a great measure come at just now. I live like a king, pretty much by myself, neither full of action nor perturbation—*molles somnos*. This state, however, I can foresee is not to be relied on. My peace of mind is not sufficiently confirmed by philosophy to withstand the blows of fortune. This greatness and elevation of soul is to be found only in study and contemplation—this can alone teach us to look down on human accidents."—vol. i., p. 14.

Now we do not say that this is a piece of mere affectation, though its being found in draft savors somewhat of a school exercise ; for what boy keeps copies of his real confidential letters to his schoolfellows ! We allow it may have been a good deal what at the time was passing in the lad's mind ; and those day-dreams of poetry and even early attempts at stoicism are not so rare among youths of secluded habits and misdirected education as Mr. Burton supposes. Undoubtedly they are not for good ; and with a less vigorous nature of mind or of body, the indulgence would have produced upon Hume its accustomed penalty. But he wanted some of the stuff that goes to the composition of a visionary. From his youth upwards he was devoid alike of passion and imagination, and it needed little effort to give him that control of himself which it was his first object to obtain. His biographer, with all his pains, cannot satisfy himself that he ever felt the least access of love, and all the perturbations of his mind seem to have been never much removed from that equability which he perhaps fancied he had by laudable efforts schooled himself into. He seems to have had no sympathy with rural pursuits and pleasures. His Arcadian longings never passed beyond the study of the Eclogues. "It does not appear from any incident in his life or allusion in his letters that

he had ever really admired a picture or a statue." (vol. ii., p. 134.)

Hume himself tells us he "was seized very early with a passion for literature, which was the ruling passion of his life and a great source of his enjoyments ;" but it was not a mere taste for literature in the abstract. He very early set his affections on literary distinction ; his craving was—

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come mine own ?"

Like a mightier spirit, he assuredly felt "that inward prompting that by labor and intense study, joined with the strong propensity of nature, he might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die." He devoted himself very seriously to study, and at an age when other men are just girding themselves to the fight of life, he was meditating lucubrations in philosophy with which he should one day found a school, and astonish the world. With such a settled scheme in prospect, he successively threw aside the study of the law, to which no doubt his relations had destined him, and the mercantile profession, with a view to which he spent a few months of 1734 (ann. ætat. 23) at Bristol.

His visit to Bristol marks the era of an undated letter to a physician, whom the editor conjectures to have been the eccentric Dr. Cheyne ; and it is to the draft of this letter preserved by Hume that we owe the very curious proof that, with all his natural coolness of temperament and acquired composure of mind, the young skeptic had by no means escaped utterly the maladies which overworking the brain usually inflicts on the general physical system :—

"You must know then that, from my earliest infancy, I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardor natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months ; till at last, about the beginning of September, 1739, all my ardor seemed in a moment to be extinguished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch, which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure. I felt no uneasiness or want of spirits, when I laid aside my book ; and therefore never imagined there was any bodily distemper in the case, but

that my coldness proceeded from a laziness of temper, which must be overcome by redoubling my application. In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular, which contributed, more than anything, to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These no doubt are exceeding useful, when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it. * * * *

"I now began to take some indulgence to myself; studied moderately, and only when I found my spirits at their highest pitch, leaving off before I was weary, and trifling away the rest of my time in the best manner I could. In this way, I lived with satisfaction enough; and on my return to town next winter found my spirits very much recruited, so that, though they sank under me in the higher flights of genius, yet I was able to make considerable progress in my former designs. I was very regular in my diet and way of life from the beginning, and all that winter made it a constant rule to ride twice, or thrice a week, and walk every day. For these reasons, I expected, when I returned to the country, and could renew my exercise with less interruption, that I would perfectly recover. But in this I was much mistaken; for next summer, about May, 1731, there grew upon me a very ravenous appetite, and as quick a digestion, which I at first took for a good symptom, and was very much surprised to find it bring back a palpitation of heart, which I had felt very little of before. This appetite, however, had an effect very unusual, which was to nourish me extremely; so that in six weeks' time, I passed from the one extreme to the other; and being before tall, lean, and raw-boned, became on a sudden the most sturdy, robust, healthful-like fellow you have seen, with a ruddy complexion and a cheerful countenance. In excuse for my riding, and care of my health, I always said that I was afraid of consumption, which was readily believed by my looks, but now everybody congratulated me upon my thorough recovery. * * * *

"Thus I have given you a full account of the condition of my body; and without staying to ask pardon, as I ought to do, for so tedious a story, shall explain to you how my mind stood all this time, which on every occasion, especially in this distemper, have a very near connexion together. Having now time and leisure to cool my inflamed imagination, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed in my philosophical inquiries. I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity labored under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of

being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience; every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study, than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years, I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This, with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would, had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out any train of thought, by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order—this I found impracticable for me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect.

"Such a miserable disappointment I scarce ever remember to have heard of. The small distance betwixt me and perfect health makes me the more uneasy in my present situation. It is a weakness rather than a lowness of spirits which troubles me, and there seems to be as great a difference betwixt my distemper and common vapors, as betwixt vapors and madness. I have noticed in the writings of the French mystics, and in those of our fanatics here, that when they give a history of the situation of their souls, they mention a coldness and desertion of the spirit, which frequently returns; and some of them, at the beginning, have been tormented with it many years. As this kind of devotion depends entirely on the force of passion, and consequently of the animal spirits, I have often thought that their case and mine were pretty parallel, and that their rapturous admirations might discompose the fabric of the nerves and brain, as much as profound reflections, and that warmth or enthusiasm which is inseparable from them.

"However this may be, I have not come out of the cloud so well as they commonly tell us they have done, or rather began to despair of ever recovering. To keep myself from being melancholy on so dismal a prospect, my only security was in peevish reflections on the vanity of the world and of all human glory; which, however just sentiments they may be esteemed, I have found can never be sincere, except in those who

are possessed of them. Being sensible that all my philosophy would never make me contented in my present situation, I began to rouse up myself; and being encouraged by instances of recovery from worse degrees of this distemper, as well as by the assurances of my physicians, I began to think of something more effectual than I had hitherto tried. I found, that as there are two things very bad for this distemper, study and idleness, so there are two things very good, business and diversion; and that my whole time was spent betwixt the bad, with little or no share of the good. For this reason I resolved to seek out a more active life; and though I could not quit my pretensions in learning but with my last breath, to lay them aside for some time, in order the more effectually to resume them. Upon examination, I found my choice confined to two kinds of life, that of a travelling governor, and that of a merchant. The first, besides that it is in some respects an idle life, was, I found, unfit for me; and that because from a sedentary and retired way of living, from a bashful temper, and from a narrow fortune, I had been little accustomed to general companies, and had not confidence and knowledge enough of the world to push my fortune, or to be serviceable in that way. I therefore fixed my choice upon a merchant; and having got recommendation to a considerable trader in Bristol, I am just now hastening thither, with a resolution to forget myself, and everything that is past—to engage myself, as far as is possible, in that course of life—and to toss about the world, from one pole to the other, till I leave this distemper behind me.

"As I am come to London in my way to Bristol, I have resolved, if possible to get your advice, though I should take this absurd method of procuring it. All the physicians I have consulted, though very able, could never enter into my distemper; because not being persons of great learning beyond their own profession, they were unacquainted with these motions of the mind. Your fame pointed you out as the properest person to resolve my doubts, and I was determined to have somebody's opinion, which I could rest upon in all the varieties of fears and hopes incident to so lingering a distemper."—p. 31.

What the answer to this letter was, we do not learn, nor even whether it was ever sent. Hume soon fled from Bristol and its ledgers. He had recovered his health—and then spent three years in France, acquiring the language, conversing with the Jesuits of La Flèche, studying the miracles of the Abbé Paris, and composing his "Treatise of Human Nature." "After passing three years very agreeably in that country, I came over to London in 1737."

His first transaction with a bookseller is characteristic. Among the MSS. to which Mr. Burton has had access is one bearing the following title: "Articles of agreement, made, concluded, and agreed upon the 26th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord King George the Second,—between David Hume of Lancaster Court of the one part, and John Noone of Cheapside, London, bookseller, of the other part."

"By this very precise document, it is provided that 'the said David Hume shall and will permit and suffer the said John Noone to have, hold, and enjoy, the sole property, benefit, and advantage of printing and publishing the first edition of the

said book, not exceeding one thousand copies thereof.' The author, in return, receives 50*l.*, and twelve bound copies of the book. The transaction is on the whole creditable to the discernment and liberality of Mr. Noone. It may be questioned, whether, in this age, when knowledge has spread so much wider, and money is so much less valuable, it would be easy to find a bookseller, who, on the ground of its internal merits, would give 50*l.* for an edition of a new metaphysical work, by an unknown and young author, born and brought up in a remote part of the empire. These articles refer to the first and second of the three volumes of the 'Treatise of Human Nature;' and they were accordingly published in January, 1730. They include 'Book I. Of the Understanding,' and 'Book II. Of the Passions.'"—Vol. i., p. 65.

Hume was twenty-seven—self-educated, or educated by books alone; brought up in solitude; reasoning much with himself; careless of the prejudices of others; full of courage; confident of his powers; with the whole feelings of his nature concentrated in a passion for literary fame. He felt no compunctious visitings at the thought of abolishing a creed and establishing a paradox, but received his fifty pounds, and hoped to startle the world and to become a man of mark. We do not say he wrote contrary to his opinions; but to throw upon the world a book of crude unweighed philosophy, tampering in such perilous matter, is but little less criminal. Hume lived to see something of this, and to regret his juvenile performance. He was anxious that it should be forgotten, and complained of the injustice of judging him by its contents (p. 98.) At the time, however, he was only disappointed that it produced so little sensation. "It fell," he says, "still-born from the press;" but yet he published an additional volume three years afterwards, and was soon called upon for a second edition. It was an unreasonable philosopher who could hope for more success.

Upon this book, which contains the whole essence of Hume's philosophy, announced with the rashness of youth, and all the dogmatism with which he afterwards reproached others, we shall not dwell. We think his biographer is mistaken in calling it "the solitary labor of one mind." It may be so as regards its elaboration and style; but Hume has himself told us of his previous reading, and it would not be difficult to trace his system to its source in those studies. With regard to the principles evolved in the "Treatise," the book is now found only on the shelf of the metaphysician and scholar; and we shall not, we hope, be misunderstood when we venture to regard it as a mere metaphysical exercitation, a speculation probably not intended and certainly not at all calculated to affect human life or conduct. It is in truth a pretty, philosophical puzzle—a clever, dexterous argumentation for what every one feels to be untrue, and the completest proof of which could never alter the conduct upon any cognate or dependant subject. He essays to prove by an examination of the mind that nothing is known, and in a curious circle to demonstrate that nothing has been or can be demonstrated. Such an universal skepticism scarcely can merit serious discussion. However dangerous for shallow dogmatists who took the first propositions, and would not work out the necessary corollary, it is not very apt to mislead sane thinkers, when the facts of revelation and the

doctrines of religion are placed on the same foundation of belief with the knowledge we obtain from the highest human testimony or our own experience, and with the conclusions of mathematical science. The idealist, when he has most successfully argued that we have no proof of the existence of matter, does not the less trust his house on the solid foundation of the earth. The wildest Humeist did not really doubt that Cæsar once lived in Rome—that the sun will rise to-morrow—that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the opposite sides. In all these matters man is satisfied to act upon the knowledge arising from testimony, experience, and mathematical demonstration; and he need not wonder or complain that he has no higher or clearer knowledge of the truths of religion than the highest that his mind is capable of.

The criticism of Hume's "Treatise" in the Review called "The History of the Works of the Learned," is such a mixture of censure and sarcasm, with a prognostication of future fame, that it has been thought to be the joint contribution of two authors. The anecdote of Hume's violent rage on occasion of it, and his attacking the unlucky publisher sword in hand, was not printed till after his death ("London Rev.," v., p. 200.) Mr. Burton disbelieves it, and has brought sufficient reasons for his discredit of so improbable a story. —(p. 111.)

The "Essays, Moral and Political," were published in 1742. "The work," says Hume, "was favorably received, and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment. I continued with my mother and brother in the country, and in that time recovered the knowledge of the Greek language, which I had too much neglected in my early youth." He soon, however, removed to Edinburgh, and among his first appearances is an endeavor to obtain the professorship of moral philosophy in that university, about Christmas in 1744. His friends had some influence with the town council, who by a strange arrangement are the patrons, (how would the "heads of houses" like to sit under the direction and patronage of the mayor and aldermen of Oxford!) but the bailies bethought them of the "avisementum" of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and in April, 1745, appointed another to the vacant chair of Ethics.

Passing over Hume's attendance on Lord Annandale, an unhappy nobleman who, among more serious frenzies, had a rage for literature and fancied a literary "keeper"—a chapter in the philosopher's life which we think has been unnecessarily dwelt upon—and turning with some slight disgust from the bickerings of interested connections and Hume's pertinacious claim of 75*l.* instead of 37*l.* 10*s.*, which he pressed first by the influence of his friends, and then by threats of law;—we come to an event that had much influence on his future life. In 1746 (ann. ætat. 35) he was invited to act as secretary to General St. Clair, who was going in command of an expedition intended for Canada, but ultimately sent "to seek adventures" on the coast of France, and which resulted in the unhappy and ill-managed attempt at Quiberon Bay. "Such a romantic adventure and such a hurry I have not heard of before. The office is very genteel—ten shillings a day, perquisites, and no expenses."—(p. 208.) The general upon whom Hume attended is not known for any feats of arms, but has a distinction of a different kind, and one of which Scotland, with all its caution and alleged coldness, has

furnished other instances. "He was the second son of Henry Lord St. Clair. His elder brother, being engaged in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted by act of parliament. The father left the family estates to General St. Clair, who with a generous devotion to the hereditary principle, conveyed them to his elder brother, on that gentleman obtaining a pardon and a statutory removal of the disabilities of the attainer."—(p. 210.)

On his return from this expedition, of which he left an account or defence in MS., now printed, Hume returned for a time to Ninewells—the ancient seat of his family—in Berwickshire; and his biographer, seeing no traces of his occupation there, fills the gap with a few scraps from his memorandum book, both of prose and verse. A "character," which, not in his hand, but "corrected here and there by him," is suggested to be his own, has the following touches:—

"1. A very good man, the constant purpose of whose life is to do mischief.

"2. Fancies he is disinterested because he substitutes vanity in place of all other passions.

"4. Licentious in his pen, cautious in his words, still more so in his actions.

"7. Exempt from vulgar prejudices, full of his own.

"13. An enthusiast without religion, a philosopher who despairs to attain truth."—(p. 226.)

If this, with other parts of the same exercise, could really be established as at any time Hume's estimate of himself, it would indeed be very curious—and no doubt the article about *vanity* tallies well with an anecdote quoted in our last number from the "Lives of the Lindsays;" but we confess that we cannot but think, if intended for a character of him, it is the work of another; if drawn by himself, it is his estimate of another. The verses we may pass by, with still more unconcern. Most of them are apocryphal, and none of them worth fathering.

In 1748 he was again secretary with General St. Clair, in the mission of espionage to Vienna and Turin. He writes to Oswald:—

"I have got an invitation from General St. Clair, to attend him in his new employment at the court of Turin, which I hope will prove an agreeable, if not a profitable jaunt for me. I shall have an opportunity of seeing courts and camps; and if I can afterwards be so happy as to attain leisure and other opportunities, this knowledge may even turn to account to me, as a man of letters, which, I confess, has always been the sole object of my ambition. I have long had an intention, in my riper years, of composing some history; and I question not but some greater experience in the operations of the field, and the intrigues of the cabinet, will be requisite, in order to enable me to speak with judgment upon these subjects. But, notwithstanding of these flattering ideas of futurity, as well as the present charms of variety, I must confess that I left home with infinite regret, where I had treasured up stores of study and plans of thinking for many years. I am sure I shall not be so happy as I should have been had I prosecuted these. But, in certain situations, a man dares not follow his own judgment or refuse such offers as these."—(p. 236.)

He wrote a journal of his tour, in letters to his brother, which are chiefly remarkable for the absence of all taste for the beauty of nature or pleasure in the associations of romance. The Rhine was to him no more than any other river. "I

think," he says, "it is as broad as from the foot of your house to the opposite banks of the river." A castle in ruins—Drachenfels or Rolandseck—was not worthy even of notice; a Gothic church was a barbarism; and he has left a letter descriptive of Cologne, in which the cathedral is not named. To be sure, he kissed (figuratively) the native earth of Virgil at Mantua; but Virgil was part of his creed. He is delighted by no charms of scenery, excited by no recollections older than the battle of Dettingen; and yet he travelled up the Rhine and down the Danube; through Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol; by the Lago di Garda to Mantua; through Lombardy to Turin. But from Dan to Beersheba he found all barren.

On his return to Britain in 1749, his mother was dead; but he continued to live at Ninewells till his brother's marriage, two years later, when he turned in his mind various plans for an independent establishment, counting the cost with his accustomed caution. He was now forty. His happy, cheerful nature, and his manly spirit of independence are brought out strikingly in the following letter (June, 1751) to the same friend to whom he confided his earliest dreams of pastoral happiness and philosophy.

"I might perhaps pretend, as well as others, to complain of fortune; but I do not, and should condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. While interest remains as at present, I have 50*l.* a year, a hundred pounds worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near 100*l.* in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independence, good health, a contented humor, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. After some deliberation, I am resolved to settle in Edinburgh, and hope I shall be able with these revenues to say with Horace—

Eat bona librorum et provissæ frugis in annum
Copia.

Besides other reasons which determine me to this resolution, I would not go too far away from my sister, who thinks she will soon follow me; and in that case, we shall probably take up house either in Edinburgh, or the neighborhood. And as she (my sister) can join 30*l.* a year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer. Dr. Clephane, who has taken up house, is so kind as to offer me a room in it; and two friends in Edinburgh have made me the same offer. But having nothing to ask or solicit at London, I would not remove to so expensive a place: and am resolved to keep clear of all obligations and dependencies, even on those I love the most.

"In fulfilment of the design thus announced, he tells us in his 'own life,' 'In 1751, I removed from the country to the town, the true scene for a man of letters.'"—Vol. i., p. 342.

While he was abroad, in 1748, there had issued from the London press Hume's "Inquiry concerning Human Understanding," a re-cooked dish of the old "Treatise of Human Nature,"—with the addition of his "Essay on Miracles" (which, in the opinion of Mr. Burton, would have been less offensive with a different title;) and during his residence at Ninewells he had amused himself with composing a few personal and political squibs with

which he was mightily pleased—very laborious endeavors at drollery, most dull joking they are! (pp. 308, 317.) In 1751 he published the "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," which Mr. Burton styles "the full development of his utilitarian system;" and which, says Hume, "in my own opinion (who ought not to judge on that subject) is of all my writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world."

We wish Mr. Burton had used another word than *Utilitarian* for Hume's ethical system. It smacks too strong of the school which seeks to prove its originality by deforming our language. The "Inquiry" is anything but a complete system—but it is a very pleasing book. We are not so often roused to question the author's positions, perhaps because there is less to prove, and it is more animated in style than his earlier work. It is not in its main doctrine new, though the mode of treatment gives it that appearance; it would be indeed a reproach to philosophy to admit, that now for the first time it taught that all the kind affections and feelings, all the benevolent acts, all the better parts of our nature, are useful to society.

If Hume could complain that the "Inquiry" came unnoticed into the world, it was not so with the next production of his brain, his "Political Discourses," "the only work of mine that was successful on the first publication. It was well received abroad and at home." Of these *Essays* Lord Brougham has said, that "they combine almost every excellence which can belong to such a performance;" they exhibit certainly clear reasoning, learning, happy choice of subjects, elegance, precision, and vigor of language; nor can the writer's originality be denied, or that here we have the introduction of a new and widely influential system of politics and political economy. They were successful in Britain, and immediately and repeatedly translated into French; and indeed acquired in that country for themselves and for their author much more popularity than he enjoyed at home.

An unsuccessful attempt of Hume to obtain the moral philosophy chair in the University of Glasgow—where Edmund Burke is said also to have been a defeated candidate—and a successful struggle for the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, are both crowded into this eventful year of Hume's life. His triumph as to the librarianship produced a letter to his friend Dr. Clephane, which we wish we had room to give entire, for it affords curious glimpses into the then state of opinion and feeling in the northern metropolis.

"Nothing since the rebellion has ever so much engaged the attention of this town, except Provost Stewart's trial; and there scarce is a man whose friendship or acquaintance I would desire, who has not given me undoubted proofs of his concern and regard.

"What is more extraordinary, the cry of religion could not hinder the ladies from being violently my partisans, and I owe my success in a great measure to their solicitations. One has broke off all commerce with her lover, because he voted against me! and W. Lockhart, in a speech to the faculty, said that there was no walking the streets, nor even enjoying one's own fireside, on account of their importunate zeal. The town says, that even his bed was not safe for him, though his wife was cousin-german to my antagonist. * * * *

"The whole body of cadies* brought flambeaux, and made illuminations to mark their pleasure at my success; and next morning I had the drums and town music at my door, to express their joy, as they said, of my being made a great man. They could not imagine that so great a fray could be raised about so mere a trifle.

"About a fortnight before, I had published a Discourse of the Protestant Succession, wherein I had very liberally abused both whigs and Tories: yet I enjoyed the favor of both parties.

"Such, dear Doctor, is the triumph of your friend; yet, amidst all this greatness and glory, even though master of 30,000 volumes, and possessing the smiles of a hundred fair ones, in this very pinnacle of human grandeur and felicity, I cast a favorable regard on you, and earnestly desire your friendship and good-will: a little flattery, too, from so eminent a hand, would be very acceptable to me. You know you are somewhat in my debt in that particular. The present I made you of my Inquiry was calculated both as a mark of my regard, and as a snare to catch a little incense from you. Why do you put me to the necessity of giving it to myself?"—p. 371.

Another letter to the same person (January, 1753) has the following charming picture of a cheerful and contented mind:—

"I shall exult and triumph to you a little, that I have now at last—being turned of forty, to my own honor, to that of learning, and to that of the present age—arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family; consisting of a head, viz., myself, and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more? Independence? I have it in a supreme degree. Honor? that is not altogether wanting. Grace? that will come in time. A wife? that is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books? that is one of them; and I have more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any blessing of consequence which I am not possessed of, in a greater or less degree; and without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied.

"As there is no happiness without occupation, I have begun a work which will employ me several years, and which yields me much satisfaction. 'Tis a History of Britain, from the Union of the Crowns to the present time. I have already finished the reign of King James. My friends flatter me (by this I mean that they don't flatter me) that I have succeeded. You know that there is no post of honor in the English Parnassus more vacant than that of history. Style, judgment, impartiality, care—everything is wanting to our historians; and even Rapin, during this latter period, is extremely deficient. I make my work very concise, after the manner of the ancients. It divides into three very moderate volumes: the one to end with the death of Charles the First; the second at the Revolution: the third at the Accession, for I dare come no nearer the present times. The work will neither please the Duke of Bedford nor James Fraser: but I hope it will please you and posterity. *Κτήμας τις ἔστι.*

"So, dear Doctor, after having mended my pen,

* A privileged body of street porters—amusingly described in "Humphry Clinker."

and bit my nails, I return to the narration of parliamentary factions, or court intrigues, or civil wars, and bid you heartily adieu."—p. 377.

This is the first intimation of his great undertaking; but before adverting further to it we willingly turn to glance at Hume's correspondents, and the society among which he was now living.

Hume's early friends (several of whom were, we believe, his relations) the St. Clairs, Baron Mure, Oswald, Lord Glasgow, all of them men of great intelligence—Sir Gilbert Elliot, whose letters confirm all our previous impressions of his admirable sense and accomplishment—were of such rank and connections as would have secured his admission to the highest circles of the metropolis of Scotland, so far as his fortune enabled him to live in them. One of his intimates, and, as we have understood, a very frequent correspondent, was Patrick Lord Elibank—commonly known as "the clever Lord:" but of letters to that remarkable person the R.S.E. collection has afforded no valuable specimen—and we see but one from his lordship to Hume—a noticeable blank. His military expedition had thrown him into the intimacy of several other persons of a different class, but with whom the philosopher assimilated with perfect ease, and continued to live on terms of even greater familiarity than with the civilians of his early correspondence. Abercrombie, Edmonstone, and Erskine were all soldiers of good birth, and of sufficient standing in their profession to secure their position in the best society.

Another correspondent with whom he seems to have become acquainted in the Quiberon expedition, was Dr. John Clephane, to whom some of the most entertaining letters in this work are addressed. Clephane was, like Hume himself, a Scotchman of family but no fortune, who had turned an unusually good education to account, first as a travelling tutor to several young English noblemen, and latterly as a practising physician in London. He was a very accomplished person, the friend and adviser of Dr. Mead in forming his collections of ancient and foreign art. But he never neglected his profession, and bid fair to rise high in it if he had not been prevailed upon to accept of a medical appointment in the expeditions against the coast of France in 1758, where he died. Fortunately he had the habit of preserving his papers; and it is from a mass of varied correspondence with Italian virtuosi and eminent persons of Paris, that these letters of Hume are selected.

Though the town of Edinburgh was so different, the composition and tone of its society, in the middle of last century, was not unlike what it is known to be at the present day. There was the same body of the country squirearchy, with however a much larger sprinkling of the nobility, who had not then got inured to London life. There were the same literary lawyers and scientific doctors. There was perhaps more claret drunk, certainly more drunk in clubs and taverns—for the general narrowness of domestic accommodation as well as of fortune prescribed a very moderate indulgence of social domestic intercourse. The ladies were not, perhaps, in general so well educated as their great-grand-daughters; but there was much easy, unexpensive, and yet refined society up those high "common stairs," in the "closets," and "wynds," where a modern lawyer's fine lady would find it impossible to breathe.

One element there was which is now, we be-

have, quite wanting—a considerable admixture of the most eminent clergy of the national church, who then found it not inconsistent with their duties to give some part of their time to general society. The beneficial influence they exercised upon it may be readily understood; but it was by no means greater than the good effects produced upon their own body by mixing on terms of equality and freedom with laymen at least as intelligent as themselves.

The Presbyterian establishment is in not a few respects singular among the churches of Christendom. The incitements of their clergy to study, and its rewards, have, from a very early period at least, been few and mean; and the people, interdicting to the clergy, as they do to women, all scholastic learning, seem to have had a prejudice against any accomplishments in their ministers except those of the pulpit. This brought it about that the establishment, which has in all periods produced as exemplary working pastors and as effective preachers as any, had before Hume's day become remarkable through Europe as "the unlearned church." While this *υπαρματοφοβία*, as Warburton called it, prevailed, the only learning of churchmen was a lay learning; and the only prizes in the lottery were the city churches—which benefices were additionally coveted for the chance of holding at the same time a professor's chair in the university. Such combination of ecclesiastical and academical emoluments has within our own time been condemned as interfering with the due discharge of the sacred function: and we believe the practice has been wholly abolished. The results of this *reform* are not yet of course developed. But it so happened, under the old system, that at the time we are speaking of, the clergy of Edinburgh numbered among them some men as eminent as Scotland has produced, in various branches of intellectual exertion. Among these, Principal Robertson the historian, the leader of the dominant (or *Moderate*) party in the Kirk, and Dr. Blair, whose lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres were once much esteemed, though he is now chiefly remembered by his sermons, were favorite, but by no means preëminent members of the society into which Hume was now admitted. It excited some surprise in various quarters then, and continues to do so, that such clergymen should have consented to live on terms of familiar intercourse with one who held and published doctrines like those of Hume. We do not wish to enter into that question on this occasion: if Mr. Burton's work may be relied on as a complete authority, and we know of little in opposition to it on this head, it must be our conclusion that the open and avowed friendship which existed between them, did not at the time and on the spot affect injuriously the professional reputation and influence of those clergymen, who yet were sufficiently exposed to criticism from the conspicuous place they filled, and the violence of church parties at the period.* There

* Robertson had for his coadjutor in his cure the leader of the opposite (or *Highflying*) party of the Kirk. This was Dr. John Erskine, the preacher whom Pleydell took Colonel Mannering to hear on his first visit to Edinburgh—who "had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity." Dr. Erskine was a divine of the most rigid and severe Calvinistic school; and he was also a nobly descended gentleman of the purest truth and honor. Robertson and he were, through life, opposed on all questions of church government and politics; yet they spent their days in the common duties of their ministry

are two letters which throw light upon the forbearance exercised by those men of opposite principles, and with them we will leave the matter, merely observing that Bishop Butler not only exchanged the common civilities of life with Hume after having received his treatise, "but everywhere recommended his moral and political essays." It was not to such men that Hume's metaphysical inquiries could prove dangerous; while the purity of his life commanded respect, and his benevolent and kindly nature (for which we need not appeal to the imagination of Henry Mackenzie and the beautiful story of *La Roche*) recommended him to their affection. The first of the following extracts is from a letter of Hume (in 1761) to Dr. Blair:—

"Permit me the freedom of saying a word to yourself. Whenever I have had the pleasure to be in your company, if the discourse turned upon any common subject of literature or reasoning, I always parted from you both entertained and instructed. But when the conversation was diverted by you from this channel towards the subject of your profession, though I doubt not but your intentions were very friendly towards me, I own I never received the same satisfaction: I was apt to be tired, and you to be angry. I would therefore wish, for the future, whenever my good fortune throws me in your way, that these topics should be forborne between us. I have long since done with all inquiries on such subjects, and am become incapable of instruction; though I own no one is more capable of conveying it than yourself."—Vol. ii., p. 117.

The next is part of a letter to Hume from Dr. Campbell, the author of a well received and able answer to his "Essay on Miracles:"—

"25th June, 1762.

"The testimony you are pleased to give in favor of my performance, is an honor of which I should be entirely unworthy, were I not sensible of the uncommon generosity you have shown in giving it. Ever since I was acquainted with your works, your talents as a writer have, notwithstanding some differences in abstract principles, extorted from me the highest veneration. But I could scarce have thought that, in spite of differences of a more interesting nature, even such as regards morals and religion, you could ever force me to love and honor you as a man. Yet no religious prejudices (as you would probably term them) can hinder me from doing justice to that goodness and candor which appear in every line of your letter.

"There is in all controversy a struggle for victory, which I may say compels one to take every fair advantage that either the sentiments or the words of an antagonist present him with. But the appearances of asperity or raillery, which one will be thereby necessarily drawn into, ought not to be construed as in the least affecting the habitual good opinion, or even the high esteem, which the writer may nevertheless entertain of his adversary."—p. 119.

It is more pleasing to look on this society in another light. Hume's success in letters was the beginning of the brilliant period of Edinburgh literature. Before him no Scotchman had done anything to redeem his country from the provincialism into which the union had cast it. He had set his ambition on two roads of literary distinction, and

with mutual respect, and Erskine lived to preach a funeral sermon bearing testimony to the high merit of his friend, colleague, and rival.

he was eminently successful in both. He was followed in his philosophical career by his friend Adam Ferguson; and, with greater influence and fame, by their common friend Adam Smith. Robertson for a season divided the opinions of the world with Hume in the field of history; and a swarm of lesser aspirants were cherished into life by their success. To all these ardent sons of letters Hume was the kind and generous encourager. There was no petty jealousy in his nature. He not only supported Blacklock, the poor blind poet, and John Home, the author of "Douglas," but he took pleasure and gloried in each new success of friends whom he felt to be no mean rivals in his own walk; and he lived on terms of entire confidence and the most playful intimacy with men whose names and works will live as long as his. When Robertson was preferred for the office of Historiographer, with a salary which then would have fulfilled Hume's utmost ambition, he gave way to no envious complainings. We learn from a note of Dr. Carlyle,* that "Honest David Hume, with a heart of all others that rejoices most at the prosperity of his friends, was certainly a little hurt with this last honor conferred on Robertson," (vol. ii., p. 164.) There are too few instances of such society to pass this over without notice. Hume writes to Robertson (1758) on the publication of his "History of Scotland:"—

"I am diverting myself with the notion how much you will profit by the applause of my enemies in Scotland. Had you and I been such fools as to have given way to jealousy, to have entertained animosity and malignity against each other, and to have rent all our acquaintance into parties, what a noble amusement we should have exhibited to the blockheads, which now they are likely to be disappointed of! All the people whose friendship or judgment either of us value, are friends to both, and will be pleased with the success of both, as we will be with that of each other."—Vol. ii., p. 49.

We heartily agree with our author—"There is no passage in literary history, perhaps, more truly dignified than the perfect cordiality and sincere interchange of services between two men whose claims on the admiration of the world came in so close competition with each other." (Vol. ii., p. 42.)

Even the philosophical party most opposed to Hume were won by his placid and courteous reception of their works. Reid, their leader, (a clergyman also, by the way,) acknowledges his "candor and generosity towards an antagonist;" and concludes a remarkable letter, in which he avows himself Hume's "disciple in metaphysics," with the following words:—

"When you have seen the whole of my performance, I shall take it as a very great favor to have your opinion upon it, from which I make no doubt of receiving light, whether I receive conviction or no. Your friendly adversaries, Drs. Camp-

bell and Gerard, as well as Dr. Gregory, return their compliments to you respectfully. A little philosophical society here, [Aberdeen,] of which all the three are members, is much indebted to you for its entertainment. Your company would, although we are all good Christians, be more acceptable than that of St. Athanasius; and since we cannot have you upon the bench, you are brought oftener than any other man to the bar, accused and defended with great zeal, but without bitterness. If you write no more in morals, politics, or metaphysics, I am afraid we shall be at a loss for subjects."—p. 155.

Hume was now installed in the Advocates' Library, writing, *currente calamo*, his great work. We have noticed the first announcement of the undertaking in a letter of January, 1753—by which time he had done the reign of James I.; and we have the author chanting *jamque opus exegi*, on the 1st of September, 1754, (p. 397.) In so short a space was composed the first volume, and the most important one, of that history which, as he himself pleasantly said—"only displeased all the whigs—and all the Tories—and all the Christians," and which has continued to be read ever since by all the three classes, and by all the world.

Of the merits and faults of Hume's "History of England," of the reasons of its short coming, the causes of its success, and the extent of its influence, perhaps enough has been written; but the subject is interesting, and one or two points, we think, have not been rightly considered.

The earliest of Hume's writings, in his biographer's opinion, is an "Essay on Chivalry," (p. 19,) which is remarkable chiefly for the choice of the subject by a writer who cannot sympathize with or even allow for any of the peculiar feelings on which the whole fabric of chivalry was founded. He could never read Froissart; he despised him; everything of romance was only so much of barbarism. Gothic architecture, the churches and castles of an early time, were monuments of dark superstition and brutal tyranny, in whose history he took no delight. He contemned the people of mediæval Europe, and all their institutions. The clergy were ruthless bigots, or brazen impostors, domineering intriguers, or lazy voluptuaries—the laity fierce and ignorant savages. He saw nothing admirable in man but high-dressed civilization, and he could not even condescend to trace its history and progress to a ruder age. He was, though but a slender classical scholar, a classicist beyond reason and all modern belief. Though he tried to "recover his Greek," he had no idea of any poetry beyond the smooth and high-polished *Æneid*. It is fortunate that Burns came too late to disturb his equanimity. Scott would have driven the philosopher mad. Wilkie's "Epigoniad" (which of our readers has tried to read it?) he considered "full of sublimity and genius," (ii., p. 25.) Writing of Home's first tragedy before he had seen it, he says, "It is very likely to meet with success, and not to deserve it; for the author tells me he is a great admirer of Shakspeare, and never read Racine," (p. 316.) But he found he was mistaken, and he praises "Douglas."—"The author I thought had corrupted his taste by the imitation of Shakspeare, whom he ought only to have admired. But he has composed a new tragedy on the subject of invention, and here he appears a true disciple of Sophocles and Racine. I hope in time he will vindicate the English stage from the reproach

* Our readers will find some information about this gentleman, the once celebrated minister of Musselburgh, and most of the other friends of Hume's Edinburgh circle, in the article on "Mackenzie's Life of John Home," contributed by Sir W. Scott to this Review, (Q. R., vol. xxxvi.), and now included in his "Miscellaneous Prose Works." Mr. Burton seems to think that Dr. Carlyle's Diary, which Henry Mackenzie had before him when he wrote his account of John Home, has now perished. Much entertainment might have been expected from it—and we hope Mr. Burton is mistaken; but Baron Hume's example may have influenced the witty Doctor's representations.

of barbarism." (p. 392.) It is in this insensibility to the feelings and motives of a rude though vigorous age we can trace one principal cause of the failure of Hume's "History," especially of the early period. Mr. Burton gives us his own "character of a complete history," (vol. ii., pp. 183-7,) not the best part of the editor's lucubrations. He rests much on the incompatibility of minute antiquarian research with the higher duty of an historian. We think him mistaken; but if all the necessary materials had been collected to his hand, and he had used them all, Hume could not have written a satisfactory history of the earlier times of England. He might have emptied the whole Saxon Chronicle and Domesday into his volumes, and crowded his margins with Palgrave and Thorpe; he could never have produced a fitting history of old England. The man who looked upon the introduction of Christianity as a monkish juggle, who could trace nothing of the sturdy English character to the Anglo-Saxon institutions, to whose eyes all bishops and priests were but fat encumberers of the soil, and knights and heralds brought up no image but of violence and rapine, could never have handled well the old "History of England," under whatever rule, be it Saxon, Norman, or Plantagenet. He could not sympathize with the past—he did not think it worth while even to try to understand it.

But now comes the more difficult question of the cause of so much misrepresentation in the "History of the Stuarts." Here was a time of sufficient civilization—a war of fine principles for choice. Royalty and loyalty on the one hand—freedom and the commons on the other. Then why has Hume in some respects failed? Why was the first philosophical historian of modern times a partial one? It appears to us there are several concurring causes. In the middle of last century, when Hume wrote, criticism was in its infancy—historical criticism unknown. The weighing of evidence of fact, or calm and dispassionate balancing of party principles, was not yet dreamt of. Historians everywhere were still undisguised partisans. For some time, too, whig or revolution politics, as they were called, had been in the ascendant, and were supported with intemperance and unfairness. The most candid man, applying his mind to history at such a time, might feel inclined to throw his weight into the opposite scale, and consider himself as on the whole serving the cause of justice in furnishing a refined pleading for the depressed party. In painting the royalists, in the great struggle of principles, in their own colors; in giving to loyalty, to love of order, to disgust at fanaticism, that prominence which they really had in the minds of the saner portion of the Cavalier party, Hume was setting forth a part of the truth—contributing something which was then as necessary to the just appreciation of the spirit of the age as if he had applied himself to sifting proofs and examining documents. That in thus writing, however, he neglected the greatest and highest duty of his office—that he left the seat of judgment for the pleader's bar—will not now be denied. He wrote as an advocate, and the opposition his history met with only stimulated his advocacy.

"In this new edition," he writes to Elliot in June, 1763, "I have corrected several mistakes and oversights, which had chiefly proceeded from the plaguy prejudices of whiggism, with which I was too much infected when I began this work."

I corrected some of these mistakes in a former edition: but being resolved to add to this edition the quotations of authorities for the reigns of James I. and Charles I., I was obliged to run over again the most considerable authors who had treated of these reigns; and I happily discovered some more mistakes, which I have now corrected. As I began the History with these two reigns, I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with whig rancor, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality; but if you now do me the honor to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to whiggism. If you still continue to upbraid me, I shall be obliged to retaliate on you, and cry, *Whig vous-même*.

"In page 33, vol. v., you will find a full justification of the impositions laid on by James I. without authority of parliament; in pages 113, 114, 389, a justification of persecuting the Puritans; in page 180, a justification of Charles I. for levying tonnage and poundage without consent of parliament. * * *"

"I now justify James II. more explicitly in his exercise of the dispensing power, which was intimately interwoven with the constitution and monarchy."—Vol. ii., pp. 144, 145.

We must admit that Hume only felt half the force of the words he quotes of his Greek master, when he professed to write his History as a *possession forever*.

Another reason remains behind. We believe Hume sat down to plan his History partly as a charming exertion of his metaphysical mind. He wrote the "History of the Stuarts" with no more sifting of evidence than he bestowed on his "Essay on the Authenticity of Ossian," (vol. ii., p. 36.) It did not enter into his plan to grub out received errors, and establish facts by proof. He chose an interesting hero, as he admonished Robertson to do, (vol. ii., p. 84.) The leading incidents were notorious and popular, as fits the groundwork of a drama, and he went on in a temper and spirit with which his idol Racine might sit down to pen a tragedy. Of minor matters he did not regard so much what was actually fact as what was poetically true. He had a wide canvass, and the outline of a fine subject—

"Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line;"

and if he did not group his figures in the best composition, and throw his lights *secundum artem*, he had himself to blame. There are many who think it is a pity to shake our confidence in Livy's History, when all our school philosophy is founded on his facts. Hume might defend himself so; and had no objection that his History, in like manner, might be considered as "philosophy teaching by examples," though the examples were often ideal. But he says of himself, "a passion for literature was the ruling passion of my life;" and the first point was to achieve a great literary triumph—to produce a finished and perfect historical tragedy that might rival in plot, in *denouement*, in high-wrought interest, as well as in grace and beauty of diction, one of the great works of ancient art. Taking this object as paramount, there cannot be a doubt that the Royalist was the poetical and proper tragic version to adopt; and Hume for the time threw aside his whiggism, which he had not

yet got rid of in real life, as well as his skeptical weighing and examination of principles, and in the idealizing process kept only the figures, and names, and dates, and landmarks of actual events, and threw over them the coloring of the artist, the mist of the magician, where "all was delusion, nought was truth." With these views, taking Charles as the centre of his composition, Hume gave him all the interest he could heap upon him, according to his notions. To have represented him as strict and rigid even to austerity, in religious tenets and observances, as he in later life certainly was, would have lowered him in the philosopher's eye: moreover, it would have interfered with the artistic simplicity of effect, which required the dark side of rebellion to be made darker with unrelieved fanaticism. The oppressions of the law, the illegal extortion of money on the king's side, which every one now admits, are not passed over, nor denied, nor palliated; but by a single dash of the brush, the shadow of the picture is made to cover them so that the eye never rests on them. The iron severity of Strafford, the bigotry and oppression of Laud, the tergiversation of Charles—a deep blemish in a noble nature—all are there, but huddled into the background; while the artist brings into the full blaze of his sunshine the amiable and heroic qualities of the king, the courage and genius of his great minister, and even the prime's zeal and genuine piety, to increase the tragic effect of their sufferings and death. It is done with admirable skill; and the spectator, enchanted with the picture, rejects all criticism against the truth of its facts. The story flows on so sweetly, it is impossible to stop it to ask the impertinent question, "Is it true?"

In this artist skill the historian of the House of Stuart is unrivalled. You can find few false statements or mistakes on matters of any real importance—not many suppressions of fact. You can rarely detect any ingenious sophistry. Praise and blame are duly awarded where merited. But all is made subservient to the "effect" which the great picture must produce to be perfect as a work of art.

It is here that Hume shows his mastery, more than in any perfection of mere style and language; and yet the easy, equal, sustained style of the historian was well suited to his object, and, indolent as he certainly was in many points, this achievement was the result of much study and labor well concealed. It never falls below the dignity and interest of the narrative, and shuns all flights that might distract the attention from the great scene spread before us.

In Hume's time and for long after, (and perhaps it is so still,) no Scotchman wrote English without fear of blunders; and Hume was peculiarly sensitive in this matter. Even when success might have given confidence, his correspondence shows us how careful he was to have the assistance of his English friends for purifying his language of its northern spots and turns. By what discipline could one thus suffering under the irksome dread of provincialism school himself into the easy seeming language of Hume? He has furnished us with no key to this himself. In the dearth of other information, we have looked over the index of his philosophical works to find the authors quoted or referred to. At the same time we know how fallacious it is to rest on such foundations. It is one thing to cite an author and another to have studied his style; and perhaps the man who

is most imbued with the spirit and language of a great writer is least likely to make actual quotations from his page. There are evidently other causes which derange the calculation. The authorities produced must of course often depend more upon the subject in hand than on the familiar reading of the writer; and the author of the essay "On the Populousness of Ancient Nations" was necessarily led by his subject to consult books that might be foreign to his general studies and taste. Still the point is not without interest, and something may be found from such an inquiry. We give it for no more than it is worth.

The index of a common edition of the collected Essays, professing to notice all the authors quoted or remarked upon, gives the names of forty Greek writers, thirty-eight Latin, twenty-eight French, nineteen English, nine Italian. Of the Greek authors, Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch are each cited about thirty times:—Polybius, Xenophon, and Strabo, about half as often:—Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Lucian, each about twelve times;—Plato and Aristotle, each nine times;—Hesiod, Lysias, seven times each; Homer five times; and no other Greek authors so often as these. Of Latin writers, Tacitus is quoted twenty-four times; the elder Pliny, fifteen; Cicero, nineteen; Horace, fourteen; Livy, twelve; Columella, seven; Quintilian and Cæsar, each six; Martial, four; Petronius and Virgil, each three; Terence, twice. Of French writers, he cites Fontenelle four times; the Abbé Dubos as often; Racine three; Rochefoucault twice; Voltaire and Boileau, each once. Among the Italians, Machiavelli is quoted seven times; Ariosto and Guicciardini, each twice; Boccaccio, once. His English authorities are still more curious. He quotes Bacon and Locke, each seven times; Pope, five times; Swift, three; Shakspeare, twice; Bolingbroke, twice; Berkeley, Hutchinson, Addison, Prior, Parnell, each once. He quotes three or four early fathers; two modern theologians; the Bible, the Koran, and Cervantes, each once.

Now undoubtedly, such a list shows extensive research and study; and it would be hard to find an instance where a great array of authorities is used to better account than in the "inquiry regarding the populousness of ancient nations." His correspondence also is full of classical quotations and allusions. There is, however, something in the manner of the references which frequently suggests the idea, that the author consulted his Greek authors in the Latin translations; and there is a small slip of *αιμος*, meaning "blood," in one of his last letters, (ii. p. 504,) which is scarcely consistent with any habitual reading of Greek. He had evidently no familiar acquaintance with the Greek dramatists, probably not more than the French books of belles-lettres supplied. Homer he undoubtedly read in the original, and he loves to quote him even in his familiar letters, but too correctly, and as if he had the book open to make the quotation. Thucydides he must have studied; and he knew how to value the great historian when he pronounces "the first page of his work the commencement of real history." (*Essay on Eloquence*.) He appreciated the clearness and truth of Xenophon and Cæsar; but his admiration was reserved for the mixed historical and romantic biographies of Plutarch, which he recommended to Robertson as a model, and of which he himself at one time meditated a translation, (vol. ii., p. 84.) Hume knew Cicero well. Horace, and still more

Virgil, he often quoted from memory in his letters, supplying or altering as he best could. He probably read Latin with sufficient ease—but it is evident that he had never studied the language with any sort of care.* As for English, it would seem that Hume scarcely studied in that language, except when the subject on which he was engaged compelled him, or read its authors for his pleasure. He certainly drew none of his language from the “pure well of English undefiled.” The Bible, the best book for the study of the present English tongue, he was not likely to dwell upon. Shakespeare and Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were barbarous, neglecting the unities and so forth; Milton, though learned in all the learning of the classics, was no classicist, and, moreover, was fanatical; the band of writers who first wielded English prose as masters were mostly churchmen, and were indeed in his time generally disregarded or unknown. Bacon he had read, but only for his philosophy. Johnson had not yet directed the student of English composition to give his days and nights to Addison; and though Robertson was never weary of poring over Swift, it may be doubted if Hume could appreciate the most idiomatic of modern English styles. He chose his models and his rules elsewhere. He studied the Parisian writers on criticism and belles-lettres; followed Boileau and his school; affected to rave of Sophocles and Racine as near of kin; and, without an intimate knowledge of the languages of the classics, or a heartfelt appreciation of their spirit, still set them up as the ideal objects of his imitation both in form and essence.

It was undoubtedly on those models that he formed his style: but he bestowed upon it no common labor, and brought to the study no common qualifications. Clear good sense, an admirable precision of thought and reasoning, gave a similar precision and transparency of diction: a remarkable simplicity of mind, joined to a quick sense of the ridiculous, guarded him against attempting too high a flight. These qualities of his nature, with a never-ceasing watchfulness of his words,† enabled him to produce a narrative which, without the gracefulness of native and racy English, has the great merit of expressing his sense clearly and simply, and, by a wonderful art, leading us to forget the writer and the language under the fascination of his story. There is no greater triumph in this department, but it is the victory of thinking rather than of writing.

Much as we should wish to keep company with Hume in the society of his Edinburgh friends, we should be unreasonable to expect it. The resi-

*One specimen of verse, when Hume was forty-five, may suffice. It must have been a strange ear that allowed this mangling of an Ovidian hexameter.

Nam simul ac mea caluerant pectora musæ.—(ii, p. 20.)

The grammar is worthy of the quantity. He plainly intended *caluerant* to mean *heated*, and to govern *pectora*.

†The care of his style appears even in his letters, many of which are preserved in the first draft, and show constant correction where another word or phrase seemed nearer than that first chosen. The same practice is met with even in the letters actually sent to his familiars, and—what is not always the case with others—his alterations were always for the better. His style of letter-writing became much easier as he advanced in life, and in his later correspondence he gave up a practice which offends the reader of his (collected) early letters,—repeating the same story, or thought, or play of words—sometimes almost in the same phrase, in several letters, to different friends.

dence at Grignan stops the correspondence of the queen of letter-writers. When Hume is quietly placed among his dearest friends, and busy with his great work, he cannot have much time or occasion for letter-writing. The incident of his quarrel with the learned body of lawyers, whose officer he was, for polluting the shelves of a great public library, in fact the national depository of literature, with the works of Lafontaine and Crébillon, (p. 395,) is ridiculous enough, unless it was a mere pretext for attacking him, when it becomes something worse. But he was able now to stand alone. His works were rising in popularity and print. We find notices of several visits to London in connexion with new editions. He had moved in 1762 from his “tenement” in Riddell’s Land to a more spacious house which he bought in St. James’ Court—the same *flat*, as Mr. Burton proves by a legal document, in which Boswell afterwards received Johnson—though Boszy of course did not tell his guest the name of his landlord. In 1763 he wrote to Adam Smith:—“I set up a chaise in May next: and you may be sure a journey to Glasgow will be one of the first I shall undertake.” (Vol. ii., p. 148.) In short, he was advancing in the steady progress of an industrious and prudent and most successful literary man, surrounded by friends and all comforts, now playing the bountiful host in his own house to a band of guests such as will never meet again, now enjoying the freedom of the “Poker” club—when the quiet tenor of his days was interrupted by his visit to Paris as secretary to Lord Hertford, the English ambassador.

Hume’s reception and success in Paris (1764–5–6) were enough to turn almost any head; and they had some effect upon his. His skeptical philosophy, distasteful even then to the general mind of England, was received with universal applause in the circle of encyclopædists. His history had already drawn upon him the volunteered correspondence of the Comtesse de Boufflers, and he was assured of a general welcome. To prepare him the more to enjoy it, he had to contrast it with a decided want of success in London society. He never loved the English; and, in the time of Hume and Lord Bute, North Britons were not popular in the south. He wrote thus bitterly to Elliot:—

“I believe, taking the continent of Europe from Petersburg to Lisbon, and from Bergen to Naples, there is not one who ever heard my name who has not heard of it with advantage, both in point of morals and genius. I do not believe there is one Englishman in fifty who, if he heard I had broke my neck to-night, would be sorry; some, because I am not a whig; some, because I am not a Christian; and all, because I am a Scotsman. Can you seriously talk of my continuing an Englishman? Am I or you an Englishman? Do they not treat with derision our pretensions to that name, and with hatred our *just pretensions to surpass and govern them?*”—Vol. ii., p. 238.

And again, to Dr. Blair:—

“There is a very remarkable difference between London and Paris; of which I gave warning to Helvetius, when he went over lately to England, and of which he told me, on his return, he was fully sensible. If a man have the misfortune, in the former place, to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in a suitable society. The little company there that is worth

conversing with, are cold and unsocial; or are warmed only by faction and cabal; so that a man who plays no part in public affairs becomes altogether insignificant; and, if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible. Hence that nation are relapsing fast into the deepest stupidity and ignorance."—Vol. ii., p. 268.

Thus wrote David Hume of London in 1765—exactly in the most flourishing æra of Boswell's immortal cycle—exactly when Burke, Johnson, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick—not to mention Warburton, and Chesterfield, and Walpole—were in the topmost blaze of their social enjoyment and renown! The "History of the Stuarts" had appeared nine years before.

With these feelings of fierce resentment against English society, it is no wonder that Hume rejoiced in the reception he met with in France. We have seen his early aspirations after literary fame. But he might have attained the highest reputation by his writings, and yet not have satisfied so fully his craving, and come far short of the intoxicating pleasure he now enjoyed. In other times and countries, his works might have given him a passport into the society of authors and reading men. But literature just then was the rage in Paris—above all, the literature of infidelity; and Hume, with his broad face, wide mouth, and expression of imbecility, awkward in manner, speaking English like a Scotchman, and French imperfectly, (p. 270, &c.) found himself instantly courted by all the great as well as the learned, by the leaders of literature and the leaders of fashion alike, by philosophers and peers and princes; above all, caressed and idolized by the most fascinating women in the world, the top of courtly aristocracy of France, and the centre of an aristocracy of letters almost as exclusive.

All this was not the less valued that he knew how rare were such attentions to a stranger. Writing to Blair, (to excuse his not introducing a young Scotchman of rank whom his friend had recommended to him,) he says:—

"It is almost out of the memory of man that any British has been here on a footing of familiarity with the good company except my Lord Holderness, who had a good stock of acquaintance to begin with, speaks the language like a native, has very insinuating manners, was presented under the character of an old secretary of state, and spent, as is said, £10,000 this winter, to obtain that object of vanity. Him, indeed, I met everywhere in the best company: but as to others—lords, earls, marquises, and dukes—they went about to plays, operas, and —. Nobody minded them; they kept company with one another; and it would have been ridiculous to think of bringing them into French company."—Vol. ii., p. 194.

We learn somewhat of Hume's brilliant success and of the feelings it caused in the philosophic breast, from his own letters; and in quoting these we shall avoid as much as we can those previously known. He writes to Blair:—

"The men of letters here are really very agreeable: all of them men of the world, living in entire, or almost entire, harmony among themselves, and quite irreproachable in their morals. It would give you, and Jardine, and Robertson, great satisfaction to find that there is not a single deist among them. Those whose persons and conversation I like best, are D'Alembert, Buffon, Marmontel, Diderot, Duclos, Helvetius, and old President Hénault, who, though now decaying,

retains that amiable character which made him once the delight of all France. He had always the best cook and the best company in Paris. But though I know you will laugh at me, as they do, I must confess that I am more carried away from their society than I should be by the great ladies with whom I became acquainted at my first introduction to court, and whom my connections with the English ambassador will not allow me entirely to drop."—Vol. ii., p. 181.

To this letter there is no date. Was David mystifying the reverend doctor? Or had he really been in Paris for more than a few weeks without discovering anything either of infidelity or of lax morality in the circles stereotyped by Grimm?

To Colonel Edmondstone he says, in January, 1764:—

"The good reception I have met with at Paris renders my present course of life, though somewhat too hurried and dissipated, as amusing as I could wish. * * The material point is, (*if anything can be material*;) that I keep my health and humor as entire as I possessed them at five-and-twenty."—Vol. ii., p. 183.

To Blair again he says, in the same month:—

"It is very silly to form distant schemes: but I am fixed at Paris for some time, and, to judge by probabilities, for life. My income would suffice me to live at ease, and a younger brother of the best family would not think himself ill provided for, if he had such a revenue. Lodgings, a coach, and clothes, are all I need; and though I have entered late into this scene of life, I am almost as much at my ease as if I had been educated in it from my infancy.

"I shall indulge myself in a folly which I hope you will make a discreet use of: it is the telling you of an incident which may appear silly, but which gave more pleasure than perhaps any other I had ever met with. I was carried, about six weeks ago, to a masquerade, by Lord Hertford. We went both unmasked; and we had scarce entered the room when a lady in a mask came up to me and exclaimed: '*Ha! Mons. Hume, vous faites bien de venir ici à visage découvert. Que vous serez bien comblé ce soir d'honnêtetés et de politesses! Vous verrez, par des preuves peu équivoques, jusqu'à quel point vous êtes chéri en France.*' This prologue was not a little encouraging; but, as we advanced through the hall, it is difficult to imagine the caresses, civilities, and panegyrics which poured on me from all sides. You would have thought that every one had taken advantage of his mask to speak his mind with impunity. I could observe that the ladies were rather the most liberal on this occasion. But what gave me chief pleasure was to find that most of the eulogiums bestowed on me turned on my personal character, my *naïveté*, and simplicity of manners, the candor and mildness of my disposition, &c.—*Non sunt mihi cornua fibra*. I shall not deny that my heart felt a sensible satisfaction from this general effusion of good will; and Lord Hertford was much pleased, and even surprised, though he said he thought that he had known before upon what footing I stood with the good company of Paris.

"I allow you to communicate this story to Dr. Jardine. I hope it will refute all his idle notions that I have no turn for gallantry and gaiety—that I am on a bad footing with the ladies—that my turn of conversations can never be agreeable to them—that I never can have any pretensions to their favors, &c., &c., &c. A man in vogue will

always have something to pretend to with the fair sex.

"Do you not think it happy for me to retain such a taste for idleness and follies at my years; especially since I have come into a country where the follies are so much more agreeable than elsewhere? I could only wish that some of my old friends were to participate with me of these amusements; though I know none of them that can, on occasion, be so thoroughly idle as myself."—Vol. ii., p. 196.

After the lapse of more than a twelvemonth, he writes thus to Blair:—

"In Paris a man that distinguishes himself in letters meets immediately with regard and attention. I found, immediately on my landing here, the effects of this disposition. Lord Beauchamp told me that I must go instantly with him to the Duchesse de la Vallière. When I excused myself, on account of dress, he told me that he had her orders, though I were in boots. I accordingly went with him in a travelling frock, where I saw a very fine lady reclining on a sofa, who made me speeches and compliments without bounds. The style of panegyric was then taken up by a fat gentleman, whom I cast my eyes upon, and observed him to wear a star of the richest diamonds;—it was the Duke of Orleans. The duchess told me she was engaged to sup in President Hénault's, but that she would not part with me;—I must go along with her. The good president received me with open arms; and told me, among other fine things, that, a few days before, the dauphin said to him, &c., &c., &c. Such instances of attention I found very frequent, and even daily. You ask me, if they were not very agreeable? I answer—no; neither in expectation, possession, nor recollection. I left that fire-side, where you probably sit at present, with the greatest reluctance. After I came to London, my uneasiness, as I heard more of the prepossessions of the French nation in my favor, increased; and nothing would have given me greater joy than any accident that would have broke off my engagements. When I came to Paris, I repented heartily of having entered, at my years, on such a scene; and, as I found that Lord Hertford had entertained a good opinion and good will for Andrew Stuart, I spoke to Wedderburn, in order to contrive expedients for substituting him in my place. Lord Hertford thought for some time that I would lose all patience and would run away from him. But the faculty of speaking French returned gradually to me. I formed many acquaintance and some friendships. All the learned seemed to conspire in showing me instances of regard. The great ladies were not wanting to a man so highly in fashion: and, having now contracted the circle of my acquaintance, I live tolerably at my ease. I have even thoughts of settling at Paris for the rest of my life; but I am sometimes frightened with the idea that it is not a scene suited to the languor of old age. I then think of retiring to a provincial town, or returning to Edinburgh, or — but it is not worth while to form projects about the matter. D'Alembert and I talk very seriously of taking a journey to Italy together; and, if Lord Hertford leave France soon, this journey may probably have place."—Vol. ii., p. 268.

He has plainly schooled himself into moderation, and we might trust his own report as not overstated. But we have his success recorded by other pens not liable to exaggeration; spoken to

by witnesses who laugh at the triumphing here while they affirm the triumph. Mr. Burton has collected a few passages from contemporaries, of which the following are to our purpose:—

"Ce qu'il y a encore de plaisant, c'est que toutes les jolies femmes se le sont arraché, et que le gros philosophe Ecossais s'est plu dans leur société. C'est un excellent homme, que David Hume; il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, il dit quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd—il n'a ni chaleur, ni grâce, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes. O que nous sommes un drôle de peuple!"—*Correspondance Littéraire de Grimm*, vol. v., p. 125.

Madame d'Epinaï gives us the picture of the fat historian in some charades of the day, cajoled into enacting the part of a sultan, who was to make violent love to two beauties of the seraglio, (the two prettiest women in Paris.) He is on a sofa between them, gazing steadfastly at them—

"Il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que—'Eh bien! mes demoiselles . . . Eh bien! vous voilà donc . . . Eh bien! vous voilà . . . vous voilà ici.' Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure sans qu'il pût en sortir."

He was not pressed to play any more; but, says the lady,

"Il n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé. C'est en vérité une chose plaisante que le rôle qu'il joue ici. Malheureusement pour lui, ou plutôt pour la dignité philosophique, (car, pour lui, il paraît s'accommoder fort de ce train de vie,) il n'y avait aucune manie dominante dans ce pays lorsqu'il y est arrivé: on l'a regardé comme une trouvaille dans cette circonstance, et l'effervescence de nos jeunes têtes s'est tournée de son côté. Toutes les jolies femmes s'en sont emparées; il est de tous les soupers fins, et il n'est point de fête sans lui."—*Mém. de Mde. d'Epinaï*, vol. iii., p. 284.

Horace Walpole writes from Paris:—"Hume is treated here with perfect veneration. His history, so falsified in many parts, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing," (vol. ii., p. 225.) * * * "For Lord Lyttleton, if he would come hither and turn free thinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing that they believe implicitly, which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks."—(Vol. ii., p. 226.)

This great and firm success in the most difficult society in the world is not to be accounted for, either by the literary merits of Hume, or in the manner Madame d'Epinaï explains it. There might be something in the present want of a "lion." There was much in the admiration of the metaphysician and historian. His skepticism was better still, and, of course, the more valued as coming from benighted England. But, after all, we can well believe that these only gave the needful standing-place. His success subsequently is at all events very much to be attributed to the same qualities that made him the favorite of his little society at home. The "Honest David Hume" of Dr. Carlyle and the Edinburgh club, was the "bon David" of the French salons. His unselfish, kindly nature, the sincerity of his friendships, the goodness of his temper, were the qualities that won him love and esteem everywhere, and in that over-refined society there was a charm in the unaffected

simplicity, and perhaps a little amusement from the very awkwardness of person, manner, and language, of the "*gros et grand philosophe*."

Hume, however, enjoyed his Parisian triumph for two years of unabated brilliancy, and departed amidst the regrets and solicitations to return, of all that was distinguished in French society. He brought with him to England one still greater "lion" than himself.

Rousseau, not so much by reason of his great genius as by dint of a diseased and monstrous vanity, a little persecution, which he courted, an affectation of eccentric simplicity and shunning the public gaze, was in truth at that moment the most famous "lion" in Europe. Hume writes to Blair from Paris:—

"It is impossible to express or imagine the enthusiasm of this nation in his favor. As I am supposed to have him in my custody, all the world, especially the great ladies, tease me to be introduced to him. I have had rouleaus thrust into my hand, with earnest applications that I would prevail on him to accept of them. I am persuaded that, were I to open here a subscription with his consent, I should receive £50,000 in a fortnight. The second day after his arrival, he slipped out early in the morning to take a walk in the Luxembourg gardens. The thing was known soon after. I am strongly solicited to prevail on him to take another walk, and then to give warning to my friends. Were the public to be informed, he could not fail to have many thousand spectators. People may talk of ancient Greece as they please; but no nation was ever so fond of genius as this, and no person ever so much engaged their attention as Rousseau. Voltaire and everybody else are quite eclipsed by him.

"I am sensible that my connexions with him add to my importance at present. Even his maid La Vasseur, who is very homely and very awkward, is more talked of than the Princess of Morocco or the Countess of Egmont, on account of her fidelity and attachment towards him. His very dog, who is no better than a collie, has a name and reputation in the world."—Vol. ii., p. 299.

In a letter from London he tells Blair, "the philosophers of Paris foretold to me that I could not conduct him to Calais without a quarrel; but I think I could live with him all my life in mutual friendship and esteem." (Vol. ii., p. 310.) One of "the philosophers" who foresaw the event was the Baron d'Holbach, who told Hume, as he was leaving Paris, "Vous ne connaissez pas l'homme. Je vous le dis franchement, vous allez réchauffer un serpent dans votre sein." Morellet, to whom we owe the anecdote, adds that, when news of the quarrel arrived three weeks afterwards, none of the party at d'Holbach's table, Grimm, Diderot, Saint Lambert, Helvetius, &c., were at all surprised. (*Morellet, Mém.*, chap. v.)

Mr. Burton has passed rapidly over the Rousseau adventures, and though we do not praise him therefore, and think the subject deserved more prominence in a life of Hume, we are compelled to imitate his example. The letters written at the time establish beyond dispute the zealous and delicate sympathy felt by Hume for his unfortunate companion; though they prove also a somewhat excessive resentment at Rousseau's ingratitude. Hume himself has described him as "like a man who was stript not only of his clothes but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat

with the rude and boisterous elements, such as perpetually disturb this lower world." (Vol. ii., p. 314.) In that morbid sensibility of his nature, lay an abundant punishment for the evils inflicted upon others by the most engrossing and exclusive selfishness and a vanity already nearly approaching to madness.

After Hume's arrival in London he acted for a year as under secretary of state to Mr. Conway, and then retired finally to Edinburgh. "I returned," he says, "in 1769, very opulent, (for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a year,) healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease and of seeing the increase of my reputation." How easily he fell back into his old haunts and habits, we learn from a letter to Sir Gilbert Elliot, 16th October, 1769:—

"I have been settled here two months, and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I think it improbable that I shall ever in my life cross the Tweed, except perhaps a jaunt to the north of England for health or amusement. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James' Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life. I have just now lying on the table before me, a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage, (a charming dish,) and old mutton and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth, in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncreif: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for as to giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition; as thinking it will redound very much to my honor."—Vol. ii., p. 431.

Of the last part of Hume's life there is not much to notice. He found occupation in building a house;—and *St. David's Street*, in the oldest part of the New Town of Edinburgh, is understood to have derived its name as well as its beginning from "le bon David."* He took some interest in public affairs, but much more in the education of his nephews, and the affairs of all his friends. He wrote a friendly review of Henry's praiseworthy attempt at a new fashion of history, and welcomed Gibbon's first volume as likely to redeem the character of the "declining literature of England." He enjoyed life; but made no more efforts. He had run the race and won the prize of his ambition. Like the wedding in the last act of a comedy, the return to Edinburgh with a fortune of £1000 a year and a sufficiency of reputation is the termination of the action. His life had been successful in all its objects beyond his highest expectation, and he could now afford to withdraw. He was "somewhat stricken in years;" fat and addicted to fat living; but he might have taken his mutton and claret for many years, had he not been as

* It appears from Mr. Chambers' "Traditions of Edinburgh," (1825,) that Hume's house was that at the south-west angle of St. Andrew's Square, with the entrance in St. David's Street.

sailed by an insidious, hereditary disease. In his autobiography he tells us, "In spring, 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution." He ate his last dinner at "the Poker," on the 8th of December, 1775; made his will on the 4th of January; hailed the publication of the "Wealth of Nations" on the 1st of April; on the 18th he put the last hand to "My Own Life;" towards the end of that month he performed his journey to London and Bath in company with his attached friend John Home; marked the burning down of the taper as accurately as his physicians; continued to write friendly and lively letters; and lived to return to Edinburgh. After his return, on the 20th of August, he wrote to Madame de Boufflers condoling with her on the death of her old lover, the Prince de Conti, and concluding with these words—"I see death approach gradually without any anxiety or regret. I salute you with great affection and regard for the last time." He wrote to Adam Smith on the 23d of August: "I go very fast to decline; and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness; but unluckily it has in a great measure gone off:" on the same day he told Dr. Cullen, "I am going fast enough to please my enemies, and as easily as my friends could desire;" and on the 25th of August, 1776, he died. Dr. Black writes to Smith the following day, "He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness." Dr. Cullen says to Dr. Hunter, "He was indeed one 'des grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant.'" (p. 516.)

Multitudes of all ranks flocked to witness his funeral, though it took place amid heavy rain. According to a former biographer, "The crowd gazed as if they had expected the hearse to have been consumed in livid flames, or encircled with a ray of glory." People bribed the sexton to be admitted to visit his grave, and his brother found it necessary to have it railed in, to protect it from their curiosity. (p. 517.) A circular structure of considerable pretensions was subsequently erected over the spot, on the Calton Hill.

We do not know why Mr. Burton has omitted Adam Smith's evidently unstudied letter, written the day following his friend's death. Its being already well known is no sufficient reason of exclusion in a Life of Hume.

"His temper seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising upon proper occasions acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independence. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantries was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humor, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify; and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight even those who were the objects of it. To

his friends who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit."

In Boswell's *Hebridean Journal* (Croker's edition, vol. ii., p. 267) will be found some very just remarks on part of this effusion. At the same time the circumstances and date should be in candor and charity remembered; and surely, even now, looking from the cool distance of almost a century, we can recognize the truth of much of the flattering picture of the devoted and grateful friend. Hume's is one of those characters in which we need not hesitate to trace the effects produced by Christianity upon a mind that did not recognize its divine origin and operation. There were in him many of the gentler virtues which must be fostered by the gracious influence of religion pervading all society, from the training of childhood to the grave. He was free from the errors of conduct which sometimes drive men in desperation to renounce the Deity, as their great opposite. In his general conduct and government of his faculties there was no arrogance nor want of candor. Allowing much for the intoxication of fame, and the seduction of paradox, and the bewitchment of prohibited opinions, we still find it most hard to account for one so clear in intelligence, so blameless in manners, refusing the hope of a world beyond the present—"that he who revered benevolence should, without apparent regret, cease to see it on the throne of the universe."

In perusing these volumes of Mr. Burton's we have not detected many errors of fact, and none that we should have thought it necessary to point out, if the author had not in a few instances gone somewhat out of his way to find them.

We believe there never were two families of Murray styled of Broughton, as Mr. Burton has thought it necessary to inform us in a note, (p. 167.) The only family so designated was seated in Galloway—that of the chevalier's renegade secretary, which we think did not survive him in the legitimate line.

A mistake, proceeding from the same over-anxiety for correctness, occurs in volunteering a correction of a date of Hume's, *Ragley*, which Mr. Burton thinks should be *Hagley*, the seat of Lord Lyttleton, (vol. ii., p. 419.) It does not appear that Hume ever visited Lyttleton; but this letter was written in 1768, when Hume was under-secretary to Lord Hertford's brother, Mr. Conway; and *Ragley*, in Warwickshire, was then, as now, a principal mansion of the Hertford family.

When Millar wanted to engrave a portrait for the History, Hume offered to sit to "Ferguson," (ii., p. 409;) whereupon the editor again goes out of his way to remark that this artist has not been handed down to posterity by the critics and biographers. The critics may have spared him, but James Ferguson was his own biographer. The self-taught mechanician and astronomer has recorded in his delightful autobiography (prefixed to his

Select Mechanical Exercises,) that he supported himself for several years by painting portraits. They are generally in Indian ink on vellum. We have some of them now before us, mostly Edinburgh professors, very pleasing miniature sketches.

We hope in a second edition Mr. Burton will print entire and by itself Hume's sketch of his own life; and add his account of the Rousseau adventure; also Adam Smith's letter on his death, and some quotations from Bishop Horne and Boswell in connection with it.

We have already expressed our opinion of the manner in which the editor has executed in general his difficult task. If we had room we should like to call attention to some passages of his own writing. There is in particular a manly, cheerful tone in some remarks on the improved condition of literary laborers, which is to us very pleasing (vol. i., pp. 199, 200.) The fact of the general improvement on which he dwells cannot be doubted; though when he selects Fielding, Goldsmith, and Johnson as types and evidences of the comparative infelicity of literary merit in a former age, we cannot compliment him on the choice of two at least of those instances: for in them surely illustrious talents and most amiable moral qualities too were combined with weaknesses and irregularities of conduct which, in any age, would be found incompatible with the attainment of solid independence by mere literary means.

Mr. Burton has, as might be expected, his share of the doctrines of the modern Edinburgh school, political and economical—but we are not thereby tempted to controversy; and conclude with sincerely thanking him for the enjoyment which his zeal, industry, and ability have afforded us.

From the Quarterly Review.

Voyages of Discovery and Research in the Arctic Regions, from the year 1818 to the Present Time.
By SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., F.R.S. London.
8vo. 1846.*

We learn from our veteran author's preface to his summary of arctic discovery, that his labors have been directed to two unexceptionable objects: the first, the gratification of the gallant and enduring men whose fame his book is intended to popularize; the second, the instruction of a class of readers who want leisure to digest or means to purchase the costly and voluminous records of the recent achievements of their countrymen in the field of arctic exploration. Although the pages of this journal have followed the successive steps of that discovery with a fidelity which may be considered to have exhausted the subject for such purposes as ours, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of a brief notice of our *quondam* colleague's summary. We know, from the testimony of those concerned, that it has given the pleasure it was intended to convey; and, from our own experience, that the quintessence of so many quartos has no ungrateful flavor for those who have in their time devoured and digested the materials from which it has been distilled. With one solitary exception, the officers and men concerned in these successive expeditions will feel grateful to the venerable baronet for his simple and compendious abstract of their services. Those perhaps who stand most eminent on the list will most be disposed to a generous feel-

ing of regret that the exception in question could not have been altogether omitted, or at least dismissed with less particular notice. It must, however, be remembered that Sir John Barrow, with respect to Sir John Ross, is in the situation not of a rival or a comrade, but of a parent who has witnessed two attempts at the murder of a favorite child: once like Hercules in the cradle, and afterwards when it had attained a vigorous adolescence. It is clear that if the log of Captain John Ross' first voyage had received on his return a lenient scrutiny on the part of a utilitarian and economical board of admiralty, the western coast of Baffin's Bay would have figured on our charts as a continuous barrier, unless some whaler had discovered and penetrated the Sound from which Captain Ross retreated so abruptly. That retreat and its attempted vindication were hard to put up with in 1818; but it was harder still to hear it maintained in 1834, that no North-West passage could exist, on grounds such as those alleged in the evidence of Sir J. Ross. Sir J. Barrow has had ample revenge. Where, according to Sir J. Ross, "the broad ocean leans against the land" of Bothia Felix, Messrs Dease and Simpson have navigated a continuous sea—without leaping the imagined isthmus—or looking down the descent of fifteen feet measured by Sir J. Ross' theodolite.

For those who wish, at small expense of time or money, to obtain a comprehensive view of the progress and results of our repeated attempts at the two main objects of northern exploration—the attainment of the Pole itself, and the performance of the North-West passage—the present volume leaves little to be desired. To those who, like ourselves, have studied the published accounts, it may still serve, like the index map of an ordnance survey, to facilitate recurrence to particular passages; but to such the portions of most interest will probably be those which convey the ultimate notions of the writer as to the possibilities and probabilities which, after all that has been achieved, still remain subjects for conflicting opinion and discussion. It may seem strange that any civilian should venture to maintain an opinion on a point of arctic navigation adverse to that of Sir Edward Parry. Even the octogenarian ex-secretary of the admiralty, and founder of the Royal Geographical Society, may appear *impar congressus* with the experienced commander of four expeditions—yet, both with reference to the North-West passage and the attainment of the Pole, the civilian stoutly maintains his convictions against the navigator. On the former of these subjects we should be compelled, on a division, to vote with Sir J. Barrow. We are humbly, at least, of opinion with him that the principle of arctic exploration by sea should be all practicable avoidance of the land, instead of navigating between the ice and some continuous line of coast, as suggested by Captain Parry, and illustrated by his advocacy of Prince Regent's Inlet as the best channel for future attempts (see page 269.) We have the benefit of Captain Beaufort's accordance on this subject; and if we were making a book, in the Newmarket sense of the word, we would hazard a bet that if Sir J. Franklin makes his way through Davis' Straits he will have passed either through Wellington Channel or by Melville Island, and not through Regent's Inlet. The discoveries, indeed, of Franklin, Back, Dease, and Simpson, have, since Sir E. Parry conceived the opinion to which he adheres, proved the existence of continuous sea in

* Reprinted as vol. 13 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

this direction; but they all concur in describing the coast as almost without a harbor, and the depth of water along it is only sufficient for boat navigation. The best mode of attempting the Pole itself is another and a distinct question. After the failure of Sir E. Parry's last attempt over the ice, it is scarcely probable that any board of admiralty will so far share that officer's persevering enthusiasm as to renew the attempt in the manner he proposes by directing an expedition to winter at Spitzbergen, and prosecute its further proceedings in April, in the hope of finding fixed and smooth ice, instead of the hummocky and drifting masses which foiled the attempt of 1827. We think, however, that such a plan promises rather better than Sir J. Barrow's vision of a summer sail through his assumed Polar basin, even assisted by the screw propeller.

We dare not indulge in speculation, still less in prophecy, as to the fate and fortunes of those brave men who have again, under Sir J. Franklin, disappeared through Lancaster Sound. Till October at soonest we may be content to know that no tidings of their success can by possibility reach us. After that date our feelings must begin to be those of the king and princess who watched the third disappearance of Schiller's diver. God grant the result may be different! Be it what it may, a more enviable position on the record of human achievement we can hardly conceive than that which will be enjoyed by the leaders in these various expeditions by sea and land. The solitary instance of bloodshed which occurs is one which, so far from defacing the record, positively adorns it by the exhibition of stern resolution coupled with the strictest justice and the purest humanity. The contributions which these voyages afford to our knowledge of the human race, though necessarily limited, have their value. It is satisfactory to know that the better ingredients of man's mingled nature are ubiquitous, and independent of climate and geographical position; that while atmosphere and diet may influence physical conformation, the irrepressible fire of the intellect, the milder glow of the social charities, and the intenser flame of parental affection are frost-proof. To descend a step lower in the scale of creation, even the brute tenants of these icy but not unpeopled wastes present examples of the latter qualities which man cannot contemplate without emotion. If in more genial latitudes he has "learned of the little nautilus to sail," he may also learn of the polar bear and the uncouth walrus not only to shield his offspring from danger, but to stand by his friend in the hour of trouble, and carry off his wounded comrade from the press of battle.

With regard to the heroes themselves of this long and varied Saga of northern adventure, nothing is more remarkable than that wonderful pertinacity in enterprise which maritime pursuits seem to have some peculiar power to generate. Sea-sickness is not so soon forgotten by a young traveller on his first tour, when ordering dinner at Desain's, as shipwreck, nipping, mosquitoes, the digestion of *tripe de roche* and old shoes, and all the other sad incidents of arctic exploration, by such men as Franklin, Back, and Richardson. In the collection of the college of surgeons may be seen the fragment of a studding-sail boom, the iron end of which, blunt and cylindrical, once pinned to the deck an unfortunate sailor youth, entering somewhere near the pit of the stomach, making a

sort of north-west passage between the heart and the lungs, and issuing at the back into an oak plank below. He was cured, and the interest of the case induced the member of the college who attended it to give him, when convalescent, employment as a servant. Ease and comfort were of no avail, and as little the reminiscence of his accident. He returned to the sea, has since swum ashore from shipwreck, and is, we doubt not, if alive, still a sailor. It required something of the elastic temperament, of which the above is an instance in humble life, to call from Italy Sir George Back, who had shared the horrors of Franklin's expedition of 1819, to resume his snow-shoes for another land expedition. What shall we say of Sir John Franklin himself—of that spirit so buoyant still, though youth had fled! We can but pray for this most amiable and excellent man's safe return from the expedition in which he is now engaged.

THE *Constitutionnel* gives the following relative to the mission confided to Mr. Hood at La Plata: "Mr. Hood has received from the French and English governments a special mission and full powers to arrange the affairs of La Plata. At first M. Guizot refused to consent to the power demanded for Mr. Hood; but, after a long correspondence, he at last yielded. From the plan adopted, it is much to be feared that the only persons who will derive any benefit from this mission will be Rosas, Oribe, and Mr. Hood himself. Mr. Hood remained at Montevideo, first as consul of England, and afterwards as consul-general. He was obliged to withdraw immediately after the treaty of October 29, 1840. He went to England, where he did not cease intriguing for six years in favor of his *protégé*. His incessant endeavors in favor of a man who has become the right arm of Rosas, and, like him, sullied with crimes and blood, ought to have opened the eyes of the cabinet of St. James. Let any one who can explain the sympathy of M. Guizot for this bitter enemy of our country. Will M. Guizot deny the facts imputed to Mr. Hood? If necessary, all the city of Montevideo could bear witness to them. M. de Mareuil, whose conduct we have pointed out, has received orders to proceed to Buenos Ayres to assist Mr. Hood. It is even said that the two governments have authorized Mr. Hood, if necessary for the accomplishment of his mission, to disavow the acts of their present agents, particularly in what concerns the navigation of the Parana."

A NOTE FROM THE SHADES.—"Mr. Gray, poet, and author of a little thing entitled, *An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and wishes to know if the subjoined four lines might not be appropriately inscribed on the pedestal of a statue (in biscuit) erected in the matter of the Corn-Laws, to Sir Robert Peel:—

'The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes?'"

Punch, in answer, begs to inform Mr. Gray that he (*Punch*) has submitted the verse to the opinion of Mr. Disraeli, and that crystal-headed legislator pronounces its fitness to be admirable.

From the Athenæum.

Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages in Black and White. Made on the spot by a Wandering Artist. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

THE design of this book is not a bad one. You come to some grim-looking castle, some half-ruined monastery, or some grey-turreted church, the great antiquity of which strikes you at once. You next inquire what historical associations, whether in ancient chronicle or tradition, relate to one of these time-honored relics; and in almost every country, and especially in Switzerland, you are sure to light on characters and events likely to interest the present age. If history be strictly adhered to, you may instruct as well as amuse.

The fair author commences her picturesque historical sketches with Basle. The cathedral was the burial-place of the Empress Anne, (1282,) consort of Rudolph I., the founder of Austrian greatness. The corpse was brought from Vienna; and the ceremonial of interment was as splendid as any lover of fine sights could wish to behold. Yet the exposure of the imperial corpse—not in the coffin, but on a magnificent throne—would seem an odd, and not very agreeable, spectacle in our days. The Bishop of Basle and his clergy thought otherwise; and it cannot be denied that they had precedents enough for the ceremony, which, in some parts of the continent, is not unknown even at this day:—

“All the clergy of his diocese received invitations to be present at this august solemnity; and on Thursday, the 19th of March, 1282, he issued from the gates of the episcopal palace at the head of twelve hundred ecclesiastics, (of whom six were abbots,) priests conventual and secular, each bearing a lighted waxen torch, to meet the funeral cavalcade at some distance from the city gates. The imperial corpse was received at the door of the cathedral, with all the state and ceremony peculiar to papal pomp, by three other bishops awaiting its arrival with a minor host of dignitaries; and from thence (amid the chanting of litanies and the chiming of bells) conveyed into the choir, where the coffin was opened, and the deceased empress was placed upon a magnificent throne, which had been erected on a raised platform, surmounted by a *dais* or canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold. Her ladies and the distinguished personages who took a prominent part in the procession, dressed in deep mourning, ranged themselves on either side; whilst the four bishops performed a solemn mass before the awe-stricken multitude, assembled in thousands to witness so strange and appalling a sight. Sumptuous robes of rich silk and velvet enveloped the inanimate form of departed majesty. A veil of white silk floated from her head, and a small but elegant crown of silver gilt rested on her forehead. A collar of gold curiously wrought, containing a rich sapphire and other precious stones, was round her neck; and on the pale fingers of her lifeless hands, crossed over her bosom, glittered many costly gems. When the solemn service for the dead was finished, the body was again re-committed to the coffin, and entombed, amid the weeping of her attendants, in the choir close to that of the young prince Charles.”

But the remains of the empress were not to await the sound of the archangel's trump at Basle. Wounded by the reflection that, as the cathedral was no longer Catholic, the bones of her ancestors

were reposing in ground not quite so holy as she could wish, Maria Theresa, in 1771, removed them (there were twelve other coffins besides that of Rudolph's consort) to the Abbey of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest.

“When the tomb of the empress was opened at Basle, the coffin, or rather coffer, being found in too decayed a state to encounter a second journey, the padlocks were removed, and the body carefully transferred to one of solid mahogany, in the presence of the German commissioners and Swiss authorities, to whom a very extraordinary and awful spectacle was then exposed. The whole person of the empress was found in a perfect state, changed only to a deep black—her diadem still rested on her brows, and her golden collar encircled her throat—her royal habiliments preserved their graceful contour—but every hue, every shade of color, had fled.”

The imperial ornaments were given to the city of Basle, and were carefully preserved until 1830; when, at the close of the unhappy war between the municipality and the neighboring country, they fell into the hands of parties insensible to their value, who sold them for less than their intrinsic weight in bullion. The necklace was purchased by a jeweller; and an Israelitish pedler rejoiced in possessing the crown. But, alas! the bodies themselves had not yet reached a final resting-place—though dirge and anthem and pomp imperial had celebrated their recommitment to the dust, and a stately monument had arisen to commemorate the piety of Maria Theresa. The revolutionary armies of France approached the abbey; and, to save them from profanation, the late Emperor Francis once more removed them to the vault of the Hapsburg family, in the Capuchin convent at Vienna.

But there is something at Basle deserving of more attention than even the cathedral:—

“The traveller, however brief his sojourn at Basle, cannot fail to remark the solid battlements which crown the opposite shore of the Rhine, and the mass of buildings within, surmounted by a dilapidated church of extremely beautiful architecture: should his curiosity tempt him to cross the fine old bridge which spans the wide and rapid Rhine, and then turn up a dark narrow street to the left, he will find at its extremity the mouldering, but most extensive remains of a religious house, now in part converted into a hospital for invalid soldiers. Mullioned windows, from which hang files of shirts and stockings; Gothic doorways, half blocked up by bricks, and turf, and fagots; fragments of stone, of exquisite workmanship, on which the skilful sculptor had lavished long days of painful labor, profusely scattered over the well-trodden dirty court-yards, tell a lesson of fallen grandeur, and present a picture of bygone splendor not to be mistaken. Reader, that desolate dwelling was once the home of the noblest ladies of Europe! The silent aisles of that deserted church, converted into stables and granaries, yet enclose the dust of princes, nobles, prelates, abbesses, and titled damsels, whose well authenticated gentle blood could alone have procured them the honor of reposing within its hallowed precincts. A society of Dominican nuns were the possessors of this once sacred edifice—here for many centuries their superior reigned in sovereign power, independent of all control but that of the supreme head of the Romish church. What a lesson on the mutability of life—on the

evanescent nature of earthly pomp and worldly grandeur—may be learned from these crumbling ruins! Of all the noble ladies who lived and died within their holy enclosure, not a name, not a trace exists in their seat of empire."

It is the monastery of Klingenthal to which our attention is directed; and the ruins so well described furnish occasion for the historical sketch of "The Nuns' War." This religious house was founded in 1273, by the Baron of Clingen, under the auspices of the Emperor Rodolph; and its property was greatly augmented by the bequests of nobles in the surrounding provinces, and still more by the money and lands derived from the high-born ladies who assumed the veil in this aristocratic community. For some generations the holy recluses went on as well as other communities. Matins and mass, vespers and even-song, were chanted without interruption; and some portion, no doubt, of the superfluities arising from their ample revenues went to the relief of the poor who appeared at the convent gate. But about the year 1430, the monotony of their existence was agreeably broken by a quarrel with the prior and brotherhood of a Dominican establishment in the same city. The superior of that establishment had always exercised the right of protecting and of visiting the sister community—a right not unaccompanied by substantial advantages. But at the period in question—whether the visitatorial functions were more rigidly exercised, or "the sisters of Klingenthal," confiding in their noble connexions, had become too proud for such a surveillance—a stand was made against the authority of the grey-bearded fathers. When these grumbled at this petticoat rebellion, the gates of the convent were shut against them; and they had the additional mortification of seeing their jurisdiction transferred to the Bishop of Constance, who openly espoused the cause of the nuns. This event proved that the holy ladies were not without spirit. They had vowed to be their own mistresses, and they were so to their hearts' content;—for as to the authority of the distant bishop, it was just none at all. But even had he been near at hand and vigilant, he would scarcely have been equal to the quelling of such high spirits. "Curse these nuns!" cried one testy old visitor (the Abbot of Wettingen,—whose anathema, however, did not apply to the sisters of Klingenthal—"Curse these nuns! I dare not even mention the charges which are brought against them! Why are they not sober and chaste? They have chosen me for their guide because they know that I am a simple, credulous man, and easily deceived!") For some years, however, after the conquest over the Dominican friars, the sisters in question were outwardly decorous; and that they were also internally strict may be assumed from a tragedy which happened in 1466. A young nun, tired of her lot, and seeing no hope of escape save in a *coup-de-main*, set fire to the convent, expecting, amid the confusion of the scene, to slip unperceived away. But, though she had the pleasure of seeing the dormitories, and one at least of the cloisters, in a blaze, attended with as great a hubbub as could well be desired, she was at once suspected by the prioress, and safely guarded in the church until the fire was extinguished. Her guilt soon appeared, and her doom was "a vaulted cell underground, with bread and water for life." Never again was her name mentioned, or the period known when death terminated her sufferings. Her noble birth and

powerful connexions probably saved her from the still more dreadful doom of "*Vade in pace!*" But this austerity, whether real or affected, at length gave way to the natural course of things. Uninterrupted prosperity, with a surveillance merely nominal, was not the best soil for the growth of asceticism. There was first a suspicion; suspicion led to vigilant observation—this to whisper—and whisper to the bold report that the sisters of Klingenthal were "holy no longer." The progress of deterioration is well described by our anonymous author:—

"By one of those singular mysteries in the human heart inexplicable to reason, the nuns seemed to grow strangely more lenient to themselves after they had condemned their hapless sister to so fearful a doom, for seeking to escape from the thralldom of her vows; unless indeed the remembrance of the crime into which her detestation of a cloisteral life led her, determined them to abate its rigors in their own instance. They first ceased to chant their matin and vesper services, and this relaxation from their ancient discipline was gradually followed by many others yet more striking; till at length the sober citizens of Basle were astounded by the open and ostentatious display of their luxury, worldliness, and disregard of the established decorums of a religious calling. The large, heavy, dismal, rumbling vehicle, in which the prioress was wont at Easter, and on other high days and holidays, to move with slow solemn pace from one church or chapel to another, to pay her annual tribute of worship to some particular saint, with two or three subdued-looking sisters, like herself veiled and muffled from head to foot, now rolled briskly through the streets seemingly bent on a very different errand. Their spacious garden, stretching to a considerable extent along the left bank of the Rhine, where each had, in former days, been thankful to cultivate as her sole amusement a little narrow plot, scarcely larger than that sole inheritance which Earth bestows on all her children at their birth, no longer sufficing for air and exercise, they made frequent visits to their conventual lands in the adjacent country. Their repasts in the refectory, if not equal to those served up to the noble ladies of the convent of St. Hildgarde at Zurich, one of whose dainty abbesses was said to have loved so much the roe of the delicate lotte, that after having extinguished the breed in her own lake she was forced to send to Constance and Zug for supplies of this favorite fish; or to the luxurious feasts of the Benedictine monks in Lombardy, whose table so amazed Martin Luther, fresh from German *sour kraut* and black barley bread, that he deemed it his duty to warn them of his intention, on reaching Rome, to report their scandalous gluttony and extravagance to the pope, (for which the good man was within an inch of losing his life, so little did they relish his sincerity or appreciate his concern for their souls;) still they were most *recherché* and abundant, as the loads of fish and fowl, and game and legs of mutton, and buttocks of beef, seen daily entering the side door leading to the ample kitchen amply testified. Then their dress—alas! alas! that even the history of a convent should add its testimony to this besetting sin of woman-kind! The thick white woollen tunics of the Dominican order, with heavy black mantles and coarse linen, were replaced by habiliments made in the same form, but of the finest materials. A narrow braid of glossy hair peeping under the

snowy cambric which descended with symmetrical precision on each side of the face; attested either the forgetfulness or contempt of the fair wearers for the invariable monastic ordinance which prescribes that the hair, solemnly cut off at the ceremony of the profession, shall never more be allowed to grow. Their veils and pelerins were of the most costly cambric—they decorated their fair slender fingers with jewelled rings,

And crosses on their bosom wore,
Which Jews might worship and infidels adore.

Their chaplets of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones often curiously carved, would have vied with those of Louis Quatorze or Anne of Austria; and the quaint and sad apparel of their rule, thus modified by the hand of taste, became rather dignified, imposing, and becoming, than awful or repulsive. But these were minor points of offence—dust in the balance when weighed against other deviations from their vows. The privacy of the cloister was no longer respected—young and noble chevaliers, under the plea of consanguinity or friendship, were to be seen at almost all hours entering the great gates of the monastery, or lounging in the magnificent parlor appropriated to the reception of guests and strangers. Strong suspicion also existed that they had followed the example of Anne of Höwen, late abbess of the noble ladies at Zurich, who, availing herself of an ancient custom which consecrated a sombre season of the year to the enjoyment of the carnival, went disguised through the city with her younger brother Frederick. And as Henry of Höwen, the indulgent Bishop of Constance, under whose pastoral care they had placed themselves in 1431, was the brother of the noble offenders at Zurich, far too mighty for punishment, it is not altogether impossible that the accusation might have some foundation."

If such reports gave scandal to the public at large, they were heard with pleasure by the Dominican fathers of Basle. Now was the time to be revenged on the pert ladies who had openly and scornfully defied them. The reigning pontiff, Sixtus IV., was soon made acquainted with the amours of the nuns; and though he was not exactly the man to throw the first stone at criminals of this class, he directed Jacob of Stubach, provincial of the Dominican order in Alsace, to declare at an end the visitorial power of the Bishop of Constance, to replace the nuns under their former overseers, the vindictive friars, with an authority greatly augmented, and to carry the necessary reform to the utmost extent. With him was associated a stern man, William of Rappolstein, landvogt of Alsace. Attended by a numerous array, the provincial, early in January, 1480, hastened to the convent, and demanded admission in the formidable name of the pope. Of course, the gates were opened; and the dignified visitors admitted to the presence of the prioress, seated in her chair of state, and her twenty-three nuns standing on each side of her. The latter were not prepared for the decisive measures commanded by the holy father of Christendom. They expected, indeed, a reprimand, and perhaps a transference of the visitorial power from the Bishop of Constance to his lordship of Basle. They were soon undeceived, when the venerable provincial commenced the reading of the papal bull. So long as it related merely to the charges against them—

that they, the spouses of Christ, had for many years led a luxurious, dissipated, and ungodly life—they listened with contempt, their eyes speaking defiance to the intruders. But then came a scene:—

"Ere the apostolic letter was half concluded, astonishment and indignation burst in muttered exclamations of resentment so loud as to render the sonorous voice of the provincial almost inaudible; and when he at length reached that part which delivered them unconditionally into the absolute power of the brother preachers, whose partial yoke had been found so galling to the community fifty years before, rage and amazement, overleaping all the boundaries of prudence and propriety, rendered every attempt to conclude it impossible. Whilst the prioress, who had started from her throne in a paroxysm of fury, stood stiff and erect from agonized emotion with some of the elder sisters in the midst of the commissioners, hurling at the brother preachers and senators of Basle threats of vengeance through the instrumentality of the several counts, and barons, and knights with whom they claimed kindred or acquaintance—now taunting them, especially the Dominicans, with divers insulting epithets and insinuations very derogatory to the honor of that reverend body, then declaring that if, as menaced, any attempt should be made to remove them from the convent, they would set fire to it ere their expulsion—the juvenile and more active nuns, aided by youthful limbs and ardent spirits, rushed from the parlor to the vast kitchen, from whence they quickly returned to the scene of action, armed with brushes, spits, tongs, choppers, cleavers—every domestic utensil, in fine, which presented itself to their flashing eyes and eager hands. The provincial of Alsace and his dignified associates, who had probably listened to the injurious reproaches of the prioress and her companions with manly indifference, anticipating perhaps something of the sort, mingled with the sighs, tears, and swoons said to be usual with the fair sex on great occasions of woe or wrong or wrath, were overwhelmed by this sudden and most energetic display of feminine valor: personal safety absorbed all other considerations, with one accord they hastily retreated to the door; made good, not without some difficulty, their way unscathed through the narrow passages and outer courts, till they reached the grand portal, whence they bolted into the street, leaving the papal bull behind them, in company with sundry broad bands, and deep plaited white frills, and ruffles, torn from their necks and hands in the scuffle; some destitute of cloaks, others denuded of hats, and all in a state of the most grievous alarm, shame, and confusion."

Into the details which followed, and which are richly worthy perusal, we cannot enter. We can but glance at the grand results. Spiritual, aided by secular, authority was too much for the nuns; and, with the exception of some half-dozen of the more advanced in years, they chose to quit the convent, and return to the bosom of their noble families, rather than submit to their hated visitors. A new community was brought to supply their places, and their ample possessions seemed lost to them forever. But it was not so. Whatever might have been their faults, they had, at least, been excellent customers to the shopkeepers of Basle: this their successors were not. The friars were parsimonious, and therefore unpopular; and

in a short time the exiled condition of the sisters attracted the sympathy of the citizens. That the successors in question should fail to be liberal, need not to be wondered at—for, in truth, they had not the power. As the title-deeds of many manors—probably most of them—had been cunningly abstracted, and the tenants secretly encouraged to pay no rent, the revenues were fearfully diminished. This stroke of policy was followed by others equally able; until the noble relatives of the exiled recluses openly armed in their behalf, and Basle was invested by formidable armed bands. This demonstration was as fatal to the citizens, whose commerce it destroyed, as it was favorable to the nuns, whose letters and intrigues at length enlisted in their favor the mighty of the earth, whether ecclesiastic or secular. The end may be easily foreseen. In 1483, they were restored to their convent, allowed to choose their own advocates, and indemnified for their losses.

By way of episode—and a romantic though true episode it is—to this history of “The Nuns’ War,” we are presented with the fortunes of one sister; which well deserve our attention, as another proof that truth is often stranger than fiction. We allude to Adelaide, Baroness of Wartz; whose husband was implicated in the murder of the emperor, Albert I., in 1308. He seems to have been unjustly implicated; having, though present at the catastrophe, had no knowledge of the design, and being merely a spectator of the act. That, however, was no justification in the eyes of Albert’s daughter, the implacable Agnes of Hungary. “This princess,” says Pfeffel, (whom our authoress does not cite,) “acquired a melancholy celebrity by her cruel vengeance, not only on her father’s assassins, who all escaped her pursuit, and who ended their days in exile and obscurity, but on their families, friends, and allies, whom she pitilessly sacrificed to the shade of Albert, though they were innocent of complicity in the crime which laid him in the tomb.” The head of the conspirators, Albert’s own nephew, John of Swabia, (whom our author, we know not why, calls *Don John*,) died in misery, at the early age of twenty-five.

“There is also a tradition so popular that it has attained a place in many Swiss annals, that during his wanderings in the wild mountains of the country to which he was born heir, the wretched prince was supported by a young female peasant, to whose industry and ingenuity he owed his preservation for so long a period.—Seventy years afterwards, an aged, poverty-stricken man, of majestic mien, whose silver hair shaded features of great beauty, might be seen in the streets of Vienna: though almost blind, he seldom begged—but at intervals, when he fancied he recognized a face of uncommon benevolence, he would approach, and say in a low voice, ‘Pity the miserable son of the miserable Don John of Swabia.’”

After victims so illustrious, the Baron de Wartz could not hope for favor. He was betrayed by a nobleman, and his fate brings before us the extraordinary attachment of his wife. The following graphic description is painfully interesting:—

“The miserable man was extended on the scaffold, on the point of receiving the first blow, when the horror-stricken crowd, assembled to witness this fearful sight, made way for a female in deep mourning, whose wan pale face, and eager efforts to approach the scene of suffering, overcame all obstacles to her desire. She walked steadily for-

ward, and dropping on her knees implored the executioner to permit her to remain. She was the wife of the victim! Naturally of a gentle retiring nature, the Baroness of Wartz had mingled but little in the haughty court of the Emperor Albert; and after she became a mother she withdrew yet more from its gaieties, though her youth and beauty, high rank, and amiable qualities had ever insured her a distinguished place in its patrician circle. She was residing at the Castle of Balm, a little hamlet in the parish of Gunsperg in Argovia, unconscious of impending evil, when the emperor met his death; and she first learnt the fatal news by seeing her castle invested by armed troops, in search of her husband and brother. Her baby, an infant of twelve months old, asleep in its cradle at her foot, was murdered in her presence by the express order of Agnes, Queen of Hungary. Albert’s daughter, as the child of a regicide; and she was commanded, under penalty of instant death, to declare where her husband had found a shelter. Her paroxysms of fright, astonishment, and grief answered for her ignorance of the dreadful catastrophe; and after leaving a strong escort in the castle, and planting another around it to prevent all possibility of his escape if there concealed, the officer sent on this expedition departed. Adelaide of Wartz had ceased to be a mother, and her affections as a wife nestled yet more strongly in her heart: she had no link to bind her to life but that of wife, none to love but her husband. She deceived the vigilance of her guards, at the risk of her life made her way to the royal château, and, penetrating into the presence of the widowed Empress Elizabeth and her daughter Agnes, threw herself at their feet imploring the life of her husband. Her prayer was sternly refused; she then begged a mitigation of his sufferings—that also was denied; to share his prison—each petition was fiercely rejected; and she was repulsed from the castle to wander around the dungeon which would so soon open to deliver that husband to an ignominious and frightful death. She was present during all the sickening details of his horrible sentence, supporting him through his agonies by the assurance of her unabated attachment, and belief in his innocence; and when the executioner had finished his fatal office, and one by one the silent multitude withdrew as night closed in, she crept under the wheel where he was left to die in lingering torments; the *coup de grace*, or final blow of mercy, by which the sufferings of the victim were usually finished when each limb was broken, having been expressly forbidden. Morning dawned on the miserable pair—Wartz was in the prime of life, of noble athletic form, and though each member was doubly fractured, his vital energy remained. Three nights and three days, without food, without sleep, she watched ‘in the valley of the shadow of death,’ suffering neither ‘the birds of the air to rest on him by day, nor the beasts of the field by night;’ wiping from his dying brow the big drops of anguish that burst from every pore. Nature wrestled long with death; on the third evening he grew too faint to thank her for her love, and as the morning of the fourth day dawned, he died. Her earthly task was accomplished: she rose from her knees, and directed her tottering steps to Klingenthal, whose prioress was the baron’s sister. How she got there she could not tell: she fainted at the portal, and was carried in as an object of charity, so emaciated by famine, so changed by woe, that the

prioress for some time had no recollection of her person."

We have devoted so much space to the nuns of Klingenthal, that we have none left for the other chief historic sketches—"The War of the Two Abbots," and "Bertha, Queen of Transjurane Burgundy." Yet they are well worth perusal. They are graphic, animated, interesting; and, though sometimes over-charged by the author's fertile imagination, generally true. She has drunk largely at the springs of chivalric romance; springs which, though fair at a distance, are often muddy enough when nearly examined. She delights in the romantic—sometimes at the sacrifice of probability. At the risk of being charged with skepticism, we must reject the following story of the Countess Ida of Toggenburg, with the ring:—

"The story of the ring is singular. She had placed her jewel case on the deep window-sill of the castle, to dry the outside leather, which had contracted damp. It was open, and a favorite hawk or raven, darting down, seized the ring. Fearful of communicating her loss to so stern a lord, she kept it a secret to all but a few chosen domestics, who were authorized to reward any one who might find it. The young page, unhappily not of the confidential party, picked it up at a great distance from the castle, and, showing it to another page, boasted that it was the gift of a lady. The baron heard the vain boast, desired to see the ring, recognized it for the one presented by himself to his wife on their betrothal, rushed into her room, where he found her at the same open window from whence she had lost the ring; and, without a word, threw her down into the woody dell, six hundred feet below! The tardy truth availed not the unhappy youth, whose falsehood caused the ruin of both his lady and himself. Three days afterwards, the innocence of both was made known by the visit of a pedlar, who had seen him pick it up, and had bid a price which the other refused: he came to offer the sum originally demanded. Every search was then made for the countess; but she had, though much bruised, escaped as by a miracle, and withdrawn into a hollow cavern. There she lived four years on wild fruits, birds' eggs, and a little food, from time to time conveyed to her by an aged woman, to whom she communicated her preservation, and whose bounty she repaid by spinning for her in the night. A favorite dog at length discovered her retreat, and the baron went in great pomp to remove her to his castle; but Ida refused to return; and as an atonement for her sufferings, and the death of the page, he allowed her to build a convent, of which she became abbess. The story is well authenticated, and has perhaps served for the basis of many others, founded on the same idea, in after ages."

Amidst the fountains and rivers, the rocks and caves, the ruined castles and monasteries of Helvetia, our author may yet calculate on riches inexhaustible. Whether the two volumes before us are to be followed by others of a kindred nature, we are not informed—but this, we suspect, if her first, will not prove her last effort. She has a pen formed for popularity. Her book will be read with the interest inseparable from truth—however strangely that truth may be sometimes shaded by the creations, or, at any rate, the embellishments, of fancy. No romance was ever more agreeable than these records of personages who once lived, and once influenced the destinies of Swiss society.

OLD FURNITURE FOR SALE.—AUCTION.

Lot 1. The Seat of War (in India).—This seat has been very much knocked about, and has scarcely a leg to stand upon. With a little money, however, judiciously laid out, it could be put into immediate repair. It has been carried about for half a century all over India, and is now to be disposed of, as the owners have no further use for it. It is offered to the French government as a seat the best adapted for the standing army in Algiers. With a little French polish, and turning the seat into Morocco, it is an article which will last for years.

Lot 2. The Glass of Fashion.—This glass has lost its brilliancy, from having been so frequently looked into. It is best calculated for those persons whose evening's amusements will bear the morning's reflection, as every object viewed through it is seen in a new light. Old beaux and young ladies, residing on the shady side of forty, will find their silver well laid out on this Glass of Fashion.

Lot 3 will be the identical *Tapis* upon which have come all the marriages in high life for the last fifty years.

Lot 4. There is some hope of the Pipe of Peace, which France and England have lately been smoking, being put up for sale, but this depends entirely upon Lord Palmerston being made minister for foreign affairs.

Lot 5. Several Autographs of F.M. the Duke of Wellington, written during the march of intellect, will be also submitted to the amateurs of rare things.

Lot 6. A few Flowers of Rhetoric, and several Figures of Speech, will be handed round the room for the inspection of parliamentary and pot-house orators. The flowers are beautifully cut and dried, and have been preserved in the leaves of Hansard. The figures are well stuffed, and clothed in the strongest language.

Lot 7. The Laurels of Field-Marshal Prince Albert, as reared by him in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, will be shown for the inspection of all military persons who produce their Waterloo medals, and small sprigs will be sold to country gentlemen who hold commissions in Her Majesty's Militia.

Lot 8. The Silver Spoon which Mr. Hudson had in his mouth when he was born, will be put up for competition among railway chairmen.

The Clothes which the tories ran away with when the whigs were bathing, will be hung round the room, but will not be sold, as they form part of a collection of unredeemed pledges.

In addition to the above attractions, the celebrated Rod of Iron, which was formerly used in England, has been sent over from Ireland expressly for this sale, and the Rule which Britannia uses in ruling the waves, will be kindly lent by Lord Ellenborough for this exhibition only.—*Punch*.

The Tribunal of Amsterdam recently declared that the law of January, 1805, which declares that the State shall bring up, at its own charges, the seventh child of every family in which there are already six still living, remains in force in Holland, and condemned the State to pay to a citizen, named Hooglandt, 250 florins (522*f.*) a year until his seventh child shall have attained its 18th year, or during the same period provide for its maintenance and education. This judgment has been confirmed, on appeal, by the Royal Court at the Hague.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

My baby! my poor little one! thou hast come a
wintry flower,
A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, unkindly
hour;
Thou comest with the snow-drop, and, like that
pretty thing,
The power that called my bud to life, will shield
its blossoming.

The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves, to fold
her safe and warm,
Yet well she bides the blast, and weathers out the
storm;
I shall not long enfold thee thus, not long, but well
I know,
The Everlasting arms, my child, will never let
thee go.

The snow-drop—how it haunts me still, hangs
down her fair young head,
So thine may droop in days to come, when I have
long been dead;
And yet the little snow-drop's safe; from her in-
struction seek,
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly,
and the meek!

Yet motherless thou 'lt not be long, not long in
name, my life,
Thy father soon will bring him home, another
fairer wife;
Be loving, dutiful to her, find favor in her sight;
But never, oh my child! forget thine own poor
mother quite!

But who will speak to thee, of her! The grave-
stone at her head
Will only tell the name and age, and lineage of
the dead!
But not a word of all the love, the mighty love for
thee,
That crowded years into an hour of brief eternity!

They'll put my picture from its place, to fix
another there,
That picture, that was thought so like, and yet so
passing fair!
Some chamber in thy father's house, they'll let
thee call thy own,
Oh! take it there! to look upon, when thou art
all alone!

To breathe thine early griefs unto, if such assail
my child,
To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not
so mild;
Alas! unconscious little one! thou 'lt never know
that best,
That holiest home on all the earth, a living
mother's breast!

I do repent me now, too late, of each impatient
thought,
That would not let me tarry out, God's leisure as
I ought;
I have been too hasty, peevish, proud, I longed to
go away,
And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not
let me stay!

Oh! when I think of what I was, and what I
might have been,

A bride last year, and now to die! and I am scarce
nineteen;
And just, just opening in my heart, a fount of
love, so new,
So deep, could that have run to waste, could that
have failed me too?

The bliss it would have been to see, my daughter
at my side!

My prime of life scarce overblown, and here, in
all its pride!

To deck her with my finest things, with all I've
rich and rare,
To hear it said, how beautiful, and good, as she
is fair!

And then to place the marriage crown upon that
bright young brow,

Oh no! not that! 't is full of thorns! alas! I'm
wandering now,

This weak, weak head, this foolish heart! they'll
cheat me to the last!

I've been a dreamer all my life, and now, that life
is past.

Thou 'lt have thy father's eyes, my child! oh!
once, how kind they were!

His long black lashes, his own smile, and just
such raven hair!

But here 's a mark, poor innocent, he'll love thee
for it less,

Like that upon thy mother's cheek, he once was
used to press!

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong, perhaps, when
all's forgot,

But our young love, in memory's mood, he'll kiss
this very spot!

Oh! then! my dearest, clasp thine arms about his
neck full fast,

And whisper that I blessed his name, and loved
him to the last!

I have heard that little infants, converse by smiles
and signs,

With the guardian band of angels, that round
about them shine!

Unseen by grosser scenes, beloved one! dost
thou

Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune
with them now?

And hast thou not one look for me, those little
restless eyes,

Are wandering, wandering everywhere, the while
thy mother dies!

And yet, perhaps, thou art seeking me! expecting
me, my own!

Come, death! and make me to my child, at least,
in spirit known!

SONG OF THE MANNA-GATHERERS.

"This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."

COMRADES, haste! the tent's tall shading
Lies along the level sand
Far and faint: the stars are fading
O'er the gleaming western strand.
Airs of morning
Freshen the bleak burning land.

Haste, or ere the third hour glowing
With its eager thirst prevail

O'er the moist pearls, now bestowing
Thymy slope and rushy vale—
Dews celestial,
Left when earthly dews exhale.

Ere the bright good hour be wasted,
Glean, not ravening, or in sloth :
To your tent bring all untasted ;—
To thy Father, nothing loth,
Bring thy treasure :
Trust thy God, and keep thy troth.

Trust Him : care not for the morrow ;
Should thine omer overflow,
And some poorer seek to borrow,
Be thy gift nor scant nor slow.
Wouldst thou store it ?
Ope thine hand, and let it go.

Trust His daily work of wonder,
Wrought in all His people's sight ;
Think on yon high place of thunder,
Think upon the earthly light
Brought from Sinai,
When the prophet's face grew bright.

Think, the glory yet is nigh thee,
Power unfelt arrest thine arm,
Love aye watching, to deny thee
Stores abounding to thy harm.
Rich and needy
All are levelled by love's charm.

Sing we thus our songs of labor
At our harvest in the wild,
For our God and for our neighbor,
Till six times the morn have smiled,
And our vessels
Are with two-fold treasure piled.

For that one, that heavenly morrow,
We may care and toil to-day :
Other thrift is loss and sorrow,
Savings are but thrown away.
Hoarded manna !—
Moths and worms shall on it prey.

While the faithless and unstable
Mars with work the season blest,
We around Thy heaven-sent table
Praise Thee, Lord, with all our best.
Signs prophetic
Fill our week, both toil and rest.

Comrades, what our sires have told us—
Watch and wait, for it will come :
Smiling vale shall soon unfold us
In a new and vernal home :
Earth will feed us
From her own benignant womb.

We beside the wondrous river
In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following, as from Egypt ever,
Thy bright cloud and outstretched hand :
In thy shadow
We shall rest, on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold, adorning

Many a tufted mountain's side,
Yearly feed us,
Year by year our murmurings chide.

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,
From each cool deep cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to sing their part.
Oft we hear them
In our dreams, with thirsty heart.

Oh, when travel-toils are over,
When above our tranquil nest
All our guardian angels hover,
Will our hearts be quite at rest !
Nay, fair Canaan
Is not heavenly mercy's best.

Know ye not, our glorious Leader
Salem may but see, and die ?
Israel's guide and nurse and feeder
Israel's hope from far must eye,
Then departing
Find a worthier throne on high.

Dimly shall fond fancy trace him,
Dim though sweet her dreams shall prove,
Wondering what high powers embrace him,
Where in light he walks above,
Where in silence
Sleeping, hallows heath or grove.

Deep of blessing are before us :
Only, while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,
Morn by morn, obediently,
Glean we manna,
And the song of Moses try.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—It was stated some time ago that a submarine telegraph was to be laid down across the English channel, by which an instantaneous communication could be made from coast to coast. The lords of the admiralty, with a view of testing the practicability of this undertaking, have been pleased to approve of the projectors laying down a submarine telegraph across the harbor of Portsmouth, from the house of the admiral, in the dock-yard, to the railway terminus at Gosport. By these means there will be a direct communication from London to the official residence of the port admiral, at Portsmouth, whereas at present the telegraph does not extend beyond the terminus at Gosport, the crossing of the harbor having been hitherto deemed an insurmountable obstacle. The submarine telegraph is to be laid down in the course of the ensuing week, and, if the working of the plan is found to be successful, this mode of telegraphic communication will be adopted in preference to the more exposed one. The telegraph will be conveyed from the terminus to the water-side underground, and, after crossing the harbor, will again be conveyed in a similar manner to the admiralty-house, it being subterranean as well as a submarine telegraph. In a few days after the experiment has been successfully tested at Portsmouth, the submarine telegraph will be laid down across the Straits of Dover, under the sanction of both the English and French governments.—*London Herald.*

A COMING CHANGE IN EUROPE.

THE political grievances of Italy, which have so long arrested the progress of that renowned country, and exposed her to the evils of a discontented population and a suspicious government, may be divided into two classes. The first and greatest is the reluctance or the incapacity of most of the Italian governments to promote the welfare of their dominions. The abuses which are known to exist in the Papal States, in several of the minor principalities, and to some extent in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, are a sufficient cause of the contempt and hatred by which those governments are held by a large portion of their subjects. The courts of Florence and of Turin have indeed already endeavored to distinguish themselves by a less vicious administration and a less illiberal policy. Tuscany and Piedmont, in their present comparatively flourishing condition, are, however, but faint indications of what the Italian states might readily become under the direction of vigorous and enlightened governments. But the weakness and the inefficiency of the national governments of Italy have tended not only to cramp their own resources, and to sacrifice the welfare of their states to the prejudices and fears of an obsolete system of policy, but they have also established and perpetuated the second great grievance of which the Italian patriots complain—namely, the ascendancy of a foreign power south of the Alps, and the domination of an Austrian viceroy, not only in Lombardy, but less directly in every part of the Peninsula. But whatever may be said of the anomaly of an Austrian government in Milan, the results of that government give us no just reason to regret the arrangement made at the Congress of Vienna; and, in comparison with the condition of the southern states of Italy, that of the Milanese territory is highly creditable to the Austrian administration. Milan is now the most stirring and prosperous city in all Italy. Venice has, within the last few years, regained much of that activity which seemed to have quitted her forever; railroads have been commenced on a large and liberal scale; public instruction has been promoted, and the order of the Jesuits has not been reinstated in its colleges. As long as the Austrian administration is one of the best in Italy, the mere passion of political independence will never excite the people to make a serious effort to throw off that form of government.

But we by no means contend that this state of things is to last forever, or that events may not occur and men arise well calculated to promote the regeneration of Italy by very different means from those which have been suggested by the revolutionary party. If, instead of taking their cue from Austria, and holding their dominions almost as fiefs of the empire, the reigning princes of Italy had the spirit and the sagacity to follow a line of national policy of their own, they would have as little to fear from insurrection at home as from foreign invasion. The natural relation in which they might be supposed to stand towards a state like Austria, which occupies so formidable and preponderating a position in their own country, would appear to be, not one of servility and subjection, but of free rivalry. And if this rivalry were directed by able statesmen, not into the channels of political intrigue or military hostility, but into the broad tract of public improvement, the importance of the Italian states would be immeasurably

increased in Europe, and their prosperity and security no less augmented at home. Good government, in one word, on the part of the Italian cabinets, would at once redress the national grievances of the population, and it would tend, more than any other course of policy, to prepare the whole country for an independent administration of its affairs, into which more liberal institutions of state might hereafter be gradually introduced.

It is no longer a secret that these views have for some time past been entertained by two or three of the Italian sovereigns, but by none more than by the illustrious head of the House of Savoy. This ambition of extending its ascendancy by the most legitimate means in the north of Italy has excited the jealousy and the fears of Austria, but it deserves to command the applause of Europe; for the means which the court of Turin appears to be disposed to take in the prosecution of its independent policy are identified with the real interest of the people and of Italy. The governments of Naples and of Piedmont have been amongst the earliest European converts to new principles of mercantile policy. Nor have the sovereigns and princes of these countries, as well as the Grand Duke of Tuscany, been slow to follow in the same track. The Austrian government, on the contrary, provoked by these manifestations of independence, has just imposed a prohibitive duty on the introduction of the wines of Piedmont into Lombardy, and has done all it can to prevent the extension of the Piedmontese railroads.

The immediate effect of these modifications of the policy of the court of Piedmont which appears most to have surprised and displeased the cabinet of Vienna, has been the marked improvement of the relations between that state and the French government. It is one of the chief proofs of the skill and sagacity of M. Guizot's administration of the foreign affairs of France, that he has everywhere succeeded in reviving the most essential portions of the traditional policy of his country, even where it had been in abeyance since the revolution of 1789, or revived, only to be annihilated again by the violence of Napoleon. M. Guizot has labored with great success to restore what may be regarded as the ancient position of France upon the continent of Europe, not by crushing or invading Spain, or by annexing Belgium or Savoy and Piedmont, but by steadily endeavoring to connect those countries by their interests and their policy with the modern policy of the crown of France. In Italy, nothing is more consonant to these historical principles than the foundation of a good understanding between the French government and the House of Savoy. That alliance is connected with the most glorious recollections of the family which reigns in Turin; and without doubt, in the present condition of the Italian states, nothing is better calculated than the support of France, to emancipate them from the tutelage of Austria.

If we were to scrutinize with a searching and a prophetic eye the present condition and the future destinies of that great empire which extends from Semlin to Milan, we should be filled with unwonted and melancholy forebodings as to the trials it may have at no distant period to undergo. A childish emperor, a decaying minister, a bigoted family council, an aristocracy ill-acquainted with its duties and its rights, a peasantry which is in some provinces imbued with the most anti-social doctrines, an unformed middle class, an embarrassed

treasury, and a dissected territory, are things which surround with sinister presages the House of Austria. Her foreign rivals, to the east, to the north, and to the south, are incited to press on in their respective lines of policy by the evident embarrassment and alarm of the cabinet of Vienna. Russia has her designs, more than commenced, upon the Slavonian populations; Prussia has affected to take the lead in the affairs of Germany; and in northern Italy the national competitor for power is to be found in the House of Savoy. With each of these states Austria has formed close alliances, for the purpose of crushing popular movements and checking the advancement of the time; but each of them will prove her formidable rival and opponent whenever it is discovered that the true basis of their power is the national development of their respective dominions.—*Times*.

From the New Orleans Tropic.

SCENES IN THE SUBURBS OF MATAMOROS.

AFTER you get over the ferry, you have an open and picturesque road before you of nearly half a mile to the city of Matamoros. Much to interest presents itself, for everything, to American eyes, is unlike "the familiar road side." The hedge of a small cotton field, now broken down in places, is worthy of attention, for it is characteristic of the fences of the country. There being no timber to split into "rails" the Mexican cannot disfigure the landscape with those awful "worm fences" that so mar our own fields; on the contrary, he plants with some care the thorn bushes and the delicate brush that everywhere grow spontaneously; strengthening them with the trunks of the palm tree.

A thousand vines and wild flowers soon tressel over this "breastwork," binding it together in a solid mass; tropical birds, with gay plumage, bury themselves in its interstices. A Mexican hedge, therefore, soon becomes a formidable defence against a foe, defies the most viciously disposed cattle, offers a shade at noon, and is the place of resort for all the gay, the musical, and the beautiful of the feathered tribe. A large species of black-bird will much attract attention. It seems very tame and familiar; a pair would generally be seen together mounted on some high limb, and performing a series of bowings and contortions truly wonderful to behold, throwing their heads into the air, burying them under their wings, then turning their feathers up with all imaginable roughness, and giving utterance to the strangest varied scream ever heard, the conclusion of which is like the whizzing, crashing sounds made by the breaking off and falling of a heavy limb of a tree. Birds with a pale ashy plumage, and tails resembling those denominated "of Paradise," flitted about, and a miniature dove, not larger in its body than a robin, pecked modestly in the dust—the most beautiful and loveable bird we ever saw.

This hedge led to a poor Mexican farmer's cottage, facing close upon the road, and as it represents its class it is worth examination. The walls of it are made of reed, about three or four inches thick, and ingeniously held together by others running crosswise, not unlike rude basket work. The rafters of the house are made of gigantic reed, thatched securely from admitting the rain, by long salt marsh grass, cut about the mouth of the Rio Grande. There were no windows—two doors, situated on either side, admit all the light and air

the inhabitants indulge in. It was a mere lodging room after all, in rainy weather, for the Mexicans of the poorer classes *live out of doors*, sleep under the shade of their stunted trees, or upon the door steps of their rude houses.

The house is "a mere form," equally enjoyed by hens and chickens, pigs, goats, fleas, and other domestic animals. The "kitchen garden" seemed inviting, though in waste; figs were ripening upon a wilderness of luxuriant trees, pomegranates, with their russet sides, met the eye—tall green corn, of the best quality, waved in the constant breeze, and on the ground, there ripened in modest obscurity squashes that in size seemed to show a near relationship to the succulent pumpkin. In front of the house I noticed a large hole, occasioned by a shot thrown in the bombardment; in the inside of it one of our own troops was sitting very comfortably on a bench, eating hot corn, evidently set before him by a Mexican woman, who, though she did no credit to her sex in the way of personal beauty, seemed to honor it by her hospitality.

Just beyond this thatched house, you are turned off the road by the "Sand-bag-fort battery," a rough work, that afforded protection to three or four pieces of artillery in the bombardment of Fort Brown. The rain had already washed down some parts of the walls, and two or three big-headed mules seemed to hold it in full possession.

The road everywhere is pleasant, and cottages were filling up with "cake and beer shops;" the Americans, like their progenitors "across the waters," must be well fed to fight well, and this characteristic is taken advantage of to the great profit of innumerable hangers-on of the camp. In one of these little shops I found the stock to consist of an empty claret box, a jug of whisky, two tin cups, a few pounds of maple sugar, a pail of Rio Grande water, and a Mexican saddle worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

You now get out of the fields and come into the suburbs of the city; the road takes a sudden turn to the right, and gives you an extended view down one of the streets that leads "way back toward Monterey."—On your left you perceive the tortuous winding of the river, and upon the rolling land are the thousand tents belonging to our army. The tents stretch out before you for miles, until they grow into seeming white spots, like snow balls resting on the bluish sward. Nearer to you is an unfinished powder magazine; the workmen have abandoned it after raising its thick square walls—the ruins of houses are hidden away among the long weeds—a *ranchero* wends his way across the broken field, and two or three soldiers off duty stop him, to hold a long conversation in Irish and English, and Spanish, and although they are entirely unacquainted with each other's language, they seem very familiar and agreeable companions.

A very thick-set, rimmer looking old gentleman, in a linen roundabout, and remarkable for short legs and long body, mounted on a snow-white charger, followed by a mounted dragoon, most perpendicular in his saddle, and covered with trappings, passes by. If you inquire who that is, you will be laughed at, for it's the commander-in-chief of the army of occupation, and he is going over "to consult with several officers," about something he made up his mind should be done "*no lens volens*," a month ago.

Turning up the road into the city, you pass over a very handsomely constructed bridge laid in waterproof cement; it was a public work of the better

days of the Mexican republic; on the other side rise tall trees for the country, giving to it a picturesque and rural appearance; cleverly over it, and you are in the city. On your right is a large brick house of a wealthy citizen, who was a colonel of militia on the 8th and 9th; you are struck with its desolate front; it has not a window or door that is made for comfort or ornament, and those that present themselves are protected by thick heavy batten doors and blinds.

Up high in one corner of the front is something that looks much like a large cage. The cage is the balcony whereon at eve steal forth the females of the family to enjoy the evening air; they are out of the reach of stolen kisses, or letters of love, and Mexican jealousy is somewhat appeased by this arrangement, while the lower part of the house, presenting a bare wall, protects both male and female from the assaults of sudden revolution, of lawless robbers, of plundering soldiery, and thefts of hungry officials; that house speaks a volume of melancholy detail of the social and political condition of Mexico.

"*Hare is de Republica de Rio Grande y amiga de los pueblo*, neu papier, one beet." A newspaper boy for the first time in the Republic of Mexico. He was looked upon by the inhabitants in favor of the old dynasty, as Indians look upon the appearance of bees; it showed that *the white man was coming*. He was an old boy, though young in newspapers, being full sixty years of age, but he does bravely. "*Hare is de Republica*." "Hold on there," cries a "volunteer," "let us have a number." All sad reflections upon the condition of Mexico, suggested by the prison-like appearance of the Mexican colonel's house, pass away, for intelligence had found wings, and those even in Mexico *who run*, can in future read; a new order of things had commenced, and sudden and singular improvements for the better were bound to follow in Matamoros.

From the Spectator.

GENERAL WADDY THOMPSON'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO.*

GENERAL THOMPSON was sent to Mexico in 1842, as "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary," to effect the release of such citizens of the United States as had joined that Texan overland expedition, for purposes of territorial robbery, of whose well-deserved failure and sufferings Mr. Kendall published an account. The general sailed from New Orleans, and reached Vera Cruz without incident; thence he proceeded to Mexico by diligence, himself on the box, without further incident than daunting some robbers by the display of the arms of the corps diplomatique. On his arrival at the capital, he effected his business in excellent style, as he gives us to understand; and made a good arrangement in reference to some claims on behalf of his government, though the senate disallowed one of his principal items: he also made a single excursion in the vicinity to examine Tezcuco and the pyramids in its neighborhood. In this summary is comprised the story of his journey.

The substance of the book consists of the narrative, expanded by reflections and disquisitions. Sometimes these are spontaneous, and spring naturally from the circumstances—such as remarks

on the cultivation of the country, the laziness of the inhabitants, the manners of the various classes, and the superstitious forms of the Romish church; together with some sketches of public men, and some statistical accounts, useful if correct. At other times they are less akin to the theme, though with an interest from their indications of American character; involving speculations as to what Mexico would be made in the hands of the "free and enlightened"—discussions on the interests of Great Britain to preserve peace between Mexico and the States, lest the export of the precious metals should be suspended—on the inferiority of the Mexican cavalry, and the incapacity of the Mexican army to wage war. Some of the others are remote, and rather dry; with notices and extracts touching Cortes and the early state of Mexico. In fact, the book seems to have been got up with some view to the interest attached to Mexico, and to have been written *currente calamo* from memory. This mode of composition has its advantages; it prevents, as General Thompson remarks, excess of detail: but the subjects should have been observed with reference to future publication, or the observer should have had a more vigorous and racy mind than this writer. General Thompson seems an excellent person, who really wishes to have a higher state of morality than his countrymen; but the chains of "a tyrant majority" are too strong for him. He is ever halting between two opinions; and though professing himself averse to the annexation of Texas and the seizure of California, he does not put his opinions upon any rule of right, but he thinks the United States territory quite large enough.

This national peculiarity is indeed a distinctive feature of the book, and almost the only one it possesses. In Europe, writers vary with their class. The lawyer-author is shrewd, sensible, and worldly, in his observations, and clear if not close in his style: *ceteris paribus*, the medical man is as sensible and penetrating, but not perhaps so tangible, and more professional in his choice of topics: the private gentleman has his distinctive traits in an agreeable but somewhat superficial observation, a less direct tone in his criticisms, and a nice discrimination where anything like personal charge or personal feelings are involved: the diplomatist or other public man has a larger view, a more business-like precision, and a still more guarded style, (with the exception of Lord Londonderry;) and so on through every other kind of writer, whether amateur or professional. The manner, or rather, as Walter Scott said, the no manners, of an American, are always of the same cast. Of course, individual qualities will have their play. The man of vigorous mind will write in a more vigorous style than the feeble-minded person; the rattling go-ahead speculator will strike off a more rapid narrative than the sedate and elderly individual; a man with imagination will display a more florid manner than he who has none; and some traits of vocation will probably peep out, especially in the divine. But there will throughout be a family likeness. We recognize the "free and enlightened," who is less distinguished by having no superiors than by having everybody for an equal—except indeed the blacks; though General Thompson struggles hard for an exception as regards private service.

"The President has a very splendid barouche drawn by four American horses, and I am ashamed to say driven by an American. I can never be-

* Published by Wiley & Putnam.

come reconciled to seeing a Native American performing the offices of a menial servant; but I felt this the more on seeing a foreigner and in a foreign land thus waited on by one of my countrymen. I was more than ever thankful that I lived in that portion of our country where no man is theoretically called a freeman who is not so in fact, in feelings, and in sentiments; no decent Southern American could be induced to drive anybody's coach or clean his shoes. I have no doubt that if the liberties of this country are ever destroyed that they will perish at the ballot-box; men whose menial occupations degrade them in their own self-esteem, and deprive them of the proud consciousness of equality, have no right to vote."

From the general character of our author's reminiscences, coupled with the fact that all he saw, and a good deal more, has been described with greater freshness and vivacity by other writers, they do not furnish much matter for interesting quotation. We will rather address ourselves to the more political parts of the lucubration. Here, in surveying the inside of the Cathedral at Mexico, is a feeling analogous to that which Blücher is said to have more tersely expressed when taken to the top of St. Paul's.

"As you walk through the building, on either side there are different apartments, all filled, from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, statues, vases, huge candlesticks, waiters, and a thousand other articles, made of gold or silver. This, too, is only the every-day display of articles of least value; the more costly are stored away in chests and closets. What must it be when all these are brought out, with the immense quantities of precious stones which the church is known to possess? And this is only one of the churches of the city of Mexico, where there are between sixty and eighty others, and some of them possessing little less wealth than the cathedral; and it must also be remembered, that all the other large cities, such as Puebla, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, San Luis, Potosi, have each a proportionate number of equally gorgeous establishments. It would be the wildest and most random conjecture to attempt an estimate of the amount of the precious metals thus withdrawn from the useful purposes of the currency of the world, and wasted in these barbaric ornaments, as incompatible with good taste as they are with the humility which was the most striking feature in the character of the founder of our religion, whose chosen instruments were the lowly and humble, and who himself regarded as the highest evidence of his divine mission, the fact that 'to the poor the Gospel was preached.' I do not doubt but there is enough of the precious metals in the different churches of Mexico to relieve sensibly the pressure upon the currency of the world, which has resulted from the diminished production of the mines, and the increased quantity which has been appropriated to purposes of luxury."

We believe this estimate of the wealth of the church in Mexico to be much exaggerated; but the fact does not alter the view, although in another place the general thinks no enemy would rob the churches.

The following account of the Mexican cavalry and things in general is from a discussion about their military establishment and its discipline. The lasso, though doubtless absurd in such a battle as Waterloo, might not be altogether so ridiculous in an irregular contest on the prairies or swamps with small bodies of inexperienced infantry.

"I should regard it, [the cavalry,] from the diminutive size of their horses, and the equally diminutive stature and feebleness of their riders, as utterly inefficient against any common infantry. I said so in conversation with Colonel B——, an officer who had seen some service, and had some reputation. I was not a little amused at his reply. He admitted that squares of infantry were generally impregnable to cavalry, but said it was not so with the Mexican cavalry, that they had one resource by which they never had any difficulty in breaking the square. I was curious to know what this new and important discovery in the art of war was, and waited impatiently the 'push of his one thing,' when to my infinite amusement he replied—the lasso; that the cavalry armed with lassos rode up and threw them over the men forming the squares, and pulled them out, and thus made the breach. I remembered that my old nurse had often got me to sleep when a child by promising to catch me some birds the next day, by putting salt on their tails, which I thought was about as easy an operation as this new discovery of the Mexican colonel. I had read of 'kneeling ranks and charging squadrons,' but this idea of lassoing squadrons was altogether new to me. Bonaparte fought and gained the battle of the Pyramids against the best cavalry in the world, the Mamelukes, entirely in squares. He lost the battle of Waterloo because the British squares were impenetrable to the next best, the French cavalry, during all that long and awful conflict. The idea, however, of the lasso did not occur to the Mamelukes in Egypt, nor to Bonaparte at Waterloo. I was reminded of the equally novel attack of the Chinese upon the English, when they were all formed in battle array, and the Chinese threw somersets at them instead of cannon-balls and shells.

"The Mexican army, and more particularly their cavalry, may do very well to fight each other; but in any conflict with our own or European troops, it would not be a battle but a massacre."

From the Spectator.

DEATH OF MR. HAYDON.

MR. HAYDON, the painter, died by his own hand on Monday, at his house in Borwood Place, Edgware Road. The unfortunate gentleman had suffered from pecuniary difficulties for many years, and recently they had become very pressing. He had expected relief in his present emergency from a source that failed him; and this disappointment preyed upon Mr. Haydon's mind. On Monday morning he rose at an early hour, and went out; but returned at nine o'clock, apparently fatigued with walking. He then wrote a good deal. About ten he entered his painting-room, where he was in the habit of locking himself in when earnestly engaged. He afterwards saw his wife, who was dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire; he embraced her fervently, and then returned to his studio. About a quarter to eleven, Mrs. Haydon and her daughter heard the report of a pistol; but as the troops were exercising in the park, they took little notice of it. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the studio, and beheld her father crouched upon the floor, dead. The inquest that followed disclosed one of the saddest tales ever unfolded before a coroner.

The Jury, under Mr. Wakley's direction, assembled on Wednesday morning, at a tavern near

the residence of the deceased. After they had been sworn they proceeded to view the body. On entering the principal apartment on the first floor, (which was used as a painting-room,) a dreadful sight presented itself. Stretched on the floor immediately in front of a colossal picture, ("Alfred the Great and the First British Jury,") on which the unhappy artist appears to have been engaged up to his death, lay the corpse of an aged man, his white hairs saturated with blood, in a pool of which the whole upper portion of the body was lying. The head partially rested upon his right arm; near to which were lying two razors, the one in a case, and the other smeared with blood, half open, by its side. There was also near the same spot a small pocket-pistol, which appeared to have been recently discharged, though it was on half-cock when discovered. The deceased appeared to have fallen in the exact position in which he was seen by the jury. He was dressed with great neatness, in the ordinary attire which he wore while engaged in painting. His throat had a frightful wound extending to nearly seven inches in length; and there was also a perforated bullet-wound in the upper part of the skull over the parietal bone. Everything in the room had been the subject of extraordinary and careful arrangement. Mr. Haydon had placed a portrait of his wife on a small easel immediately facing his large picture. On an adjoining table he had placed his diary, which he kept with much care for many years past. It was open at the concluding page; and the last words he had entered were "God forgive me; Amen!" Packets of letters addressed to several persons, and another document, headed "The last thoughts of Haydon, at half-past ten o'clock, *a. m.*, June 22, 1846," were also placed upon the same table; with a watch, and a prayer-book, open at that portion of the gospel service appropriated to the sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

The jury returned to the tavern. The first witness examined was Miss Mary Haydon, the daughter of the deceased; aged sixteen. Her father was sixty years of age in January last. She described the finding of his body on Monday morning, on her entering his studio. She had then just returned from accompanying her mother a short distance on her way to Brixton. She last saw her father alive at ten o'clock on Monday morning. He then looked agitated—more so than usual. She had never known him to make any attempt upon his life before. He was not under medical treatment. Mr. Coroner Wakley asked if he had complained of his head in any way of late? Witness—"Yes; it was very unusual for him to do so, but on Sunday night last he did complain; and during the last two or three days I recollect to have seen him frequently put his hand up to his head." He had not slept well for the last three months. He did not seek medical advice; he did not seem to think it necessary. He was always in the habit of taking his own medicines. The coroner (to the jury)—"Bless me! how extraordinary it is that persons will so neglect themselves. The number of lives annually sacrificed through a neglect of symptoms of this sort is perfectly monstrous." Miss Haydon continued—Mr. Haydon was a man of very temperate habits. "I have noticed that he had a very different expression of countenance during the last three days.—He was very silent during the whole of that period, and apparently absent in his mind. I cannot say that

he tried to avoid meeting the members of his family more than usual." She did not know he possessed a pistol, and thought he might have purchased it when he went out on Monday morning.

Two female servants were examined; but their evidence was only confirmatory of that given by Miss Haydon.

The Reverend Orlando Hyman said he was a stepson of deceased. He observed a great alteration in Mr. Haydon's countenance on Saturday. He was eccentric from his youth; and had latterly become more so. He kept a diary of the principal occurrences of his life. The coroner here produced a large folio manuscript volume, the last diary of the deceased; and he requested Mr. Hyman to mark such passages as might throw any light upon the state of deceased's mind recently—taking care not to disclose any family secrets; these passages Mr. Hyman would read to the jury. After a short interval, Mr. Hyman said he was prepared for the task. He had thought it better to go back to the month of April; at which period the failure of the exhibition of his picture of the "Banishment of Aristides" had affected deceased very much. He had built his hopes on that, and considered it the last thing he could do to extricate himself from his difficulties. He was much attached to his diary, and this was the twenty-sixth volume which he had filled. Mr. Hyman proceeded to read from the diary. The first entry selected ran as follows—

"March 27.—I had my little misgivings to-day on my way to the Egyptian Hall. The horse attached to the cab in which I rode fell. Would any man believe this annoyed me! Yet the same accident occurred before the Cartoon contest."

This entry is succeeded by the following quotation from Canning, in reference to Napoleon—

"All is still but folly: his final destruction can neither be averted nor delayed, and his unseasonable mummeries will but serve to take away all dignity from the drama and render his fall at once terrible and ridiculous."

The next entries read were—

"March 31.—April fool day to-morrow. In putting my letters of invitation to a private view into the post, I let 300 of them fall to the ground. Now for the truth of omens."

"April 4.—The first day of my exhibition being opened, it rained all day; and no one came, Jerrold, Bowring, Fox, Maule, and Hobhouse, excepted. How different would it have been twenty-six years ago—the rain would not have kept them away then."

"Receipts, 1st day,
"Christ entering Jerusalem," 1820.

19l. 16s.

"Receipts, 1st day,
"Banishment of Aristides,"
1l. 1s. 6d.

"In God I trust: Amen."

"April 13.—1l. 3s. 6d. An advertisement of a finer description could not have been written to catch the public; but not a shilling more was added to the receipts. They rush by thousands to see 'Tom Thumb.' They push—they fight—they scream—they faint—they cry 'Help!' and 'Murder!' They see my bills and caravans, but do not read them: their eyes are on them, but their sense is gone. It is an insanity—a *rabies furor*—a dream—of which I would not have believed Englishmen could be guilty. My situation

is now one of peril, more so than when I began 'Solomon' thirty-three years ago. Involved in debt—mortified by the little sympathy which the public displayed towards my best pictures—with several private engagements yet to fulfil, I awoke, as usual, at four o'clock this morning. My mind was immediately filled with the next picture of my series. I felt immediately, 'Is it the whispering of an evil or good spirit?' but believing it to be for good, I called on my Creator, who has led me through the wilderness during forty years, not to desert me at the eleventh hour."

Mr. Hyman explained that the series of pictures which the writer referred to were six large paintings which he intended for the Parliament Palace. Mr. Hyman further stated, in reference to the religious expressions interspersing the diary, that the deceased was a very pious man; and in making his daily entries, generally commenced them with the following prayer—"Oh, God, bless me through the evils of this day!" or a somewhat similar aspiration.

A medical gentleman was now examined as to the cause of death. He said it was loss of blood from the wound in the throat; which must have been inflicted by deceased himself.

Mr. Hyman resumed his extracts from the diary: commencing with an entry made on the 21st of April, in which the unfortunate man had noted down the number of visitors to his own exhibition during one week as 1334, while Tom Thumb's levee during the same period had been attended by 12,000 persons. The coroner inquired whether the deceased had not left a letter addressed to Mrs. Haydon? Mr. Hyman replied that he had, and also one to each of his children. He handed to the coroner a packet containing the letters in question. It was addressed, "To Mrs. Haydon, my dearest love," and sealed in red wax, with his own coat of arms. The coroner desired Mr. Mills, his deputy, to read the letters severally. The first read was addressed to Mrs. Haydon, as follows—

"London, Painting-room, June 22.

"God bless thee, dearest love! Pardon this last pang! Many thou hast suffered from me! God bless thee in dear widowhood: I hope Sir Robert Peel will consider that I have earned a pension for thee. A thousand kisses.

"Thy dear husband and love to the last,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"Give dear Mary 10*l.*, and dear Frank 10*l.*; the rest for your dear self of the balance from Sir Robert's 50*l.*

"Mrs. Haydon."

The next letter was addressed to his son Frederick—

"God bless thee, Frederick, and render thee an honor to this country.

"Thy affectionate father, B. R. HAYDON.
"To Mr. Frederick Haydon, R. N."

The next was to his son Frank—

"God bless thee, dear Frank; continue in virtue and honest doing.

"God bless thee. Thy affectionate father,
"B. R. HAYDON.

"To Mr. Frank Haydon."

This was to his daughter—

"God bless thee, my dearest daughter Mary; continue the dear good innocent girl thou hast

ever been, and love thy dear mother forever. Be pious, and trust in God.

"Thy affectionate father, B. R. HAYDON.

"To Miss Mary Haydon."

Mr. Hyman returned to the diary, and read the following extracts—

"May 4.—I have just received a lawyer's letter, the first for a long time. I have called on the writer, who is an amiable man, and has promised to give me time. I came home under mingled feelings of sorrow, delight, anxiety, and anticipation, and sat down to my palette under an irritable influence. My brain became confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery, and a prison before me. I went on with my picture, and rejoiced inwardly at its effects; but my brain harassed and confused. Fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour: I awoke cold—the fire out—and went again to my picture."

"May 14.—This day forty-two years I left my native Plymouth for London. I have closed my exhibition with a loss of 111*l.* No one can accuse me of showing less talent or energy than twenty years ago.

"May 21.—Worked hard at my picture, and advanced immensely. Felt uneasy because I could not give my dear son money to go and see his college-friends."

"June 3.—Called on my dear friend Kemp, who advanced me some cash to get over my difficulties. By the time my pictures are finished they will be all mortgaged; but never mind, so that I get them done."

"June 13.—Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to the failure of my exhibition at the hall. In God I trust. It is hard—this struggle of forty-two years' duration; but Thy will and not mine be done."

"June 14.—O God! let it not be presumption in me to call for Thy blessing on my six works. Let no difficulty on earth stay their progress. Grant this week Thy divine aid. From sources invisible raise me up friends to save me from the embarrassments which want of money must bring upon me; and grant that this day week I may be able to thank Thee for my extrication."

"June 15.—Passed in great anxiety, after harassing about for several hours in the heat of the sun."

"June 16.—Sat from two to five o'clock staring at my picture like an idiot; my brain pressed down by anxiety and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. We have raised money on all our silver to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to —, and to —, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have offered 'The Duke's Study' to —. Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter.

"Whitehall, June 16.

"SIR—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send, as a contribution for your relief from these embarrassments, the sum of £50. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEELE.

"Be so good as to sign and return the accompanying receipt."

"That's Peel. Will —, —, or —, answer!"

June 17.—My dearest wife wishes me to stop the whole thing, and close payment: but I will not! I will finish my six pictures, by the blessing of God!"

June 18.—This morning, fearing I should be involved, I returned to a young bookseller some books for which I had not paid him. No reply from —, or —! And this Peel is the man who has no heart!"

June 21.—Slept horribly, prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation."

The next was the last entry made, immediately before the world closed upon the unhappy man—

"June 22.—God forgive me: Amen.

"Finis. B. R. HAYDON.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."
Lear.

"The end of the twenty-sixth volume."

In summing up, Mr. Wakley said in leaving the case in the hands of the jury, he could not fail to remark on the munificent act of Sir Robert Peel towards the unfortunate deceased. He thought it must speak to the heart of a great many thousand persons, that whilst others were, so to speak, attempting to destroy his own mind, amidst a pressure of public business almost unparalleled, Sir Robert Peel had not forgotten the sufferings of others.

The Reverend Mr. Hyman here begged permission to state, that he had not yet said all that he could in reference to the generosity of the right honorable baronet. Subsequently to the deceased's death, Sir Robert, addressing one of the executors, had enclosed a check for £200 from the royal bounty fund, in order, as he stated in his letter, that the family might not be molested before a public appeal could be made in their behalf: Sir Robert added, that when that was done, of course he should be most ready to come forward so far as his private purse and personal influence were concerned.

The coroner, after having again remarked on the munificence of the premier, inquired whether the jury were unanimous in their verdict?

The foreman replied in the affirmative. It was this—"We find that the deceased, Benjamin Robert Haydon, died from the effect of wounds inflicted by himself; and that the said Benjamin Robert Haydon was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act."

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR LITERARY MEN AND ARTISTS?

The tragic close of Haydon's career is of a nature to command attention even amidst the intense contemporaneous public excitement. The long and terrible struggle of an individual mind that has terminated so shockingly, domineers over the imagination almost with more power than the gregarious enthusiasm evolved in the suicidal death-struggle of shattered factions. In May, 1804, Haydon came to London for the first time, a sanguine, aspiring boy, bent upon reaching the loftiest height of art. In May, 1846, he closed his last losing exhibition, visited by a few cold spectators, while eager crowds were squeezing into the same building to wonder at a dwarf. The conviction was irresistible that his career as an artist had been a failure. Though wanting the faculty of the creative artist, his intuitive recognition of the value of the Elgin marbles, and the missionary

spirit with which he preached the faith in them, were revelations of genius. His long blind struggle, in which he too often mistook waywardness for independence and strange blindness to the defects of his own works, was nevertheless characterized by unflagging energy, and illumined by coruscations of intellect and imagination. There is poetry in his life; he lays hold on our sympathies. His death is felt to be an event even at the crisis of a nation's history; and the active sympathy for him evinced by Sir Robert Peel, while engrossed by fierce personal attacks and the direction of great political combinations, is the most pleasing episode in the minister's existence.

Haydon's life was one of unrelaxing industry. He might not be averse to luxuries—no artist or poet can be, from the temperament which is necessary to the development of his tastes and powers; but his tastes were simple and his indulgence not immoderate. Even his fierce controversial spirit when roused cannot be regarded as the source of his misfortunes. It is against men of taste and intellect, conscious of similar if less glaring weaknesses in their own minds, and irretentive of mere personal dislikes, that such escapades precipitate a man. In time they are sure to be forgotten and forgiven. It is among the mere drudges of life, absorbed in daily household trifles, that undying enmities are to be sought. The poverty and embarrassments of men like Haydon are caused partly by themselves, it is true, but partly also by incomplete social arrangements. They who think the rugged incomppliance of Haydon's nature sufficient to account for his misfortunes, must be puzzled to account for those of Laman Blanchard, in whom unwearying industry and regular habits, combined with unoffending, attractive, unvarying gentleness, were proved equally incompetent to the task of providing for a family. Sir Walter Scott had his full share of the national taste for acquisition; yet, wanting the talent, his "fairy gold" turned into withered leaves long before his death.

The Titian Haydon and his gentler fellows in misfortune were caught in the same toils. The artist and the thinker are not money-making or money-keeping animals. It is not the luxurious alone who are spendthrifts: easy natures—and such the whole artistical tribe are—can waste money without any apparent means or result. It is in vain that we seek to bend the laws of nature to our will: we must seek to adapt ourselves to these laws. It is of the utmost consequence to society that the race of thinkers and imaginative constructors be kept alive and vigorous. Pensions for poor poets and philosophers do more harm than good. They must be given according to the judgment of those intrusted with their distribution for the time being, and that is as likely to be wrong as right. To award literary pensions to every littérateur or artist in bad circumstances through no fault of his own, were to bring around the bestower a crowd of idle sturdy beggars: literature as well as religion will be overstocked by false monks. Find work for them that they can do, and wages. Men of business are averse to employ men of a literary turn; as many a one, who in despair has sought to escape from the muse's bowers to the working-day world, has experienced. There is something of prejudice in this, but at the same time an instinctively correct sense. It is partly felt that the man of intellectual tastes might be more usefully employed some other way, partly

that these applicants are interlopers who would take bread out of the mouths of regularly-trained devotees of unimaginative toil. Every country in Europe has found useful, remunerative, and congenial employment for the literary and artistical class, except our own. It is in the organization and direction of national record-offices, public libraries, museums, and galleries of art—in professorships of art, science, and literature—in the construction and ornament of buildings for such institutions, and other public purposes—in effecting voyages of discovery, conducting scientific experiments on a scale too great for private finances, and preparing their results for publication—that men who have cultivated in preference the faculties of reason and imagination are to find the means of earning a not precarious subsistence by really serving society. With a timid, hesitating hand—desultorily and at intervals—experiments in this way have been made of late years. To be successful, the work should be undertaken at once, on a comprehensive scale, by the annually renewed vote of a liberal sum to supply the intellectual wants of society, placed at the disposal of a responsible minister for education, and the promotion of art, science, and literature. This is the expiation our legislature owes for leaving so much of English intellect and imagination to perish miserably in past years.

From the Spectator.

A CORN-LAW BALLAD :

ADDRESSED TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, BY AN ADMIRER.

"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him ; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."—*Prov. xi. 26.*

THE bigoted aristocrat,
The puppy, and the fool,
Who maunder o'er the crude conceits
Of an exploded school,

May taunt thee with apostasy,
And make a monstrous noise
About your cool abstraction
Of a bath's corduroys :

But like the bark of poodle dog
Or a parrot's empty cry,
Or thunderings theatrical,
Their slanders pass thee by ;

While from the crowded city,
And from the lonely moor,
Come the blessings of the millions,
The blessings of the poor.

For e'en amid the thoughtlessness,
The sorrow, and the toil,
Which dog the pale mechanic
And the tiller of the soil,

A father's arm is strengthened,
And a mother dries her tear,
When they think that in the time to come
Bread will not be so dear.

And so at morn and eventide,
And every scanty meal,
They pray that God may bless the heart
And nerve the hand of Peel.

But not to minds gigantic,
To men who comprehend

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The wants of empires, and who look
Far onwards to the end,

Can the herd of common intellects,
The children of to-day,
Or grant a fitting recompence,
Or slander it away.

No, He the Hero of an age,
The mighty one like thee,
Receives the guerdon of his deeds
From far posterity.

Then in the after ages,
When Albion is no more,
And London lies a desert waste
Upon a lonely shore,

Long as the kindly accents
Of the English tongue are known,
Or by the Mississippi,
Or in the torrid zone,

High o'er the Celtic warrior,
The carnage-loving Dane,
O'er the haughty Norman victor,
And the sturdy Saxon Thane,

The might of virtuous eloquence
Shall consecrate thy name,
Foremost upon the banner roll
Of everlasting fame :

And thus by statesmen and by bards
Thy glory shall be spread—

"He braved the mighty and the rich,
To give the starving bread."

King's College, Cambridge.

E.

"LORD BROUGHAM," by Mr. A. E. Chalon, R.A.
We have never seen a more successful attempt at representing the face of this extraordinary man :—the restlessness, the sleeplessness, the aggressiveness, and the conscience of power, are all depicted, without derogation from that peculiarity of eye which makes the original appear at once the most inquisitive and the most apathetic of men.

RELICS FOR THE SHAKSPERIAN LIBRARY.

1. Two of *Caliban's* sticks.
2. The bare bodkin with which we might make our *quicquid*.
3. *All Macduff's* little chickens and their dam (stuffed.)
4. The bladders with which *Wolsey* swam in a sea of glory.
5. Button from the leathern coat the *Jaques'* stag stretched almost to bursting.
6. Title page (very old) of one of the books found in the running brooks.
7. Sheath of the dagger which *Macbeth* thought he saw before him.
8. Hair from the tail of the ass that *Dogberry* wished himself to be written down.—*Punch*.

AN EVIL OMEN.—It is stated to be a sign of the expected resignation of the present ministry, that Sir James Graham is about to be raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Preston. We presume that the elevation of a cabinet minister is considered a sign of its being all up with the government. We know that throwing up an insignificant object will frequently show which way the wind blows.
Punch.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Does it live in the memory of the reader that Snipeton, only a chapter since, spoke of a hand-maid on her way from Kent to make acquaintance with his fire-side divinities? That human flower, with a freshness of soul like the dews of Paradise upon her is, reader, at this very moment in Fleet-street. Her face is beaming with happiness—her half-opened mouth is swallowing wonders—and her eyes twinkle, as though the London pavement she at length treads upon was really and truly the very best of gold, and dazzled her with its glorifying brightness. She looks upon the beauty and wealth about her gaily, innocently, as a little child would look upon a state coffin; the velvet is so rich, and the plates and nails so glittering. She has not the wit to read the true meaning of the splendor; cannot, for a moment, dream of what it covers. Indeed, she is so delighted, dazzled by what she sees, that she scarcely hears the praises of the exceeding beauty of her features, the wondrous symmetry of her form; praises vehemently, industriously uttered by a youthful swain who walks at her side, glancing at her fairness with the libertine's felonious look. He eyes her innocence, as any minor thief would eye a brooch or chain; or, to give the youth his due, he now and then ventures a bolder stare; for he has the fine intelligence to know that he may rob that country wench of herself, and no Bridewell—no Newgate will punish the larceny. Now, even the bow of sixpenny riband on her bonnet is protected by a statute. Besides, Master Ralph Gum knows the privileges of certain people in a certain condition of life. Young gentlemen born and bred in London, and serving the nobility, are born and educated the allowed protectors of fustic girls. The pretty country things—it was the bigoted belief of the young footman—might be worn, like bouquets on a birth-day.—And the wench at his side is a nosegay expressly sent by fortune from the country for his passing felicity and adornment. True it is, that Master Ralph Gum is scarcely looming out of boyhood; but there is a sort of genius that soars far beyond the parish register. Ralph's age is not to be counted by the common counters, years; but by the rarer marks of precocious intelligence. He is a liveried prodigy; one of those terribly clever animals that, knowing everything, too often confound simple people with their fatal knowledge. Therefore was it specially unfortunate for the damsel that of all the crowd that streamed through Fleet street, she should have asked Ralph Gum to indicate her way to St. Mary Axe. At the time, she was setting due eastward; when the faithless vassal assured her that she was going clean wrong; and, as happily he himself had particular business towards her destination, it would give him a pleasure he could never have hoped for, to guide her virgin steps to St. Mary Axe. And she—poor maid!—believed and turned her all-unconscious face towards Temple Bar. The young man, though a little dark, had such bright black eyes—and such very large, and very white teeth—and wore so very fine a livery, that it would have been flying in the face of truth to doubt him. Often at the rustic fire-side had she listened to the narrated wickedness of London; again and again had she pre-armed her soul with sagacious strength to meet and confound the deception that in so many guises prowled the city streets, for the robbery and destruction of the Arca-

dian stranger. She felt herself invincible until the very moment that Ralph gave smiling, courteous answer to her; and then, as at the look and voice of a charmer, the Amazonian breast-plate (forged over many teas) she had buckled on, melted like frost-work at the sun, and left her an unprotected, because believing woman.

"Why, and what 's them?" cried the girl, suddenly fixed before St. Dunstan's church. At the moment the sun reached the meridian, and the two wooden giants, mechanically punctual, striking their clubs upon the bell, gave warning note of noon. Those giants have passed away; those two great ligneous heroes of the good old times have been displaced and banished; and we have submitted to learn the hour from an ordinary dial. There was a grim dignity in their bearing—a might in their action—that enhanced the value of the time they noted: their clubs fell upon the senses of the parishioners and way-farers, with a power and impressiveness not compassable by a round, pale-faced clock. It was, we say, to give a worth and solemnity to time, to have time counted by such grave tellers. If the parishioners of St. Dunstan and the frequent passengers of Fleet street have, of late years, contributed more than their fair quota to the stock of national wickedness, may not the evil be philosophically traced to the deposition of their wooden monitors? This very valuable surmise of ours ought to be quoted in parliament—that is, if lawmakers properly prepared themselves for their solemn tasks, by duly conning histories like the present—quoted in opposition to the revolutionary movement of the time. For we have little doubt that a motion for the return of the number of felonies and misdemeanors—to say nothing of the social offences that may be the more grave because not named in the statutes—committed in the parish of St. Dunstan's, would show an alarming increase since the departure of St. Dunstan's wooden genii. A triumphant argument this—we modestly conceive—for the conservation of wooden things in high places. "La! and what 's them?" again cried the girl, twelve o'clock being told by the strikers.

"Why, my tulip, them 's a couple of cruel churchwardens turned into wood hundreds of years ago, for their sins to the poor. But you *are* a beauty, that you are!" added Ralph, with burning gallantry.

"It can't be; and you never mean it," said the maiden, really forgetting her own loveliness in her wonder of the giants. "Turned into wood! Impossible! Who did it?"

"Why, Providence—or, something of the kind, you know," replied the audacious footman. "You've heard of Wittington, I should think, my marigold, eh? He made a fortin in the Indies, where he let out his cat to kill all the vermin in all the courts—and a nice job I should think puss must have had of it. Well, them giants was churchwardens in his time: men with flesh and blood in their hearts, though now they'd bleed nothing but saw-dust."

"You don't say so! Poor souls! And what did they do?" asked the innocent damsel.

Mr. Ralph Gum scratched his head for inspiration; and then made answer: "You see, there was a poor woman—a sailor's wife—with three twins in her arms. And she went to one churchwarden, and said as how she was a starving; and that her very babbies could n't cry for weakness. And he told her to come to-morrow, for it was n't

the time to relieve paupers: and then she went to the other churchwarden, and he sent out word that she must come again in two days, and not afore."

"Two days!" cried the maiden. "The cruel creturs! did n't they know what time was to the starving!"

"Why, no; they did n't; and for that reason, both the churchwardens fell sick, all their limbs every day a turning into wood. And then they died; and they was going to bury 'em, when next morning their coffins was found empty; and they was seen were they now stand. And there was a act of parliament made that their relations should n't touch 'em, but let 'em stand to strike the clock, as a warning to all wicked churchwardens to know what hours are to folks with hungry bellies."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the girl, innocent as a bleating lamb. "And now, young man, you're sure this is the way to Mary Axe!"

"Did n't I tell you, my sunflower, I was born there! I would carry your bundle for you, only you see, his lordship, the nobleman I serve, is very particular. Livery's livery;—he'd discharge any of us that demeaned himself to carry a bundle. Bless you: there are young fellows in our square—only I'm not proud—that would n't speak to you with such a thing as a bundle; they would n't, my wild rose. But then, you're such a beauty!"

"No; I am not. I know what I am, young man. I'm not of the worst, but a good way from the best. Besides, beauty, as they say, is only skin-deep; is it?" asked the maiden, not unwilling to dwell upon the theme.

"Well, you're deep enough for me anyhow," replied the footboy, and he fixed his eyes as though he thought them burning-glasses, on the guileless stranger. "And now, here you are, right afore Temple Bar."

"Mercy! what a big gate! and what's it for, young man!" cried the wondering girl.

"Why, I once heard it said in our hall that Temple Bar was built on purpose to keep the scum of the city from running over into the West End. Now, this I don't believe," averred Ralph.

"Nor I, neither," cried the ingenuous wench, "else, does n't it stand to reason they'd keep the gate shut?"

"My 'pinion is what I once heard—that Temple Bar was really built at the time of the great plague of London, to keep the disease from the king and queen, the rest of the royal family, with all the nobility, spirital and temperal." And Ralph coughed.

"Well, if you don't talk like a prayer-book!" exclaimed the maiden, full of admiration.

"I ought by this time; I was born to it, my dear. Bless your heart, when I was no higher nor that, I was in our house. I learnt my letters from the plate; yes, real gold and silver; none of your horn-hooks. And as for pictures, I didn't go to books for them neither; no, I used to study the coach-panels. There was n't a griffin, nor a cockatrice, nor a tiger, nor a viper of any sort upon town I was n't acquainted with. That's knowing life, I think. It is n't for me to talk, my bed of violets; but you would n't think the Latin I know; and all from coaches."

"Wonderful! But are you sure this is the way to Mary Axe?" and with the question the

maiden crossed the city's barrier, and with her lettered deceiver trod the Strand.

"If you ask me that again," answered the slightly wounded Ralph, "I don't know that I'll answer you.—Come along. As the carriage says, '*Hora et semper*.'"

"Now, if you go on in that way, I won't believe a word you say. English for me; acanse then I can give you as good as you send. No; wholesome English, or I won't step another step;" and it was plain that the timid rustic felt some slight alarm—was a little oppressed by the mysterious knowledge of her first London acquaintance. She thought there was some *hocus pocus* associated with Latin: it was to her the natural utterance of a conjuror. With some emphasis she added, "All I want to know is—how far is it to Mary Axe!"

"Why, my carnation, next to nothing now. Step out; and you'll be there afore you know it. As I say, I only wish I could carry your bundle—I do, my daisy." Mr. Gum might have spared his regrets. Had his gracious majesty pulled up in his carriage, and offered to be the bearer of that bundle, its owner would have refused him the enjoyment; convinced that it was not the king of England who proposed the courtesy, but the father of all wickedness, disguised as royal Brunswick, and driving about in a carriage of shadows, for the especial purpose of robbing rustic maids. As we have intimated, the damsel had, in the fastnesses of Kent, learned prudence against the iniquities of London. And so, believing that St. Mary Axe was close at hand, she hopefully jogged on.

"What a many churches!" she said, looking at St. Clement's. "Well, the folks in London ought to be good."

"And so they are, my wallflower," rejoined the footman. "The best in the world; take 'em in the lump. And there, you see, is another church. And besides what we have, we're a-going to have I don't know how many hundred more built, that everybody, as is at all anybody, may have a comfortable pew to his whole self, and not be mixed up—like people in the gallery of a playhouse—along of the lower orders. I dare say, now, your grandmother in the country?"

"Ain't got no grandmother," said the girl.

"Well, it's all the same: the old women where you come from—I daresay they talked to you about the wickedness of London, did n't they? And how all the handsome young men you'd meet was nothing more than roaring lions, rolling their eyes about, and licking their mouths, to eat up anybody as come fresh from the daisies! Did n't they tell you this, eh, beauty?" cried Ralph.

"A little on it," said the girl, now pouting, now giggling.

"And you've seen nothing of the sort? Upon your word and honor now, have you?" and the footman tried to look winningly in the girl's eyes, and held forth, appealingly, his right hand.

"Nothing yet; that is, nothing that I knows on," was the guarded answer of the damsel.

"To be sure not. Now my opinion is, there's more downright wickedness—more roguery and sin of all sorts in an acre of the country than in any five miles of London streets: only, we don't kick up a noise about our virtue and all that sort of stuff. Whilst quite to the contrary, the folks in the country do nothing but talk about their innocence, and all such gammon, eh?"

"I caa't hear innocence called gammon afore

me," said the girl. "Innocence is innocence, and nothing else; and them as would alter it ought to blush for themselves."

"To be sure they ought," answered Gum. "But the truth is, because lambs don't run about London streets—and birds don't hop on the pavement—and hawthornes and honeysuckles don't grow in the gutters—London's a place of wickedness. Now, you know, my lily of the valley—folks arn't a bit more like lambs for living among 'em, are they?"

"Is this the way to Mary Axe?" asked the girl, with growing impatience.

"Tell you, 'tis n't no distance whatever, only first"—and the deceiver turned with his victim out of the Strand—"first you must pass Drury-lane playhouse."

"The playhouse—really the playhouse!" exclaimed the wench, with an interest in the institution that in these times would have sufficiently attested her vulgarity. "I should like to see the playhouse."

"Well then, my double heartsease, here it is," and Ralph with his finger pointed to the tremendous temple. With curious, yet reverential looks, did the girl gaze upon the mysterious fabric. It was delicious to behold even the outside of that brick and mortar rareeshow. And staring, the girl's heart was stirred with the thought of the wonders, the mysteries, acted therein. She had seen plays. Three times at least she had sat in a wattle-built fane, and seen the dramatic priesthood in their hours of sacrifice. Pleasant, though confused, was her remembrance of the strange harmonies that filled her heart to overflowing—that took her away into another world—that brought sweet tears into her eyes—and made her think (she had never thought so before) that there was really something besides the drudgery of work in life; that men and women were made to have some holiday thoughts—thoughts that breathed strange, comforting music, even to creatures poor and low as she. Then recollections flowed afresh as she looked upon that mighty London mystery—that charmed place that in day-dreams she had thought of—that had revealed its glorious, fantastic wonders in her sleep. The London playhouse! She saw it—she could touch its walls. One great hope of her rustic life was consummated; and the greater would be accomplished. Yes: sure as her life, she would sit aloft in the gallery, would hear the music, and see the London players' spangles.

"And this is Drury-lane!" cried the wench, softened by the thought—"well! I never!"

"You like plays, do you? So do I. Well, when we know one another a little better—for I would n't be so bold as to ask it now—in course not—won't we go together?" said Ralph; and the girl was silent. She did not inquire about St. Mary Axe; but trustingly followed her companion, her heart dancing to the fiddles of Drury-lane: the fiddles that she would hear. "And this is Bow-street my jessamy," said Ralph.

"What's Bow-street?" inquired the maiden. How happy in the ignorance of the question!

"Where they take up the thieves, and examine 'em, afore they send 'em to Newgate to be hanged." The wench shivered. "Never saw nobody hanged, I suppose? Oh, it's nothing, after two or three times. We'll have a day of it, my sweet marjoram, some Monday. We'll go to the Old Bailey in the morning, and to the play at night:

that's what I call seeing life—eh, you precious pink! But, I say arn't you tired?"

"Well, I just am. Where is Mary Axe?" And the girl stared about her.

"Why, if I have n't taken the wrong turning, I'm blest, and that's lost us half a mile and more. I tell you what we'll do. This is a nice comfortable house." Ralph spoke of the Brown Bear; at that day, the house of ease to felons, on their transit from the opposite police office to Newgate. "A quiet respectable place. We'll just go in and rest ourselves, and have atween us half-a-pint of ale."

"Not a drop; not for the blessed world," cried the girl.

"And then, I'll tell you all about the playhouse and the players. Bless you! some of 'em come to our house, when the servants give a party. And we make 'em sing songs and tell stories, and when they go away, why, perhaps, we put a bottle of wine in their pockets—for, poor things! they can't afford such stuff at home—and then they send us orders, and we go into the pit for nothing. And so, we'll just sit down and have half-a-pint of ale, won't we?"

Silently the girl suffered herself to be led into the Brown Bear. The voice of the charmer had entered her heart, and melted it. To hear about plays and players was to hear sweet music: to listen to one who knew—who had spoken to the glorious London actors—who, perhaps, with his own hand had put wine-bottles in their pockets—was to gain a stride in the world. The gossip would not delay her above half an hour from St. Mary Axe; and what wonders would repay her for the lingering! Besides, she was tired—and the young man was very kind—very respectful—nothing at all like what she had heard of London young men—and, after all, what was half-an-hour, sooner or later!

Mr. Ralph Gum intoned his orders like a lord. The ale was brought, and Ralph drank to the maiden with both eyes and lips. Liquor made him musical: and with a delicate compliment to the rustic taste of his fair companion, he warbled of birds and flowers. One couplet he trolled over again and again. "Like what they call sentiment, don't you?" said Ralph.

"How can I tell?" answered the girl: "it's some of your fine London stuff, I suppose."

"Not a bit on it; sentiment's sentiment all over the world. Don't you know what sentiment is? Well, sentiment's words that's put together to sound nicely as it were—to make you feel inclined to clap your hands, you know. And that's a sentiment that I've been singing"—and he repeated the burden, bawling:

"Oh the cuckoo's a fine bird as ever you did hear,
And he sucks little birds' eggs, to make his voice clear."

"There! don't you see the sentiment now?" The maiden shook her head. "Why, sucking the little birds' eggs—that's the sentiment. Precious clever birds, them cuckoos, eh? They're what I call birds of quality. They've no trouble of hatching, they have n't; no trouble of going about in the fields, picking up worms and grubs for their nestlings: they places 'em out to wet nurse; makes other birds bring 'em up; while they do nothing themselves but sit in a tree,

and cry cuckoo all day long. Now, that 's what I call being a bird of quality. How should you like to be a cuckoo, my buttercup?"

"There, now, I don't want to hear your nonsense. What 's a cuckoo to do with a Christian?"—asked the damsel.

"Nothing, my passion-flower—to be sure not; just wait a minute," said Ralph—"I only want to speak to my aunt that lives a little way off; and I'll be back in a minute. I've got a message for the old woman: and she 's such a dear creetur—so fond of me. And atween ourselves, whenever

she should be made an angel of—and when a angel 's wanted, I hope she'll not be forgotten—shan't I have a lot of money! Not that I care for money; no, give me the girl of my heart, and all the gold in the world, as I once heard a parson say, is nothing but yellow dirt. And now I won't be a minute, my precious periwinkle."

And with this, Mr. Ralph Gum quitted the room, leaving the fair stranger, as he thought, in profoundest admiration of the disinterestedness of footmen.

IBRAHIM PACHA'S OPINION OF PEEL.

A FAST express was despatched by the Philo-Egyptians of London to Ibrahim Pacha at Belfast, bidding his highness leave the Irish to themselves for the moment, and hasten back to London, to enjoy the rare sport of being in at a ministerial death. Ibrahim is the most docile of lions, and took return steam forthwith, with all his dragomans and his secretaries, with whom he transacts business to the doors of St. Stephen's. Sir Charles Napier was in attendance, and took his seat in the peer's gallery, by the pacha's side, whilst a succession of political cicerones occupied the bench immediately before him, and responded most courteously and fully to all the questions of the Egyptian. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Monteagle, Mr. Cobden, *et tu Brute*, Lord Palmerston, all came to contribute their mite of intelligence and explanation; and never did a poor Mussulman appear more perplexed with abundance of knowledge than Ibrahim.

The vizier, he was told, was going to fall, because half of his corps of janizaries had rebelled and turned against him. From time out of mind these household troops had levied a handful of piastres on each barrel of corn, which money they put into their own pockets. The vizier would abolish this privilege of the janizaries putting their hands into every man's corn-sack, and abstracting a piece of the poor man's loaf, when the janizaries, as usual, hoisted their camp-kettles on their lances to show that their cookery, the most servile part about them, was too sorely menaced, and that they would resist. Hereupon the people, whose stomachs were equally concerned, hoisted their soup-cauldrons, which so eclipsed the camp-kettles of the janizaries that they gave in.

Lord Monteagle, who learned the science of apologue from poor Sydney Smith, expounded this one into the ear of the Pacha, who was greatly struck by it. Still he asked, how is it, that, although the party of the camp-kettles are beaten, still they can slay the vizier. This is owing, expounded his lordship, to an unfortunate habit that the vizier has of continually changing his armor and his uniform, and running between contending parties, so as to have the honor of reconciling and managing compromises between both. He has thus been unavoidably struck by the missiles of both. Nor, indeed, would there be any possibility of letting him escape unharmed, except by a general cessation of hostility and activity, both parties consenting to abandon the field, and leave it to the vizier all alone.

Yet one of your chiefs of the people, said the pacha, the man of the great popular soup-cauldron, Cobden, Eff'ndi, he has been to me, lamenting over the untimely fate of Peel, saying the

country might spare a better man. I thought Mr. Cobden a wiser man, said the pacha's interlocutor, than to lament over the fall of the vizier. For it is the nature, and the fortune of that statesman to gather far more strength out of office, than in. In office he is domineering, churlish, envious, incommunicative, yet capricious and changeable withal, made, in fact, to lose friends, and let influence escape through his fingers. Out of office, he is the star that attracts all hopes, and rallies all disappointments and eclipses all rivals—that is, the man who has done so much, and in so many contrary senses, for so many diverse parties, that there is no man who may not hope in him, even the Irishman, who believes in an independent millennium. Better is it far, for the vizier to go out; to touch mother-earth, in order to rise refreshed and strengthened like the Titan, and to return to power with the confidence of half a dozen combined, yet jarring and gulled parties, in order to achieve some other great act of reform, destructive to his own friends, suicidal to himself.

Much of this was "caviare" to the pacha, who merely said that he considered the English vizier as a good Turkish politician, anxious to fill the people's bellies, and at the same time belabor their backs, which were the two great means of preserving popular tranquillity. I have caught a glimpse of your Irish, and do think that more feeding and more beating would greatly improve them. And this I learn is the policy of the vizier.

Yes, your highness, but the Irish kick against the beating, and we are obliged to send soldiers to support the cudgellers, so that the country costs more in money, than it affords, and adds more to the weakness than the strength of the empire.

That I can conceive, said the pacha; when you cannot extirpate a tribe, you must conciliate it. We tried the plan with the Nubians, who are our Irish, and it did not succeed.

We hope this faithful report of Ibrahim Pacha's conversation may not be deemed impertinent.

Examiner.

THREE years ago the tribunals of the Austrian empire were desired by the government to give their opinion as to whether it would be advisable to substitute, in cases of capital punishment, the French plan of the guillotine for hanging. The reply was against decapitation, as habituating the people to the sight of blood. A year ago a surgeon of Padua submitted to the government a new mode of strangulation by means of a gibbet, so contrived as to occasion the luxation of the spine and immediate death. This mode of execution, after several experiments, has been adopted for the whole of Venetian Lombardy, and the inventor is charged with the direction of the executions.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE TWO GRAVES.

THE church itself was almost entirely overgrown with ivy, and its low square tower was even overtopped by the vigorous parasite by which it was embraced. As I had been ciceronised over every foreign country that I had visited, and was now resolved to follow a totally different course, I asked no questions, and trusted to my own talent for exploration to discover all the lions into whose dens I might penetrate. I did not, consequently, seek for the key of the church and a catalogue of the monuments, a demand which, in this instance, I should, moreover, have considered as somewhat more than supererogatory; but with Snap at my heels, I turned towards the spot where the modest temple stood in a shady niche between two of the hills which framed in the hamlet.

As I approached I was struck by the extreme beauty and antiquity of half-a-dozen stately yews, which kept their funereal watch over the narrow space where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;"

they were, in truth, magnificent; and as soon as I had passed the little wicket, I was no less attracted by the extreme order and neatness of the whole enclosure. Somewhat to my surprise, for I had discovered no habitation in the village which could lead me to expect it, I saw upon my right hand, in the full blaze of the southern sun, a raised tomb of stone, surrounded by an iron railing, and evidently covering a vault. I was about to turn my steps that way, when, chancing to glance in the opposite direction, my eye fell upon a grave, made immediately under the north wall, and crushed into the extreme angle of the corner, as though he who dug it had grudgingly yielded the space which it must necessarily occupy: while near it, as if to contradict this soul-chilling suspicion, two white rose-trees had been planted, one at the head and the other at the foot of this nameless mound; and they were both in bloom, but not kindly: the aspect was unpropitious, and the soil evidently ungenial, and thus the stems were too fragile even to support the dwarfed and languid blossoms which they had borne, and which hung their heads, and suffered their sickly petals to be scattered by the light breeze that should only have extracted their perfume. I advanced slowly and reverently towards that isolated grave, and I stood long beside it. It was, as I felt at once, that of an outcast; but, assuredly, not of one who had been totally unloved. There had, perchance, been error, even sin, hidden beneath that grassy tumulus, but human affection had as clearly outlived the fault; and those white blossoms were, like the wings of the dove of Noah, the harbingers of a brighter hope. I had a strange desire to learn the history of the silent heart now mouldering into dust beneath my feet, but there was not a letter, not a clue to guide me to such knowledge; and at last I turned away and walked across the church-yard to the tall square tomb. There I read that beneath that stone lay the bodies of I know not how many esquires and dames of the name of Darcourt, and they were all of old date save one; that of Richard Darcourt, Esq., who died in August, 1812, and in whose person the family became extinct.

Who was Richard Darcourt, Esq.? And how came he and his ancestors to be buried here, in this secluded spot of earth, where their proud

monument was out of keeping with everything about it? There were scarcely half-a-dozen headstones throughout the whole extent of the church-yard; one of these identified the remains of a former curate, who died at the patriarchal age of eighty-nine; another recorded the death of a fair girl, just advancing into womanhood: the last, as the inscription said,—and how mournful was the reflection!—the last surviving child of that same widowed old man. She had gone before him, and he had borne up for five long months after his bereavement before he "fell asleep" in his turn.

I was still meditating upon this melancholy record when I heard, at no great distance, a dull, measured, monotonous sound, which I could not mistake. I was not alone in the death-garden. It was the opening of a grave, and the work was going forward behind the church, where I had not yet penetrated. I turned in that direction and found that I had not deceived myself; a half-dug grave was before me, and in the pit stood an old man, so old that it was clear some one must soon render the same christian service to himself. He had thrown off his coat, which lay upon the grass, his head was bare, and his long hair, which glittered in the light like silver, fell over his shoulders. I watched him as he worked. His sun-burnt and muscular hands grasped the spade with a strength which seemed incompatible with his years, and he pursued his task steadily, and with a precision evidently the result of long habit. After a time he raised his head, and seeing me observing him, lifted his hand as if to withdraw his cap, which being already thrown aside, he was compelled to substitute a grasp of some of the white hair which had elicited my admiration.

"You have a hard task there, my friend," I said, as I advanced to the edge of the grave.

"Not so hard as you think, belike, sir," was the quiet reply; "the soil's kindly, and I've been at it all my life."

"And that life has been a long one," I rejoined; "you must have stretched many to rest in their last home since you dug your first grave."

"You are right, sir," said the old man, ceasing from his labor, and leaning lightly upon his spade, more as it seemed from habit than from necessity; "old and young, rich and poor, happy and heart-broken; some who were loth to die, and some who were thankful to be beyond further trial. There's no stranger book, sir, than a church-yard. Take every one of these graves, and if you could read what's written on the hearts that are rotting in them, you'd know more of life, mayhap, than you'll ever learn from the living."

"I am sure of it," I answered, astonished both at the words and manner of the old sexton; "and as you must know all this, perhaps you will be kind enough to answer me a question?"

"You need n't ask it, sir,—you need n't ask it," was the somewhat impatient reply. "You want to know the history of Squire Darcourt, who lies yonder in the big tomb. He is on the south, you see—matter of course, sir, matter of course—the gentlefolks have had the sunshine all their lives, and they claim it after they're dead. They could n't lie quiet yonder in the shade, where the soil's damp and the sky dark—no, no, they could n't lie quiet there." And he resumed his task with a vigor which had in it more of bitterness than zeal.

"You mistake me, my good friend," I said soothingly; "I care nothing for either that for-

mal tomb or its tenant; my interest leans to the very spot of gloom which you have just denounced. I want to learn the history of a solitary grave planted with rose-trees. I would pledge five years of my life that it contains the most fertile page in that book of which you just now spoke."

The old man raised his head, and looked at me steadily.

"You are a stranger, sir," he said, in a subdued and altered tone, utterly unlike his late irritation, "and the tale is a long one, and a sad one; and I might n't tell it altogether after a fashion to please your ears, for you are a gentleman—I have seen enough of 'em to know one at first sight; and, perhaps, you may be, too, like the squire yonder was for a time, a parliament man. But I hope not, sir—I hope not; for if they're all alike they'll have a deal to answer for in the next world, though their tombs may be of stone and iron in this, while the poor must be content with grass and osiers."

I cannot tell why, but I would not have admitted the fact at that moment for all the condensed wisdom of St. Stephen's.

"Do me more justice," I said, "and tell the tale in your own way; I should not like it so well in any other. And, first, who lies yonder in that narrow grave?"

"My only sister," answered the sexton, without raising his eyes.

I began to regret my curiosity. I had evidently given the old man a pang, and I could devise no better method of at once terminating the conversation than by saying—

"Pray forgive me: I was misled by the freshness of the grave, and thought that it had been that of a young person."

"And so it is, sir,—young, and beautiful, and—loving, with a smile or a tear for every one, friends and foes alike. And the grave is fresh, sir—the grave is fresh, as you say—and it would be hard if it were n't: as if old John Saunders, who has spent his life in throwing up the soil for every one that would pay him for his labor, could n't keep one little mound clean and tidy, out of love for the poor thing that lies under it!"

I bent my head affirmatively, but did not utter a word; the old man's mood was evidently softening.

"But it was n't always as it is now, shame be with me who am obliged to own it! If you had come here three-and-thirty years ago, sir, you'd have seen that damp corner smothered in nettles, that grew tall and strong, as if they tried to hide the grave that had been dug there. And it did my heart good to see 'em, and I would have watered and weeded 'em, had they needed it, to make 'em taller and stronger still. But I learnt to feel better and softer afterwards," pursued the sexton, in a lower voice, as he raised his eyes reverently to heaven; "and I began to understand that I had grudged her enough, and that, surely, I might let her lie like a Christian in the cold corner where I had thrust her away, without making her grave a marvel to the village. Ah, sir! I might have laid her down here, under one of these yew trees, and cut her name, and her age, and the day she died, upon the trunk, for our parson was too good a man to have hindered me. He thought that I had suffered enough, but I had n't, sir, I had n't—I had n't got my pride under, and my grief was choked with it. I had more to learn yet; so I refused to dig her a grave, as I should have done,

where she might have laid among the friends of her youth, and the old people that she had seen seated about her father's hearth; and I put her there, as if, even after death, she was to be a mark and a stare."

"What was her name?" I asked, almost in a whisper, for I began to suspect that I could read her history.

"Amy, sir—Amy Saunders: and that's a name that has n't passed my lips for many a long year. And Amy Saunders—it seems to do my heart good any how to name it now—Amy Saunders was only another way of talking of the prettiest and the merriest—ay, sir, and for all that's come and gone—the modestest girl in Thornhol-low, till the trial came, and then it was who could say first, that they had seen how 't would be months before; and that people was always pulled down that set themselves up for proper and better than their neighbors; and that if John Saunders had n't been a fool, he'd have seen that he might just as well have sent his sister to London to live, as up to the great house."

"The great house?" I repeated, interrogatively.

"What! you have n't seen it yet, sir!" said the old man. "It lies beyond, at the back of the hill yonder, and they do say that it's a wonderful bit of building, for it's stood I don't know how many centuries; and I can remember it a grand place in my time, with gardens, and groves, and terraces, and a park of deer, and an avenue of beeches up to the fore-court, that looked in the autumn like two long lines of gold, and livery servants lounging about the hall, and music and laughing ringing out through the open windows, and making the yeoman's heart lighter as it came sweeping along the wind to the lone field where he was at work. The curse of a broken heart, wrung out of its shame, had n't lightened on it then."

"And now, my friend?" I asked, with all my sympathies awakened by the stern eloquence of the old man.

"Now, sir," he answered, bitterly, as he leant back and supported himself against the wall of earth behind him, "the plough has passed over the trim park where ladies used to walk about in satin shoes without hurting their tender feet, and the beeches have been cut down to raise money to spend in foreign parts, and the gardens have run to waste and are choked up with weeds, and the fishponds, that used to look like bits of clear glass, and were full of gold and silver fish, are mudholes, where the frogs and tadpoles breed at their ease. The shutters are close shut, and the house empty. I wandered through it once, unbeknown to any one, for I knew a way in, and I wanted to see the end of the wicked. All was dark—dark: ay, as dark as that lone grave yonder, or the big tomb that looks down upon it; and the grand chambers echoed"—and here the old man almost gave way to a burst of cruel merriment—"as if they knew that the same feet that used to tread 'em would never tread 'em again. They would have ploughed up to the very doors, sir, for land like ours about here is too good to waste, but they could n't; for the fore-court is shut in with tall iron rails and wide gates, with a bit of gilding on the spikes, and the place is what they call in Chancery, and must n't be touched; for the law is that it should be left to fall into ruin quietly, and no mischief done. So there the big house stands, in the middle of corn and potato-fields, as if it had dropped down

ready made from the skies, and had no business there. I suppose at the end of two more lives as long as mine, if it holds out, they'll say it's haunted, and it's sure that many a one has been so for less."

"But was there no lawful heir," I inquired, "to save so fine a property as you describe from such a fate?"

"There were two of them, sir—there were two of them, and that they say was the evil. When the squire yonder," and he jerked his head in the direction of the vault of the Darcourts, "went mad and died, his sister was left, and she had married some great lord from foreign parts who took her away to where he came from; I don't rightly remember now where it was, to France, or to the Ameriky's, or somewhere about there, and as she was n't here to take care of herself, up starts a cousin that she had never seen or heard of, from t'other side of England, a long way off, and says as he is heir-at-law; so poor Miss Emily is advised to 'throw it into Chancery,' I think they call it, which means that nobody is to have it, for the good of them both, and there it is."

"It was a melancholy death for the last of an old family to die," I observed.

"You would have said so, sir, if you had seen and heard it as I did. I did n't envy him his down bed and his satin curtains that night, for I had seen my father and mother die in our little cottage, in a room with a brick floor and whitewashed walls, the same room that I and she were born in, and where I hope to die myself; there were tears and sighs there, sir, I own, and many of them, but neither howls, nor screams, nor terror. I never knew before how little money or luxury could help at such a time, but I learnt it then."

"Was there insanity in the family?"

"No, sir, never before. The old squire and madam lived to a good old age in peace and charity with all men, and for the last ten years they never stirred from the hall, which folks said was all the worse for their son, for London seems to be but a queer place for young men, when they've no one to look after 'em. They thought he spent a mint o' money—they owned that; but when he paid some thousands of pounds to get to be a parliament man, that seemed to set all right at the hall; and madam used to look so very eager-like at the parson on a Sunday when he prayed for the 'high court,' a-thinking, as she was, of the young squire; and all the village was so glad to do her pleasure, that the 'amen' to that prayer was always the loudest; but it would n't all do, for it was n't likely that a gay young blade that could n't rule himself could be a better hand at ruling the nation."

"Did he succeed in making any figure?" I asked, with a smile.

"I should think he did, sir," replied the sexton, with all the gravity of a profound conviction, which he was too modest to put into words, "for before long he got turned adrift again, and he never could get in after that. He said when he came down home that they was all alike, for that there was a 'dissolution;' but you know, sir, ignorant as we are about here, we could n't quite believe that; for it was n't likely or natural that they should all die off at once, so we just took it for what it was good for, and saw clear enough that the king and the parliament had had enough of him."

"And was he unpopular at that time?"

"Not a bit, sir; for though he was wild, and

proud, and passionate, he had a warm heart and a ready hand, and, above all, a way with him that won strangely upon the women. He ought never to have come to such a place as this: he was too clever for us, sir, in all the London ways. But all was joy up at the hall. Master Richard was so handsome, and the friends that he brought down with him to fish and shoot were so fashionable and elegant, that poor Miss Emily was delighted; and that's the way that she came to marry her outlandish husband, poor dear young lady! Do you know, sir, I've often wondered," pursued the sexton, leaning his chin upon the clasped hands that rested on the handle of his spade, "I've very often wondered if that was n't a sin that marrying of foreigners; for as they are all the natural-born enemies of old England, it seems to me that it never could be intended that they should come together with husbands from beyond seas."

"Why, you forget, my good friend, that our fair and gracious sovereign gave her royal hand to a German prince."

"That's the very thing that makes me doubt, sir, for I felt quite sure of it before, but when I heard of that I was staggered; and now I'm glad to know that I was wrong, for I loved Miss Emily like a child of my own. Though still I shall think, as long as I live, that our young ladies could find better, and fonder, and handsomer husbands at home than ever they'll do across the water."

"You and I, at least, are bound to believe so, Master Saunders."

"You are, sir—you are," retorted the old man; "as for me, I never thought of a wife but once, and I felt it my duty not to marry her; I had another duty to perform, sir, that I could n't ask her to share, though she'd have done it, as I well know, for my sake; and so from that time I made up my mind to stay as I was, and to live and die alone."

"You were, then, an orphan?"

"There were two of us, sir. My father went first, when he was still a fine hale man of fifty, from a fall he had; and my mother broke her heart six months afterwards, when Amy was only two years old. I dug both their graves with my own hands, and there they lie, side by side, as they lived. No, not that way, sir," he continued, following the direction of my glance, "but out away yonder. I put her as far from 'em as I could, for I thought she was n't worthy to be near 'em; and so, from my own wicked pride, I've brought the same misfortune on myself, for I shall lie by her, and she won't be alone much longer, that's one comfort."

"I understand her melancholy story," I said, with all the pity that I felt; "your poor young sister was tempted, and she fell."

The old man nodded his head, and wiped his hand across his eyes.

"And yet I ought n't quite to say so," he pursued, after a pause; "for you see, sir, here's the whole truth. Amy was not only the prettiest girl in the hamlet, but she was the best. On her death-bed my mother put her into my arms, and bade me remember that she would soon have no one to take care of her and watch over her but me, and as I was almost old enough then to be her father, she told me that I must act as such, and keep her from all evil ways, and make her happy; and I promised it all on my knees. And while she was a child she was seldom out of my sight, but played

in the fields while I was at work, with the hedge-flowers and the butterflies, searching for blackberries and wild roses, and making my heart glad and my arm strong. And when I was called here to dig a grave, she sat beside me on the grass, making necklaces of the daisies, and reminding me of the duties that were before me, and making me feel less lonely when I happened to look towards the place where I had laid our parents. But she could n't always be a child, and so she grew up to be a tall girl, wanting more learning than I could give her; and though the cottage was lonely enough when she was out of it, I sent her to the village school till she had learned all they could teach her; and I thought that was enough for one of her station, and was happy again to have her with me, singing about the house, and doing all that her poor mother had done before her, and, as I fancied, doing it even better. This was n't to last, however; for she was so pretty and so modest that Madam Darcourt noticed her for a time at church, and spoke to the parson about her, and then had her up to the hall and talked to her. I can't tell you how proud I was, sir, for I knew that she deserved it all; and I began to hope that belike they would do something more for her than I could. And so they did, sir—and so they did; and it was all well meant and kindly, though they had better left her in the old cottage to live with her brother and to work at her wheel. When Miss Emily saw her she took a great fancy to her, for they were nearly of an age; and so it was settled that I should be sent for, and my heart was in my mouth while I was putting on my Sunday suit to go up in my turn; and when I got there what should I see in the grand old oak room but Madam Darcourt, sitting in her big crimson chair by the fireside, watching the two girls, who were on their knees before a sofa, turning over a book of pictures, and the squire on the window-seat reading one of the London papers. I guessed how it would be directly, for Amy had taken off her bonnet and shawl, and Miss Emily's arm was round her neck, that was as red as a peony; and while Amy's eyes were cast down upon the pictures, Miss Emily was whispering in her ear and almost laughing in her joy. Well, sir, when I took my hat off at the door, the squire nodded his head, and madam smiled and told me to come in; but I knew myself better, and stood fast. It was just as I thought. First I was asked what relations I had about the place, and I said none at all but Amy; for my father came from a far shire when he was a boy to seek for work; and poor people, when they're once parted from their uncles and cousins, don't know much about 'em a few years after; and my mother was an orphan brought up by her grandmother, who died many years before of grief that her only son had been lost at sea: so that we were all alone. The lady said that she was glad of it, and then inquired what friends Amy had made in the village. I told her what was the truth, that every soul in the village was her friend, from the parson downwards, but that she had no playfellow but me, and had never asked for one. Madam looked more pleased than ever; and saying that she knew she could trust to my word, she began to tell me that Miss Emily was in want of a companion, both in her play and her learning, and that if I would consent to part with Amy, she should live at the hall so long as she continued to be a good girl, and learn of Miss Emily's governess and be treated like one of the family.

"I thought, sir, that the floor was sliding away from under my feet; and before I could get my voice again, up sprang Amy, threw off Miss Emily's arm, let the beautiful book fall upon the floor, and, without even waiting to pick it up, rushed to my neck and began to cry bitterly, saying that she could n't and would n't leave me forever.

"Ah, sir! why did n't I listen to that voice of nature that rung a warning in my ears? But I was young and hopeful then, and was full of wild and ambitious dreams for the baby-sister that I had reared. At least, I never thought of myself; I could n't afford to do that. The solitary cottage frightened me, and the long, long days and nights that I must pass without seeing Amy, or feeling her kisses on my lips, or hearing her clear voice carolling through the narrow rooms. And so it was me that persuaded her, and soothed her, and bid her go and kiss madam's hand, and thank her for all her kindness. And she obeyed me," pursued the poor old man, dashing away the tears which were now pouring down his furrowed cheeks—"she obeyed me, sir; for Amy had never till that day had any will but mine, and she could n't hold out long against it. And madam, who had kindly shed a tear herself, told me to take my little sister home, and to bring her back on the morrow: but I could n't venture that, and so I made bold to tell her. Amy was at the hall now; and, thankful as I was for all her goodness, I might n't, belike, have courage to take her back if once I had her at the cottage again. Miss Emily, too, was crying and clinging to her new friend; and the squire looked up from his paper and said that I was quite right, and that, as the worst was now over, it had better not be begun again; so the lady agreed with him, telling me that I need n't trouble about Amy's things, for that they would give her all she wanted at the hall, and that I might come and see her the next Sunday, and have my dinner there. I got away at last I hardly know how, and found myself in the great avenue.

"It was a Monday, sir—a Monday, in the afternoon—and I was n't to see Amy till the next Sunday. When I remembered that, I felt as if some one had clutched me by the throat—I could n't breathe; and if I had been a boy instead of a man I should have thought that I was sobbing. So I sat down under one of the trees and took off my hat, that the wind might blow in my face, and that did me good; and, after a time, I began to think, and, somehow, from one thing to another, I got on till I verily believed that I had made a fortune for Amy. I saw her riding in her own coach; and then I felt so merry that I tried to sing, but I could n't do that—I might as well have tried to pull up one of the old beeches by the roots. So, when I found it would n't do, I jumped up again and walked on to the village.

"I passed the wicket of my little garden, lifted the door-latch, and went into the cottage. I kept telling myself that I ought to be very glad; but somehow, when I found myself there alone, I felt just as I did the day that I came from my mother's funeral. I had ate nothing since breakfast, for Amy had been sent for just as she put our bit of bacon in the pot; and when I went I was in too great a hurry to follow her to think about my meal. When I got home the fire had gone out under the saucepan, and there was no cloth laid, though it was nearly supper time; but I did n't heed these things then, I only remembered them afterwards. I threw myself into an old high-backed wooden

chair, that had been my father's, and sat there, thinking of nothing, but quite lost, until the morning.

"The fresh air did me good when I went to my work, and I began to be angry at my own folly. It was hard enough, to be sure, to be parted from Amy, and to be left alone for the first time; but then it was for Amy's good, and I had promised to be a father to her; and all the while that pride was swelling at my heart, I kept telling myself that I had only done my duty, and that I must n't be thinking of my own pleasure and convenience. I never shed a tear, sir, through it all; perhaps I should have got over it better if I had, for the women seem to get rid of a deal of grief through their eyes! But I hoarded up all my sorrow, and even hid it from my neighbors when they inquired into the truth, and told me that Amy's fortune was made and that she would be a lady. And so Sunday came at last, and it rained hard and the family did n't come to church; but the rain was nothing to me, and, when the parson had gone home, I started for the hall.

"I thought Amy would have ate me up; but that hardly satisfied me. I should n't have known her again, for she had got lace on her frock, and a sash like Miss Emily's; and although I was proud to see her so fine, yet somehow she did n't seem to belong to me as she used to do. And I was n't a minute alone with her. I was asked into the schoolroom, where the governess never left us, and called me *Mister Saunders*, and told me that I ought to pray for madam every night of my life, and suchlike, as if she could feel what I did. And Amy smiled and cried at the same time, and inquired after her poultry and the donkey that she used to gallop over the hills upon, till she was reminded that she must leave off thinking of such things, and think of her learning; and then she hung her head and kissed me over and over again, but asked no more questions. This was bad enough, but when dinner came it was worse. I had n't had time yet to forget that Amy was my sister; but she dined in the parlor with the squire and madam, and Miss Emily and the governess, as the rule was every Sunday, and I in the servants' hall. It was n't for pride that I minded it, for the servants there were all ladies and gentlemen, and thought themselves very obliging to accept of my company; but I could n't bear to be parted from Amy, nor to have her taught to look down upon me; and I really believe that I should have carried her back again that night to the cottage if she had n't had on a parcel of fine clothes that did n't belong to her.

"Next thing, sir, I was asked up once a fortnight, and then once a month; but, for a time, Amy persisted in sitting by me at church on a Sunday, and reading out of the same book, and she used to wear her old bonnet and shawl that she had on when she left home, though I soon saw myself that they did n't look rational over muslin and silk frocks, for she had soon outgrown her own. At last, one Sunday, when I was dining at the hall, madam sent for me to the big room, and told me that she was quite satisfied with my behavior, and was sorry to say anything that might hurt me, but that if Amy was to be Miss Emily's friend, it was n't becoming that she should leave the squire's pew, or wear the Sunday-school dress that likened her to the rest of the village girls. I think I felt that saying more than all the rest, sir, for I had been glad to believe that we were equal

there at least; and now I saw that I should be obliged to sit alone, and only see her a long way off, when I caught a sight of her bright young face between the crimson curtains of the pew. But there was no help for it, and so I promised Madam Darcourt that I would forbid her to come to me. And I did it—I did it, sir; but I don't know how I had the heart, for I began to see that they wanted to shake me off, and that it was only Amy's innocent love that prevented it. However, I never saw that Sunday-school bonnet again, and we never more sat side by side upon that narrow bench.

"Well, sir, they grew up, those two beautiful young girls; but Amy was the handsomest of the two and the cleverest, for Miss Emily was n't fond of learning and was a spoiled child, while the poor cottager's daughter gave all her mind to her books, and, not content with learning what they bid her, learned a power of other things that they never meant her to know. And she had such an air, sir! Many times I've put my hand to my hat to pull it off when she spoke to me, if she had n't hindered it with a smile and a kiss. And so as I found she was getting beyond me, and would never be fit for the cottage again, I began to think that I got on badly enough with the old woman that looked after me, and that I'd better search about for a wife. There were plenty of girls in the village, and good girls too; but Amy had spoiled me, so I was in no hurry to make up my mind, for I would n't give her a sister that she might be ashamed of, and I was too poor to look for anything grand. However, I kept my eyes about me; and just then the young squire came home, after what he called the dissolution. I shall never forget him at church the next Sunday; how polite he was, looking out the places in her prayer-book, and putting on her shawl when they were going home. All the village was up in arms; but I did n't like it—it did n't seem to me to be natural. And when Amy wished me good-by at the porch, and got into the coach with madam, and Miss Emily, and the governess, to go home, altogether it did n't seem to me to be right, and I began to be uneasy about her. But Master Richard was soon off again, and I forgot all about it, till the old squire was taken ill and had two physicians from the county town. But all would n't do, and at the end of four months he died.

"That was the first time the vault had been opened since I took up my father's trade, and I need n't tell you, sir, how heavy my heart was when I set about it. It seemed to me to be only the beginning of evil, and so it was; for madam began to pine when he was gone, and the young squire, who had come down for the funeral with the lawyers and suchlike, would n't leave her, but stayed on for a whole year at the hall; and at the end of it he buried her. Then Miss Emily refused to leave the place; and so he came and went between London and the hall, that was now his own, and a few months afterwards the house was full. The governess stayed on as housekeeper, and Miss Emily and Amy loved one another more than ever.

"Before very long news came to the village that Miss Emily was about to be married; and then my heart was full, for I did n't know what would become of my sister. Madam had left her five hundred pounds in her will, and she was a match for the best farmer in the country. But I began to be afraid that she'd never settle to work

after the life she 'd led and the learning she 'd got ; and so I took upon myself one day when, for a wonder, we were left alone, to talk to her about these matters. I could make nothing of it, however ; she only blushed and smiled, and told me to keep myself easy, for she 'd been luckier than she deserved, and she 'd tell me all, only that she must n't until after Miss Emily's marriage. I thought this hard ; I felt as though she ought n't to have a secret from her only brother, and one who had brought her up from a baby. But she had a way with her that always upset me ; and so I kissed her and told her that she knew best, as, of course, she must, and tried to think that all would come right in time.

"I shall never forget Miss Emily's marriage, sir. The squire was like one beside himself. Gold flew about on all sides, as had never been seen before in Thornhollow ; and we were all glad of it for the parson's sake, for he wanted it had enough. There was a fair on the common, and a dinner for all the village in the park. But the grandest sight was the wedding. Two of the bridegroom's sisters had come over, and there were they and Amy all dressed alike, like princesses, and Miss Emily, like a queen as she was, and a great lady as she was going to be. But I thought that Amy looked very pale, and sad, and ill ; and once or twice I caught her eye turned upon me, as if to see whether I was watching her ; and when our eyes met she smiled, but it was n't a smile of joy, and it made my heart ache.

"I went up to dine at the Hall, but I did n't see Amy. Miss Emily was to start at six o'clock in the evening, in a carriage-and-four, with her new husband, and Amy had promised not to leave until the governess was ready to follow ; but, for all that, I was startled to hear from the lady's-maid that she had n't made any preparation for a move. I could n't understand it ; and I laid awake all night, tired as I was, thinking over what she was going to do. I heard it soon enough.

"A fortnight afterwards I had a message from the Hall, and in five minutes I was on the road there. Instead of taking me to the housekeeper's room, as they 'd done since the young squire had been master there, I was walked up to the breakfast parlor, and there I found Amy."

The old man paused and gasped for breath, then glanced towards the little northern grave, shook his head mournfully and continued,—

"She was n't dressed out in her silks, sir, but in a sort of white wrapping-gown ; and I saw the minute I looked at her what I ought to have discovered long before. My head failed, I reeled, and hung on to a chair for support.

"I'm an old man, sir ; but if I was to live for another century I should never forget that day, nor the night that followed it. Amy sprang across the floor and threw herself on her knees before me : but I had no mercy. It was more than I could bear. She had been my first thought in the morning and my last at night ; my heart was bound up in her. I'd watched over her when she was an infant in the cradle, cherished her when she 'd no other parent, given up everything for her when I needed her sorely in my own poor home, and all because I loved her better than myself, and wanted to make her happy, come what might of all else. And now my heart was wrung asunder, and my pride flew into my face and hissed in my ears ; and the months and years of loneliness that I'd passed in my thatched and

whitewashed cottage came back upon me as if they mocked my folly. And as she still knelt there—for I had n't stretched out a finger to lift her up, though she seemed to be sinking into the dust—as she knelt there, I thought of the young wife who was to come to my home as soon as I knew that she was happy and settled, as she had told me she should soon be : the virtuous girl that had heard me boast so often of my sister Amy that she almost trembled when she thought of seeing her. And when I remembered that I should n't dare to look her in the face again, with such a shame as this come upon me, as she knelt there, sir, I could have driven her from me with a blow. She had thought so little of me, when I had been thinking of little else but her ! I only waited till I had got my legs again, and that I knew I should n't stagger and fall before I got clear of that accursed roof ; and then giving her one long look that reproached her more than all I could have said, I wrenched my knees from her grasp and turned to leave her.

"Oh, sir, a death-groan is very horrible ; but it's music to the wild shriek that she gave as she started from the floor, and with white and shaking lips, and eyes that seemed as if they were burning in their sockets, thrust her hand into her bosom and pulled out a paper that she held before my eyes. But my time was n't come ; and telling her that I had n't learning like her to mend a sin and to wipe away a shame with a bit of writing, I flung from the room."

The old man paused ; the sweat was trickling down his forehead, and his chest heaved with emotion. It was terrible to see such vividness of feeling outlive the wasted frame within which it labored ; but he soon rallied.

"Well, sir," he pursued, after a time, "the poor thing wrote to me a number of times ; but the very look of her letters, that seemed as if they were only fit for gentlefolks to read, angered me, and I would n't open one of 'em. She hoped on for all that, poor lamb ! And so she came to live in the village ; not upon the money that madam had left her—no, no ! if she had done that I should n't have forgiven her to my last day, long as I might have lived—but upon what she earned with her needle, working birds and flowers upon bits of satin, that they sent to London for her to be sold. And she was at it late and early, as they told me, till her hour was near ; and then she had n't strength, but used to sit all day at her window, where she could see my wicket, and watch me as I went in and out to my work. I don't know which was worst off in those days, for I had broke with my sweetheart, for all she promised that my sister's shame should never alter her love for me, and I well knew that she 'd keep her word ; but though her mother said the same, she did n't say it in the same tone, and I saw she was pleased to have it over ; and, disgraced as I was, I had my pride still, and stood firm. So I was glad when Mary took service in the market-town, and went away.

"Well, sir, the time came, and Amy had a son ; but she never looked up again, and in three months she died. They came to tell me just at dusk, when I had come home from work, worn out body and soul, and I had n't even strength to be thankful. The next day the baby was gone too, and then I felt happier than I had been for a long while. It had been a poor sickly infant from its birth, for the mother had fretted, and they 'd

pined away together. I put on my hat and turned into the churchyard. I walked first to those two graves yonder, and pulled out a weed or two that had come with the last rains; and then I looked carefully about me. I did n't search long for what I wanted; and when I got to that corner where she lies, I paced the ground carefully, as close to the wall as I could with safety, till I found in how little space I could bury her; and then, when the day of her funeral came, I got up at daybreak and began my task. Nobody came near me; they knew that I could n't bear it then. And so I worked on alone, with the drizzling rain mixing with the cold sweat upon my forehead and chest, till I had dug a grave of ten foot deep. I wanted to bury her shame in the very bowels of the earth. Here is the deepest grave in the whole churchyard except *his*. And, squire as he was," pursued the old man, with another of those savage smiles which formed so frightful a contrast with his usually placid expression, "I had my way there, too, when he came here in his turn.

"The people she had lived with followed her funeral, and I stood a good way off and looked on, (for I had got a friend to do my duty for me,) till the crowd left the churchyard; and then he followed 'em as I'd asked him, and I was left alone beside her grave. I could see the coffin plainly, for they'd only thrown a couple of spits of soil upon it. It was a pauper's coffin, sir, without a name or a date, but with the pauper brand instead, for she would have it so, and I had n't cared to interfere. But now, when I looked down at it, I thought my very heart would break. There was only that coarse plank between me and the thin, pale girl that lay there with her baby in her arms, and I could n't bear to lose sight of it; so I sat beside her till near sunset, thinking of all that was past, and how things had come to this after all my hopes and prayers. But at last I took up my spade, and an hour before nightfall I had filled in the grave, and buried my own heart with her.

"Don't fancy that I fretted though it was so. I loved her dearly, even when I would n't see her in her agony nor on her deathbed; but she'd deceived and disgraced me, and I felt as if I'd buried the little Amy who'd grown up beside me till she found a prouder home; and that the Miss Saunders—for they called her so, sir, through the whole country side to the very day of her death—that the Miss Saunders, who'd gone wrong, and been the shame of the village where she was born, and where her parents lay buried, was living yet to blight an honest name, and cheat a true heart that had trusted to her. So, sir, when, on going home, I found that she'd left another thick letter for me, I put it away with the rest in a box where I had locked up my poor mother's wedding-ring, meaning to give it to Amy when she should marry in her turn; and I tried to forget that I had ever had a sister. But it would n't do; and though I got over the first two years, and used to feel glad when I looked towards her grave and saw that it could n't be seen for the nettles that had grown up about it, I gave way at last. And so, one Sabbath evening, when I was sitting in my desolate cottage, I could contain myself no longer, but going to the little box, I brought it to the table, and pulling the candle closer, I read all the letters, leaving the thick one to the last. I never knew what torture was after that night, sir; all that I'd gone through before was nothing. Every one of

'em had been written with her heart's blood! And how she loved me, and how she prayed that she might die in my arms, that she might feel sure of pardon in the next world! But all this was nothing yet. I had read through all but one, for I spent the whole night over 'em, and read some of 'em two or three times over—them especially that made me feel what a wicked, unnatural wretch I'd been to her, and how I'd sinned against my mother's solemn bidding; and then, when all the rest laid open before me, I began upon the last. That was the real blow, sir! Out fell a marriage-certificate that would have cheated me, though I'd seen so many of 'em, all signed and dated, and the names of Richard Darcourt and Amy Saunders fairly written out. I thought my heart would have burst for joy, and I was obliged to lay it down to take a drink of water; but I was n't long before I took it up again, and after I'd satisfied myself that I was n't out of my senses, I picked up another letter that had dropped out along with it. I had n't seen the writing before; and no wonder, for it was a letter from Mr. Darcourt to tell her that their wedding had been a sham, and that parson and clerk were both friends of his that had joined him in the frolic—yes, sir, that was the word—the *frolic* that was to break a poor girl's heart, and to turn her only relation into a savage. But even this was n't all: no, no—there was more to come yet. He went on to tell her that when he warned her to keep the secret till his sister's grand husband was out of the country, as he would surely take offence and she would bring trouble into the family, and not even to tell me for fear I should make it known, and to let the governess go before a word was said; she might have been sure that he meant her no good, and so she'd only herself and her silly pride to blame, and not him, who could n't be expected to marry a girl whose father and brother had made their living by digging graves, but that he'd advise her to make the best of it and turn her learning to account; and he hoped she'd leave the village, which could n't be pleasant to neither of them, for he was going to London to be married in earnest, and should soon bring his wife down to the hall."

The old man's voice had sunk almost into a whisper before it ceased; but, after the silence of a moment, he clasped his hands convulsively together, and looking up eagerly in my face, gasped out,—

"Amy was innocent, was n't she, sir?"

"As innocent as an angel!" I replied solemnly, as I lifted my hat, in order to give force to my words.

One long sob of happiness gushed from the lips of the old man as he buried his face in his spread hands for an instant. "She was! she was!" he murmured beneath his breath. "The parson said so when he read the letters; and all the village said so, when he went round to their cottages and told 'em how happy they must be that had never insulted her in her sorrow. And now you, sir—you, a stranger, and, belike, as great a man as Squire Darcourt himself—you say so too; and I feel as if my old heart had grown young again on purpose to bless you!"

"But tell me, my good friend," I said, anxious to check this exultation, so dangerous to a man of his age, "what said Amy herself in that last letter?"

"Not a word, sir," replied the sexton, hoarsely, as his head again drooped under the weight of his

remorseful memories ; “ not a word ! What could she say, poor lamb, that she had n’t said in all the rest ! Do you know what I did when the first ray of light came through my window ? I ran like a madman to her grave and tore up the nettles by the roots, as I would have torn her pure body from the spot where I myself had laid it to carry it to the feet of our parents, that she might sleep near ’em as she should have done, had I dared to commit such a fearful sin as to disturb the dead. And then I began to dream of vengeance ; the big house and the proud squire did n’t frighten me at such a time as that ; and I can’t say into what wickedness I should have fell if the temptation had n’t been spared me. We were all expecting the squire and his London wife, and no one watched for ’em as I did, when instead of a marriage-feast we soon had a funeral sermon. He reaped what he had sowed, sir. When he got to London the lady quarrelled with him about some matter or another. I don’t rightly know what, for I did n’t hear ; but I’ve often thought that mayhap she’d heard of my poor Amy : and so the wedding was at an end. And the squire, as I’ve told you before, was proud and passionate, and he had n’t patience to bear with such a disappointment as this. And so he flew into a rage and said uncivil things, and got turned out of the house. Upon which he started from London with four horses to his coach, and a couple of young sparks as hot-headed as he was ; and a frightful life they led on the road all the way to the hall, if his own man’s to be believed, drinking and swearing, and kicking up rows in all the places where they stopped to change horses, till, within two posts of Thornhollow, there’s the squire three parts drunk, who swears he’ll mount the leaders and take ’em into the hall himself ; when, just as he comes to

the Witch’s Punch-Bowl, the horse he’s on shies, and as he was n’t steady enough to keep his seat, off he pitched over his head, and one of the wheels went over his body. They picked him up quick enough, as you may believe, but he was quite stunned ; and when he came to himself he insisted on coming on here, that he might have his spree out, as he said. And so he had, sir—so he had : for the wine and brandy that he’d drank had fevered his blood, and what with that and his hurt, and the jolting over the roads after his fall, it flew to his head, and he was mad four hours after. Then he began to talk as it was awful to hear, and to call for Amy, and, after a time, for me. They could n’t bring Amy to his bed, for she was lying in that he’d prepared for her himself ; but they sent for me, and I was glad of it. My work was done to my hands, and I wanted to see the end of him. I’ve told you how he died, sir ; and then came the funeral. And when the vault was opened, the parson wanted to lay him between his father and mother, where there was just room for him. But I settled that business with my pickaxe ; and though I worked like an ox I did n’t grudge my labor, for I hampered up the space till the coffin could n’t be forced in,” said the old man, with another of his wild smiles ; “ and so they were obliged to lay him at their feet where he ought to be, only that the place was too good for him.”

We were both silent for a few moments ; and then the old man said, with a serenity which only extreme age can so suddenly restore—“ May I make bold to ask, sir, what’s o’clock ?”

“ Half-past four, my friend.”

“ You don’t say so ! and my work little more than half done ! Good a’ternoon to you, sir.”

THE BACHELOR’S FAREWELL TO HIS SNUFF-BOX.

ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

ERE yet hath sounded celibacy’s knell,
Ere yet the marriage peal hath rung for me,
Long-cherish’d object, loved, alas ! too well ;
My snuff-box, let me sigh farewell to thee ;
Sigh, do I say ? perhaps it should be sneeze ;
But time, that dries the fountain of our tears,
Blunts too our nasal sensibilities :
Ah ! I have not sneez’d now these many years.
’T is hard for old companions but to part,
What must it be to cut them, then, for aye ?
As I must thee, thou snuff-box of my heart,
Because to-morrow is my wedding-day.
I’ve vow’d no more to use thee. Ask not why :
I’m told I must not do so ; that’s enough ;
For Mary Anne declares that she shall die,
If e’er she sees me take a pinch of snuff.
Then go, my box ; but, first, my thanks accept
For many a notion—now and then, a hit—
Which in this noddle would perchance have slept,
Hadst thou not put me up to snuff a bit.
And oh ! yet more for many a service when
Vex’d, disappointed, savage, thou for me
Philosophy hast strengthen’d with Etrenne,
And furnish’d consolation in Rappee.
Friend at a pinch—excuse the ancient pun—
Farewell ! my single life will soon be o’er :

With thee, forever, must I now have done ;
Ah ! may I never want thee any more !

Punch.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia has just published a ukase ordering all the Jews in Russia to place themselves, before January 1, 1850, in one of the four following classes : 1. Amongst the burghesses of a town, by the purchase of a piece of land or a house. 2. In one of the three corporations of traders. 3. In a corporation of artisans, after having given the proofs of ability required by law ; and 4. In the grand body of tillers of the earth, whether on their own property or under another owner. Such Jews as have not placed themselves by the appointed time in one of the four classes are to be subjected to such restrictive measures as the government may think fit to employ.

THE *Official Gazette of Wilna* publishes an article on the decrees of the Emperor of Russia respecting the Jews in his empire, which places the question in a different light from that in which it has been viewed by some of the German journals. It is asserted that the object of the Emperor is to introduce a spirit of industry into that class of his subjects, to devote themselves to commerce and agriculture, for which end he promises relief from the laws of exclusion and the taxation peculiar to them, and gives them until the year 1850 to embrace his views, after which those who refuse to obey his injunctions will be subjected to the measures of severity which he is now anxious to avoid.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER I.

I was born in the year—(but no—I claim the privilege of an unmarried woman, and will not set down the date)—in the city of Westminster. My father was a foreigner of Heligoland, who settled first at Sheerness. He made a good estate by dealing in slops, which he profitably sold to the sailors; and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards in Westminster. Here it was he married my mother, whose name was Robinson, whose ancestor was the famous Jack Robinson, of whom is still retained a popular proverb, relating to rapidity of expression.

Being the third daughter, and, unlike my two sisters, single—and my father having impoverished himself by bestowing two large dowries, leaving nothing for me excepting at his death—I had little hopes of marrying in England, or, in other words, of bettering my fortune. I therefore resolved to cross the seas. I had read of several young ladies who, with no money, and very small trunks indeed—and with hardly beauty enough to make any man in England turn back to look at them—had married general officers and rajahs in India. I had heard, and with the easy confidence of youth believed the story, that such was the demand for young-lady-wives in the East Indies, that the black men's boats that brought off cocoa-nuts and yams to the ship, on her dropping anchor, also brought off gentlemen covered with diamonds, and provided with wedding-rings. In many instances, the ship carrying a parson, the ceremony was immediately performed in the captain's cabin; and the happy couple on landing, immediately started five hundred miles up the country to spend the honeymoon. With these thoughts haunting me all day, I dreamt of nothing at nights but palanquins and elephants, and a husband continually giving me diamonds and pearls as big as swan's eggs.

And when I recollected the education my parents had given me—with all the advantages of the Blackheath finishing-school—I had no cause for despair. I could play at least six tunes upon the grand piano: I had worked a melon in Berlin wool so naturally, that my dear aunt fainted, as she declared, at the smell of it. I could dance, sing, and speak the very best Italian for—India. My father, seeing me constantly poring over the ship advertisements in the *Times*, guessed my intentions. One day he was confined to his room, having dined the day before at Blackwall. He sent for me, and expostulated with me on what he foresaw was my determination.

"My child," he said, "do you not perceive that you are born in the happiest state—that is, in the middle state of life? Consider how much grief, either way, you escape, by such a fortune. I will suppose you an earl's daughter—in time, to be married to a duke. Reflect upon the drudgery that would then await you. Compelled to be always playing a part; obliged, on all state occasions, to go and mob it at court; to stand behind stalls at fancy fairs; to be trundled about in a carriage, leaving bits of pasteboard from house to house; and, worse than all, if your husband should be a cabinet minister, to be obliged, every other month, to be nothing more than a court lady's maid, with this difference—that you're allowed to wear your own diamonds, and now and then permitted to see a follower. On the other hand, you

might have made shirts at fivepence apiece, and bound shoes at a farthing a pair. Whereas, you hold the happy middle state of life; a state that peeresses would jump out of their ermine tippets to fall into."

After this he pressed me not to think of leaving home: and further, promised that he would look about him for a husband for me—a steady, respectable young man of my own condition. But I had my head too full of rajahs and elephants to put up with steadiness and respectability. My mother, too, often scolded me, and rated my father for sending me to that finishing-school. "I always said what would come of it," she cried, "when I heard that the girls, before they went to balls and concerts, always swallowed *eau-de-cologne* upon lump sugar to make their eyes twinkle—I always prophesied how she 'd turn out, and so it 's come to pass."

Thus rebuked, I suffered a year to pass away in silence. One day, however, being at Gravesend, eating shrimps upon the pier, six beautiful East Indiamen, in full sail, passed down the river. The tears came into my eyes, and my smothered resolution burst anew into a flame. I resolved, without loss of time, to take my passage for the East. I returned to London; but, instead of going straight home, I went to the Docks, where I accosted a Captain Biscuit, of the ship *Ramo Samee*, of I don't know how many tons. Observing that as he passed his tobacco over his tongue, he looked suspiciously at my youthful appearance, I assured him that I had been married at fifteen, in India, that the climate disagreeing with my only child, a lovely boy, I had brought him to England, to remain with his grandmother, and was now only too anxious to rejoin my beloved husband at Budherapore. When I spoke of my husband, the quick eye of the captain glanced at my left hand; happily, as I wore gloves, he could not observe that no ring was on my finger. Instructed, however, by this accident, on my way home I purchased a ring at a pawnbroker's in the Minories; purchased it with a fervent hope that, sooner or later, the ring would be found to be of more than money's value. I ought, however, to state that I took my passage with the captain, the number of my cabin, 20. For this I was to pay seventy pounds. I paid him—for I always managed to have money about me—twenty pounds in advance. "What name!" said he; "Mrs. Biggleswade," said I; and I saw him write down, "Mrs. Biggleswade, cabin 20," on the list.

As for three years past I had determined upon this step, I had saved nearly all the money allowed me by my dear father for pocket money and clothes. And as, moreover, I made it always a point of being lucky at cards, I found myself mistress of a hundred and fifty sovereign pieces. "Now," thought I, "if my outfit even costs me fifty pounds, I shall have, passage and all paid, thirty pounds left;" money, I thought, more than sufficient, even though a husband should not come off in the boat with the cocoa-nuts and yams, to marry me in the captain's cabin.

All my thoughts were now bent upon my outfit. With this purpose, I used to steal out morning after morning to make my purchases; having them all sent to the house of a good woman—she had been our cook, and had married a green-grocer—to keep for me for the appointed time. I laid in six dozen of double-scented lavender; a dozen of the finest milk of roses; twenty pounds of the best pearl powder; a gross of court-plaster; six ounces of

musk; a quart of oil of bergamotte; two boxes of rouge, and—not to weary the reader—a hundred of the like articles, indispensable to a young gentlewoman.

I next visited Madame Crinoline's, and entirely cleared the dear creature's window of her whole stock of petticoats, etcetera, of horsehair. I had heard that birds were caught with horse-hair; and why not—in the skittishness of my heart I thought—why not husbands? Besides this—as I had heard much of the effects of Indian fevers—I bought myself three sets of curls, brown, dark brown, and auburn. To capture in an engagement, I thought it was lawful to use any colors.

My outfit completed, I awaited, with beating heart, the 10th of May. On that day the *Ramo Samee* was to drop down to Gravesend. On that day I left home, telling my dear father that I was going with some fashionable acquaintances to the exhibition of a sweet little love of a child with two heads and twelve toes. I hurried with my faithful friend to Gravesend. She went on board the ship with me; and, before the captain, kissed me and bade me farewell, as her dear daughter.

We weighed anchor; the breeze freshened, and I went below, with some natural thoughts about my native land and my hand-boxes.—*Punch*.

A NEW NAVAL DRAMA.—THEATRE ROYAL,
WHITECHAPEL ROTUNDA.

"Smoking has been forbidden in Britain's navy.
Tars and Englishmen! up and rally round.
Fitz-Brick's new Drama.

THE SEAMAN'S PIPE! OR, THE BATTLE AND THE
BREEZE."

ACT I.—A SEAMAN'S LOYALTY.

The scene represents the village green, the village church in the midst; on the left, Dame Rosemary's cottage.

Enter Susan, Tom Clewline, and villagers from the church. Screw from opposite side.

Tom. Yes, lads, old Tom Clewline's spliced at last; hauled up high and dry, hey, Suky, my lass! Come into dock like an old sea-dog, after twenty years' battling with the ocean and the enemy; and laid up in ordinary in Susan's arms.

Screw. Fiends! Perdition! A thousand furies and demons! married! but I know of a revenge.

[Exit.]

Tom. And now, lads, what next, before the supper's ready!

All. The hornpipe; Tom's hornpipe!

Tom. Well, then, here goes.

[Tom dances the well-known truly British figure. While dancing the hornpipe, reënter Screw, with a press-gang, consisting of a young Midshipman (Miss Tibbits) and four sailors, with battle-swords in their girdles.

Screw. (After the encore of the hornpipe) There's your man!

[Press-gang draw cutlasses and advance.

Tom. What! on my wedding-day! After twenty years' service—after saving the lives of nine admirals, and scuttling four-and-twenty men-of-war! Dash! it is hard! is n't it, Susan! And for that snivelling traitor there (turning fiercely upon Screw)—but never mind; a British tar does n't trample upon worms; a British seaman knows his duty to his king. What ship, sir!

Mids. The *Blazes*, Captain Chainshot, with Admiral Chainshot's flag to the fore.

Tom. I know his honor well. I cut him out of a shark at Jamakay. Bless you, bless you, Susan, lass!

Susan. Farewell, dearest; here is your bundle. Here is the bacco-bag I worked for you, and here is your pipe.

Screw. Ha, ha! put it in your mouth and smoke it.

[General Tableau.—National Air.—Press-gang ware their cutlasses—Peasantry in groups—Tom tears himself from Susan—Susan faints.]

ACT II.—The Breeze.

SCENE I.—The Quarter-deck of the "*Blazes*" off Tobago. The American ship "*Gouger*" lies N. N. E. by S. W. in the offing.

1 American officer. A tarnation neat frigate this!

2 American officer. And a pretty crew; and yet I calculate the old *Gouger* would chaw her up in twenty minutes if she were placed alongside of her.

Captain Bowie. Silence, gents! we are hurting the feelings of yonder honest seaman at the wheel.

Tom. Belay, belay, there, noble captain; jaw away and never mind me. Chaw up the *Blazes*, indeed!

[He hitches up his pantaloons.]

Captain. (To Tom, mysteriously, having given a signal to his officers, who retire up the mizen mast.) You seem a gallant fellow, and, by the cut of your foretop, an old sea-dog.

Tom. Twenty-five years man and boy. Twenty-nine general hactions, fourteen shipwrecks, ninety-six wounds in the service of my country—that's all, your honor.

Captain. Ha! Try this cigar, my gallant fellow. —(They smoke on the quarter-deck; the American captain expectorates a great deal.)—So much bravery, and a seaman still! Some few faults, I suppose! a little fond of the can, hey! There's a power of rum on board the *Gouger*.

Tom. No, no, Captain, I don't care for rum, and the bos'n's cat and my shoulders was never acquainted. 'Tis the fortune of war, look you.

Captain. Look at me! Thomas Clewline. I'm a Commodore of the United States navy; I've a swab on each shoulder, a seat in the senate, and twenty thousand dollars a year. I'm an Englishman like you, and twenty years ago was a common seaman like you. Hark ye—but ho! the British Admiral.

[Walks away.]

Admiral Chainshot. Captain Chainshot, you must read out the order about smoking, to the ship's crew.

Captain Chainshot. Ay, ay, sir.

Adm. To begin with Tom Clewline, at the helm there. Tom! you saved my life fourteen times, and have received ninety-four wounds in the service of—

Tom. Ninety-six, your honor. Does your honor remember my cutting you out of the shark, in Jamakay harbor!

Adm. I was swimming—

Tom. Up comes a great shark—

Adm. Open goes his jaws, with ninety-nine rows of double teeth—

Tom. My gallant captain sucked in like a horse—

Adm. But Tom Clewline, seeing him from the main-top gallant—

Tom. Jumps into the sea, cutlass in hand—

Adm. Cuts open the shark's jaws just as they were closing—

Tom. And lets out his captain

Adm. My friend!

Tom. My Admiral! [*They dance the hornpipe. Sailors gather round, smoking; the American officers look on with envious countenances.*]

Adm. But Tom, I've bad news for you, my boy. The admiralty has forbidden smoking on board—all smoking, except in the galley.

Tom. What! tell that to the marines, your honor—forbid a sailor his pipe. Why, my pipe was given me by my Syousan. When I'm smoking that pipe, on the lonely watch, I think of my Syousan; and her blessed blue eyes shine out from the backy—

(The British seaman may be accommodated to any length in this style.)

Only smoke in the galley! Why, your honor, the black cook's so fat that there's scarce room for more than two seamen at a time—and that the only place for a whole ship's crew!

Crew. Hum! hum! wo-wo-wo-wo. [*They make the usual strange noise indicative of dissent.*]

Capt. A mutiny! a mutiny!

Adm. Silence, men! Respect your queen and country. Each man sling down his pipe!

[*They dash them down to a man.—National Anthem.—Grand Tableau.*]

Adm. My heart bleeds for my brave fellows! Now, Captain Bowie, your gig's alongside, and I wish you a good day. You will tell your government that a British seaman knows his duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Sunset—Moonlight—Six bells—Midnight.—Tom still at the wheel.

Tom. No—no, but I would n't, I could n't break Syousan's pipe—my pretty little pipe—my pretty Syousan's last gift! part with you! No, not if I were to die for it. (*He puts it in his mouth.*)

Captain (*coming unperceived out of the binacle.*) Ha! smoking!—You shall have five hundred lashes, as sure as my name's Chainshot. Ho, bos'n! pipe all hands for punishment.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Tom. What! flog me? flog Tom Clewline! No, dash it, never. Farewell, admiral! Farewell, my country! Syousan, Syousan!

[*Jumps overboard.*]

Cries of "A man overboard! He's swimming to the American frigate; she's standing out to sea!" &c.

[*This is a beautiful scene. The "Gouger" with all her canvass set, her bowlines gaffed, and her maintop-halyards reefed N. S. by S. N., stands out of the harbor, and passes under the bores of the "Blazes." Distant music of "Yankee-doodle." Tom is seen coming up the side of the ship.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The main-deck, U. S. line-of-battle ship "Virginia," Commodore ——. In the offing, the "Blazes" is seen in full chase, with her dead-eyes reefed, her caboose set, and her trysail scuppers clewed fore and aft.

Susan. But, my love, would you fight against your country!

Commodore. Syousan! go below to the gun-room. The deck is no place for woman, at an hour like this. (*Exit Susan.*) How's the wind, Master!

Master. North-south by east.

Commodore. Ease her head a little, Mr. Brace; and cluff her gib a point or so. How's the enemy, Mr. Brace?

Master. Gaining on us, sir; gaining on us, at ten knots an hour. I make her out to be the old *Blazes*, sir, in which we sailed.

Commodore. Hush! The *Blazes*, ha! And I must meet my countrymen face to face, sword in hand, stern to stern, and poop to poop! Who would ever have thought that I—I should fight against my country!

Master. My country's where I can get backy.

Commodore. You are right, Brace; you are right. Why did they cut off our backy, and make mutineers of our men? We'll do our duty by the stars and stripes; eh, gentlemen! and will show Britons how Britons can fight. Are the men at their guns, Lieutenant Bang!

Lieut. Ay, ay, sir; but I think there's something would give 'em courage.

Commodore. What! grog, is it?

Lieut. No, sir; the national hornpipe. (*Commodore dances the hornpipe.*) And now, all things being ready, let the action begin, and strike up "Yankee Doodle."

[*The "Blazes" luffs up with her head across the bows of the "Virginia." Boarders follow Chainshot. Terrific rush of the British, headed by the Captain, who clews the main-deck and lee-scuppers of the enemy. Yankee Rally. Combat between the Commodore and the Captain. Chainshot falls: the British crew fling down their arms.*]

Adm. My son! My son! Ah, this would not have happened if Tom Clewline had been by my side.

Commodore. HE IS HERE! (*Opening his cloak and showing the American star and epaulettes.*) Tom Clewline, whom your savage laws made a deserter—Tom Clewline, to whom his native country grudged even his backy—is now Commodore Clewline, of the American Navy. (*Takes off his hat.*)

Adm. Commodore—I am your prisoner. Take the old man's sword.

Commodore. Wear it, sir; but remember this: Drive not loyal souls to desperation. GIVE THE SEAMAN BACK HIS BACKY, or, if you refuse, you will have thousands deserting from your navy, like Tom Clewline.

Susan. And if our kynd friends will give us their approval, we will endeavor to show, that as long as the British navy endures, and the boat-swain has his pipe, 't is eryduel, 't is unjust, unkynd to deny his to the seaman!

Punch.] [*Curtain drops.*]

BENTICK'S "SUDDEN THOUGHT."—Lord George Bentick has accused Sir Robert of "hunting Canning to death;" this accusation was made, too, after nineteen years' cordial intimacy between the lord and the homicidal baronet. Lord George surely meant to parody Canning's speech in *The Rovers*:—"A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear eternal hatred."

From the Spectator.

COLONEL KING'S TWENTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THE author of this volume is a native of New York; who "foolishly" ran away from home at fourteen years of age, and, after trying without success to get a living, allowed his landlord to ship him on board the brig Wycoona, in the year 1817. The disclosure of concealed arms at sea, and the system of training and exercise on board, terrified young King with the notion that he had fallen into the hands of pirates: but the vessel was designed for the "Patriot" service of South America; and on reaching Buenos Ayres, he was sent ashore as unfit for the service, and left to shift for himself. By the kindness of an Irishman and a Frenchman, young King got a situation in the Frenchman's store; but, becoming tired of the perfumery and fancy business, he resolved to fight in defence of freedom; and, through the acquaintance of his patron's family with an officer of the Patriot army, and the moral influence of United States citizenship, he procured a commission as ensign. For a dozen years he was knocked about in the Spanish and civil wars which distracted the Argentine Republic and Peru; and rose to the rank of colonel; which unsubstantial honor seems to have been his chief reward. In 1829 he withdrew from the service, declining any further command; and soon afterwards, marrying a lady of some property, he embarked in business as a merchant; till the death of his wife and the horrible atrocities of Rosas induced him, in 1841, to withdraw from the country and return to the United States. He has now published the results of his experience, in order to disseminate more correct views of the state of the Argentine Republic, and to moderate American indignation touching the interference of France and England with Rosas.

Though not formally divided, the *Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic* really consists of two parts; one embracing the personal narrative of Colonel King, the other, a general description of the state of parties in the country, and an account of some of the most remarkable cruelties of Rosas. The personal narrative chiefly deals with the dangers, privations, battles, imprisonments, and escapes, in which Colonel King was engaged during his military career; involving many sketches of the principal men with whom he was brought into contact, and a pretty full picture of South American warfare. The story is somewhat deficient in chronological congruity—passing with so much rapidity from one leading incident to another, that when an allusion to time occurs, the reader is surprised to find years instead of months have elapsed. With these deductions, it is a very interesting narrative, full of hairbreadth escapes and battle dangerous, and furnishing a striking picture of the dangers and privations of South American war, as well as of the ruthless cruelty with which it is carried on. "Taken prisoner and shot" would seem to be a standing epitaph for the officers engaged.

The general history of Rosas and the Federalist

faction is of less interest than the personal narrative. This is partly owing to the writer's want of a comprehensive mind. The incongruity which is shown in the account of his personal adventures is still more visible in the history of larger events, where conclusions have to be drawn as well as a mere story to be told, and the reader ought to see cause and consequence, though he does not trace them very clearly in Colonel King's account. A further diminution of interest arises from the dramatic form in which the writer thinks proper to present some of the more atrocious examples of the cruelty of Rosas. We have scenes and dialogues at large; a thing which not only mars the impression of accuracy, since it is not likely and sometimes it is impossible that a report of the victim's conversation should have reached the world; but, what is of more importance, Colonel King wants the dramatic qualities requisite to sustain this artificial kind of composition. The incident consequently becomes tedious from being overlaid with unessential matter of a poor kind. The author's own story is occasionally flattened by the introduction of dialogues; but these may possibly be accurate, as they occurred in his presence, and he is himself often a speaker.

No very definite idea of the state of society, or of the causes of the anarchy which reigns throughout the New World that poor Canning "called into existence," can be gleaned from Colonel King's pages. So far as we comprehend the subject, the whole cause of failure may be found in the total deprivation of the means of self-government under which the colonists labored, and the imitative character of their revolt. That they had grievances enough to justify rebellion, is probably true; but the mere grievances would never have made them rebels. They were goaded into revolt by ambitious or patriotic schemers, incited by the examples of the United States and by the mere name of republic. The terrible wars they underwent in throwing off the yoke of the mother-country, hardened their hearts, corrupted their political morals, and broke up such social power as really existed, till, at the close, a strong government, or any government in an European sense, was impossible, save in the hands of a despot, who could only rule by means of an army, or a rabble organized after the fashion of the Parisian Jacobins. This last seems to be the mode of Rosas; many of his atrocities being, apparently, forced upon him in order to find means through confiscation to gratify his followers. At present the moral condition of the Argentine Republic seems to bear a strong resemblance, though upon a small scale, to the state of society during the decline of the Roman Empire. The victims are sufficiently refined to feel their miseries acutely; yet they have not power publicly to resist, or personal courage to compel respect by the use of the *ultima ratio* of the oppressed, the blow of the assassin. The fear of assassination—one of the modes by which Nature punishes tyrants—is indeed ever present to Rosas; but no one appears to have resolved to rid his country of this or any other oppressor, either from motives of vengeance or patriotism. Every one crawls on,

hoping to escape, till he is overtaken by the fear or avarice of the tyrant.

The style of Colonel King, at once rhetorical and gossipy, is not well adapted to quotation, from its looseness; but we will take a few of the more separable passages.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS BY ROSAS.

"Near his encampment were two or three country mansions; one of which, not more than three hundred yards from the scene, was occupied by Don —, whose lady chanced to be on the assote when three prisoners were brought into the camp. The natural sympathies of a woman's heart were at once excited in their behalf, and she watched with great anxiety the course pursued toward them. Each having been divested of his coat, vest, and hat, was brought out upon the plain and placed in what is called *stac*; that is to say, they were placed upon their backs on the ground, their arms extended and secured in that position by thongs tied about the wrists, and fastened to stakes driven in the ground for that purpose, with their feet in the same manner; and the poor fellows were thus left in the sun, with their faces upward. When the lady saw this, she hastened to inform her husband, and entreated of him to intercede for their liberation; but he answered, that to interfere with a decree of Rosas, would be to endanger his own life without the possibility of saving the victims. The lady's anxiety increased. Again and again during the day would she go to the house-top in hopes of finding that they had been removed; but as often did she see them in their helpless position broiling in the sun! As the shades of night came on and found them still there, she became almost frantic: in vain had her husband urged and entreated her to remain below—there was a horrible infatuation that drew her, spite of her will, to look upon the scene until it had unfitted her for every other thought. At night she could not sleep; the vision of those miserable men was constantly before her eyes, and at the earliest dawn she was again at the house-top. They were still in view, stretched out as she had last seen them, and where they had now remained during the space of at least twenty hours.

"At last they were unbound; and the lady, clapping her hands, with joy exclaimed, 'They have taken them up! they have taken them up!' But her joy was of short duration; the poor fellows, blinded, and scarcely able to stand, were staggering about on their feet as Rosas came from his tent; and in a few minutes after, a volley of six muskets brought them to the ground, and put an end to their mortal agony."

QUIROGA IN ACTION.

"For a long time Paz's reserve remained immovable, but at last we saw them dash into the conflict. It was a moment of intense excitement with us all; shouts and cheers ascended from the house-tops in every quarter, as though our fighting friends could hear their encouraging tones. None could form the slightest opinion upon the chances of success; and, unable at last to bear the excitement and suspense, about twenty of us determined to go to the scene of action, yet without any direct object, except it was to quell the burning fever of anxiety. Passing hastily from the town, we ran towards the *tablada*; the roar of the battle growing louder and louder as we approached. Both armies had broken into detachments; and the men were fighting on all hands like bloodhounds. We saw Quiroga: he had thrown off every vestige of his clothing

save his drawers, which were rolled up, and fastened about his thighs. Both he and his horse were covered with blood; and altogether they presented an appearance that could be compared to nothing human. Goaded with the prospect of defeat, he dashed from place to place, cutting down with his own sword such of his troops as quailed or turned for their lives, and leading detachments into the hottest of the fight. Naked as he was, and streaming with the gore that had spirted from his victims upon him, he seemed a very devil presiding over carnage. His troops had already commenced their flight, and were rushing in small bands from the battle in every direction; some halting, and at an auspicious moment dashing again into the fray; some resting, and others again flying for their lives. In this manner our little party of neutrals became entangled in the mass of moving detachments; and at one time we were compelled to fight our own way out. But at sunset the battle was decided: Paz was victorious; and Quiroga, at length finding all efforts hopeless, turned, and, without a signal for retreat, fled from the spot."

NATURAL CHASM.

"On the following morning, accompanied by two soldiers as attendants or servants, I crossed the river Jujuy, and commenced my journey; which, after a ride of about six leagues, lay through the wonderful ravine known as the *Cavrado de Humaguaca*. This *cavrado* or chasm, which was formed by a convulsion of the earth, extends a distance of about ten leagues, varying in width from a space of one hundred yards to that of a quarter of a mile, and presenting one of the most wild and singular curiosities of nature. The opening of the earth has left a ravine walled on either side with immense and lofty palisades of jagged rock, broken here and there with gaping chasms, through which the mountain-streams dash and foam, on their downward course, into what might be aptly termed the regions of Erebus, since all below is impenetrable darkness; and how far into the bowels of the earth these streams may dash and fret in their downward passage, is beyond the estimate of man.

"Strange as it may seem, man has set his foot and built his habitation within this pass of gloom; and the occasional spots of earth, occupied and cultivated by Peruvian mametas and tatetas, formed a singular contrast to the natural wildness of everything about them."

CAMP EQUIPAGE.

"At this place we were visited by Lieutenant-Colonel Roues, who owned and occupied a farm not far from us. He was a native of the province, and a sincere patriot at heart, but at that time living in retirement. Perceiving that we were in a suffering condition, this gentleman immediately sent us provisions of sheep, &c., from his own farm; which our people paid their respects to without ceremony. Dishes were unknown in our camp, knives and forks we were not encumbered with, and camp-kettles were a thing unknown. Our mode of cooking our mutton was by forcing lengthwise through the whole side of a sheep, a stick about four feet long, of which we made a skewer, and driving the end of it into the ground near the fire. As the meat was turned and gradually roasted, each man helped himself, by cutting, with his sword or clasp-knife, a long slice from the part most cooked, eating it from his hand; and thus the process was continued until the meat was all gone. In this way, washing down our meat with water from the bold and clear stream beside

us, we fared sumptuously. Roues cheered us too in mind as well as body.

"The company of wretches that he had found in the morning—dejected, hungered, and worn down with toil and sickness—he now left in a perfect *alegre*; for a more happy, comfortable, and jovial set of fellows, never were met together."

From the *Spectator*.

PEEL LYRICS.

A CURIOUS flood of Peel poetry pours in upon us. As the gods have not made the *Spectator* poetical, we grudge room for more than a couple of specimens; but the fact that the versifiers, who, as a body, reflect prevalent notions and feelings, should have adopted the late premier, so warmly, is not without its value as a proof of the juster estimate to which the public opinion has arrived. It is remarkable that another lyrical correspondent, from Dublin, has taken for his text the same drama with the writer of the ballad below—the part of Shylock being allotted to the minister's "Hebrew Caucasian" assailant.

TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, ON HIS RESIGNATION.

Great statesman! greatest in thy fall—for now
The crew that hated thee because they felt
Thou wert the first, the herd who erewhile knelt,
Shall in their helmless bark thy loss avow.
Where now the venal shouts, the false acclaim
Of parasites, of things without a name?
Scum of the ocean, hurled away before
The Inaccessible: so calm wert thou!
What is thy guerdon? we cannot repay:
We offer but the homage of a day.
Thou claim'st from us, and from posterity,
Undying laurels: yet high poetry
Tells what they are—the poor man's blessing
thine!

Thou like a light before his path dost shine,
Sole watcher over his humanities;
Thou laidst thy hand on aristocracy,
Staying its grasp; beside the laborer's door
Thy voice of law o'er tyranny doth rise—
"Bread shall be watered by his tears no more!"

JOHN EDMUND READE.

THE LEADER OF THE MILLIONS.

"The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath."—*Merchant of Venice*.

The leader of the millions,
The leader of the free,
The honest, the industrious,
My brothers, who is he?

What say ye to a noble lord,
The rider in the van
Of the gallant self-protectionists,
Dutch George, the stable man?

No! he may be the slanging cad
Of an opposition 'bus;
But as leader of the millions
He will not do for us.

What to the flashy novelist,
The orator, the wit,

Who raked up bygone grievances,
And was the bitter bit?

We say that *when* we buy our coats
Of puffing Moses, *then*
Will we entrust the government
'To Israelitish Ben.

But there are those who deem us all
A race of Canaan's brats,
To be the selfish heritage
Of whig aristocrats;

And that although, with bully Polk,
We rouse a war, to show
The poor vicarious manliness
Of a selfish battered beau;

Still we must take them as our lords,
And let them round the throne
Entwine our sacred interests
Forever with their own.

No! we who knew the goodly tree
Will not endure the stump
Of barren self-sufficiency,
The greedy Melbourne rump.

Then who shall be, we ask again,
My brothers, who shall be
The leader of the millions,
The leader of the free?

Oh we have not forgotten him,
The one, the only one,
No scion of our Norman lords,
But a princely merchant's son;

Who legislates for future years;
Who, conscience-led, in spite
Of enemy or partisan,
Does simply what is right;

Who spares not mighty interests
Which grind the helpless down;
Who treats mankind all equally,
The noble and the clown;

He to whose suasive accents
The crowded senate bends,
Who turns it from each selfish plan
To his more glorious ends;

Who, listening to his own good heart,
Amid the cares of state,
And venom'd maledictions
Of disappointed hate,

Can find the time and find the will
To do a kindly deed,
To help the artist in despair,
The widow in her need;

Yes, he who ever nobly acts,
Who all unflinching bears
The burdens of our fatherland,
Its glory and its cares;

Who high above all selfish ends
Consults the public weal,
Is the leader of the millions,
The noble-hearted Peel.

King's College, Cambridge.

WHIG TREMORS ON RETURN TO OFFICE.

THE expectant whig ministers and their friends appear to be in a curious state of mind; they are eagerly anticipating the return to office, yet they behave as if they dreaded it; they do their best to make Sir Robert Peel's further occupancy impossible, yet disclaim the notion that they are striving to oust him, and seem to be really afraid of their own success. Their leading organ in the press especially deprecates our presumption that the object is to unseat the premier, and avers that there is no such wish or intent. Why, then, that great meeting at Lord John Russell's house, to concert with Mr. O'Connell measures of opposition? Why that ostentatious advertisement of whig movement, as if to invite consentaneous protectionist movement in the same direction? Says the *Morning Chronicle*, a totally new view of coercion in Ireland has sprung up since the coercion bill was so readily passed by the Lords; people have learned to see that the causes of Irish agrarian crime must be explored; and no other course was possible to the whig leaders but that which they have taken. It may be so; we will not dispute the possibility of sudden conversions, though not brought about by any change of circumstances, but simply by the internal working of the convert's mind; we will not insist on the remarkable coincidence that Lord John Russell should first conceive this bright idea, not when he was himself considering the occasion and structure of a coercion bill, but when Sir Robert Peel is engaged upon it.

Say, then, that the coercion bill was a subject which could not be avoided; but what pressing necessity was there for taking up the sugar dispute, before its time? Could not the national tea-cup wait another year, that Lord John must interpose the sugar duties before Sir Robert Peel has done dealing with the loaf?

Granting the possibility of that pressing necessity also, there is something in the demeanor of the whigs that can scarcely be reconciled to the notion that they would willingly leave Sir Robert Peel undisturbed. They industriously seize opportunities for attacking him and his ministry on old scores—the long past and the irretrievable. No matter what the occasion, what the subject in hand, no opportunity goes by without their raking up past misdoings. Lord John Russell, in particular, never makes a speech without insinuating or directly asserting disparagement. In his speech on Monday, the subject being coercion, he had something to say about Sir Robert Peel's borrowing measures—a most gratuitous pertinacity of taunting, after Sir Robert's ample acknowledgments on that score: and some old indiscretions of Sir James Graham on the subject of education were dragged out right gleefully. Those ancient conservative offences may have been very bad; the whigs may feel conscientiously bound to expose them; but their selecting the present time for it is not quite reconcilable with the idea that they do not wish to promote the premier's ejectionment.

Still less so is their encouragement of protectionist attacks on their great rival. They talk of political "consistency," while they applaud the bitter enemies of the policy which they profess to advocate, in assailing its ablest and heartiest promoter. It is not in the countenance of the Tory party that the sporting Lord George has found his chief support; it is not the shout of the rustic country party that has supplied the stimulus for

the malignant oratory of the literary Disraeli; but the approving smiles and unexpressed chuckle of whig statesmen and liberal Edinburgh Reviewers, and the exulting halloo of the whole opposition herd.

Yet we believe the more intelligent whigs, when they say that accession to office just now, quite apart from the corn question, is not for the interest of their party. Men often desire to eat their cake and have it; the whigs wish Sir Robert Peel out, and they wish him in; they long for their own readmission to power, and they fear it: and there are reasons both for the wish and the fear. Hint the possible event, that after all "Peel may not go out," and watch their looks of dismay! "Oh!" they cry, "he *must* go out." Very true. "But you cannot say that *we* did it." Then why not leave him alone? "Oh! *we must* be in." Well, go in, then, and do your best. "Ah! it is easy to say do your best; but it is not our interest to be in." Why, that is true again; so stay out. "Oh, shocking! you are growing factious."

Natural that they should wish to be in, of course it is; natural also that they should fear it. They know that their success is doubtful. Their friends know it better. They have put forth no sign of enlarged purpose or renovated vigor. What have they done in opposition? Nothing to entitle them to office. They are about to enter, not by their own force, but because place is vacant and usage invites them to walk in. Sir Robert Peel goes out, because he cannot work with the means at his command: he is no more turned out by the whigs than he is by the Tories. They do their utmost, indeed, to spoil his tenancy, on the principle that every little helps; but, truly, we cannot reproach them for having done it. They are not "big with glorious great intent"—some mighty policy which it is their vocation to carry out, and on the strength of which they are borne to power. Their antagonist retreats, but they do not drive him. They have the march of victory without the exploits: those awkward tests of triumph are to come *afterwards*—they gain the citadel, and *then* they will have to fight for it: is it surprising that with the victory their profounder anxieties begin?

What are their resources, to sustain the angry siege which is to follow their triumph? What measures have they in store? Who knows? They have ventured on few boasts, and those not large ones; old measures all, and not first-rate. The *Morning Chronicle* tries to show that it is against the interest of the whigs to come in on an Irish question. Why so? Is not Ireland their favorite ground? Are they not sure even there? It seems that Lord John has some Irish measures in view, such as they are: he will have no coercion bill—for that is not "constitutional," as it is called, not "ameliorating"—but he prefers military occupation of disturbed districts: the state of Ireland should be altered by something better than the landlord and tenant bills; he will not, however, have a real poor-law—he is afraid of that; but he will have "that great measure the reclamation of waste lands"! Moreover, he will conciliate.

What are his English measures, to reconcile this country to whig government? Modified sugar-duties are advertised; nothing else, that we remember.

Setting aside special measures, what is to be the whig policy, in Ireland or England? In Ireland,

it may be inferred that they will soothe by words and nuzzle at minor remedies; in England, their policy is to be to supply omissions in Sir Robert Peel's tariff—"no further harm."

What is to be their foreign policy? Irritation, after the old fashion! reciprocity, their old haggling! or imitation of Sir Robert Peel—setting the example in commercial freedom, and trusting to that example, for its beneficial and peaceful results!

What man is to lead them? Let us know that, because even from his character we may guess whether they will strike out a new policy, vindicate their unearned position, and make their government worthy of the country. Will it be Lord Grey, prepared to act on large principles? Lord Clarendon, preferring national to party interests? Lord Morpeth, able to act on a sentiment and a faith? Lord Palmerston even, an active and efficient statesman? No; it seems that Lord John Russell is to keep his old post. Is he a man to outrun expectation? Will he forget his self-references—his fear of being morally answerable for contingencies—his punctilious dread of doing anything beneath "the house of Bedford" by vulgar heartiness of liberalism—his growing alarm lest he should be convicted in any way of "playing second fiddle" to Sir Robert? We have no hostility to Lord John; we shall be pleased if he surpass expectations founded on experience of the past: but as it is, we augur little advancement for the liberal party, because he is not liberal enough to lead that party; we anticipate little success for a ministry that must depend on progressive reform, because he cannot unseat those things which betrayed his doctrine of "finality." With all respect for 1831, we have no wish to restore that year fifteen stages after its legitimate position in the calendar.

The whigs claim credit for supporting Sir Robert Peel, and the *Chronicle* quotes a testimonial from the premier to that effect. No doubt, they are investing as much support as they can, consistently with their party views, in the expectation that it will be repaid in kind. Will their measures deserve support on other grounds; will they compel it by the greatness and boldness of their demeanor? That is what some of their best friends doubt, wishing that they were not put to trial just yet; and the timorous doubt evidently infects the whig leaders.—*Spectator*, 20th June.

From the *Spectator*.

ROWLAND HILL.

THE formal presentation of the National Testimonial to Mr. Rowland Hill, the postage reformer, took place at a public dinner on 17th June.

The gross amount of subscriptions was 15,725*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.*, and the expenses 2,364*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*; leaving a net balance of 13,360*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*

This amount would have been larger had not the maximum rate of subscription been restricted to 10*l.* 10*s.* Regret was expressed by some of the subscribers that the execution of Mr. Hill's plan, instead of being intrusted to himself, had been transferred to the post-office authorities, the undisguised and constant opponents of that plan. Others expressed a hope that Mr. Hill may soon be afforded an opportunity of perfecting his plans; and in that hope the committee sympathize. Had Mr. Hill's services been retained by the govern-

ment, the committee believe that the surplus revenue would by this time have been nearly brought up to the old level, and that the administration of the post-office would have been in much greater repute with the public.

Mr. Warburton, in proposing the health of "Mr. Rowland Hill, the author of Penny Postage," made some interesting statements—

The public subscription had been a liberal one, but it was a most inadequate expression of the admiration which Mr. Hill's services had excited in the public mind. Sir Robert Peel's government had unwisely determined to dismiss Mr. Hill from his employment at the treasury in organizing the new methods; but it must not be forgotten that among the subscribers to the testimonial was Sir Robert Peel himself. Mr. Warburton trusted that, under the present or some future government, Mr. Hill would be installed in office, not in a subordinate capacity, but in a commanding position, from which he could superintend the details of post-office administration.

Mr. Rowland Hill made his speech of thanks the medium of fresh instruction as well as of gratifying retrospect. One of his prominent topics was a generous recognition of the services of others; among whom he enumerated—

Mr. Wallace, the indefatigable chairman of the parliamentary committee of 1833; Mr. Warburton, who drew up the report, the ablest document of its kind ever issued; Mr. Ashurst, the agent of the London Mercantile Committee. In the house of peers the cause found able advocates in Lord Ashburton, Lord Brougham, Lord Radsior, and the Duke of Richmond. An acknowledgment was also due to Mr. Baring, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the manner in which he exercised the powers conferred by the act of parliament. Personally, Mr. Rowland Hill felt indebted to that gentleman, for the confidence and friendship with which he was honored during the two years he acted under him.

He contrasted the anomalies which existed under the old system with the results of the new. In considering these results, it should be borne in mind that the execution of the plan, in some of its essential parts, is still very incomplete. On the subject of revenue he made the following statement. The year 1837, which was adopted by the parliamentary committee as the standard of comparison, gave a gross revenue of 2,340,000*l.*, and a net revenue of 1,641,000*l.* He had estimated that under the new system the same gross revenue would be obtained, but that the net revenue would be reduced by about 300,000*l.* Last year, the gross revenue actually obtained was 1,902,000*l.*, or full four fifths of the estimated amount; and the net revenue was 776,000*l.*, or nearly three fifths of the estimated amount. The return, however, which showed this result had scarcely been issued before it was followed by another, stating that the "real net receipt of post-office revenue" is 47,582*l.* On which discrepancy Mr. Hill observed—"As I am very desirous of avoiding all points of controversy on this happy occasion, I shall not notice the return further than to state that it is a repetition of the fallacy the attempt to establish which so notably failed three years ago, and that any calculation of net revenue which shall accurately adjust both sides of the account, by charging on the one hand a fair share of the packet-service, and by giving credit on the other hand for the cost of distributing newspapers, will show a net revenue

larger even than that exhibited by the accounts made out in the ordinary manner. In short, the real net revenue, instead of being under 50,000*l.*, is above 800,000*l.*

"The number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in 1838, was ascertained to be about 75,000,000; the number in 1845 was 271,000,000. And in January of the present year, the latest period to which the returns apply, the number was at the rate of 303,000,000 per annum, or four times the number in 1838. The increase of letters necessary to sustain the gross revenue, I estimated at fivefold. This estimate was attacked at the time as much too low; but it is now indisputable that the gross revenue will be made up when the increase of letters amounts to four-and-a-half fold. In the London District Post, (the old Twopenny Post,) the increase has been from thirteen millions in 1838 to thirty-one millions in 1845, or much more than twofold. The gross revenue of this department is larger now than at any former period. This fact appears to be conclusive as against a general twopenny rate. As to the increase of letters generally, it may be stated thus—there are now as many letters delivered in the London District, that is to say within twelve miles of the post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, as there were under the old system in the whole United Kingdom." But this increase, vast as it is, amounts to less for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, than a letter per month.

He quoted the opinion of the chancellor of the exchequer as expressed in his last budget speech, to show the good hopes of increased revenue which that gentleman entertains from the post-office.

He should not go into the question of deficiencies in post-office management. A long list of them, with the remedies, appears in the report of the committee of 1843; and he was sorry to say that the last three years had done but little to reduce the number. He would mention one or two instances of improvement. Two years ago, the post-office very reluctantly made an approach towards the hourly deliveries in the London district, which formed part of his original plan; and although only three deliveries were added, instead of six, the effect was immediately to advance the annual rate of increase in the London district post-letters from 1,800,000 to nearly 2,700,000, or 50 per cent. By the adoption of two other suggestions, which at the time he proposed them were deemed impracticable, 11,000*l.* a year had been saved. He was justified in assuming, that but for the interruption in the progress of the measure which took place on the retirement of the late government, all his expectations would have been realized. Other countries had participated in the advantage: reductions in the rates of postage had taken place in Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, and the United States of America, in consequence of the good example set by the English parliament.

He had been more fortunate than many other reformers; for he had seen his plan brought into practice, imperfectly as it might be. There was, however, one period of his course to which he could not allude without pain. It was that when, with health impaired, after six years of incessant labor and anxiety, he was dismissed from the Treasury, and left to seek afresh the means of supporting his family. He had expressed his thanks on a former occasion to Sir Robert Peel for the manner in which he had spoken of his labors; he now thanked him for contributing to the national testi-

monial; but had Sir Robert yielded to his entreaties, and allowed him, at any pecuniary sacrifice, to work out his plan—as he did offer to work it without cost to the public—his gratitude would have been unbounded. Still, even at that moment of disappointment, he could say that he felt no regret at having embarked in the great work of post-office improvement. By the aid of Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. Baring, and some other friends, he was enabled to fulfil the only duty which remained, and that was to place the facts on record. The National Testimonial was then proposed; and the progress it made was such that all anxiety on his part as to pecuniary resources for the future was soon at an end. Nearly the whole fund has been safely and advantageously invested; and this investment, added to his own small property, is, with his frugal habits, amply sufficient to relieve his mind from anxiety with regard to a permanent provision for his family.

POST-OFFICE REFORM: THE NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

THE tribute paid to Mr. Rowland Hill this week might be made, and ought to be made, the fulcrum of a new effort to remodel our post-office system thoroughly. The penny postage—the money orders—the increased frequency of mails—all these are important parts of Mr. Hill's system, but they are only parts of it. Their entire efficacy presupposes an extensive reconstruction of the internal machinery of the office. Until this be effected, they are inadequately worked, and do not produce their full amount of benefit; the expectations of the public are constantly suffering disappointment—business combinations frustrated, which would not have been attempted but for reliance upon them, or would have been attempted by some other means.

Under all the disadvantages of having been worked by inadequate machinery and hostile workmen, Mr. Hill's system, as far as it has been tried, has been successful beyond what the most sanguine had reason to expect in so short a time. In 1838 the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom was seventy-five millions; in 1845 it was two hundred and seventy-one millions. Mr. Hill estimated that the former gross revenue would be sustained when the letters delivered had increased fivefold: it is now obvious that it will be sustained as soon as their number becomes four and a half times what it was; and already it is about three and a half times the sum. Mr. Dillon stated that the correspondence of his firm had increased since the cheap postage was adopted to four times its former amount, but that the private correspondence of persons employed by them had increased tenfold. Parties who enjoy opportunities of narrowly observing the habits of the poorer classes state, that the communication by letter among friends and families, has increased among them in a still more encouraging ratio. The money-orders, too, have materially economized the circulating medium in the case of extensive traders, who receive large amounts in many small payments; and—what is of far more consequence—have done much to facilitate the acquirement of habits of forethought and economy, and the maintenance of a kindly family feeling, among the poor. Morally and economically, the cheap postage has already placed society in this country in advance of what it was seven years ago; and when the machinery is

made adequate to the task it has to perform, the effects cannot easily be exaggerated by hope. Nor are these advantages confined within the limits of our islands: to no inconsiderable extent they are already participated in by our dependencies; and foreign nations are rapidly following the example. The inventive genius of Mr. Rowland Hill, by a skillful combination of the natural postal system and the infant capabilities of steam locomotion by sea and land, has set the wits of men to sharpen each other; by converse, at an accelerated rate of speed; and has materially strengthened the influence of pure and enlightened public opinion.

There is yet vast room for extension. Much remains to be effected towards the economizing of the post-office—"not," as Mr. Hill remarked on Wednesday evening, "by reducing the salaries or increasing the labors of the men; but by simplifying the mechanism of the office." This having been accomplished, the unnecessary procrastination of deliveries which still prevails may be prevented; the system made to embrace every part of the empire; and restrictions as to weight in a great measure done away with. But to accomplish these objects, the conducting of the experiment must be intrusted to one who sees clearly what he aims at, and whose heart is in the business. That Mr. Hill possesses the talent of routine administration combined with his inventive genius, has been placed beyond dispute by the success with which he acted as chairman of the London and Brighton Railway. That his heart is in the cause of post-office reform, was obvious from his entreaties to Sir Robert Peel, to be allowed, at any pecuniary sacrifice to himself, to work out his own plan.—*Spectator*, 20th June.

From the Spectator.

MRS. JAMESON'S MEMOIRS AND ESSAYS.*

THIS agreeable volume contains six papers. 1. "The House of Titian:" a miscellaneous article, which certainly tells the legal story of the great painter's domicile, and describes a pilgrimage made to it by Mrs. Jameson, but which also diverges into a great many other subjects connected with art, more especially in relation to the Venetian school of coloring, and to nature as observed in the atmosphere and concomitants of Venice. 2. A sketch of the public career and character of Adelaide Kemble: which is a fair critical estimate, in a large and genial spirit, of the youngest of the Kemble family; but, being written to accompany "a series of drawings executed for the Marquis of Titchfield, representing Miss Kemble in all the characters in which she appeared," it is perhaps a fully favorable picture, as if Mrs. Jameson had borrowed something from the flattering limning of the pictorial art. 3. "The Xanthian marbles:" a not very striking account of the antiquities brought from Asia Minor by Sir Charles Fellows; the general falling into common-place references to the departed greatness of the country, the particular exhibiting too much of the catalogue. 4. Is a brief notice of the life of the American painter Washington Allston, with a criticism on his genius and a list of his works. It is pleasantly written, and informing; but has this defect—it leaves us with the general impression of a great genius, without acquainting us with his exact school, or his grade in reference to other artists; a fault, by

the by, characteristic of the panegyrical school of criticism, more especially in reference to art. 5. "Woman's Mission and Woman's Position" is a severe but measured and feminine attack upon the world on account of woman's position in society and the difficulty she has in supporting herself: but it is mere attack; nothing practical is suggested, still less any specific mode of remedy pointed out, unless it be the following.

"Either let the man in all the relations of life be held the natural guardian of the woman—constrained to fulfil that trust—responsible to society for her well-being and her maintenance; or, if she be liable to be thrust from the sanctuary of home to provide for herself through the exercise of such faculties as God has given her, let her at least have fair play; let it not be avowed, in the same breath, that protection is necessary to her and that it is refused to her; and while we send her forth into the desert, and bind the burden on her back, and put the staff into her hand—let not her steps be hebet, her limbs fettered, and her eyes blindfolded."

6. "On the relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses," in a practical point of view is the ablest paper of the whole; searching and sensible both in its particular advice and its general suggestions, and although going deeply into the subject, yet having nothing too remote for common use.

These essays are characterized by a refined and discriminating intellect, enriched, not spoiled, by German studies; and a style inclined to the diffuse, and sometimes falling from reflection into reverie, but never degenerating into mere verbiage. The judgments are generally just, though with a conventional inclination to the favorable, which personal knowledge or mixing much in "society" generally produces. It is partly this circumstance not operating in so remote a subject, partly the greatness of the subject itself, that render the paper on Titian the most interesting in the book. The brief comparison between Titian and Raphael is a piece of delicate criticism: the description of the principles of coloring as displayed at Venice by Nature herself, and transferred by Titian to his canvass, is entitled to the praise of true invention, and as a contribution or help to the important "art of seeing nature:" the remarks on modern imitation of ancient styles, especially by the modern German schools, are distinguished by a profounder because a still larger truth. We take a few extracts from these topics.

PERFECTION IN ART.

"I know that there are critics who look upon Raphael as having *secularized* and Titian as having *sensualized* art: I know it has become a fashion to prefer an old Florentine or Umbrian Madonna to Raphael's Galatea; and an old German, hard-visaged, wooden-limbed Saint, to Titian's Venus. Under one point of view, I quite agree with the critics alluded to. Such preference commands our approbation and our sympathy, if we look to the height of the aim proposed, rather than to the completeness of the performance, as such. But *here* I am not considering art with reference to its aims or its associations, religious or classic; nor with reference to individual tastes, whether they lean to piety or poetry, to the real or the ideal; nor as the reflection of any prevailing mode of belief or existence; but simply as ART—as the *Muta Poesis*, the interpreter between Nature and Man; giving

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back to us her forms with the utmost truth of imitation, and at the same time clothing them with a high significance derived from the human purpose and the human intellect.

"If, for instance, we are to consider painting as purely religious, we must go back to the infancy of modern art, when the expression of sentiment was all in all, and the expression of life in action nothing—when, reversing the aim of Greek art, the limbs and form were defective, while character, as it is shown in physiognomy, was delicately felt and truly rendered. And if, on the other hand, we are to consider art merely as perfect imitation, we must go to the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. Art is only perfection—when it fills us with the idea of perfection—when we are not called on to supply deficiencies, or to set limits to our demands; and this lifting up of the heart and soul, this fulness of satisfaction and delight, we find in the works of Raphael and Titian."

VENETIAN HAIR.

"Every one must remember in the Venetian pictures, not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar color of the hair, of every golden tint, from a rich full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow flaxen hue—or rather, not flaxen, but like raw silk, such as we have seen the peasants in Lombardy carrying over their arms, or on their heads, in great, shining, twisted heaps. I have sometimes heard it asked with wonder, whether those pale golden masses of hair, the true '*biondina*' tint, could have been always natural! On the contrary, it was oftener artificial—the color, not the hair. In the days of the elder Palma and Giorgione, yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural color by first washing their tresses in some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. I have seen a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof or balcony of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat without a crown: the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. How they contrived to escape a brain fever or a *coup de soleil* is a wonder: and truly, of all the multifarious freaks of fashion and vanity, I know none more strange than this—unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua, to obtain a new *natural* complexion. I have been speaking here of the people; but any one who has looked up at a Venetian lady standing on her balcony, in the evening light, or peeping out from the window of her gondola, must be struck at once with the resemblance in color and countenance to the pictures he has just seen in churches and galleries."

VENETIAN ATMOSPHERE.

"I am acquainted with an English artist who, being struck by the vivid tints of some stuffs which he saw worn by the women, and which appeared to him precisely the same as those he admired in Titian and Paul Veronese, purchased some pieces of the same fabric, and brought them to England: but he soon found that for his purpose he ought to have brought the Venetian atmosphere with him. When unpacked in London, the reds seemed as dingy, and the yellows as dirty, and the blues as smoky, as our own."

Our last published particulars relating to the South American Expedition of Count Castelnau, left that enterprising traveller and his companions at Chuquisaca. A further report just addressed by him to the minister of public instruction, and dated at the end of January last, gives the following details of their further progress:—"From that town (Chuquisaca) we proceeded to Potosi, famed for its silver mines—so rich once, so fallen now. For five-and-twenty leagues from thence, our road lay through the most difficult passes of the Andes; inhabited only by the gigantic condor. The road afterwards improves; and, once on the great Bolivian table-land, is perfectly flat as far as La Paz—though traversing a barren region, where the rarefaction of the air, occasioned by the great elevation, causes the painful sensation known under the name of *sarrache*. These vast tracts of table-land abound in large herds of llamas and merinos—the latter wild. Passing by Oruro, we reached La Paz—where the ambulant government of Bolivia was established. The anniversary of the battle of Ingari was being here celebrated. On arriving at the shores of Lake Titicaca, we saw the celebrated ruins of the ancient palace of the Incas of Tiaguanaco. One of the gateways is an admirable piece of workmanship, and we made various drawings of it. We entered Peru by the bridge of Desaguadero. Having reached Puno amidst violent and incessant storms of snow and hail, I deemed it advisable to relinquish for the moment our intended route to Cuzco; preferring to proceed along the coast to Lima, with the intention of returning to Cuzco after the rainy season. I therefore took the direction of Arequipa—whence I proceeded to Lima. When we shall have taken the rest we so much need, we will turn our steps towards Cuzco: whence we will endeavor to rejoin the Amazon river, by embarking on the Apurimac. This will take us across the whole length of the Pampa del Sacramento—and presents many dangers. I take the liberty of sending you a list of the different objects forwarded for the Museum of Natural History."—We may add, here, that the committee appointed, by the Academy of Sciences, to examine into the results obtained by the Abyssinian expedition of M. Rocher d'Héricourt, has reported them to be of great interest, and recommended their publication. I recommend further that that gentleman's zeal, knowledge, and skill in the use of his astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological instruments, shall be employed in some new and distant expedition.—*Athenæum*.

THE great congress of temperance societies which we, some time since, announced, is now holding in the Swedish capital. One hundred and thirty-two national and foreign associations are there represented; and the king, as president of the Stockholm society, with his queen, was present at the opening meeting.—*Athenæum*.

We may again remind our readers that the fourteenth session of the scientific congress of France will be held, at Marseilles, on the 1st of September next; and the managing committee desire to attract the attention of foreign scientific men to the programme of their proceedings, which they have just published.—*Athenæum*.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Horse's Foot, and how to keep it sound; with Illustrations. By WILLIAM MILES, Esq. Exeter, 1846.

A LIVELY French artist, wishing to exhibit English character, drew a Milor and Miladi during their honeymoon: they have ridden out together; she is thrown, her horse having stumbled, to whose nose his master applies her smelling-bottle, while the victim of the *faux pas* lies fainting by herself. Passing these natural consequences of our selling wives like mares at Smithfield, Mr. Miles considers bad farriery as an important item in indifferent husbandry. "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe, the rider was lost;" and how this is to be prevented is shown in his book, which all good men, married or bachelors, who love sound horse-flesh, should purchase.

The author, after serving his country in the Life Guards, was wounded and taken prisoner by Hymen. Such is the fortune of war, from which neither Mars nor Majors are exempt. His occupation was not however gone, when, like Othello, he bade farewell to plumed troops: buried in happy retirement, near the cathedral of Exeter, he retained his love for neighing steeds, as Virgil's cavalry officers when ghosts in Elysium kept up their stable-duty—

"Quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

Here our Miles emeritus, possessing a good stud of his own, and enjoying the confidence of his equestrian friends, never wanted four-footed subjects to practise on: not content with theory, he did not mould his sabre into a ploughshare or metaphor, but forged it into horseshoes himself, after the fashion of Mr. Borrow on the great northern road, or Portia's Neapolitan prince, who could "not only talk of his horse, but shoe him himself;" and his highness did well, for actual experiment alone conduces to sound conclusion and safe calculation, which latter, like cookery in the diplomat, constitutes the essence of the *Hippiatrist*—Heaven save the mark—as the *ferrier*, the iron-working farrier of yore, is called in new-fangled nomenclature. In vain may professors forge ponderous phraseology, eupodology, hippopathology, &c., &c., until ostlers speak Greek; to make horseshoes of iron is the sum of the modern veterinary craft; all the rest is leather and prunella. The shoe is their difficulty and the horse's weal or woe. The ancients never nailed to the feet of animals those coverings which they well knew the use of as occasional protections; and, we believe, fixtures made of unyielding metal were first fastened to the expanding hoof of English horses by William the Conqueror, whose death, a manifest judgment, was caused by the stumble of his foot-wounded steed. The name *De Ferrers* was assumed by his master of horseshoes, whose noble descendant, free from the false shame of Hippiatrists, still proudly charges his supporter with a horseshoe-argent, the *canting* badge of this chivalresque ancestor.

Mr. Miles, rightly considering the foot to be the important organ of a quadruped destined to go, and the shoe the thing which either makes or mars the foot, has limited his investigations (for the present only, we trust) to these two prominent points,

which he has completely mastered, and is indeed a Flavius Vegetius *Renatus*—for so was named the Roman soldier and gentleman who, some 1500 years ago, wrote the first amateur treatise on veterinary art. Our author combines a clear head with a kind heart and a vein of quiet humor; he handles with equal dexterity hammer and scalpel, pen and pencil, paint-brush and engraver's tools: working and writing with a firm hand, his language is so plain that those even who ride, may read and understand. As there is no charlatanerie in his system, there is no technical jargon in his explanations: nay, he publishes so purely for the "information of the uninformed," that his treatise may be safely laid on any dragoon mess-table. Although scarlet is not our color, yet pleasant is a gentle canter on breezy elastic downs, and salutary the constitutional jog in shady lanes, where goose-quill and Albemarle-street are forgotten, and we owe to the horrors of a sudden stumble the comfort of "Miles on the Horse's Foot."

This portion of the quadruped, because it outwardly seems to be one solid block, thicker than a tandem-driver's head, and made, therefore, to be battered without mercy on roads as hard, contains a mechanism inside that is no less exquisite than those mainsprings of grace which are enclosed in the Cinderella slipper of Taglioni.

The horny case is lined with thin plates, that are at once elastic and devoid of sensation; thus concussion is broken, and blows are not felt. By this admirable combination of solidity and elasticity, the given and most difficult mechanical problem, to wit, the moving a heavy body with great velocity, is solved. The exterior defensive casing is called the "*crust*" in England, and the "*wall*" in France, where men are unrivalled in making phrases, fortifications, and puffs. This crust is thickest at the fronts of the fore-feet, where the first and greatest shocks are received; and is thinnest—for Nature does nothing in vain—at the heels, where expansion, not resistance, is required. The ground-surface of the foot is composed of the sensitive sole, which is endowed with a power of descent and ascent, according to the pressure on it from above, and of the *frog*, a spongy but less finely organized substance, which swells at the back part; bulby and well defined in the unshod colt, "it is converted," says Mr. Miles, "by the mischievous interference of art—i. e., repeated bad shoeing—into a mere apology for a frog." He descants on the varieties with the gusto of a French epicure. The subject is important: how indeed can a horse be expected to jump if his frog be inactive? This obvious reflection induced Mr. Coleman of the "College" to devise a "patent artificial frog," and a "patent grasshopper shoe," with which hunters were to clear six-barred gates; but both inventions unfortunately broke down, amid grins broader than those provoked by the professor's rhyming namesake.

The exact use of the frog, an open question among professional authors, is left so by our amateur: who shall decide when horse-doctors disagree? All, however, are of accord that its functions are most important, although none can tell what they are. The name frog is a corruption from *frush*—i. e. the *fourche* (furca) of the French, for which the German equivalent is *gabel*, not *frash*, their *bonâ fide* frog; the ancient term *zaidon* had also reference to the fork-like form of the swallow's tail; our unmeaning frog, and its disease, the running-thrush, (*frush*), when translated into

grenouille, and *merle courante*, occasion doubtful mirth to the parfait marechal of France.

Be the names and uses of the frog what they may, the horny wall of the hoof protects three bones in its interior—the coffin, coronet, and navicular: the former is let down to the point of the hoof, and represents the first bone of the great toe of the human foot; more correctly speaking, the whole foot of the horse is one toe; the action will be understood by comparing it to that of the forefinger of our hand, the knee doing the functions of the wrist; a nail driven into this coffin renders a horse dead lame. Nature has placed the second bone, the coronet, on the top of this coffin, as is done at august funerals. The third bone, the navicular, is placed midway behind the two others: although very small, “being only 2½ inches long in a horse of 16 hands high,” it often bears his whole weight, and from doing all the hard work is the “navie” of the locomotive concern; it rests on a cushion that is interposed between it and the frog, and which is softer than those eider-down pillows on which Cornish miners dream of the reduction of duties on feathers; a tendon passes under the navicular, whose pulley action is facilitated by the secretion of a natural grease. The slightest injury causes inflammation; and “a speck in the bone no larger than a pin’s head produces a lameness that defies human art.” Neptune therefore, veterinarily speaking, was right, when in creating the horse marine, he substituted a tail for the hind legs, by which a pair of these ticklish naviculars were avoided.

Julius Cæsar, if Pliny and Suetonius write truth, rejoiced in a steed who had human fore-feet, which probably were booted like his grooms. Another Augustan horse-fancier buskined the feet of his favorite nag with plates of silver; while Poppea, the extravagant wife of Nero, used gold for her mules. Caligula made a consul of his horse—a job, beyond doubt, since modern authorities find asses to answer equally for such onerous employment. Be that as it may, classical farriery, when the agricultural mind was instructed in hexameters, is a trifle too poetical for practical men of this prosaic age of iron; and an ordinary quadruped naturally requires double attention, since the greater the number of feet, the greater the chances of risk from accident or ignorance. A four-footed beast that has not one leg to stand upon is not likely to lead to much breaking of the tenth commandment.

“There is, however,” says our author, “perhaps no word in the English language which in its true signification implies *so much*, and in its usual one means *so little*, as the epithet “sound” when applied to horses’ feet. The *great latitude extended to the meaning of words in horse-dealing transactions* has shorn it of every attribute which gave it value, until it conveys no other guaranty than this, that the horse is not palpably lame in one foot only; for if he chance to be lame in both fore-feet, the pain of allowing the weight to rest upon either will cause him to pass it as quickly as possible from one to the other, and not only save him from condemnation, but most probably gain for him the reputation of being a quick stepper.” —p. 42.

Beware nevertheless of hinting, however delicately, that a gentleman’s horse’s feet are unsound, since the indignation of the owner is almost as sure to be aroused thereby as if you suspected his wife; yet, although the fact need not be men-

tioned, whenever there is inflammation in the foot, no horse will stand on it; and “*pointing*,” in all its varieties, is a sure indication of an attempt to relieve the navicular joint, and to shift the seat of pain. It is not a “trick,” as the dealer will say; for a horse is too sensible a beast to inconvenience his whole frame—he never plays any tricks on himself, not even a frolicsome bit of “bishopsing” or exhilarating “figging.”

The progress of disease in the foot is almost imperceptible, and the development of lameness gradual; the spur of a brutal rider and the natural courage of a generous animal will cause much pain to be borne without flinching, but endurance has its limits: first the step is shortened, then the ground is struck less forcibly—yet yield at last he must in the unequal struggle of nature against iron; and after sinking his head and neck to remove their weight from the feet, down he comes, decidedly lame, to the surprise of his master, who, from never suspecting the growing evil, overlooks the real cause, and attributes the casualty to some recent accident, “my stupid groom,” &c. Mr. Miles considers warranties, certificates, &c., to be excellent papers wherewith to light cigars: his earnest advice to a gentleman who has just bought a horse is, to set perseveringly to work by good shoeing, a loose box, and plenty of exercise, to endeavor to *make him sound*; and those who follow his suggestions will at least have the best chance of attaining this consummation devoutly to be wished for.

In shoeing a horse properly, which requires two good hours, and is very seldom done, three points require consideration: the previous preparation of the feet, the form of the shoe, and the manner of fastening it on. As a general rule, a horse should never be shod in his own stable, but always taken to the forge, where, if the shoe does not fit, it can be altered, which cannot be done at home, where the foot must be fitted to the shoe. Many foolish farriers put the foot in order, as they call it, by rounding it, which they fancy looks pretty. This they effect by cutting away the hoof of young colts, and pinching their feet like those of Chinese ladies, until they can scarcely walk. Where nature perseveres in one form, man, whether making shoes of iron or satin, cannot easily amend the shape. If the horse’s foot be fettered, its expansion is circumscribed, by which elasticity is lost and unsoundness originated. The first step before putting on a new shoe is the taking off the old one; the nails must be gently drawn out, which requires as much tact as in managing those of the foot human; all wrenching off, all dragging them violently through the crust, distresses the patient, who struggles to get free as a man does from a rough chiropodist. Forceful extraction injures the laminae of the hoof, which, if once separated, never reunite, but form “shaky places,” at which good farriers quake. The shoe once off, the edges of the hoof are to be rasped, and the sole pared out, as a thick one impedes the descent of the coffin bone. An operator errs oftener by removing too little than too much—the frog excepted, although from its being cut as easily as Gruyere cheese, and its then looking so smooth and clean, “it requires more philosophy than falls to the share of most smiths to resist the temptation to slice away.” Mr. Miles, after defining country farrier experience to be an “untiring perseverance for years in one unvaried plan,” and that generally a mistaken one, observes that when gentlemen are contented to re-

main without knowledge, smiths who shoe by rote may be excused—for, after all, they neither wear the shoes nor ride the horse. The wonder is truly that the owner, however learned and dainty as regards his own calceolation, on which the comfort of walking depends, remains indifferent to that of the animal by which he is carried. A good master ought to be able to direct what should be done, and to know if it be well done, which he never will accomplish without some inkling of farriery. The "far-spread prejudice of opening out the heels, and carving the frog into shape at every shoeing," horrifies our kind author, who never would allow the knife to approach it; for what is sport to the farrier is death to the frog. This elastic organ, when bared of its thin covering texture, cannot stand the dry hard road, but shrivels up and cracks, while the edges wear into exfoliations called "rags," which a tidy smith cuts away because unsightly. Their separation should be left to nature, for the frog casts off these worn-out teguments as a snake does his old skin, or a child its first tooth, when a new one formed behind is ready to take its place.

The form of the shoe is a question of great consequence to the horse, and of not less difference of opinion among men: it has perplexed the mind of a veterinarian from Solleysæl, the father of the art, down to the "college;" nor can any general rule be laid down, or any standard pattern given, since every horse has his own particular foot, just as every farrier has his own pet conundrum. A wise smith will be governed by the circumstances of every individual case, and will endeavor to make his artificial protection conform as nearly as possible to the model set before him by nature—that guide who never leads astray. The varieties of horseshoes in the "book," the "panton," the "expanding," the "paratrite," &c., exceed those in the shops of Hoby and Melnotte. Mr. Miles has carefully considered the works of his predecessors, and being a thorough master of the anatomy of the horse's foot, has produced, by a judicious selection of the best points of each, coupled with his own original invention, a result which leaves nothing to be desired. His shoes, however, will be better understood by one glance at his engraved specimens than by pages of letter-press; suffice it therefore to say that the prevalent notion, that shoes cannot be too light, is an error. Horses, except at Astley's, are not required to dance; and an ounce more or less, which makes too little difference in weight either to strain or weary the back sinews, prevents a shoe bending, and affords greater protection to the sole and frog. The shoes should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface, as those with high heels, which asinine smiths make in imitation of their own, are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is thus lowered, and Nature's plan reversed, who elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions. The web should be wide, and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in, because the Vulcan operator "likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels." This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deceives the eye of man and injures the foot of the horse. "The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof;" so that a master who thinks his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath and "invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst." The

heels are made bare just where the navicular joint is the most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse "falls suddenly lame," or "drops as if he had been shot"—"phrases in much too common use to require explanation;" and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who, having first destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes "grogginess" to him as a crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.

The errors of a vicious shoe, and the merits of a good one, are set forth by Mr. Miles in several drawings which he has lithographed himself. By placing the two specimens in odious comparison, the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete. He was enabled to offer this treat to the public by having most fortunately purchased a horse in Devonshire with four genuine Damnonian shoes, in which all possible defects were concentrated. The originals are nailed over his stable door, to the terror of every witch, farrier, and old woman in the west of England. A *propos de bottles*, when a shoe is properly forged, there is no danger in applying it so hot to the hoof as to burn the crust, since irregularities of the surface are thus discovered and easily removed. In fixing, or putting on the shoe, it should rest only on the horny rim of the hoof: it must not press on the sole, and thus cramp its springy operation; or encumber the heels, where the crust is the thinnest and the power of expansion the greatest. As to the very important manner of fastening it on, and number of nails to be used, Mr. Miles, wishing to ascertain with *how few* this could be effected, began with seven for the fore-feet and eight for the hind ones, which he gradually reduced to five and six. This limited number has been found to answer perfectly, and our author's views were entirely corroborated by an intelligent and practical bagsman whose life is spent on horseback, and by the veterinary surgeon of a dragoon regiment accustomed to escort the queen at tip-top pace. Thin small nails are the best, as making the smallest holes in the crust; they should be driven into the outer quarter, where the crust is the thickest, and not forced in too high, but with the points brought out as soon as possible, and clenched down broadly, and then not too neatly rasped away, which weakens their hold. The heels and inside quarters are to be left free. The misery and destruction entailed on horses by nailing their shoes on both sides of the feet are entirely obviated by this simple system of one-sided nailing, which is unquestionably the discovery that does most honor to modern farriery; accordingly its adoption is pressed upon all owners and lovers of the noble animal, by Mr. Miles, with arguments that must carry conviction to all who have heads. This grand specific diminishes at once the continual struggle between the expansion of the foot and the contraction of the iron. Thus fitted on, the shoe becomes a real comfort and protection to the wearer, instead of being a torment and incumbrance, and the foot is left nearly in a state of nature. From the ease which this gives the animal, one-sided nailing will often cure the habit of "cutting," or of spoiling his silk stockings, as old Solleysæl terms this uncomfortable trick.

It is also the surest method of preventing corns, which are the curse of the stable, and, if Mr. Eisenberg's testimonials be not mere puffs, of the

house of lords. These corns, white in the feet of noblemen, are, it may be remarked, red in those of horses, being the result of lacerated inflamed blood-vessels; for what is called a "corn," being in fact a bruise, is produced by pressure from the heels of the coffin-bone, which itself suffers from loss of expansive power in the hoof, since Nature, who abhors sinecures worse than Joseph Hume, never continues the same measure of effective reparation to structures which are not employed, that she does to those constantly occupied in their allotted tasks.

The corn in the horse as well as his master arises from tight shoes, and the crying evil is best remedied by taking them off, and letting the patient stand all day on wet sawdust in a loose box; this answers every purpose of turning him out to grass, without any exposure to colds, accidents, or the organic injuries which arise from over-distension of the stomach and bowels. Under all circumstances, the shoes should be removed every two or three weeks, according to the work done on them; when the heads of the nails are worn away the shoe gets insecure, and will rattle whenever a screw is loose: quiet is the test of efficient machinery in nations as well as in individuals, whatever Messieurs Polk and Thiers may predicate to the contrary.

Mr. Miles condemns the mode in which the plates or shoes of racers are fastened on, in which eight and nine nails are frequently used for fear of "casting." No foot, human or equine, can expand in a tight shoe; and the horse declines, and very properly, throwing his whole weight with all his heart into his feet. The Derby course is a mile and a half in length; to accomplish which requires 330 good race-strides, of 24 feet each; the loss of one inch on each stride gives 9 yards and 6 inches:

"But suppose the loss to be 4 inches on each stride, which it is much more likely to be, then it would amount to 36 yards 9 feet, or 13 lengths; which is fully enough to raise a cry of 'foul play,' the 'horse is amiss,' &c. Now, no jockey in the world, however frequently he may have ridden a horse, can so exactly measure his stride as to be enabled to detect a deficiency of one 72nd part of it, which 4 inches would be, much less could he detect the 288th part, which 1 inch would be: so that he never could make himself acquainted with the real cause of so signal and unexpected a defeat, and the whole matter would remain involved in mystery, casting suspicion and distrust on all around."—p. 35.

Unfortunately, the high-mettled racer, who wears the shoe and knows where it pinches has not the gift of speech like Dean Swift's Houynims. The horse has this deficiency in common with the baby, whence farriers find their cavalry quite as difficult to manage as physicians do their infantry, who cannot explain symptoms.

The falling off of speed which is often observed between a horse's "fast gallop" and the race, may be accounted for by his having taken his gallop in his *old* shoes, to which the feet were accustomed, while the race was run in *new* ones, firmly nailed on from head to heel, effectually "making him quite safe," by putting it out of the range of possibility that he should ever be enabled to "get into his best pace." Mr. Miles recommends three quarter plates, which should be fastened on by no more than six nails, and these placed only between the outer heel and the inner toe. This is well

worth Lord George Bentinck's consideration, whenever, his present race being over, the kind stars permit him to exchange the corrupt atmosphere, tricks, and politics of St. Stephen's for the fresh-aided downs of Newmarket, where, says Mr. Bracy Clarke, in his luminous *Podophora*, "wealth, learning often, and horses, do go hand-in-hand." Note also this wrinkle for fox-hunters:—never, when the season is over, let the horses' feet remain cramped up in short hunting-shoes, but relieve them by longer ones, just as the rider exchanges his top-boots for slippers: an easy shoe—blessings on the man who invented it—comforts a groggy, overhunted horse as much as it does a gouty, overhaunched mayor.

Mr. Miles, duly estimating the advantages of freedom of motion, had long converted his stable-stalls into boxes, from a dislike at seeing his hobby-horses treated worse than wild beasts, who at least are allowed to traverse their den. Loose boxes are too generally left untenanted because no horse happens to be an invalid; yet they are more useful to sound animals than even to sick ones, since prevention of disease is better than its cure. The poor beast, cribbed, cabined, and confined, chained to his rack, and tortured by being unable to change position, is put for hours to the stocks, and condemned to the hard labor of having nothing to do—which destroys dandies and bankrupt commissioners. The prisoner suffers more from long standing still than from any trotting on the hardest road—it is the rest, not the work, that kills; and still more, when the pavement of the stall is uphill, which, as his legs are of equal length, and not like a caméléopard's, is at once painful and injurious; he meets the difficulty by standing on his hind toes in order to equalize the weight, and thereby strains his tendons and gets "perched." The floor should be perfectly level and paved with granite slabs, which should drain themselves by having herring-bone gutters cut in them, as nothing is more fatal to the eyes of horses than the ammonia so usually generated under them. A box so arranged is not merely a luxury to a horse and mare, but as absolute a necessity as one at the Haymarket is to a lord and lady. Nature is ever our surest guide. The animal when grazing in a field never is quiet a second; frog and sole are always on the move, and therefore in good condition, because they regularly perform their functions; the cushion of the navicular is never there absorbed as it is in an idle stall. If the brains of learned men are liable to be dried up under similar circumstances of *otium cum pinguetudine*, the soles of irrational creatures necessarily must fare worse: turn the same animal into loose boxes, and the slightest tap on the corn-bin will occasion at least fifty wholesome expansions of every sensitive organ.

Mr. Miles gives working plans of the simple contrivance by which he converted a four-stalled stable into one of three boxes. This suppression of supernumerary stalls was effected by shifting the divisions. A tripartite arrangement is far preferable to solitary confinement, for horses are curious, social animals; they love their neighbors, and like to see what they are at, as much as county families do, whose pews adjoin in their parish church. The best partition is brick noggin, which should be cased with boarding, and surmounted with iron rails: the separation should be carried highest near the manger, in order to prevent the company from watching each other at meals—a thing which is not only unmannerly, but

injuriously to health. Each hopes to get some of his neighbor's prog, and is also afraid of his neighbor getting some of his; insomuch that the best bred horse, even when next to a pretty filly, invariably bolts his feed—just as a Yankee senator does at a boarding-house table d'hôte, although Fanny Butler sits at his side. Dyspepsia is the sure result of this imperfect mastication.

One word only on diet. The groom will persist in treating his horse like a Christian, which, in his theology consists in giving him as much too many feeds as he does to himself; but shoes are not more surely forged on anvils than diseases are in the stomach both of beasts and men who make themselves like them. Nature contrives to sustain health and vigor on a precarious, stinted supply, since it is not what is eaten but what is digested that nourishes. Her system should be imitated in quantity and quality; she regulates the former according to the length of the day and the amount of work required to be done, and bids the seasons, her hand-maids, vary the latter by a constant change in the bill of fare. Her primitive sauces are air and exercise, and her best condiment, however shocking to the nerves of Monsieur Ude, is mud: more pecks of real dirt are eaten by quadrupeds who graze in the fields, than are of moral dirt by your biped parasites who make love to my lord's eyebrow and soup-tureen. Provide, therefore, your nice nags with their cruet and salt-cellar, by placing in each manger a large lump of rock-salt and chalk, to which, when troubled with indigestion or acidity, they will as surely resort as the most practised London diners-out do to their glaubers and potash; nor will they often require any other physic. If a bucket of water be placed always in their reach, they will sip often, but never swill themselves out to distension, which they otherwise are "obligated to do" (like their valet) whenever liquor comes in their way, in order to lay in a stock like the camels, who reason on the uncertainty of another supply.

Boxes, however beneficial to horses, are unpopular with prejudiced grooms, who have an instinctive dread of improvements which do not originate with themselves; and although in truth few classes are more ignorant of the philosophy and ologies of the horse than stable folk, yet, in common with all who handle ribbons or horse-flesh, they have jockeyed themselves into the credit of being the knowing ones *par excellence*; accordingly such servants, especially if old ones and treasures, generally rule and teach their masters, for gentlemen pique themselves vastly on connoisseurship of pictures and horses, and are shy of asking questions which imply ignorance. The whole genus groom has an antipathy to any changes which give them more work; they particularly dislike, when they have "cleaned" their charges, to see them lie down, "untidy" and "dirty" themselves again; they sneer at what they call "finding mares nests;" and pretend that horses eat their beds, as the pious Æneas and his friends did their tables. But Mr. Miles has invented a remedial muzzle for these gross feeders, of which he gives us an engraving. Boxes again are ruinous to the veterinary surgeon, who fees grooms, since they do away with the great cause of profitable grogginess. These gentry are jealous of amateur farriery, and abhor any revelations to the uninitiated of family secrets in plain intelligible English. Mr. Miles cannot expect to be popular in the west, a latitude which imports rather than exports wise men; the horse-doctor shudders lest disease, death, and himself should be set aside, by every man—*Milite duce*

—becoming his own farrier. So thought the pupils of Abernethy, after his publication to the world of the panacea blue pill; "but take courage, gentlemen," said he, "not one of your patients will ever follow my advice." Mr. Miles, however, like the Oriental hakim, prefers exercise to mercurial treatment—"the best physician is a horse, the best apothecary an ass." Exercise, combined with cleanliness, is meat, drink, and physic for horse and groom; although the latter loves rather to lurk in the larder, and never carries his own Roman-cemented carcass—and thinks, reasoning from his own sensations, that no harm is done to a horse by not going out until his legs begin to swell. A regular daily walking-exercise of two hours is the smallest possible quantity to ensure health; while three or four are much better.

"When masters remember that the natural life of a horse is from thirty-five to forty years, and that three fourths of them die, or are destroyed, under twelve years' old—used up—with scarcely a foot to go upon; I take it," says Mr. Miles, "that they will be very apt to transfer their sympathies from the groom, and his trouble, to their own pockets and their horses' welfare."—p. 41.

Yet, were it not for the wise provision of nature which causes legs to swell after inaction, and the overlively exuberance of antics by which a fresh horse exhibits his schoolboy exultation of being let loose and getting out of the stable—probably even less than the present poor pittance of exercise would be given by idle grooms and timid masters.

The horny wall of the horse's foot is apt to get dry and brittle in a hot stable where temperature ought to range from 56° to 60°. Dry straw, coupled with excess of heat, produces cracks in the crust, the natural effects of overbaking; this is counteracted by grease and moisture, using the first first—which is an axiom—in order to prevent evaporation. Mr. Miles furnishes the receipt of an ointment which he has found to succeed admirably. In hot summer days the feet should be tied up in a cloth, and occasionally plunged into buckets of cool water; beware, however of washing the feet too soon after exercise, as it checks perspiration and induces fever; clean them when cool, and rub the hock and pasterns dry with the hand—the best of towels; a stopping also at night of fresh cow-dung keeps the frog moist and sweet.

LEGACY.—A bequest of goods and chattels by will. Some parents leave a good name as a legacy to their children; and some children, directly they get the good name, put it on the back of a bill as the best means of turning it into a profit. Many a good name has been eventually dishonored by this process. A legacy is either general or specific. The man who left behind him a receipt for a pill that was a specific for every disease, left undoubtedly a specific legacy. As it is just possible that a man may not have been taxed heavily enough in his lifetime, a tax is laid on his property at his death, called a legacy duty; so that the tax-gatherer may be said to pursue his victim even beyond the grave.—*Punch*.

THE WORSE FOR WEBSTER.—The accusations of fraud and speculation brought against the great American statesman, Mr. Webster, have turned out to be utterly groundless. We fear Mr. Webster will lose his popularity amongst his countrymen in Pennsylvania.—*Punch*.

BORNEO—JAPAN.

[Conclusion of an article in the Quarterly Review.]

A FAIRER field than Sarawak for the exertions of the Christian missionary scarcely presents itself in the uncivilized world. In that field we earnestly hope that the Church of England may be the first. The hill Dyaks in the province are estimated by Mr. Brooke at some 10,000 in number, and, as might be expected under such rule as he has established there, are fast increasing. The last accounts received speak of visits of chiefs to Mr. Brooke from a distance of two hundred miles in the interior :—

"These people," he states in one of his letters, "are mild, industrious, and so scrupulously honest, that a single case of theft has not come under my observation, even when surrounded by objects easily appropriated and tempting from their novelty. In their domestic lives they are amiable, and addicted to none of the vices of a wild state. They marry but one wife; and their women are always quoted among the Malays as remarkable for chastity. Their freedom from all prejudice and their present scanty knowledge of religion would render their conversion to Christianity an easy task, provided they are rescued from their present sufferings and degraded state; but until this be done it will be vain to preach a faith to them the first precepts of which are daily violated in their own persons."

Mr. Brooke says elsewhere, (vol. ii., p. 184,) "The Dyak is neither treacherous nor cunning, and so truthful that the word of one of them might safely be taken before the oath of half a dozen Borneans. In their dealings they are very straightforward and correct, and so trustworthy that they rarely attempt, even after a lapse of years, to evade payment of a just debt." Is not this a better raw material for Christian manufacture than the proud and warlike savage of New Zealand, or the Hindoo steeped in the prejudices of caste? Is such a field as this to be left to the Jesuit, or to the chances of Protestant sectarian zeal? We have some hope that these questions will be answered as they should be answered from rich and episcopal England; and that the great and wealthy of the land will come forward and tell our venerated primate—find us a man of piety, enterprising zeal, and judgment, and we will provide the means of establishing him in a land which, with God's blessing on his efforts, to use the words of one who knows it, he "will not wish to exchange for any sphere of action on this side heaven."*

The passages above quoted are well calculated to excite Christian sympathy on behalf of Mr. Brooke's special protégés, the aboriginal Dyaks; but it must not be supposed that he has no corner left in his heart for the Malay, who has been scarcely less maligned by common report, than the Helot race he oppresses. We cannot profess to know what notorious the term Malay conveys to our readers in general. With us it raises the vision

of a man of swarthy complexion, drugged with opium, running down a crowded street, pursued by the civil and military authorities, and stabbing right and left, at man, woman, and child, with a kris. This demoniac vision fades before Mr. Brooke's sketch from the living model :—

"Simple in their habits, they are neither treacherous nor blood-thirsty; cheerful, polite, hospitable, gentle in their manners, they live in communities with fewer crimes and fewer punishments than most other people of the globe. They are passionately fond of their children, and indulgent even to a fault. I have always found them good-tempered and obliging, wonderfully amenable to authority, and quite as sensible of benefits conferred, and as grateful as other people of more favored nations"—Vol. ii., p. 128.

Of course there is a reverse to this picture. Among their bad qualities Mr. Brooke enumerates deceit, a disposition to intrigue, superstition, and its attendant propensities to persecution and oppression. Add to these defects of the Asiatic character the outward circumstances of power in the hands of a corrupt aristocracy, all the vices without the advantages of a feudal system, and no wonder that occasional and scanty intercourse with ignorant, insolent, and unscrupulous European traders, should have led to acts of treachery and violence which have given the Malay a bad name—applied also, as the term is, to many races quite distinct from the real Malay, and from each other, in origin, habits, and language.

Mr. Brooke's time has been too much and too well employed to allow him to make many scientific additions to our knowledge of the natural history of Borneo. He has, however, not failed to collect some particulars of that race of quadrupeds for which the island has long been famous, and which, with one exception, is supposed to approach the nearest to man in anatomical structure and in its consequent habits and gestures. Nor has Mr. Brooke been idle as a collector. Five living specimens of the orang-outang were shipped by him in one vessel for England, but, we believe, died on the passage. His report on the animal, published in the "Transactions of the Zoological Society," is appended to Captain Keppel's first volume. The largest adult shot by Mr. Brooke was 4 feet 1 inch in height, but he obtained from the natives a dried hand which would indicate far greater dimensions, and we think there is ground to suppose that the stature which has been attributed to a Sumatran species, fully equalling or exceeding that of man, is attained by the same or a similar species in Borneo. Mr. Brooke's observations or inquiries do not tend to elevate the character of the Bornean animal in respect of its approximation to humanity, as compared with his West African competitor, the chimpanzee. The activity in his native woods, attributed to him by some writers, is denied by Mr. Brooke, who describes him as slow in his motions, even when escaping from man, and making no attempt at defence except at close quarters, when his teeth are formidable. He appears to be agile and dexterous in nothing but the formation of his nest, a mere sort of uncovered seat which he weaves of branches with much rapidity. Mr. Brooke's account of the nidification of the animal tallies exactly with that by Mr. Abel, the naturalist to the Chinese Embassy of Lord Amherst :—

"While in Java," says Mr. Abel, p. 325, "he lodged in a large tamarind tree near my dwelling; and

*The "Address" of the Rev. C. Brereton did not reach us until this article was completed. It gives an able précis of Mr. Brooke's labors, and concludes with an earnest appeal made to the English public, at his request, for assistance towards the establishment of a church, a mission house, and a school at Sarawak. Mr. Brooke is an attached member of the Church of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Norwich, Lichfield, Oxford, and Calcutta, have already given their sanction to the undertaking. May 26.

formed a bed by intertwining the small branches, and covering them with leaves."

"The rude hut," says Mr. Brooke, "which they are stated to build in the trees, would be more properly called a seat or nest, for it has no roof or cover of any sort. The facility with which they form this seat is curious; and I had an opportunity of seeing a wounded female weave the branches together and seat herself within a minute. She afterwards received our fire without moving, and expired in her lofty abode, whence it cost us much trouble to dislodge her."

Our accounts of the chimpanzee in its native state are perhaps little to be relied upon; but it is certain that in its gregarious and terrestrial habits it has a greater affinity to man than the solitary and arboreal orang-outang. The former is said to build a hut on the ground not much inferior to the dwelling of the negro—but, unlike him, to build it, not for his male self, but for his wife and family. He uses a club, possibly for support in locomotion, more certainly and with tremendous effect for assault and defence; and, if all tales be true, he buries his dead. In all these accomplishments the Bornean *homo sylvestris* is decidedly deficient. In youth both have been found gentle, playful, imitative of man, and capable of strong attachment. The chimpanzee some time since exhibited at Paris, who lived in the first circles of French society, was much visited by M. Thiers, and attended in his last illness by the court physicians, was most impatient of solitude. The maturer character of both species is probably much influenced by adventitious circumstances. The forests of Africa, swarming with huge reptiles and the larger carnivora, are a rougher school than those of Borneo, from which "*rabidæ tigres absunt et sæva leonum semina.*" A French navigator, Grandpré by name, tells us of a chimpanzee which became an able seaman on board a slaver, but was so ill used by the mate that he died of grief. Why does this give us a worse opinion of the mate, and a warmer feeling of indignation, than if the victim had been one of the human cargo? In their immunity from the fiercer beasts of prey the forests of Borneo have greatly the advantage not only over those Caffrarian wastes where the cowering missionary frequently reads prayers from his fortified wagon to a congregation of lions, but over the more civilized settlement of Singapore. Mr. Davidson's volume (p. 51) gives a frightful account of the degree to which the jungles of that island are infested by the tiger. Captain Wilkes, the very intelligent commander of the United States discovery expedition, who visited Singapore in 1842, affirms that before the settlement of the island tigers did not exist in it, but that they have since swum the straits, and have devoured no less than 200 human victims within a short distance of the town. It is no wonder that the botany of Singapore is, as Captain Wilkes states, imperfectly known. Its jungles come into respectful competition with the forests of Assam, from which, under Lord Auckland's government, five thousand tiger-skins were produced in one year to claim the government reward. The elephant is supposed to be extinct in Borneo, and we hear nothing of the camel, which Herrera mentions as abundant.

Having quoted Captain Wilkes, we may add that he bears the honorable and impartial testimony of an American gentleman and officer to the value of Mr. Brooke's exertions in Borneo, and that he appears to consider it impossible that they should

not be supported and carried out by the British government. Captain Wilkes did not touch at Borneo itself, but his account of the neighboring Sooloo Islands is the best and most detailed which has come under our notice.*

We have already referred to Mr. Davidson's volume. It is the work evidently of a man of very distinguished natural ability, and though proceeding from one whose life seems to have been devoted to mercantile industry and adventure, the style of its literary execution is such as most professed men of letters might well envy. He gives us a most agreeable *résumé* of observations collected in some forty passages across the ocean to India, the Indian Isles, China, and Australia. He defends the opium trade, insinuates a desire for the retention of Chusan, and advocates a compulsory opening of intercourse with Japan. Against this latter suggestion—with much respect for Mr. Davidson, and with grateful veneration for the memory of Sir S. Raffles, who did more than cast a longing eye on Japan—we enter our protest, on grounds which have been amply set forth in two former numbers of this Journal. We believe the Japanese to be a contented, prosperous, and, on the whole, well-governed people, ready to rip themselves up on the appearance of the British flag in their waters. If one empire of the world chooses to indulge a taste for seclusion, to eschew Manchester goods, and make its own hardware, we think it ought to be indulged. The risks of invasion would be serious to the invader, and success would be purchased at an expense of gunpowder and blood, which, though neither Quakers nor members of a peace society, we abhor to contemplate.

We are not, however, more than Mr. Davidson or Sir Stamford Raffles, indifferent to the advantages our commerce could derive from any relaxation, voluntary on the part of the Japanese, of their rigid system of non-intercourse; and we admit that there are circumstances of the present moment which may bring such a change of their policy within the verge of possibility. We have no doubt that long before this the reverberation of our guns on the banks of the Yellow River has been felt in the council chamber of the palace of Jeddo. It is not possible to pronounce what particular effect the sound may have produced on the Japanese mind. It is well known that the Japanese entertain a hereditary contempt and aversion for their near kinsmen of the celestial empire. In their commercial intercourse, the latter are subjected to restrictions as rigid, and conditions as humiliating, as those to which the Dutch have so long submitted. The original relationship of the two races was probably a near one, but a separation of ages has left the recollection of triumphant resistance to the Chinese invader unimpaired, and has produced striking differences between them, generally to the advantage of the Japanese. The habits of personal cleanliness which pervade all classes in Japan would alone constitute a strong distinction in their favor. We think it highly probable that the intelligence of the humiliation of the Chinese has been received in Japan with something of the satisfaction with which, as we remember to have heard, the Chinese wardens of the marches looked on at the discomfiture of the mountaineers of Nepal who gave so much trouble to our best troops and commanders. Their applications for assistance or refuge were met with insult and con-

* See "Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition." Philadelphia edition, vol. v., ch. ix.

tumuly, which broke out in such expressions as "Truly you are a great people! Who are you, that you should resist the English," &c. &c. We cannot, however, imagine that satisfaction of this description should be unmixed with apprehension at any prospect of a visit from the conquering nation whose exploits, seen either through Chinese or Dutch spectacles, might not assume a very prepossessing aspect, particularly when coupled with the last instance of the appearance of the English flag in the waters of Japan—that of the "Phaeton." We are nevertheless told that reports have reached Java that the Japanese government were in expectation of a visit from the English, and that the government at Jeddo would now receive an amicable commercial mission. If this be so, the experiment is worth trying; but if it be tried, we earnestly hope that it may be committed to some officer of approved discretion—some naval Pottinger—who will not stain our flag by any act of violence or illegal aggression, such as in the case of the "Phaeton" was to be palliated, but in our opinion hardly justified by the warlike relations which then existed between ourselves and the Dutch. We have no enemy now to run to earth in Japan, and if we cannot at once establish friendly relations with its inhabitants, and procure from the local authorities the usual hospitalities of a friendly port, pilotage, provisions, &c., without humiliating and inadmissible conditions, we know not by what law of nations we can insist on a reversal in our favor of the code of an empire which never itself has indulged in acts of aggression. We doubt, indeed, whether either menace or violence could lead to any result more satisfactory than they would deserve, and we believe that in such dangerous waters as those of Nagasaki, the safety not only of boats' crews, but even of a ship of war, might be compromised by rash contempt of Japanese militia, and equally by rash reliance on the weakness or the good-will of a people with whom self-sacrifice at the order of the sovereign is an inveterate custom.

As to any such specimen of bad faith as would be exhibited in our forcible retention of Chusan, we consider it beyond the sphere of serious argument or reprehension, and we do not imagine that there is much more chance of any diplomatic arrangement with the Chinese by which we could keep possession of it, than there is of Lord Aberdeen conveying the Channel Islands in a leasehold tenure to Louis Philippe, or of his obtaining from that sovereign a reëntry on our old possession of Calais.

We are, however, quite in accordance with Mr. Davidson when he advocates immediate measures for working the Borneo coal-field.

"All her majesty's steamers on the coast of China might be supplied," he says, "with fuel from the same quarter—particularly as several empty ships go to China every season in search of freights homeward, which would gladly call at Borneo en route and take in a cargo of coals to be delivered at Hong Kong at a moderate rate per ton. To establish this coal-trade on a permanent footing, a treaty would require to be entered into with the Sultan of Borneo. This, I have no hesitation in saying, might be effected, and the requisite arrangements made with the Borneo authorities by Mr. Brooke, whose influence in that quarter is deservedly all-powerful."—*Davidson*, p. 295.

Mr. Earl's volume, "Enterprise in Tropical Australia," is also a performance of sterling abil-

ity—and it is well calculated to make us anxious for the more expanded treatise on eastern commerce which he promises soon to publish. It has, and will probably still more, become the province of England to direct to Australia and other quarters the streams of population and labor which only require her hand to guide them from various over-peopled quarters of the east, to fertile but unpeopled wastes. At page 119 of Mr. Earl's volume will be found some valuable observations on this extensive and interesting subject. Many of the islands of the Indian seas adjacent to Australia, such as Kissi and Rotti, suffer periodically from famine—others are only relieved of their surplus population by the abominable expedient of the slave-trade. The Celebes, China, and Continental India, are all ready to irrigate the thirsty soil with streams of useful labor. Of these Mr. Earl considers the Malay the cheapest, from his habits and requirements as to dress the best customer for the British manufacturer, and the best adapted for clearing new lands. The Chinese are the best agriculturists, manufacturers, we believe we may add miners—India furnishes the best herdsmen. It has been found at Singapore that from these various sources the supply of labor has fully kept pace with a growing demand. Mr. Davidson says that the Chinese junks bring annually to this part of the world from six to eight thousand emigrants, who ultimately find employment either in the island, in the tin-mines of Borneo, or the Malayan peninsula. "*Spartam nactus es*"—if we can only contrive to turn to account the territory within our legitimate control, we shall rub on for some time to come without coercing Japan. The merchant and the emigrant to Australia will find much useful information in these two works of Messrs. Davidson and Earl; and with readers for amusement they cannot fail to be popular. We could fill pages with descriptions and anecdotes of the most lively interest which abound in both: Mr. Davidson's especially, exhibits a rare mastery in picturesque narration.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

LODDS, HOUSE OF.—One of the constituent parts of the parliament of the United Kingdom, and comprising the body known as the peers; so that they who insist that our constitution is peerless, are guilty of a slight error. The lords are either spiritual, including the archbishops and bishops, or temporal, who may have been so called from their ancestors having first obtained their dignities by a readiness to temporize. The eldest son of a peer is a peer at his father's death—as if in the aristocracy of talent the eldest son of a poet should be born a poet. From the old proverb, one would imagine this was the rule of succession to the temple of the muses: but the words *poeta nascitur*, must be qualified by *non fit*, which may be translated, "Unless he is not fit for it." Peers are sometimes created from amongst lawyers and soldiers, when, to prevent the coronet being like a tin-kettle fastened on to the head, as in the celebrated dog case it was tied to the tail, it is usual to settle a pension in tail male, on the recipient of a peerage. The peers have been called the hereditary wisdom of the legislature; but as it is thought they can sometimes evince their wisdom better by holding their tongues, and keeping away from the house, their presence is not necessary to their votes, which may be given by proxy.

From the Spectator.

MR. TOWNSEND'S LIVES OF TWELVE EMINENT JUDGES.

SOME of these Lives originally appeared in the *Law Magazine*: they have been reprinted, partly in consequence of the praises bestowed upon two of them by the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, partly in the opinion that a "collection of memoirs of eminent modern judges would not be unacceptable to the profession and the public generally;" an idea which induced the composition of the new Lives.

The Twelve Judges whom Mr. Townsend has selected as subjects for his pen may be described as belonging to the age of George the Third; for they were all appointed to the bench and left it during the reign of that monarch, with the three exceptions of Stowell, Eldon, and Tenterden. In selecting his subjects, Mr. Townsend seems to have been guided by his own test of eminence; for the characters and legal line of his heroes are varied enough. In common law, there are Buller, Kenyon, Gibbs, Ellenborough, and Tenterden; who, however they might differ in personal and professional nature, were all men of legal acquirements, who forced their way to wealth, celebrity, and station, by indefatigable labor and perseverance, and who may be taken, each in his line, as a fair specimen of the hard common lawyer, whom modern manner is gradually extinguishing, with his good as well as his evil. The two great equity lawyers are Eldon and Sir William Grant; the former eminent as a chancellor, but perhaps unrivalled for a knowledge of law and a power of hair-splitting; the latter with the highest repute as a complete and perfect judge of any man in modern or ancient times—though his reputation perhaps excels that portion of his works from which posterity must form its decision. Following these two eminent judges is Mitford, Lord Redesdale, chancellor of Ireland; a man who was rather an able practitioner and a respectable individual than of original and marked character either as a lawyer or a man. As a popular advocate, Erskine towers above all: as a judge, he can scarcely be called "eminent;" his post and the figure he made in it were entirely owing to his eminence at the bar. "The wary Wedderburn, who never went upon a forlorn hope nor ever threw away the scabbard," and who "had something about him which even treachery could not trust," is best known as an unscrupulous but clever political adventurer, whose memory is embalmed in history for his fierce though justifiable attack upon Franklin, his defence of Clive, and various intrigues with every party likely to serve his turn, till, finding the Foxite whigs hopeless and the Portland party not so pliant as he wished, he bargained with Pitt for the chancellorship. He had on his previous elevation to the common pleas been made Lord Loughborough; a name by which he is more familiarly known than by that of Earl of Rosslyn, which title he obtained when he was obliged to retire a few years afterwards. Pepper Arden, Lord Alvanley, though not so mere an adventurer as Loughborough, was active and celebrated as a politician rather than as a lawyer; though he creditably filled the posts of master of the rolls and chief justice of the common pleas. The remaining eminent judge was a civilian, and one of the most distinguished that ever lived. To profound learning and extensive acumen, William

Scott, Lord Stowell, added an amenity of disposition, an elegant literature, and graces of style which few lawyers of any age could equal; whilst his good taste never allowed his learning to encumber, or his literature to ornament his composition too much. He might be a shade over-exhaustive and over-argumentative; and perhaps he wanted the condensed gravity of judicial eloquence: but he gained in amenity what he lost in weight. These things, however, are rather of the nature of feature and complexion than constitutional qualities. Lord Stowell had the acumen which perceived distinctions, the comprehension which took in the entire range of the subject, the genius which detected the principle lurking in the instance; and he was thus often enabled to endow seemingly small cases with importance and dignity. In these larger qualities Stowell seems to us to have excelled all the rest of these eminent men; the best of whom were probably only "judges learned in the law," and whose learning eclipsed their philosophy.

Except in the case of Lord Eldon, where the materials were ready to Mr. Townsend's hand, the Lives in these volumes partake more of the article or memoir than of pure biography, whether we consider biography in the sense of a regular narrative of the incidents of a life and correspondence; or a masterly account of the career with a portrait of the character. For the former mode, space and materials were both perhaps wanting; to the latter Mr. Townsend is not exactly equal. He lacks the penetrative acumen, the strength of mind, and the freedom from prejudice, required in the more critical biographer. Indeed, he is a strong partisan in his views; which rather smack of the old tory lawyer, but without his insolence, virulence, and coarseness. These prejudices peep out in his estimate of persons: in which, however, Mr. Townsend is more successful than in his criticism; for some of his selected jokes are but indifferent, his specimens of eloquence or judgment do not always justify the praise they are put forward to support, and he has a remarkable knack of spoiling quotations. But the book is agreeable and interesting; partly from the character of Mr. Townsend's mind, which though not very keen or elevated, is exceedingly well adapted to the gossip of biography or of legal lore; partly from the nature of his subjects. A lawyer who rises to eminence has always some striking qualities: if not a profound juriconsult, or a keen and able pleader, he must have ready and flashy parts of some kind, sufficient to float him over the stormy competition of the bar, and make him "generally useful" in the senate. Eminence in art, science, and literature, is necessarily attained by solitary meditation and experiment; but a successful lawyer is generally throughout his entire career, and always in some part of it, brought into the actual business of life; and in times of movement, such as a majority of the judges in this volume lived in, connected with the struggles of factions as well as litigants, and engaged in forwarding or baffling the arts of unscrupulous power or of parties perhaps more unscrupulous. Then, the lawyer (we are speaking of the public pleader and the judge) is a man of this world. He lives almost in public—in the courts, in the houses of parliament, in circuit clubs, and at "common tables," where there is constantly going on a keen encounter of wits; and even if in private life he is an economic recluse like Kenyon or Eldon, his strength or eccentricity

of character supplies as many strong points as would be gained from the most liberal round of entertainments." In the majority of cases, the great lawyer is a man of struggles, not only with law but with fortune. There is no turning out a "heaven-born" lawyer either at equity or nisi prius. He gathers his knowledge by time and labor, and acquires by long practice that ready dexterity in its application which looks almost supernatural to the ignorant, as if he worked by witchcraft instead of wit. Many lawyers, too, have sprung from a mean origin and very narrow circumstances; so that their early career affords examples of the pursuit of distinction under difficulties: a circumstance that adds interest to their lives, though it may taint their character with coarseness, and induce something of unprincipled self-seeking. For the public biography of modern lawyers also there are ample materials, not merely in the professional but in the newspaper reports; a large amount of their good things and very often of their bad are familiar in the mouths of the profession, and there are always many people well acquainted with their personal characteristics and their bearing both in public and private life, should the writer himself not know them. With such excellent subjects, and ample materials to his hand, and with his professional *esprit de corps*, Mr. Townsend could scarcely fail in producing a pleasant and useful book for the world at large, and an interesting work for the lawyer or law student.

A point of interest connected with the book, though not necessarily with the subject of lawyers, are the events and manners over which the reader is carried. Dated from the early times of George the Third, the most striking events of that troubled reign are brought in review before us; whilst many of the anecdotes indicate the coarseness of manners and want of education not only found among the middle classes but even among the country gentlemen of the last century—the immediate successors to the Squire Westerns. Here is an instance from the life of Buller.

HIGH SHERIFFS, "SIXTY YEARS SINCE."

"There is a tradition on the Oxford Circuit, that he once met at the first assize town with a very unsophisticated sheriff, who bluntly demanded of his lordship, as he was stepping into his carriage, whether he was a *bonâ fide* judge, (the worthy functionary made but one syllable of *fide*), as they had been so often fobbed off with sergeants in those parts? When satisfied on this important particular, he took his seat aside of the judge. A grave severity on the countenance of Mr. Justice Buller occasioned some misgivings in the mind of the sheriff; who expressed his fear that he had unwittingly done something wrong. 'It is certainly,' said his lordship, with a smile, 'against etiquette on these occasions for the sheriff to take his seat fronting the horses, unless,'—he put his hand on the gentleman, who was starting up—'unless invited by the judge, as I now invite you.' Cradock tells a story of a learned predecessor's encounter with another sheriff, not unamusing. The world was then not so highly refined as at present. After the usual opening of common topics, such as the roads and the weather, the high sheriff began to feel himself a little more emboldened, and ventured to ask his lordship whether, at the last place, he had gone to see the elephant? The judge, with great good-humor, replied, 'Why

no, Mr. High Sheriff, I cannot say that I did; for a little difficulty occurred: we both came into town in form, with the trumpet sounding before us, and there was a point of ceremony to be settled, which should visit first.'"

THURLOW ON LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Lord Thurlow survived his lucky rival more than a twelvemonth; and on hearing of his death at Bath, said candidly, 'Well I hated the fellow, he could *parlez-vous* better than I could; but he was a gentleman!' His dislike afterwards vented itself in a bitter gibe. Being informed, we know not how truly, that George the Third, who had been laboring under mental hallucination, exclaimed, on Lord Rosslyn's death, 'I have lost then the greatest scoundrel in my dominions!' 'Said he so,' exclaimed Lord Thurlow, 'then by—he is sane!'"

GIBBS ON HIS EARLY CASES.

"He practised in the capacity of special pleader nearly ten years, organizing slowly, but surely, a large connection. 'When the attorneys have no one else to go to,' he remarked, with fretful naïveté, 'they come to me! Other pleaders have the luck of getting some easy cases. I never remember having had a single one. They were all difficult and complicated, and had nothing short about them but the fees.'"

PROFESSIONAL POPULARITY OF GIBBS.

"Unpopular in his own branch of the profession, the attorney-general could not boast of being a greater favorite with solicitors, especially the worse part of them. For though the temper of the man might be bad, and his manner hard, ungracious, and repulsive, his was not the abject spirit to truckle to those who had power in their hands, or to speak in honeyed speech to an efficient patron. If the action was founded in folly, in knavery, or in both, he never failed to acquaint its aiders and abettors with his opinion. His forensic bitterness always assumed its harshest tones when denouncing, as he termed them, the prowling jackals, the predatory pilot-fish, of the law. One of this class chanced to be standing near him as he was addressing the jury; when, suddenly turning round, he rivetted the attention of the whole court on his victim—'Does any of you want a dirty job to be done? There stands Mr. (naming the individual) ready and willing to do it.' The presiding judge interposed, but Sir Vicary persisted. 'I will not be silenced. The fellow deserves to be exposed, and I will expose him.' On another occasion, an attorney having brought a very thick brief to his lodgings in the assize town very late at night, was about to make his bow, when Sir Vicary Gibbs grasped the huge mass of paper, and inquired, 'Is all this evidence?' No, sir, replied the attorney; 'there are forty pages containing my observations.' 'Point them out.' He then tore these pages from the rest, thrust them into the fire, and concluded the interview with the sarcastic remark, 'There go your observations.'"

GARROW AND GIBBS.

"There were fierce struggles, we are told, between Gibbs and Garrow. He was often, indeed, in ordinary cases, an overmatch for Erskine himself; but Erskine could afford to sustain this defeat or this overreaching, and his temper was sweet as his nature was noble. Not such the temper of

Sir Vicary. When Garrow would run round him—get verdicts from him—beat down his damages by coarse clamor or hoarse laughing—even make points against him, or filch them, as he was wont to phrase it—the bystander saw such bitterness manifested in the defeated face, that he could not have wondered at seeing him cry for mere vexation.

JUDGES' PERQUISITES.

Lord Ellenborough died possessed of ample wealth, which has been computed to amount to 240,000*l.* So munificent a fortune may be easily accounted for. There were three offices of very considerable value at the disposal of the chief justice of the king's bench; those of the chief clerk, the *custos brevium*, and the clerk of the outlawries. The sale of these offices is now most fitly abolished, as inconsistent with the dignity and independence of the judicial station. Luckily for Lord Ellenborough, two of these places fell vacant shortly after his appointment. He refused 80,000*l.* which was offered for the disposal of the chief clerkship; and until his son was of age to receive it, added its amount, which was 7,000*l.* a year, to his own salary; realizing thus an income of 16,000*l.* a sum considerably larger than was enjoyed by those who immediately preceded and succeeded him. It equalled, nay, in some years exceeded, the income of the Lord Chancellor, and justified, even in a worldly sense, the sagacity of the learned lord's decision when in 1806 he refused the seals.

THE BRITISH MINISTERS.

Sir Robert Peel made his triumphal exit from office on Monday night, in a speech worthy of the occasion. Considered technically, as a matter of mere oratory, his speaking has often shown traces of more pains, of more artful structure, and more workmanlike elaboration; but such small points were beside the occasion. Many large questions of the past, solved and unsolved—of the future—crowded upon his utterance, and ill brooked the narrow limits prescribed by his discourse. And he evidently approached his task with small preparation of a special kind—with none, perhaps, but so much as was implied in the deeds of the past and in a determined purpose. His judgment was shown in the admirable temper which animated the whole, and in the manner in which he took up his ground for the future.

He does not go into opposition. So we understood him to imply four or five months ago, and his farewell speech confirms that impression. There has been a good deal of wrangling as to the interpretation to be put upon that portion of the speech which relates to affairs of party—some nicely balancing words, and insisting that they pledge the speaker to nothing; others insisting that they must be considered in reference to their general tenor. The latter is, no doubt, the just view. The speech was one of generalities, and not of specialities. And to expect that the exient minister would volunteer a schedule of particular details to which he should be pledged, (a supposition involved in the complaint that he does not stand pledged on particular points,) is puerile. His intent was as clear as possible. As we understand him, he is henceforward to consider questions that come before him in reference to their circumstances, their merits, and their practical

effects. It is to be observed that such a course would set aside the *details* of some past measures to which the late cabinet may have been committed; making him free to take them up *de novo* with the full lights of the time and on their own proper grounds. Resting upon what he said, we should not be surprised if Sir Robert Peel were even to abstain from crossing over to the opposition benches, and were to take his seat on the ministerial side as an independent supporter of the Queen's government. It must be allowed that such a departure from routine would be as startling as any of the more substantial innovations which he has made in the conduct of party; though it would quite accord with the spirit of his change from the service of party to that of his country.

One of the questions on which his probable course has given rise to great speculation is the sugar-duties. Sir Robert, presuming Lord John Russell to be the new minister, promises his support in carrying forward the same commercial principles as those which have recently guided the government: but in doing so, he makes reservations against the "derangement" of "great interests," with more of the same kind. The suspicious construe that reservation to mean, that Sir Robert Peel will abide by the differential sugar-duties on the anti-slavery pretext. We believe in no such interpretation. Sir Robert, no doubt, feels that there are moral considerations mixed up with the financial one of the sugar-duties; not only the black interests, which once monopolized the philanthropy of this country, but the colonial interests—the interests of that property which was so lavishly wasted by our wild legislation. His cabinet endeavored to satisfy justice, or rather to satisfy appearances, by adopting Captain Denman's new plan of African blockade, and by a hesitating sanction to cooly and negro immigration into the West Indies. The immigration is growing, in spite of official obstacles, kept up to the very latest date of Mr. Gladstone's incumbency of the colonial office—obstacles not, indeed, originating with him, but not swept away by him. Captain Denman's plan is under trial. The sugar-duties cannot be justly or ably handled apart from the whole West Indian question; but any minister who chose to deal with all, comprehensively, vigorously, and promptly, might give the British people cheap sugar and put the West Indies on the road to prosperity by the same act. We do not understand Sir Robert Peel's reservation to convey the shadow of a hint that he would refuse to consider, fairly, and without bias, any measure better than his own, or rather, than Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Goulburn's, for settling the sugar-duties.

Ireland is another prominent point in the leave-taking speech, and one which has of course invited cavil. Sir Robert has broadly declared for perfect equality in the spirit of legislation between England and Ireland. This is hailed by some who look more to party than to national interests, as a new "inconsistency"—a virtual abnegation of the statesman's recent policy. It is quite the reverse; being a further carrying out of that policy which dictated the Maynooth grant, the recognition of Episcopal titles, and several other measures tending to equality. Formally, indeed, Sir Robert was defeated on a coercion bill: but it was the identical measure that the whigs in office had kept up for years; it was supported by the members of the last whig cabinet in the House of Lords; and by Lord John Russell himself and the whig com-

moners in the earlier stages—until, as Mr. Smith O'Brien informed his Irish audience at Conciliation Hall this week, it afforded opportunity for a vote to turn the ministry out. In fact, opinion on the subject of Ireland has matured with a suddenness unparalleled; but it was too late for Sir Robert Peel to throw away the bill which his own colleagues had introduced. It is negatived by the house: he now knows better what ground may be taken up in Irish pacification; and there is no "inconsistency" in his declaring a better ground than that of coercion.

But that which has perhaps caused the greatest shock to sensitive souls is Sir Robert's tribute to the great anti-corn-law agitator. The merit of repealing the corn-laws, he said, was due neither to himself nor to Lord John Russell, but solely to "Richard Cobden." Some people are puzzled as to the motive of the avowal, and of course are ready enough to find a bad one. The motive appears to us not recondite. Sir Robert Peel's strength, throughout his late career, to its triumphant close, has lain in his abiding by the plain truth; and his purpose was to give that plain truth a crowning avowal. There was, however, some little exaggeration of phrase; which Richard Cobden does not need. His merit lay in giving animation to an abstract question of right—in organizing a public opinion which had been created. But even that organized public opinion, lacking the elements of popular revolution, which it did, might have floundered on for years in ineffectual impotency had not Sir Robert Peel endowed it with the full power of the Executive. Richard Cobden would have carried the measure sooner or later: that it is carried in 1846 is due to Robert Peel. And in awarding the "*suum cuique*," there are others who ought not to be forgotten—Charles Villiers, whose motion was once a yearly scoff for short-sighted folks trusting in the majorities of the time being; Wolryche Whitmore, the predecessor of Charles Villiers in times of still remoter hope; and Colonel Thompson, who first popularized the science of the question, and supplied the instinctive common sense of the public with logical arguments and epigrammatic illustrations. The *corn-law catechism* was the ancestor of the Anti-Corn Law League. How necessary was the modern engine of agitation, is proved by the fact, that the author of the *catechism* is not in parliament to complete his work; so little of real "*public spirit*" is there in the constituencies!

Sir Robert Peel fitly closed his speech with a message of peace—the Oregon question is settled. "Lucky minister!" Ay, lucky are they who take pains to be so. In this instance the luck seems to have arisen from that judgment which shaped just such a measure as could be offered and adopted without derogation from the honor of either side.

Having laid down his power at the feet of the majority, Sir Robert Peel left the house, leaning on the arm of Sir George Clerk; and, having been recognized outside by a watching multitude—not a mob—he was escorted home to his private house in triumph. There was a contrast to the minister's triumphal return: his two antagonists—not the most illustrious but the most notorious—came away at the same time: their heads bent down, they seemed to shun recognition; and they were seen to pass away amid the scowls of those who did know them—lucky to escape in silence.

When all is done, you ask, what is the one

great cause for this general and intense apprehension of Sir Robert Peel's merits? It is not merely that he carried the two bills—other men share that honor. There seems to be even a paradoxical reference to past times when he abided by what were not merits. That is the key to the question: the singular merit of the statesman, in the popular eyes, is his unprecedented sacrifice to attain a good for his country: he sacrificed place, power, a show of that outward "consistency" which is prized so highly; he had the moral courage to brave all obloquy, and sacrifice to his new convictions a frank avowal of his own past errors in judgment: in a word, he sacrificed the individual to the nation. All is paid, with interest.

No incident illustrates more forcibly the magnitude of what Sir Robert Peel has done for the country, than the remarkable contrast between the last whig attempt to form a cabinet and the present completion of one. Then, all was embarrassment, difficulty, impossibility: now, all is smoothness and facility. Then, the cry was, what will Lord John Russell do to carry corn-law repeal? how can he muster a cabinet?—now, the corn-laws are out of the way, and the cabinet is formed. It was so much a matter of course that there was no anxiety about it—nothing beyond the commonest curiosity.

It was not expected that the Russell whig cabinet would be more than a revival of the Melbourne one; and so, in its elements, it proves to be. This is the list.

IN THE CABINET.

Lord Chancellor, Lord Cottenham.
President of the Council, Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lord Privy Seal, Earl of Minto.
Home Office, Sir George Grey.
Colonial Office, Earl Grey.
Foreign Office, Viscount Palmerston.
First Lord of the Treasury, Lord John Russell.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Charles Wood.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Campbell.
Paymaster General, Mr. Macaulay.
Woods and Forests, Viscount Morpeth.
Postmaster General, Marquis of Clanricarde.
Board of Trade, Earl of Clarendon.
Board of Control, Sir John Cam Hobhouse.
Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Labouchere.
Admiralty, Earl of Auckland.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl of Besborough.
Commander-in-chief, Duke of Wellington.
Master-General of Ordnance, Marquis of Anglesey.

Here we see the old familiar cards, only shifted. Still there is change both in the adaptation of men to particular offices and in the circumstances; and on the whole the change is for the better.

In glancing down the list, the eye is first stopped by the name of Sir George Grey as home secretary. Although not unknown for ability in official routine, and although Sir George made a marked improvement in his style of speaking, (relieving the fluent level with smart personalities,) he has yet to show what powers he has to undertake this very important office. Times are tranquil, but they may not always be so; and the home secretary cannot "exchange" at the prospect of danger, like a dandy officer. And even to support a comparison in mere administrative ability, the successor of Sir James Graham has no light task.

"Foreign office—Viscount Palmerston": well,

the fear of that sound has passed. The troublesome dangerous questions in America are settled—just in time. Lord Palmerston, with capital tact, improved the last opportunity to pay a propitiatory visit to Paris, and assuaged old rancors in that quarter. Moreover, the lesson which was received at Christmas, when the same appointment of foreign secretary destroyed a ministry in embryo, no doubt taught the whig leaders that Lord Palmerston's license must be settled beforehand; and it is to be presumed that a clear understanding has been come to on that head. The fact that Earl Grey, who protested before, has consented to sit in the cabinet now with the very clever Viscount, is some guarantee.

Of Lord Grey, in the colonial department, the very highest expectations are formed. Should he disappoint them, it will be a public misfortune; as the chances of party have put forward no second statesman to supply the place which he is expected to fill.

Mr. Charles Wood possesses aptitude for finance, knowledge, and general ability; and good is augured from his elevation to the Exchequer.

Lord Clarendon has earned a reputation in commercial diplomacy; he has also the reputation of earnestness and soundness in view; the way for a minister of commerce is now so well marked out that he can scarcely fail.

The reappointment of Sir John Hobhouse—lazy, negligent, and an abettor of the Afghan war—is unpopular with the Indian public at home, and will be so in India; it is too great a concession to individual "claims" upon party connections.

Lord Auckland also lost as well as won laurels in the East. Lord Ellenborough succeeded him in India as vice-king, and now he succeeds Lord Ellenborough at the Admiralty as first lord; so there is party compensation at least.

Lord Besborough, when Lord Duncannon, was well known to the public as a liberal but thorough-going whig; Irish affairs are well known to him; but it is not so well known whether he has the peculiar capacity for coping with the great "difficulty" of the day.

The Duke of Wellington opened his mouth on Monday, to do little more than utter a kind of general order announcing the retirement of the ministry. Afterwards, at a private interview with Lord John Russell, he is said to have declared that henceforth his mouth is to be closed on political subjects: he relapses into the mere military commander. So he says; but we look forward yet to some bits of his plain naïve good sense on suitable occasion.

Such is the cabinet: what is its premier? Recently we feared that he was the same punctilious cadet of "the house of Bedford" who would have headed a crusade to preach the particular doctrines of Lord John, but would not soil his glove in any other quarrel. Some rumors, however, indicate conversations on his part too. According to their showing, he has become alive to a true sense of the juncture, has looked a little beyond the whig circle, and actually has invited to join his ministry the most popular young members of the late government—even the three named by the *Spectator*, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Lincoln, and Mr. Sydney Herbert! The invitation failed of immediate effect; but the will may be taken for the deed. We begin to suspect that Lord John is a more promising student of living history than we gave

him credit for being; and we shall watch his new career with interest. He left office at a time of commercial difficulty and impending revolt; he returns to it in time of prosperity, profound tranquillity at home, and peace with all the world. His old difficulties have vanished: Ireland has grown to be one for the whigs as well as for their political rivals; but the great new difficulty is to keep pace with the immense progress achieved while he has been out of office. Surely, however, he may count on a fair trial in that arduous enterprise.

The Anti-Corn Law League is dissolved; its council "suspended," to be evoked at any attempt to revive the corn-laws. The league celebrates its own euthanasia with a golden chime, voting to its retiring chairman a cool ten thousand! There is nothing to complain of in that politic munificence. The league has earned its money: there is just the shadow of a chance that it may be wanted again, to stop attempts at reviving the corn-laws; and it is well to let it repose on its watch with the dormant vigor of an energetic life in it. The staff of servants who retire on their fees will have quick ears, should the suspended council need "flappers" to awaken it at the sound of danger.

Of course a ministerial crisis could not pass without a manifesto from Mr. O'Connell: and accordingly the member for Ireland has done his best to comply with the exigency. Nothing new was expected, and nothing new was produced; but, as usual, he issues a long schedule of grievances to be redressed, first in voluminous minuteness, then in brief. There is evidently a growing fear lest the accession of the whigs should be detrimental to the interests of the organized repeal agitation, by decoying away adherents: to counteract that dreaded influence, Mr. Smith O'Brien and others are industriously engaged in talking down the suspected tempters; whose support even of this last coercion bill is made a strong point against them. The repeal leaders, exhausted in shows of patriotism, beginning to quarrel among themselves at the instigation of self-love, know that they can no longer afford to tamper with avowed whig alliances. Ireland, we say, is likely to be *Lord John Russell's* "difficulty."

The Oregon question is settled. The American government have adopted, without altering a word, the final proposition made by this government. That proposition was based on the modified American offer, "the 49th parallel," said by intelligent people to be the last inch that the fierce democracy would yield. But the British government made two qualifying proposals, which did not interfere with the integrity of the American position: the 49th parallel was taken, not to the broad ocean, but to the salt waters only; the boundary to deflect southwards in the strait of San Juan de Fuca; thus leaving to England the whole of Vancouver's Island, with a command of the entrance to the strait. Moreover, England reserves a right of way up the Columbia river. Some doubt has been expressed as to the duration of this right—whether it is to be perpetual, or only during the currency of the charter to the Hudson's Bay Company. There is nothing to show for the limited interpretation. England will keep the right so long as she thinks it useful and the two countries are not at war; in the latter case, to lose it or to vindicate it *vi et armis*.—*Spectator*, 4th July.

THE OREGON TREATY.

THE great difficulty of fixing a frontier line between the territories of Great Britain and the United States in the north-west of America has at length been solved; and so rejoiced must every rational person in the two countries be at the mere fact of the solution, that few are inclined to criticise and carp upon the conditions. The difficulty was not so to fix the frontier line as would best reconcile, and least militate against, the real interests of both countries, but to satisfy public opinion as to the dignity of the nations being equally consulted.

Last year the pretensions of the two countries seemed quite irreconcilable. Successive English governments had peremptorily refused to entertain the idea, or even consider the preference, of any frontier north of the Columbia. The trade of the great fur company had for years floated down and up that river, on the bank of which were its main establishments, with ramifications and forts and stations extending north and south. On the other hand, the Americans, feeling themselves entitled to at least half the region, insisted that bounding them by the southern bank of the Columbia gave them not only less than half the territory and the coast, but of the coast or the harbor literally gave them nothing.

Mr. Polk and his public thought that the best means of forcing British opinion, and, consequently, the British ministry down to a more feasible and fair compromise was to bluster, to put forth extreme and extravagant pretensions, and plainly point to war as an alternative. We are sorry to say this has had the desired effect. Our tory chiefs put on a bold aspect, but took care at the same time to inquire, was the object in dispute worth fighting for? The Hudson's Bay Company had the monopoly of the disputed territory. It was asked, what was their tenure worth? The company replied, that in ten years they would have killed every head of game and skinned every beaver in the region, and that for other purposes they cared not for it. To go to war for land so estimated, and for a ten years' monopoly of some score of skins, seemed unwise, and the territory up to the 49th degree and the Straits of Fuca was offered to be given up. The only regret is, that this was not done long since, and that these concessions were not made to the pacific and courteous Mr. Webster, instead of to the blustering Mr. Polk.

Another difficult question was the free navigation of the river Columbia, which the American president declared could never be permanently yielded, and which the British government had always insisted on as due to the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as to the dignity of this country. This difficulty has been adroitly got rid of by stipulating the free navigation of the river for the Hudson's Bay Company, and those trading with it. Such stipulation will no doubt be of use as long as the company keep up their establishments at Fort Vancouver, and as long as they hunt the regions east and west of the upper part of that river. But all this tract they confess would of itself have been exhausted in ten years, and now, of course, will be abandoned sooner. As soon as the Hudson's Bay agents shall have ceased to collect furs and to distribute stores in those regions south of the 49th parallel, the navigation of the Columbia will no longer be either wanted or used by them. A glance at the map will in a moment show that from

Fort Langley, or the mouth of Fuca's river, it will be ten times as short and as facile to carry goods to any part or parts of the Columbia north of the 49th degree as to transport them from the mouth of the Columbia. The free navigation of the Columbia will thus become a dead letter in a very few years, even if there be no understanding as to its more formal abrogation.

In a military point of view, and looking to a secure and permanent colony, the possession of the whole of Vancouver's island answers every object of Great Britain in that part of the world. Notwithstanding the pertinacious struggle of the two countries for the mouth of the Columbia, it is more than probable that, now it has decidedly fallen to the United States, they will not be inclined to expend much labor on it, but that, on the contrary, the Admiralty Inlet and the southern shore of Fuca's Straits will attract them. In this case these straits will become the most active centre, and the presence of both nations in it will mutually aid each other's prosperity by the supply of mutual wants. It is remarkable that the Hudson's Bay Company has already preferred using Admiralty Inlet to the Columbia river, and that a portage of ninety miles had been established from the inlet to the Cowlisse river, so to avoid the difficulties of the bar at the mouth of the Columbia. In the division of the north-western region of America the British have preserved the same great advantages which they possess on the north-eastern coast, viz., the possession of the great coal-fields, so indispensable to their navigation. All know the unrivalled advantages of Nova Scotia, in this respect, to all the neighboring American states. And, according to Mr. Dunn's account, the vicinity of Fort M'Loughlin, within our Oregon limits, abounds in coal fields, which are not mere matter of speculation, but have been worked and tried by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

It seems, that the final conclusion of the Oregon treaty will enable England to come forward as mediatrix between the United States and Mexico. Our accepting that treaty at such a moment proves how far England is from wishing to take advantage of a moment of embarrassment to hurt or press the United States. There will, therefore, be a strong party in Washington for accepting our mediation. Indeed, there is a good prospect of a far better understanding on all points between this country and the United States than has presented itself for many years.—*Examiner*, 4th July.

THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

It is now nearly four years ago since we commented upon "the great fact" of our epoch. From that time up to the present, its development has been more than commensurate with our expectations. Its fruits have anticipated the period of our predictions. Its destiny is—to all visible and conjectural purposes—completed. And now, in the moment of triumph—at the *acme* of its power—the Anti-corn-law League subsides into a voluntary repose which, but for some sudden and unexpected strategy of its assailants, will merge into a voluntary extinction.

The history of this confederacy has been most curious. Of itself it is a political phenomenon, the full interest of which will be more fully realized by the historian or the philosopher of future days than in our own time. But it will be more inter-

esting in its consequences, even at a distant day, than in the immediate and fiscal objects on the attainment of which its energies were concentrated, and with the possession of which its ambition is satisfied. It would be unreasonable to suppose that an organization so perfect and so successful as this should not hereafter be followed by others inspired by the same hopes, resting on similar sympathies, and conducted by men of a like character. The prospect of such new creations—whether ordained for good or for evil—gives additional importance to that which has been the first of them in time, in fortune, and popularity.

The progress of the league is without its parallel in history. The summary of it—now familiar to the world—as sketched by its chairman at the recent meeting in Manchester, is this:—In the year 1838 a small body of gentlemen connected with manufactures and commerce met in Manchester.—Amongst them were a few members of Parliament friendly to free trade, but not persons of large political, or, indeed, any other than mercantile interest. They were reinforced by some manufacturers in the neighborhood. The first sum of money which they subscribed amounted only to £3,000. This was afterwards increased to £6,000. Delegates from the young association visited London to watch the proceedings of parliament. Agitators travelled, and pamphlets were distributed, all over England. No means were neglected by which the doctrines of free trade could be brought home to the understandings and sympathies of the people. But the legislature and the ministry still remained hostile to them. The year 1841 ended in gloom, uncertainty, and distress. Trade was stagnant, employment interrupted; the pressure of severe destitution was followed by the natural rebound of disaffection and turbulence. Violent partisans of one side tried to turn this crisis to the advantage of the leaguers; partisans equally violent on the other side sought to twist it to their prejudice. But men of modern politics and judicious minds saw that the time was arriving when it would be necessary to adjust the balance between the demands of a formidable agitation and a powerful aristocracy by a peaceful and opportune compromise. We ourselves warned the minister of the consequences which must ensue from a pertinacious rejection of moderate counsels. Those consequences have ensued. At that time, however, apprehensions were derided, and predictions sneered at. The annual motions continued to be made in parliament, and to be made without avail. In 1843 the Free Trade Hall was opened in Manchester, and the subscription of the year announced to be £44,000. Then the meeting of the growing association was transferred from its parent city to London. Covent Garden opened its doors to an unwonted audience and unusual performers. For the first time in our country's history, the presumed representatives of Puritanism were heard haranguing at 10 o'clock at night on the boards of the national drama. Mr. Leader jostled Mr. Fox; Mr. Fox elbowed Mr. Bright; and Mr. Bright fraternized with Lord Radnor. Men of fashion talked democracy; men of rank threatened a revolution. These gatherings gained in attraction, in popularity, and finally in influence. Whilst Mr. Cobden was bearing the brunt of the battle in the house of commons, and by his strong sense and logical faculty unconsciously convincing the prime minister by whom he was opposed, Messrs. Fox and Bright, by the aid of weapons

less powerful over individual intellects, but more mighty to move popular passions, were doing their work in Covent Garden. The year 1844 witnessed similar operations and similar fruits to 1843—lectures, discussions, and public meetings. The subscriptions had increased to £100,000. And then began the last movement—that of the registration. But the effect of this was anticipated. The forces which were thus slowly but surely accumulating were spared the struggle to which they looked forward, and were led to the desired victory by the chieftain whom they were enlisted to fight against.

Such is the outline of a history fraught with many reflections and potent example. The abolition of the corn law is of itself a great achievement. Whoever had done this—whatever minister or whatever party—would have done an act of great importance, and, we firmly believe, of general good. But the mere abolition of duties on corn does not limit the magnitude of the exertions or the example of the league. The league is the first seedling of the reform bill. For the first time an association essentially popular in its origin, and all but exceptionally popular in its composition, has dictated its own terms to a proud aristocracy and an ancient monarchy. Heretofore it has been a section of two leading parties that has made or retarded our great revolutions. The whig peers and proprietors made the revolution of 1688. The tory peers and landowners retarded the revolution of 1833. But the revolution of 1846 is due to the people. It is the first systematic embodiment of the people's will and the people's intelligence. Cobden, the leader and champion of the movement, Wilson, Fox, Bright, are all men of the people, unconnected with influential families, and unassociated with historic names. This is an omen of promise to the strength of the people; and, if the experiment founded on their accordant wishes realize all that has been predicted of it, then it will likewise be a guaranty of their prudence, their justice, and their moderation.

We have said that the consequences of this new development will be traced by future writers and watched by future statesmen. The league falls into a repose which may precede either an expected dissolution or an unexpected revival. But the spirit which has animated it will not sleep. The powers which it has aroused will not relapse into perpetual stupor. A great experiment has been made. The middle classes of England have learned the value and efficacy of an organized union. Hereafter, when the minister lags behind the demands of the people, or the parliament is stubborn in resisting them, the momentous contest of 1846 will infuse hopefulness and determination into the minds of the offended remonstrants, and will teach them that there is something stronger than class interests or parliamentary parties.

For our own part, we confess that we have no desire to see the necessity of such a revival, or the repetition of such an experiment. We have a prejudice in favor of the forms and mechanism prescribed by our constitution. They may be tedious—they may be intricate—but they are safe. The present revolution has been consummated without any loss, without any risk. No blood has been shed. The funds have not fallen. Nothing has been endangered but the ministry by which it was supported. It has been a peaceful crisis—a pacific conquest. But for all this we know who are the

victors, and we recognize the means which made them so; and these we would eschew for the future. We know, indeed, that he who was the life and soul of the present agitation was driven into this course by no vanity, no love of praise, no ambition, but simply by an earnest purpose and a business-like desire to effect a practical remedy of a positive evil; but we do not know that there were not others who took it up, not from any absorbing devotion to free trade, but from interest, ambition, and love of excitement. In all great popular movements there will be two classes of men—the one anxious to make the agitation subservient to the cause they advocate, the other only studious of making the cause subservient to the agitation. As popular movements increase, this latter class will increase also. England will be filled by provincial associations and roving rhetoricians. Every new grievance will give birth to a new society, and every society will diffuse its countless pamphlets and its unprincipled lecturers.

This will be an evil. But it will not be the only one. Two greater evils can be conceived to be not improbable. The one is, that of collision between the people out of doors and the parliament within; the other, that of a capitulation signed by a minister in the eleventh hour, at the expense of a party long deluded into confidence, and the sacrifice of principles long professed with obstinacy. The one would be tantamount to a civil war, the other, to a destruction of public faith. May many years elapse before England witnesses either of these great calamities!—*Times*, 4th July.

GUIZOT AND THIERS.

THE French Chambers are much employed in preparation for the general election, which is expected to take place about the beginning of August. The ministerial strength has been tried, and not found wanting. The great speeches of Guizot and Thiers were electioneering speeches—announcements of the grounds on which the rivals are preparing to appeal to the constituencies throughout France. As orators, Guizot and Thiers are not unequal, though very dissimilar: widely different, both are effective. As statesmen, they perhaps approach more closely than would at first sight appear; both are literary men still more than men of action. This feature, however, is most obvious in Thiers: in him the brilliant and the love of the brilliant predominate, and impart an unreal character to his programmes of policy; he speaks for effect, and says what he thinks will produce an effect at the moment; hence his speech of this year often contradicts that of last year. Affecting the reputation of a dexterous intriguer and daring performer of coups d'état, he is ambitious of being that of which he is only fitted to be the historian or panegyrist. Men admire, but distrust him. With less of brilliancy and more of sentiment, a just estimate of his own powers has made Guizot take a very different line: he is at pains to be consistent and plausible; though the littérateur predominates over the statesman in him equally as in Thiers, he knows better how to act the statesman's rôle. There is on the whole, too, more of sincerity in Guizot than in Thiers. It is the cue of the latter at present to be the leader of a constitutional party: but he is not the man to allow forms to stand in the way of his ambition. Guizot, on the contrary, too clear-sighted to attempt in the young constitutional government of

France the strict observance of constitutional forms which the practice and precedents of a century have made possible in England, will probably be found adhering more closely to such a policy as a constitutional minister ought to pursue. From the majority obtained by the French ministers in the late division in the Chamber of Deputies, it does not follow that they will be equally strong after the elections. When we consider, however, how much of Guizot's strength is attributable to his success in creating an impression that he is a safe minister, the great influence exercised by the executive in the elections by the centralization of appointments, the pacific policy of the king, and the growing importance of the industrial interests, it is scarcely conceivable that the conservative party, the party of the peace minister, can be materially weakened.—*Spectator*.

POPE Gregory the Sixteenth departed this life on Monday the 1st of June. He had long labored under a chronic affection in the legs, in consequence of his habit of remaining during the greater part of the day seated at his desk; and it is reported that the more immediate cause of death was a surgical operation performed on one of his legs, which produced violent inflammation, and terminated fatally in a few days.

The *Journal des Débats* gives the following particulars of his late Holiness:—

“Mauro Capellari was born at Belluno, on the 18th September, 1765. A Camaldolite monk, Capellari had rendered himself celebrated in his order by his ecclesiastical science and his deep knowledge of the ancient and modern languages of the east. A reputation of doctrine and of regularity which had spread beyond the cloister, and the general regard entertained for his character, had secured to the humble monk, long before he was summoned to the Sacred College, a consideration equal to that of the princes of the church. In March, 1825, Leo the Twelfth raised him to the dignity of a cardinal; and soon after, he was placed at the head of the vast and important administration of the Propaganda, for which, by his African and Asiatic erudition, he was especially suited; and the talents he displayed in it confirmed his great reputation for capacity. In the conclave of 1828, Mauro Capellari was one of the cardinals most favored by public opinion, and most violently opposed, in the conclave, by what is called the Austrian party. In the conclave of 1831, Cardinal Pacca, who was supported by that party, the leader of which was Cardinal Albani, had obtained nineteen votes at the ballot before last, and Cardinal Capellari twenty-six; but at the last ballot six or seven votes escaped Cardinal Albani's influence, and Cardinal Capellari obtained the majority. He had been elected Pope on the 2d of February, 1831; and ascended the pontifical throne under the name of Gregory the Sixteenth.”

Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne is to proceed forthwith to Rome, to attend the conclave of the Sacred College, which is to assemble immediately, to elect a new pope. At the election of popes, three powers—namely, Austria, France, and Spain—have each the privilege of annulling the first election, should the choice of the Sacred College be disagreeable to them. Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne will exercise this power in the name of the French government. It is understood that Spain will act in concert with France on this occasion.

From the Athenæum.

CORAL FISHERY.

THERE is no port on the Bay of Naples which presents so bustling a scene at this season of the year as Torre del Greco. Hundreds, I may say thousands, of mariners are now here, assembled from various parts of the coast, dressed out in their rich Phrygian caps and scarlet sashes, ready to start for the coral fishery. At last, the weather begins to brighten—the tempestuous sirocco and the roystering tramontana retire within their caves; and, a favorable breeze springing up, soon they “are upon the Mediterranean flote,” in little detachments according to their destination. What lamentations may then be heard amongst mothers, or wives, or sweethearts, who have thronged down to Torre to take a last farewell! But courage!—a mass has been said, or a candle offered to the Madonna; and now, to complete the “buoni augurij,” these loving companions throw a handful of sand after the receding bark—exclaiming, “*Possa andare come una nave degli angeli.*” Having lately been in the midst of these scenes, and interested myself in the details of this profitable branch of commerce, I send you what may be called the statistics of the coral fishery.

The coral fishery is a source of more profit than is, perhaps, generally known; and is attended with hardships, the bare thought of which might diminish some of that natural vanity with which the fair one contemplates the glowing ornaments that repose upon and contrast with her white bosom. I was standing on the *marina*, when I witnessed such a scene as I have described—a party of gaily-dressed mariners, accompanied by women weeping and wailing as our northern females know not how to do. Their short and simple story was soon learnt; and the particulars I now send you as the result of my inquiries.

Torre is the principal port in the south of Italy for the vessels engaged in the coral fishery—about 200 vessels setting out from hence every year. They have generally a tonnage of from 7 to 14 tons, and carry from 8 to 12 hands; so that about 2,000 men are engaged in this trade—and, in case of an emergency, would form a famous *corps de reserve*. They generally consist of the young and hardy and adventurous, or else the wretchedly poor; for it is only the bold spirit of youth, or the extreme misery of the married man, which would send them forth upon this service. For two or three months previous to the commencement of the season, many a wretched mariner leaves his starving family, and, as a last resource, sells himself to the proprietor of one or other of these barks; receiving a *caparra*, (earnest-money,) with which he returns to his home. This, perhaps, is soon dissipated, and he again returns and receives an addition to his *caparra*; so that, when the time of final departure arrives, it not unfrequently happens that the whole of his scanty pay has been consumed, and the improvident or unhappy rogue has some months of hard labor in prospect, without the hope of another *grano* of compensation. Nor does the proprietor run any risk in making this prepayment; for as the mariner can make no engagement without presenting his passport perfectly *en règle*, he is under the surveillance of a vigilant police. The agreement between the parties is made from the month of March to the Feast of San Michele (29th September) for vessels destined for the Barbary coast—and from March to the Feast of the Madonna del Rosario (October 2) for those whose

destination is nearer home. Each man receives from 20 to 40 ducats, according to his age or skill, for the whole voyage; whilst the captain receives from 150 to 400 ducats—reckoning 6 ducats to 1*l.* sterling. These preliminaries being settled, let us imagine them now on full wing—some for the coast of Barbary, and others for that of Sardinia, or Leghorn, or Civita Vecchia, or the Islands of Capri, San Pietro, or Ventotene, near which I have often seen them, hour after hour, and day after day, dragging for the treasures of the vasty deep. On arriving at the port nearest to the spot where they mean to fish, the “*carte*” are sent in to the consul; which they are compelled to take again on return. A *piastre* is paid by each vessel for the magic endorsement of his excellenza—another to the druggist, and another to the medical man; whilst the captain, to strengthen his power, and to secure indemnity in case of some of those gentle excesses which bilious captains are sometimes apt to commit, has generally on board some private “*regalo*” for his consul. The next morning perhaps they push out to sea, and commence operations; not to return that evening, or the next, or the next, but to remain at sea for a fortnight or a month at a time, working night and day without intermission. The more humane captains allow half their crews to repose from Ave Maria to midnight, and the other half from midnight to the break of day; others allow only two hours’ repose at a time; whilst some, again, allow no regular time;—“so that,” said a poor mariner to me, “we sleep as we can, either standing, or as we haul in the nets. Nor do they fare better than they sleep: for the whole time they have nothing—literally nothing—but biscuit and water; whilst the captain, as a privileged person, has his dish of dried beans or haricots boiled. Should they, however, have a run of good luck, and put into port once in 15 days or so, they are indulged with a feast of *maccaroni*. These privations make it rather rough work, it must be confessed, for a mariner—especially when it is remembered that it lasts seven months; but if to this be added the brutality of the captains, whose tyranny and cruelty, as I have heard, exceeds anything that has ever been recounted to me before, we have a combination of sufferings which go far to justify the description given to me of this service by one engaged in it, as being an “*inferno terrestre.*”

Now let us view them at work. Every vessel carries about 12 *contaj* (a *contajo* being 200 pounds) of hemp to make the nets, which are changed every week. They are about 7 or 10 *palmi* in width, and 100 or 120 *palmi* in length—worked very loosely, and with large meshes. On being thrown into the sea, the vessel is put before the wind, or else propelled by oars, until these loosely-formed nets have fastened upon a rock. Then comes the tug of war. If they have great good fortune, they will take a piece of 2 or 3 *rotoli* at a haul, (a *rotolo* being 33 ounces,) though this is a rare occurrence. In its natural state, the coral is either white or red, or even black externally, from the action of the sea. The white is very rare and very precious; comparatively a small quantity being sufficient to make a good voyage—especially if it be taken “*ingrosso*,” when it will fetch as high as 100 ducati, or more, the *rotolo*. The red “*a minuto*” is not very valuable; but if it is “*acetta*” and “*ingrosso*,” it can be sold for from 25 up to 60 ducati the *rotolo*. As a rule, however, the round-shaped coral is much more valuable than the tree or the spiral coral.

Full fathoms five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made—

So sang Ariel; without, I suppose, intending to lay down any rule as to the depth at which coral may be found. Indeed, it is found at all depths, from 12 to 16 palmi up to 150, or even more. At last, arrives the Feast of San Michael, or of the Madonna del Rosario. As soon as the day dawns, the nets are slackened; no man will work more, even if treasures are in prospect. So, pushing into land, and taking up their "carte," away they set on their return—many as poor as when they departed; some with a few ducats in "sacco," and a new Phrygian cap, or dashing sash, or some article of finery, for the "innamorata"—all, however, being thoroughly tired out, and injured perhaps in constitution. The cargo being deposited in the "magazzin" of the merchant, is sold out to the retail merchants, who flock in from Naples and elsewhere; and is soon transformed into numerous articles of ornament or superstition—crosses, amulets, necklaces and bracelets. And now, these mariners have a long repose, till the spring comes round and sends them out again on this odious service—though there are very few who make two or three consecutive voyages of this nature. Many vessels are lost in the season; owing to their long-continued exposure to all kinds of weather, and to their lying in amongst the coral reefs. However prosperous the voyage, life aboard the vessels "*à la vita d'uno cane*." Yet the service may be regarded as one of the most important in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; as well for the wealth it annually brings in, as also for the school it offers for training hardy, well-disciplined mariners.

From the Examiner.

Danish Fairy Legends and Tales. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Pickering.

This is a charming little book of fairy tales, and excellently well translated. But why the tales should be called Danish, we do not perceive; except inasmuch as a Dane is the author. There is an occasional northern coloring, but only so far as it could not be helped. All the rest is so free from everything national or exclusive, that we do not remember to have met with any production so given up to a sense of the variety of being that exists in the universe. At times it is even painfully so. We have so strong a sense given us of the feelings of ducks and ducklings; of swans and storks; of mermen and mermaids; of nightingales, flowers, and daisies; even of slugs and cuttle-fish; and of what all sorts of animated creatures round about us, think, do, and might say if they could speak; that one's consciousness as a human being almost becomes lost in the crowd. We begin to feel as Mrs. Gulliver did, when her husband returned from Houynhnm land; and think we might as well take to being of a different species.

We need not say that it implies a rare and surprising art to convey such impressions as these. When Johnson laughed at Goldsmith for thinking of writing a story in which "little fish" should be the actors, the author of *Animated Nature* very properly told him that it was not so easy a matter as he thought it; and that if he (Johnson) were to write such a story, he would make his little fish talk like "great whales." There is no such con-

fusion of ideas in Mr. Hans Christian Andersen. His whales and his little fish all talk in character. We are not sure that we ourselves, after reading his book, could not have talked at pleasure like sharks, minnows, mermaids, bulls, ducks, or green peas. For his vegetables have as much conversational character as his ducks and geese. Nay, his very peg-tops and balls are full of individuality. There is a pathetic *Daisy*, (in his story of that name,) who is quite a "sweet creature" for the pastoral beauty of her tongue; and in another story there is a *Leather Ball* of so aristocratical a character, that when proposals are made to her by a *Peg-Top* because they happen to have been companions in the same drawer, she indignantly asks him whether he is aware that her "*father and mother were morocco slippers*," and that she has "*cork in her body*."

We are here however, it may be said, confusing the specific and the superinduced character. Mr. Anderson keeps all clear. He has so just a sense of the necessity of adhering to verisimilitude, and of the forgetfulness of it on the part of writers in general, that he introduces one of his stories with a remark that ought to become proverbial: "In China, the emperor is Chinese."

Some of his descriptive touches recall the wonderful observation and exquisitely graphic felicity of Mr. Dickens. There is a wretched little hut in the tale of the *Ugly Duckling*, "so wretched that it knew not on which side to fall, and therefore remained standing."

Admirable is the picture of the stork, parading about on his long red legs, "discoursing in Egyptian, which language he had learned from his mother." Who does not feel that Egyptian is the very language that, by way of accomplishment, a stork would know? The touches of this kind are innumerable.

The fault of the book (if we must find one) is, that all the stories have too much meaning; that they overflow with intention and moral; not always obviously, sometimes obscurely, but still with incessant intelligence. You desire occasionally something more childish and less clever. And some of the stories are too long. But the genius and refinement are undeniable.

We must give an extract, and are somewhat at a loss, so many of the tales have such strong claims. But with all the fairy fancy of the volume in general, perhaps the best story nevertheless is that which is least fairy-like. It is called the *Emperor's New Clothes*; and is so admirable an illustration of the spirit of *Humbly*, and of the way in which the great and small vulgar agree to cant about what they do not believe, that we are tempted to give it entire.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

"Many years ago there was an emperor, who was so excessively fond of new clothes that he spent all his money in dress. He did not trouble himself in the least about his soldiers; nor did he care to go either to the theatre or the chase, except for the opportunities then afforded him for displaying his new clothes. He had a different suit for each hour of the day; and as of any other king or emperor, one is accustomed to say, 'He is sitting in council,' it was always said of him, 'The emperor is sitting in his wardrobe.'

"Time passed away merrily in the large town which was his capital; strangers arrived every day at the court. One day, two rogues, calling them-

selves weavers, made their appearance. They gave out that they knew how to weave stuffs of the most beautiful colors and elaborate patterns, the clothes manufactured from which should have the wonderful property of remaining invisible to every one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extraordinarily simple in character.

"These must indeed be splendid clothes!" thought the emperor. 'Had I such a suit, I might, at once, find out what men in my realms are unfit for their office, and also be able to distinguish the wise from the foolish! This stuff must be woven for me immediately.' And he caused large sums of money to be given to both the weavers, in order that they might begin their work directly.

"So the two pretended weavers set up two looms, and affected to work very busily, though in reality they did nothing at all. They asked for the most delicate silk and the purest gold thread; put both into their own knapsacks; and then continued their pretended work at the empty looms until late at night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my cloth," said the emperor to himself, after some little time had elapsed; he was, however, rather embarrassed, when he remembered that a simpleton, or one unfit for his office, would be unable to see the manufacture. 'To be sure,' he thought, 'he had nothing to risk in his own person; but yet he would prefer sending somebody else to bring him intelligence about the weavers and their work before he troubled himself in the affair.' All the people throughout the city had heard of the wonderful property the cloth was to possess; and all were anxious to learn how wise, or how ignorant their neighbors might prove to be.

"I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers," said the emperor, at last, after some deliberation, 'he will be best able to see how the cloth looks; for he is a man of sense, and no one can be more suitable for his office than he is.'

"So the faithful old minister went into the hall, where the knaves were working with all their might at their empty looms. 'What can be the meaning of this?' thought the old man, opening his eyes very wide. 'I cannot discover the least bit of thread on the looms!' however, he did not express his thoughts aloud.

"The impostors requested him very courteously to be so good as to come nearer their looms; and then asked him whether the design pleased him, and whether the colors were not very beautiful; at the same time pointing to the empty frames. The poor old minister looked and looked, he could not discover anything on the looms, for a very good reason, viz., there was nothing there. 'What!' thought he again, 'is it possible that I am a simpleton? I have never thought so myself; and no one must know it now if I am so. Can it be that I am unfit for my office? No, that must not be said either, I will never confess that I could not see the stuff.'

"Well, sir minister?" said one of the knaves, still pretending to work, 'you do not say whether the stuff pleases you.'

"Oh, it is excellent!" replied the old minister, looking at the loom through his spectacles. 'This pattern, and the colors—yes, I will tell the emperor without delay, how very beautiful I think them.'

"We shall be much obliged to you," said the

impostors, and then they named the different colors and described the pattern of the pretended stuff. The old minister listened attentively to their words, in order that he might repeat them to the emperor; and then the knaves asked for more silk and gold, saying that it was necessary to complete what they had begun. However, they put all that was given them into their knapsacks; and continued to work with as much apparent diligence as before at their empty looms.

"The emperor now sent another officer of his court to see how the men were getting on, and to ascertain whether the cloth would soon be ready. It was just the same with this gentleman as with the minister; he surveyed the looms on all sides, but could see nothing at all but the empty frames.

"Does not the stuff appear as beautiful to you as it did to my lord the minister?" asked the impostors of the emperor's second ambassador; at the same time making the same gestures as before, and talking of the design and colors which were not there.

"I certainly am not stupid!" thought the messenger. 'It must be, that I am not fit for my good, profitable office! That is very odd; however, no one shall know anything about it.' And accordingly he praised the stuff he could not see, and declared that he was delighted with both colors and patterns. 'Indeed, please your imperial majesty,' said he to his sovereign, when he returned, 'the cloth which the weavers are preparing is extraordinarily magnificent.'

"The whole city was talking of the splendid cloth which the emperor had ordered to be woven at his own expense.

"And now the emperor himself wished to see the costly manufacture, whilst it was still on the loom. Accompanied by a select number of officers of the court, among whom were the two honest men who had already admired the cloth, he went to the crafty impostors, who, as soon as they were aware of the emperor's approach, went on working more diligently than ever; although they still did not pass a single thread through the looms.

"Is not the work absolutely magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, already mentioned. 'If your majesty will only be pleased to look at it! what a splendid design! what glorious colors!' and at the same time they pointed to the empty frames; for they imagined that every one else could see this exquisite piece of workmanship.

"How is this?" said the emperor to himself, 'I can see nothing! this is indeed a terrible affair! Am I a simpleton, or am I unfit to be an emperor? that would be the worst thing that could happen—Oh! the cloth is charming,' said he, aloud. 'It has my complete approbation.' And he smiled most graciously, and looked closely at the empty looms: for on no account would he say that he could not see what two of the officers of his court had praised so much. All his retinue now strained their eyes, hoping to discover something on the looms, but they could see no more than the others; nevertheless, they all exclaimed, 'Oh, how beautiful!' and advised his majesty to have some new clothes made from this splendid material, for the approaching procession. 'Magnificent! charming! excellent!' resounded on all sides, and every one was uncommonly gay. The emperor shared in the general satisfaction; and presented the impostors with the riband of an order of knighthood,

to be worn in their button-holes, and the title of 'Gentlemen Weavers.'

"The rogues sat up the whole of the night before the day on which the procession was to take place, and had sixteen lights burning, so that every one might see how anxious they were to finish the emperor's new suit. They pretended to roll the cloth off the looms; cut the air with their scissors; and sewed with needles without any thread in them. 'See,' cried they at last, 'the emperor's new clothes are ready!'

And now the emperor, with all the grandees of his court, came to the weavers; and the rogues raised their arms, as if in the act of holding something up, saying, 'Here are your majesty's trousers! here is the scarf! here is the mantle! The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; one might fancy one has nothing at all on, when dressed in it; that, however, is the great virtue of this delicate cloth.'

"'Yes, indeed,' said all the courtiers, although not one of them could see anything of this exquisite manufacture.

"'If your imperial majesty will be graciously pleased to take off your clothes, we will fit on the new suit, in front of the looking-glass.'

"The emperor was accordingly undressed, and the rogues pretended to array him in his new suit; the emperor turning round, from side to side, before the looking-glass.

"'How splendid his majesty looks in his new clothes! and how well they fit!' every one cried out. 'What a design! what colors! these are indeed royal robes!'

"'The canopy which is to be borne over your majesty in the procession is waiting,' announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"'I am quite ready,' answered the emperor. 'Do my new clothes fit well?' asked he, turning himself round again before the looking-glass, in order that he might appear to be examining his handsome suit.

"The lords of the bed-chamber who were to carry his majesty's train felt about on the ground, as if they were lifting up the ends of the mantle, and pretended to be carrying something; for they would by no means betray anything like simplicity, or unfitness for their office.

"So now the emperor walked under his high canopy in the midst of the procession, through the streets of his capitol, and all the people standing by, and those at the windows, cried out, 'Oh, how beautiful are our emperor's new clothes! what a magnificent train there is to the mantle; and how gracefully the scarf hangs!' in short, no one would allow that he could not see these much-admired clothes, because in doing so he would have declared himself either a simpleton, or unfit for his office. Certainly, none of the emperor's various suits had ever made so great an impression as these invisible ones.

"'But the emperor has nothing at all on!' said a little child. 'Listen to the voice of innocence!' exclaimed his father; and what the child had said was whispered from one to another.

"'But he has nothing at all on!' at last cried out all the people. The emperor was vexed, for he knew that the people were right; but he thought the procession must go on now! And the lords of the bed-chamber took greater pains than ever to appear holding up a train, although, in reality, there was no train to hold."

Apply this, O ye conventionalists, quacks, and

pretenders of all kinds! to your own everyday proceedings, and endeavor to be little children in the school of Mr. Hans Christian Andersen.

From the Examiner.

Costume in England: a History of Dress from the Earliest Period till the Close of the Eighteenth Century. To which is appended an Illustrated Glossary of Terms for all Articles of use or ornament worn about the Person. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Chapman & Hall.

THIS is the prettiest Book of Costume, and, at the same time, the most compact and complete, with which we are acquainted. It has manifestly been a labor of love. Its author is a young artist, who has himself drawn the more than six hundred clearly cut figures on wood, which enrich and elucidate its text. The ground-work of the volume was first laid in the *Art Union*, a cheap journal connected with the fine arts, very cleverly conducted by Mr. Hall, and embellished with specimens of engraving and design even less remarkable for their lavish abundance than for their care and fidelity of execution. Here Mr. Fairholt seems to have been encouraged to write a series of notes on costume; to these he has since added later and ampler stores of research; and the result is a volume of six hundred pages, with more of easily accessible information, written in an agreeable manly way, and illustrated as faithfully as abundantly, on a subject for the most part confined to rare and costly publications, than we remember in any similar work. Too much is not attempted; what is done being done thoroughly. There is learning in the book, without pretence; a familiarity with the abstruser points of the subject, without a display of hard words; and altogether as much modesty as merit. Mr. Fairholt's volume will be a most useful popular manual.

The plan is to take a certain succession of periods, and treat them separately. Thus we have divisions on the Early Britons; the Romans in Britain; the Anglo-Saxons and Danes; the Normans; the Plantagenets; the York and Lancaster time; that of the Tudors; that of the Stuarts; from William the Third to George the Third; and from George the Third to 1800. In each period the dress of royalty and the nobility precedes that of the middle classes and the commonality, and the dress of the clergy is described last. The glossary which winds up the volume gives great completeness to it.

It is curious to turn over its pages, studded with these numberless graphic figures, and see at a glance the preposterous changes of fashion. The rude Briton or Saxon melting into the sumptuous Norman; ruffs and puffs becoming cocked hats and waistcoats; stomachers, starch, and farthingales, waxing and waning through all the varieties of dishabilles, hoop petticoats, curls and pomatum, fluance and furbelow. Mr Fairholt is extremely amusing when he gets near to our own time, and his quotations are always lively and to the purpose. But how came he to forget the exquisite description by Dryden of the beau of his day? It is quite a master-piece of humor as well (we doubt not) as of accurate painting.

"His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French
wallow;

His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed ;
And this the yard-long snake that twirls behind
From one the sacred periwig he gained,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.

Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he, with full decorum, brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake."

As we cannot quote the wood-cuts, which we should greatly like to do, we must be satisfied with some agreeable notes from the text. It may be worth mentioning that the Bulwer so often quoted in them (a writer of decided wit and humorous sarcasm) was of the same family with that modern inheritor of the name, who has made it world-famous.

THE TRUNK HOSE.

"The large trunk-hose, now in fashion, appear to have been originally indicative of boorishness, and to have been worn for that reason by the famous comedian whose figure we have just given: they are alluded to in Rowland's 'Letting of Humors blood in the Head Vaine,' Epigram 31:—

'When Tarlton clowned it in a pleasant vaine,
And with conceits did good opinions gaine
Upon the stage, his merry humor's shop,
Clownes knew the clowne by his great clownish slop.

But now th' are gulled; for present fashion sayes
Dicke Tarlton's part gentlemen's breeches playes:
In every streete, where any gallant goes,
The swaggering slop is Tarlton's clownish hose.'

"These trunk-hose were stuffed with wool, and sometimes with bran. Bulwer, in the 'Artificial Changeling,' tells of a gallant in whose immense hose a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that, as he turned and bowed to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, without his perceiving it, till half the cargo was unladen on the floor.

"Trunk-hose are ridiculed in the following passage of Wright's 'Passions of the Minde,' 1601:—'Sometimes I have seen Tarlton play the clown, and use no other breeches than such sloppes or slivings as now many gentlemen weare; they are almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if they be of sackcloth, they would serve to carry mawlt to the mill. This absurd, clownish, and unseemly attire only by custome now is not disliked, but rather approved."

PATCHES.

"A fashion was, however, introduced in this reign that met with just reprehension at the hands of the satirists: it was that of patching the face. Bulwer, in his 'Artificial Changeling,' 1650, first alludes to it. 'Our ladies,' he says, 'have lately entertained a vaine custom of spotting their faces out of an affectation of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had; and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes; some of which he depicts on a lady's face, which is here copied from his wood-cut, and it is a very curious specimen of fashionable absurdity: a coach with a coachman, and two horses with postillions, appears

on her forehead; both sides of her face have crescents upon them; a star is on one side of her mouth, and a plain circular patch on her chin. These must not be considered as pictorial exaggerations, for they are noticed by other writers: thus in 'Wit Restored,' a poem printed 1658, we are told of a lady, that

'Her patches are of every cut,
For pimples and for scars;
Here 's all the wandering planets' signs,
And some of the fixed stars.
Already gummed, to make them stick,
They need no other sky.'

And the author of 'God's Voice against Pride in Apparel,' 1683, declares that the black patches remind him of plague spots, 'and methinks the mourning coach and horses, all in black, and plying in their foreheads, stands ready harnessed to whirl them to Acheron.'"

A MACCARONI.

"The hair of the gentleman was dressed in an enormous toupee, with very large curls at the sides; while behind it was gathered and tied up into an enormous club, or knot, that rested on the back of the neck like a porter's knot; upon this an exceedingly small hat was worn, which was sometimes lifted from the head with the cane, generally very long, and decorated with extremely large silk tassels; a full white handkerchief was tied in a large bow round the neck; frills from the shirt-front projected from the top of the waistcoat, which was much shortened, reaching very little below the waist, and being without the flap-covered pockets. The coat was also short, reaching only to the hips, fitting closely, having a small turn-over collar as now worn; it was edged with lace or braid, and decorated with frog-buttons, tassels, and embroidery; the breeches were tight, of spotted or striped silk, with enormous bunches of strings at the knee. A watch was carried in each pocket, from which hung bunches of chains and seals: silk stockings and small shoes with little diamond buckles completed the gentleman's head dress."

THE HAT.

"Until the period of the French revolution no very extraordinary change had taken place in male or female costume since the Maccaroni period. The dresses of the gentlemen, which had then become less loose and capacious, so continued, and the waistcoat really went not below the waist; the coat had a collar which gradually became larger, and very high in the neck, about 1786. Wigs had become less 'the rage;' and in 1763 the wig-makers thought necessary to petition the king to encourage their trade by his example, and not wear his own hair: a petition that was most unfeelingly ridiculed by another from the timber-merchants, praying for the universal adoption of wooden legs in preference to those of flesh and blood, under the plea of benefiting the trade of the country. But the French revolution in 1789 very much influenced the English fashions, and greatly affected both male and female costume; and to that period we may date the introduction of the modern round hat in place of the cocked one; and it may reasonably be doubted whether anything more ugly to look at, or disagreeable to wear, was ever invented as a head-covering for gentlemen.

Possessing not one quality to recommend it, and endowed with disadvantages palpable to all, it has continued to be our head-dress till the present day, in spite of the march of that intellect it may be supposed to cover. It is seen in Parisian prints before 1787."

SHORT WAISTS.

"In 1794 short waists became fashionable; and that portion of the body which fifteen years previously had been preposterously long, reaching nearly to the hips, was now carried up to the armpits. This absurdity occasioned a waggish parody on the popular song, 'The Banks of Banna,' which begins with—

'Shepherds, I have lost my love;
Have you seen my Anna?'

The parody began with—

'Shepherds, I have lost my waist!
Have you seen my body?'

The gown was worn still open in front, but without hoops, and fell in straight loose folds to the feet, which were decorated with shoes of scarlet leather. Immense earrings were worn; the hair was frequently unpowdered, and from 1794 to 1797 large ostrich or other feathers were worn, singly, or two and three together, of various bright colors, blue, green, pink, &c., standing half a yard high."

Mr. Fairholt is entirely intolerant of the hoop. And yet there is something to be said for it. It had a "pride, pomp and circumstance," which, when it enclosed a duchess of Devonshire, one might somehow think to be only a kind of proper "hedge" for so bright-eyed and potent a divinity.

From the Athenæum.

The Quizziology of the British Drama. By GILBERT ABBOT & BECKETT. Published at the Punch Office.

THIS is as light and pleasant an hour's reading as the student need desire,—with the thermometer, in the shady corner of his study, marking eighty-six. Its object is, says the author, "1st, to describe the passions as they appear in many of our modern plays; 2ndly, to show the characters most in use by some of our dramatic authors; and, 3rdly, to present examples of those passions and characters in operation, through the medium of scenes supposed to be selected from the works of the most popular writers for the stage." With some portion of the contents of its volumes, its readers may have already made acquaintance elsewhere; but other parts are, so far as our experience goes, new:—and as, in catering for the mental recreation of our own readers, regard should be had to extreme cases of temperature, we can scarcely do better than amuse them with an example under each of the above three several heads.—The following are fragments from the writer's 'Ode to the Stage Passions':—

"Next Anger rush'd—'tis Hicks, by Jove!

Loud thunder in his voice he hurls;

His superhuman rage to prove,

He tears his long black worsted curls.

And now doth wan Despair appear.

He draws his breath—nor draws it mild,

But fiercely asks the chandelier

To give him back his only child.

No sooner had she sang, than, with a frown,
Revenge, that heavy man,
Stalk'd in, and cheering shouts of 'Bravo, Brown!'
Throughout the audience ran.

He gives the orchestra a withering look,
He draws his blood-stain'd sword,
And growls, 'I mark'd it in the leader's book,
You know I want a chord.'

The orchestra wakes up at last,

The double drums they beat,

And the trombone gives a blast,

Lengthening at least six feet.

At every bar, Revenge, with measured stride,

Perambulates the stage from side to side:

Then hides behind the door for some one coming out,

Who walks most unsuspectingly about,

Follow'd by dark Revenge, who very neatly

Contrives to keep out of his sight completely;

Waiting an opportunity to see

Revenge and Victim *enrout*, both o. p.

With eyes upraised and ringlets curling,

Pale Melancholy—Mrs. Stirling—

Came from the prompter's little seat

Her lamentations to repeat;

And while she pours her pensive cries

On all the wings and flats around,

There is an echo in the flies

That seems to mock the mournful sound.

Through box and pit the plaintive accents stole,

Hung o'er the orchestra with fond delay,

Through the house a charm diffusing,

The sound not e'en the gallery losing,

Till in the slips it dies away."

So much for the Passions!—now for one of the characters of the drama:—

"THE STAGE SUPERNUMERARY.

"Alas! there is not in the range of dramatic character a more striking instance of the weakness of theatrical human nature than is presented by the supernumerary; whose career, from the last bar of the overture to the speaking of the 'tag,' is one continued course of feeble-minded vacillation, abject subservience, or abominable treachery. He is led away by a bit of bombast from any ranting hero who will ask him if he is a man, or a Briton, or a Roman, or whether the blood of his ancestors runs through his recreant veins; and he will agree, at a moment's notice, to take part in any desperate enterprise. He will appear at one moment as the friend of freedom, dressed in green baize, pointing with a property sword to the sky borders, and joining some twenty others in an oath to rid his country of the tyrant: but he will be found five minutes afterwards rigged out in cotton velvet as a seedy noble in the *suite* of the very identical tyrant. He will swear allegiance to the house of Hapsburg, at half-past seven, and by the time the second price comes in, he will be marching as one of a select party of the friends of freedom who have taken an oath to roll the House of Hapsburg in the dust. Perhaps, like a perfidious villain as he is, he will be carrying a banner inscribed with the words, 'Down with the oppressor,' on one side, while on the other—which he keeps artfully out of sight in order to hide his treachery from the audience—are emblazoned the arms of the House of Hapsburg, of which the alleged oppressor is the chief. On the field of battle the conduct of the stage supernumerary is contemptible in the extreme; for he either falls down before he is hit, or takes a mean

advantage of a fallen foe by striking an attitude, with his foot resting on the chest of one of the vanquished enemy. Sometimes the supernumerary gives himself up from seven until ten to a reckless career of crime, carousing in a canvass cave, or plundering pasteboard caravans, except at intervals during the evening, when, perhaps, to swamp the voice of conscience, he drinks half and half in the dressing-room with his wicked accomplices. The face of the supernumerary generally shows the traces of a long career of crime and burnt cork; nor is there a feature upon which remorse or rouge has not committed ravages. He frequently has his arms and legs bare; but, as if he had shrunk within himself, his skin or fleshing is frequently too large for him, and forms folds of a most extraordinary kind at the joints of his knees or elbows. Sometimes his chest is left bare, and his skin, as far as the neck, appears to be of a rich orange color; but the throat, which is cut off, as it were, by a distinct line, is of a different shade altogether. Sometimes, when the scene is laid in India, the supernumerary has his skin tied on to him; from which it would seem to be a theatrical theory that the darkness of color peculiar to the negro race is owing to the use of leggins and waistcoats of black worsted. The stage supernumerary is something like the antelope in his facility of descending precipices, and he will make his way with the greatest ease among rocks that appear inaccessible. He will come from the very highest mountain-pass in two or three minutes, and he undertakes needless difficulty by going a round-about way and traversing the same ground several times over; though he knows that the remotest peak is not a minute's walk from the footlights.

Though the stage supernumerary is frequently a ruffian while upon the scene, he is exceedingly harmless and humble directly he gets to the wing; when he is glad to creep into any quiet corner, to avoid being ordered out of the way by the prompter, tumbled over by the call-boy, and sworn at as well as knocked down by a blow from a flat by one or two of the carpenters."

From the Spectator.

MR. DUTTON'S SOUTH AUSTRALIA AND ITS MINES.

For some years past, Mr. Menge, a German naturalist resident in Australia, had predicted that the range of mountains running north from Encounter Bay to nearly the 32d degree of (South) latitude would be found rich in mineral treasures; but, with the usual fate of prophets in their own place of residence. Towards the close of the year 1842, however, the inferences of Mr. Menge were confirmed by an accidental discovery, as singular as any which has taken place in the history of mines; and perhaps more singular in its large results, because it opens up a *national* branch of industry incalculably important to a new colony as supplying it with a ready means of export—if the colonists have the good sense not to waste too much capital and industry in searches after treasures under the earth. The lucky discovery of Mr. Dutton and his friend and fellow-settler occurred in this wise.

"The Kapunda copper mine is situated close to the river Light, forty-five miles due north of Adelaide.

"It was discovered in the latter part of 1842, by

the youngest son of Captain Bagot, whilst gathering some wild flowers in the plain, and shortly afterwards by myself, not far from the same spot, but on a rise or hillock, to the top of which I had ridden in order to obtain a view of the surrounding country; one of our flocks of sheep having been dispersed during a thunder-storm, and I being at the time in search of them. After being out nearly the whole day in drenching rain, and benumbed with cold, I ascended this little hill, prior to returning home, for one last survey of the surrounding country: the very spot I pulled the horse up at was beside a large protruding mass of clay-slate, strongly tinged and impregnated with the green carbonate of copper. My first impression was that the rock was covered with a beautiful green moss; but on getting off the horse, I quickly found, by breaking off a piece from it, that the tinge was as bright in the fracture as on the surface. My acquaintance with mineralogy was not sufficient to enable me to pronounce on the precise character of the rock, but I had little doubt it was tinged with copper, from the close resemblance of the color to verdigris.

"To Captain Bagot, with whom I had long been on intimate terms, I confided my discovery; when he also produced a similar specimen which was found by his son; and on a subsequent visit to the place, we found that the two spots were within close proximity of each other, although at first, from the one being on a hill and the other in the plain, we thought they were two different places. To make a long story short, we soon ascertained that the specimens were undoubtedly copper ores: the discovery was kept of course secret; we got eighty acres surveyed, all the forms as laid down by the old land-sales regulations were complied with; the section was advertised for a whole month in the government Gazette, and we became the purchasers of it at the fixed government price for waste lands of £1 per acre. At that time there were still a number of 'eighty-acre land orders' unexercised in the colony, any one of which might have claimed this section; nor could we attempt to buy one of them without running the risk of exciting attention: and we therefore preferred quietly waiting for the expiration of the usual time required, and then tendering the money, trusting to the general depression of the times, that no one would feel inclined just then to become possessed of any more land; in which we were not mistaken.

"Having secured the land, the next step was to ascertain the value of the ores, and whether they would remunerate us in working them. To ascertain this, we sent a box of specimens to England; and did not begin working the mine till the encouraging report of Mr. Perceval Johnston reached us, which gave an average of 23 per cent. for the surface out-croppings. We then lost no time to begin working with a small body of men.

"Amongst the general population of the colony there were some few Cornish miners, who were quietly following pastoral and agricultural pursuits: when we gave notice of intending to work the mine, the pickaxe was quickly resumed by them; and we gave them a liberal 'tribute' for the first year, (3s. 6d. per l.), to set the thing going. These men were highly successful, and raised a considerable quantity of rich ore."

We need not further pursue the prosperous fortunes of Messrs. Bagot and Dutton, the quantity of ore they raised, its repute at Swansea, its par-

tioular and average prices, with the advantageous site of the mine, its admirable roads and cheap cartage, or the additional 100 acres the partners bought—no longer at the rate of £1 per acre, competition having run up the 100 acres to £2,210. Suffice it to say, that part of the first year's produce (1844) sold for £6,225; the whole colony was set agog after mining speculations; and it may yet turn out that more will be lost in searching for metals than gained by finding them—as has hitherto been the result in every country, mining, according to Adam Smith, being in fact gambling.

Thus far, however, the success has been wonderful. Including Mr. Dutton's or the Kapunda, no fewer than eleven distinct mines have been discovered; of which six are copper, three lead, and two mixed. In description, these are all promising; but the only two whose produce is in the market seem to be the Kapunda and the Montacute—the latter discovered soon after the Kapunda, in as accidental a way, though not managed by such prudent people as Messrs. Dutton and Bagot. Of these two mines, the price of the ore in 1845, at Swansea, was £13 11s. 2d. per ton for the Montacute, and £24 15s. 3d. for the Kapunda; the last being the highest price of any copper-mine in the world. The money returns were—

Montacute, . . . 277 tons, yielding £3,754
Kapunda, . . . 243 tons, yielding 6,017

It is not to be supposed that South Australia has either capital or skilled labor to work these mines with effect, and both are looked for from this country. British miners and British money are to be exported. Some of the mines belong to companies; probably all are open to the purchase of shares; and they are exciting interest in "the city," as considerable as any other legitimate speculation. It is probable that the object of this work is to bring them prominently before the eyes of the world. The mass of mankind, however, should be slow to meddle with such speculations, unless with money they can afford to lose. A new mine, under the best of circumstances, is an uncertainty; and old ones are not over sure, for we know not how soon the supply of ore may diminish or be procured with greater difficulty. It is a speculation very proper for city capitalists, since they have a general knowledge of the subject, and means of attaining particular information; but the annuitant or person anxious to employ surplus capital should ponder very closely before he embarks in schemes, either at his own prompting, or the solicitations of others, unless he is thoroughly persuaded of their judgment and honesty. In fact, the person wishing to invest may take this with him, that whatever he gains beyond the interest of the English funds is got at some risk or expense, or inconvenience equivalent to expense.

Should Mr. Dutton's object have been to get up any South Australian mining interest in this country, it is very skilfully masked; for only a small portion of his book is devoted to this topic. The remainder of the volume contains a general account of the colony, after the usual fashion in which these things are done. There is the story of the original foundation and of the successive governorships of South Australia; a view of its geographical features, climate, and natural productions; with a sketch of the society and present condition of the colony, which has now emerged from its difficulties, if over rash mining speculations do not

entail fresh ones. All this is well enough done; but the general information is not new to those who have given any attention to the subject.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE POPE.—On Whit-Sunday the Pontiff determined to have mass said in his chamber, and to take the communion himself. This was opposed, and he was obliged to almost get angry in order to have his wish complied with; and if he had not done so, he would have died without the sacrament. His valet-de-chambre said to him, "But, Holy Father, you will alarm the whole city; they will say that you are very ill." "Certainly," replied he, "I am very ill; I feel it; and do you want me to appear before God without having taken the bread of life? *Io voglio morire da frate, non da sovrano.*" (I wish to die as a monk, and not as a sovereign.) The malady made such rapid progress the following night that the cardinal confessor, whose duty it is to assist dying pontiffs, could not be summoned in time; it was the assistant curé of the Pontifical Palace who gave extreme unction to the Pope, the curé not having arrived. Gregory XVI. had expired when Cardinal Bianchi, his confessor, entered his chamber. The other ecclesiastics, who were summoned according to custom, had only to watch over the mortal remains of their master. The Pope expired in the arms of Cardinal Lambruschini, who had hurried up with all the speed of his horses, and who assisted him in his last moments with the tenderness of a friend and a son. The 'Ami de la Religion' says:—"Pope Gregory XVI. has made two of his nephews his residuary legatees, and appointed Cardinal Matei his executor. The Pontiff has left several legacies to the Propaganda, the convent of St. Gregory, the monks of the Camaldules, and some of his household. The fortune which he has left has been greatly exaggerated. A more just idea of it may be formed when it is considered that the civil list of the papedom does not amount to more than 80,000*l.* a year. A rich library, some valuable paintings, jewellery, and works of art, with other property of unimportant amount, form the whole of the inheritance left for his nephews in the Venetian states, instead of the millions at which it has been estimated."

THE papers announce the death, at Woolwich, of Mr. Marsh, the chemist—whose name has acquired a European celebrity, as the inventor of the test for arsenic now generally used in medical jurisprudence.—*Athenæum.*

GOOD NIGHT.

BY F. A. B.

Good night, but dream not, lest the clinging form,
Which thou didst coldly cast from thy embrace,
Should in thy sleep return, and still and warm
Creep to the breast that was its resting-place.

Good night, but dream not, lest the pleading eyes,
Whose tears thou seest fall down like winter rain,
Should o'er the darkness of thy slumbers rise,
In that long look of helpless, hopeless pain.

Dream not, lest, with the hour of love returning,
Thy former love should to thy heart return.
Alas! as soon might'st thou seek light or burning
In the grey ashes of a funeral urn.

New Monthly Magazine.

From the Edinburgh Tales.

THE ELIZABETHINES. BY MRS. GORE.

Sad as the heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn! KEATS.

I HAVE had reason hitherto to complain of ill-fortune in the visits I have made to convents and monasteries. Other travellers are sure to meet with some interesting novice or dignified lady abbess—some celestial sister already “enskied and sainted”—or some wasted votary, bearing the impress of secret and silent affliction—of suppressed passions—of self-resignation! For my own part, I must acknowledge that I never yet chanced upon a cloistered-victim in any way worthy of sympathy. The reverend mother has usually proved a cross old woman much addicted to snuff; with a skin like yellow flannel, and a gait like that of the fairy Carabosse; and I have always found the sister appointed to do the honors of the convent, dull, corpulent, middle-aged, and contented, as well as self-contented. The only nun I ever saw who could lay claim to personal beauty, was a very lovely creature, with whom, some ten years ago, I passed a rainy afternoon at Tournay. Instead, however, of adding the grace of pensive *Eloiseism* to her other attractions, the holy sister proved as arrant a giglet as any reproved by the Lady Beatrice of the Tor Hill; and laughed and crowed like an idiot, while I sat admiring her skill in *trading*—a most unsentimental employment for a heroine!

Henceforward, however, I will make no complaints on this head; for I have recently witnessed a scene within the walls of a religious institution, which has proved the source of many deep and painful emotions. I will not call it *interesting*, for such a term is most unfitly applied to the real right-earnest calamities of human life.

The convent of the Elizabethines, or *Elisabethinerinnen*, is situated in one of the suburbs of Vienna; and was endowed by the Queen of Hungary, whose name it bears, as an hospital for fifty poor women, to be served and attended by as many professed nuns. The institution closely resembles that admirable one founded by Saint Vincent de Paule—the *Sœurs de la Charité*—and maintains the same character of universal benevolence, of self-denying and pious activity. In addition to the fifty objects received into the ward of the hospital, the Elizabethines distribute their charitable offices to such of the neighboring poor as apply for assistance or advice; and the holy sisters are not only adored by those who have been restored to health through their skill and gentle care, but are regarded as the tutelary angels of the quarter in which their convent is situated.

Anxious to observe the internal regulations of an institution I had so frequently heard named with the blessings of gratitude, I presented myself at the *parloir* of the Elizabethines; and having referred my request for admittance to the reverend mother, I was instantly and graciously received.

The sister appointed by the abbess to conduct me over the building, was a cheerful intelligent woman—cheerful from the consoling sense of duties diligently performed, and from the remembrance of a long life spent in the services of her fellow-creatures. She was gentle and even elegant in her address, although slightly deformed in person; but I beg my readers will not despond over this untoward circumstance, for I respectfully forewarn them that Sister Agatha is not the heroine of my adventure.

“This is our laboratory,” said she, throwing open a door which emitted a rich steam of spicy decoctions; and I perceived that the antique oaken compartments within, were closely filled with mysterious jars which appeared to contain all “the syrups of the east.” A little boy beside the polished counter was receiving from the hands of an old nun, a basket of medicines for his sick mother; accompanied by more counsels and injunctions than I thought so small a head might well retain; and in an inner chamber I caught a glimpse of three reverend sisters seated round a table, on which stood an air-pump, an electrifying machine, and a ponderous pair of scales. Their dress—the flowing black robe and milk-white scapulary, worn somewhat after the fashion of a Roman *contadina*—their dignified gravity, which might have become “Tynemouth’s haughty prioress,” formed a strange contrast with their several occupations; which were those of pulling lint, weighing poppy heads, and shelling small seeds for some medicinal purpose.

After exhibiting “an alligator stuffed,” and some other objects of natural history—the marvel and glory of the simple nuns—Sister Agatha led me successively through the wardrobe, where a detachment of the nuns were busily stitching garments for the rest of the community—through the sacristy, where another division was occupied in preparing decorations for their church, to be used on some ensuing solemnity—and finally, into the kitchen of the convent—the neatest and most appetizing, I should think, that exists in the German empire.

Wherever we passed, the nuns crowded round to kiss the hand of my conductress, and to welcome her with loquacious delight. She was evidently a person of importance and a favorite, for even the sisters occupied in the confectionary in preparing delicacies for their convalescent patients, left their sugar to burn while they indulged in a passing gossip with Sister Agatha.

The order and distribution of the extensive building were admirable; and the long spotless corridors paved with polished Salzberg marble—the cream-colored stone used for lithographic engraving—formed a striking contrast with the usually filthy passages of Vienna mansions, and spoke strongly in favor of the superior cleanliness of female occupations.

“You are fortunate,” observed Sister Agatha, as we ascended the stairs, “in having visited us at the hour appointed for the reception of visitors into the ward. It is the bright season of our day, and will diminish the painful impression arising from the sight of the afflicted.”

As she spoke she threw open the door of the hospital—a long gallery containing fifty beds, each bearing a German inscription, purporting that the wants of its sick tenant were relieved “through the love of God.” A murmur of joy and surprise saluted the entrance of Sister Agatha into the ward; and the numerous visitors, many of them belonging to a highly respectable class of life, deserted the beds of their sick friends to salute her with expressions of welcome and gratitude. Many of the poorer order, unable to lose their time, although in the offices of affection, had brought their work; and were diligently knitting or sewing while they listened to the monotonous recitals of the sufferers—the mother, the sister, the friend they were come to visit. On several coverlids a little tokens of interest—a flower, a biscuit

handkerchief—or some other humble offering, bestowed by the poor, in honest good-will, upon the still poorer; and every ghastly countenance among the sufferers was lighted up by an expression of joyful and grateful excitement. There was one among them, old, and apparently heavily afflicted, who was gazing with an intensity of affection, almost painful to behold, upon a well-dressed young man, a student of some German college, who sat beside her bed, holding her poor thin hand.

Their history was evident. She had sacrificed much to secure to a beloved son the education and appearance of more liberal means; and if I might judge by the affectionate expression of the young scholar's countenance, her motherly self-denial was neither unappreciated nor unrewarded. Several of the convalescent were dressed and seated among their friends, and the appearance of some even justified the information I had received, that the poor and needy were detained by the Elizabethines long after their recovery, provided they were unable to work for their maintenance elsewhere.

"It must be highly gratifying to your feelings, dear sister, to see those poor creatures restored to health and usefulness through your ministry," said I to my guide. "There are many here whose looks do equal honor to the skill and to the tenderness of those by whose care they have been tended."

"You must remember, however," replied Sister Agatha, "that we frequently receive incurable patients; and that among so large a number, we have the grief of seeing many die, notwithstanding our most anxious exertions. There," she continued in a whisper, pointing to the last bed we had passed, "there lies one to whom it only remains for us to administer the last offices." I looked, and saw a wasted pallid face, turned towards the pillow, as though to drown the murmur of the crowded ward. Her eyes were closed, and her slight delicate hand lay open upon the sheet in the relaxation of debility. She was young, and as far as I could judge from the adjustment of her linen, was of a better order than the other patients.

As I paused for a moment at the bottom of the bed, to look upon her with the reverence due to one who is about to put on the garb of immortality, my shadow fell upon her face. She unclosed her sunken eyes for a moment, and then shut them, after a look of despair—a shudder of hopelessness, which I can never forget. I passed on hastily; and looked at my attendant for an explanation, as she led me into a little chapel at the end of the gallery, opening into it for the service of the sick.

I observed that the eyes of the compassionate nun were filled with tears; but as we were now before the altar, she knelt down to repeat a paternoster, without replying to my mute inquiry. Some minutes afterwards, as we were descending the stairs towards the church of the convent, I took courage to question her concerning the dying woman.

"You say that she will not long survive; yet of all the hospital, hers was the only bed unsoothed by some kind visitor. The poor creature appears totally deserted—has she no friends in Vienna?"

"She is heavily visited both in mind and body," replied Sister Agatha, evasively. "The Almighty hath been pleased to deal with her as with those he loveth. When she first became our inmate, she was placed next unto the bed of the young student's mother; and the sight of his assiduous filial affection proved so great a trial to the poor crea-

ture's feelings, that compassion induced me to remove her to the end of the ward; where her desolate condition is less apparent to others—less painful to herself."

At this moment we entered the church; and from a feeling, intelligent woman, Sister Agatha became at once the narrow devotee—the blind votary of superstition. Her order, and its dignity—her church and its relics—her director, and his anathemas, became paramount in her mind; and she proudly claimed my admiration for the skeleton of the giant St. Columbus, which sparkled through its glass coffin with ribs set in false stones and tinsel—and for the choir behind whose mysterious curtain, the hymns of the veiled Elizabethines are heard with reverence by the congregation. From the church we passed into the inner sacristy; where the good nun expatiated right eloquently upon the beauties of several gilt calvaries and holy sepulchres, presented to their treasury by Maria Theresa and her successors. Despairing of bringing her back to the subject of the dying woman above, I prepared to take my leave by presenting a trifling offering towards the funds of the institution; and I was indiscreet enough to venture a second donation, with a request that it might be applied to the especial use of the poor deserted woman.

Sister Agatha, who had accepted my first gift with gratitude, put back my hand with indignation when I tendered the second. "Have you observed," she inquired, "any symptoms of partiality in our arrangements—or any want of general comfort? What do our sick require that is not instantly administered? Nay—what fancy or caprice do they express, which is not anxiously gratified by the reverend mother?"

I craved forgiveness for my involuntary offence, which I attributed, and truly, to the heartfelt compassion inspired by the deserted condition of the dying patient; and Sister Agatha, after silently examining my countenance, as if to assure herself what degree of confidence she might place in my discretion, replied, "Well, well; say no more of it—I perceive that the request, however indiscreet, arose from a gentle feeling. Stay!" she continued, leading me back into the sacristy and closing the door after us, "you are young—you belong to the children of the world—and the history of that unfortunate woman may prove a useful lesson. Have you leisure to listen?"

I seated myself by her side with grateful alacrity; and Sister Agatha, taking out her knitting, commenced the following narration.

"I will call the poor soul Cecilia; and as I have no fear that you will discover her real name and title, I will fairly own that she is born of one of the noblest houses of Hungary—her ancestors have even been among the most liberal benefactors of the convent in which her last sufferings have been alleviated. Cecilia became an orphan shortly after her birth; and as her fortune was considerable, she was bequeathed to the guardianship of the head of her father's family. Even now you may judge that she was once a lovely creature; and when I add that her disposition was volatile, and her education totally neglected, you will be the more inclined to look with lenity upon the indiscretion that induced her at the age of sixteen to elope from her uncle's palace, and to bestow her hand and affections upon a very unworthy object.

"It was during the occupation of the army of Napoleon; and at a period when the Austrian

mobility found themselves compelled to admit into their domestic circles many French officers who, at another time, would have been spurned from their society. Among the rest, a colonel of cuirassiers was quartered in the palace of prince — of —, Cecilia's uncle. He proved to be a man of ignoble birth—ignoble character—ignoble habits; but the poor child who had been accustomed to receive among her proud relations only the harshest usage and coldest severity, was too easily touched by the adulation of the wily Frenchman to be sensible to these defects. His anxiety, too, to possess himself of Cecilia's ample dower, taught him to conceal them—if not from her family—at least from her deluded self. To dwell as little as possible upon her errors, permit me to say that Cecilia was induced by her lover to elope from Vienna; and that she became a wife and a mother before she had attained her seventeenth year.

"Were you better acquainted with our national habits, it would be useless to add that she was immediately denounced as an outcast and an alien, by her indignant family; that her name became a forbidden sound, and that she was soon accounted as among the dead. Well would it have been for the unhappy creature, had the Almighty indeed so ordered her destiny! for long before her splendid fortune was dissipated—and a few years enabled her depraved husband to squander it away—Cecilia had become an object of disgust to him for whose sake she had sacrificed her kindred and her country; and neglect and cruelty sufficiently justified the antipathy conceived against him by her relations on their first acquaintance.

"The fortune of war was fated to relieve her from the persecutions of him whose obscure name she bore;—at the age of twenty-one, Cecilia found herself a widow and the mother of three children as destitute as herself! And now, for the first time since her imprudent marriage, she ventured to address her exasperated uncle—for the wants of her innocent babes taught her to overcome the suggestions of her innate national pride—to forget the sensitive delicacy of her character; and in a letter dictated by humility and repentance, she craved the charity of her haughty kindred.

"A tardy and brief reply was vouchsafed to her supplication;—but it contained a small remittance; and in the present relief afforded by the gift, Cecilia forgot the wound inflicted by the terms in which it was bestowed.

"A second time, however, the young mother found herself penniless; and her sufferings were now aggravated by the loss of her youngest child. 'I nursed it,' said she, when she told me her pitiful story, 'and I verily fear it died of famine, for I was well nigh starved myself. But the despair which overcame me when I stretched its little wasted limbs for the grave, gave me courage to apply once more to my cruel uncle.

"A second supply was the result of my appeal; but as it was accompanied by an assurance that it would be the last, I resolved to profit by its temporary relief, and return to my native country. I thought that the sight of my babes, in their destitute condition, might win the compassion of those on whom they possessed other and stronger claims. I longed too to hear the accents of my fatherland, to breathe once more my natal air; for, alas! the country of my adoption had proved but a harsh step-mother. Since I had left my native land, my lot had been one of mortification and misery; and the remembrance of home—even of the unendear-

ing home of my early years, grew sweet by the comparison.

"But on my return to Austria, I found myself a greater alien—a still more reviled, more desolate creature! I was assured by the survivors of my family that in renouncing their name by my imprudent marriage, I had forfeited all claims upon those who bore it; and that by intruding my beggary upon the joys of their prosperity, I had but hardened their hearts towards my wretched children.

"I shall never forget the day," said poor Cecilia," continued the nun, "on which I turned from their lofty portal towards my own obscure retreat; my heart swelling within me as I clasped my lovely children to my desolate bosom. I had then some means of support still remaining—the savings of my frugality;—and I had still strength to work; so that when I shut myself up in my own chamber, I resolved that no extremity of want should induce me to court a second repulse. But I had not duly calculated upon the nature of the trials I should be doomed to undergo. I had thought but of ceaseless labor—of domestic drudgery;—of want of food, of want of rest; and these miseries I could bear, and I *did* bear them cheerfully. But with all my hardships I was unable to earn sufficient bread for my children. I saw the loveliness with which God had gifted them, gradually fade away;—their strength wasted—their little voices grew feeble as they breathed their endearments to their miserable mother—their growth was suspended by want of proper nourishment—and already my fears foretold a still more fatal result.

"Could my heart resist such a suggestion? Oh! no; I addressed myself again and earnestly to my estranged connexions; and my adjuration was so fraught with the expressive wretchedness of my mind, that it could not be utterly disregarded. It chanced also, that my boy had become, through the death of a relation, the heir presumptive to a distant branch of my family; and my uncle, mindful perhaps of this contingency, was moved to offer him his protection. 'Resign the care of your children to me,' he wrote in reply to my petition. 'Your conduct has proved that you are unfit to become the directress of their education; and, by your own declaration, you lack the means for their support. I will provide liberally for them both; if they are permitted to assume my name, and if their mother consents to leave this country at once, and forever.'

"Rather beg their bread—rather perish with them! was my first exclamation on perusing this barbarous request. And I *did* beg—again and again—humbly and earnestly; but perhaps I wanted something of the lowly air of habitual supplication, or hunger and despair might impart a look of repellant ferocity to my countenance, for the hearts of the humane were seldom touched by my supplications. In a few weeks therefore my fears recurred with added force; my pride, my courage failed under the solitudes of a mother's love, and I formed at length the desperate resolution of obeying my uncle's commands.

"It was a heavy morning that which I had fixed for the execution of my project, and my mind was fevered by a night of sleepless horror. I had sat up to render the rags of my poor babes as little revolting as possible to those unto whose mercy I was about to commit their destiny; and when daylight came I roused them gently and tenderly from their calm slumbers. I dared not look upon their

sweet faces as I dressed them for the last time; and when I imprinted a burning kiss upon the glossy curls of their little heads, I felt that the Almighty was dealing with me more heavily than I might bear!

"Perhaps despair had already numbed my heart into endurance, for I gathered courage to tell them that their troubles were over;—that they were henceforward to dwell in a fine house—with sweet food—with soft rest to restore them; and that they must learn to reverence the noble hand from which they derived such gifts, and try to forget—but no—no—no! I could not for worlds have told them to forget me;—and had I done so, the request would have been unavailing. They clung to me—they wept and implored, and finally prevailed. No! I could not part from them that day!"

"I repeat Cecilia's words as nearly as I can remember them," said the nun, after a painful pause; "but I cannot give the expression of a mother's voice to my narration;—I remember that *hers* reached my inmost heart."

"And did she at last gather strength to part with the poor babes?" I anxiously inquired.

"The separation was effected by an unpremeditated meeting with her uncle," continued Sister Agatha. "They were at the moment almost expiring with hunger; and the fine equipages and dainties proffered by the prince, induced the little innocents to consent to what was at first announced as a separation of a few days from their heart-broken mother. Young as they were, they did not notice how frequently the visit was prolonged; and after repeated disappointments of returning home, their restlessness was at length changed into contentment. They were kindly used; and, like all children, they learned in time to forget the absent. The mother who had been so missed and so lamented—for whom they had hoarded their luxuries, and renounced their infantine enjoyments, was soon rarely mentioned—and finally—forgotten."

"In the mean time poor Cecilia, who had accepted a limited pension from the prince, and had fulfilled the necessary condition of quitting the Austrian territories, was for a time reconciled to her miserable destiny by the certainty that her children were rescued from the sufferings and dangers of privation. 'In the grievous loneliness of my existence,' said she, 'I had the consolation of knowing that my treasures no longer fixed the eager eyes of starvation upon the morsel I was unable to purchase to appease their famine. I was supported during the day by a sort of feverish excitation which led me to wish for the return of night, that I might lose in sleep my sense of sorrow: but when the night came, and I missed from my side the little beings who had slumbered there from infancy—I could not rest! And thus long-ing by day for the night—by night for the return of day—long weeks, long months passed over my miserable head. Nothing but my flattering trust that my son's accession of fortune would one day or other enable me to clasp in my arms the precious creatures for whose well-being I had forfeited my own happiness—enabled me to support existence;—and even that hope could not long suffice to smooth the path of self-denial. My mind, fixed with constant and dreadful intensity upon the absent objects of its affections, became enfeebled; my courage relaxed with my judgment—the yearning of my heart grew too strong for mastery—and in a moment of frenzy, I returned to Vienna!"

"My first object was to seek a furtive interview with my children. I was well aware that the greatest caution would be necessary for the accomplishment of my end; and for some days I contented myself with watching, at dusk, under the windows of my uncle's palace. I thought that among the shadows of its inmates, revealed by the lights within, I might perhaps distinguish those of my children. I was aware that they inhabited the same chamber which had been mine in childhood; and I have stood on the bastions beneath it, through rain—through snow—through piercing frost—in the expectation of catching the joyous echoes of their young voices; at length I took courage one morning to watch their coming out for their daily drive."

"I thought I had sufficiently disguised my altered person; and with trembling limbs I slowly paced along the street, when the gorgeous carriage bearing the arms of my family rolled out of the court of the palace, and passed close beside me. I could not refrain from looking up—and in a moment I saw the fair face of my youngest born—glowing with health—radiant with happiness: but the smile of her sweet eyes fell upon her mother without recognition—she had forgotten me!"

"Could I bear this! I fell senseless upon the pavement; and the menials of the carriage, which wounded me as it passed, recognized in the poor wretch they humanely ran to raise from the earth, a rejected daughter of their master's house!"

"This public exposure, irritated—and perhaps justly—the feelings of the prince. He wrote me a letter filled with a torrent of invective—upbraiding me with ingratitude, and threatening me to withdraw his protection from my children, if hereafter I sought, directly or indirectly, to come into their presence. He reminded me of the dangers that would await them in case of my death, under such a desertion. He painted in strong and appalling terms, the perils which poverty and desolation might entail at some future time upon my daughter. But he might have spared his eloquence;—the blow was already struck—the bruised reed bowed unto the dust—and death was about to release the wanderer from her sufferings, and himself from my further intrusion."

"It was precisely at this period," resumed the nun in a more cheerful tone, "that the destitute condition of our poor Cecilia drew towards her the attention of the Holy Father Director of our order. In visiting a sick parishioner, he learned that a young person of interesting appearance was dying in a small attic in the house; to the proprietor of which she was a total stranger. He did not, as you may suppose, hesitate to visit the bedside of the desolate sufferer, whom he found sinking under a slow fever, destitute of the common means of support, and oppressed by all the terrors of mental despair. Within a few hours Cecilia was removed at his suggestion into our hospital; and few were ever sheltered within its walls unto whom its comforts were more vitally necessary. It was my own turn of duty the night of her admission," said the nun, "and her youth and beauty exerted, in the first instance, a blamable influence over my feelings. Other motives of compassion speedily declared themselves. I found that my lovely patient's disorder originated in the exhaustion arising from a long endurance of cold and hunger. She had fasted for many days together during an inclement winter, in order to increase the scanty meals of her children; and during the first night that I watched by her side, I heard the names of those beloved

children, murmured again and again by her parched lips, as though their very sound were a watchword of salvation!"

"And was her case hopeless, even at the time of her admission?"

"The cares lavished upon her failed not to procure a transient revival. In a few days Cecilia recovered her consciousness; and her gratitude for my attention in removing her from the painful position which chance had assigned her in the ward, opened her heart towards me, more than towards her other attendants. It appeared as if her feelings were relieved by confiding to me the history of her afflicted life."

"But surely, surely something might still be done to save her," said I, interrupting the good sister; "surely a malady resulting from temporary privation cannot affect the powers of life."

"We are not reckoned unskilful, even by the faculty of Vienna," answered Sister Agatha, with an air of professional dignity. "The influence of the mind is all-powerful over the body, and we know that few diseases are more important than those arising out of moral causes. You must remember, too, that Cecilia's frame was weakened by want and toil during three entire years—that its powers have been exhausted by prolonged fasts and prolonged vigils; nothing now can save her."

"But you will apply, without doubt, to her family—to her cruel, selfish uncle. Surely you will attempt to bless her dying eyes with the sight of those beloved objects to whom she hath sacrificed her existence!"

"Impossible!" replied the nun with provoking calmness. "The prince is one of the most powerful and liberal benefactors of our convent. Were the reverend mother—to whom, however, I have not thought it expedient to apply on the subject—were the reverend mother to provoke his highness' displeasure by such an appeal, she would be injuring the cause of the poor, and bereaving the many in order to gratify the worldly passions of a single heart. To the suffering multitude we owe an account of our ministry; and their wants and claims, alas! will long survive the sorrows of poor Cecilia."

"At least permit me, who as a stranger can incur no risk, to make immediate application to the prince. His name—his name—I entreat you do not let this victim of maternal love die unrewarded."

"You are an enthusiast," replied the nun with a gentle smile, "and forgot that the slightest motion will extinguish the flame of an expiring lamp; one moment of agitation would destroy Cecilia. Besides, although a heretic, you must be sensible that the consolations of religion alone become the bed of death. It would be cruel to rekindle earthly affections in a heart where the hopes of faith should alone prevail. But I must not loiter here," continued Sister Agatha, respectfully kissing my hand. "Farewell, sister! farewell; may your journey prosper! and when you return to your own remote country, remember that the sick and the poor are comforted by the lowly order of St. Elizabeth, *'through the love of God!'*"

The day following my memorable visit to the convent of the *Elisabethinerinnen*, I departed, not under the influence of Sister Agatha's benediction, "to my own remote country," but on a tour through Hungary, which occupied some months. Previous to leaving the city of Pesth, the principal residence of the Hungarian nobility, I chanced

one morning to enter a bookseller's shop in search of books of instruction for children, written in the national language. The master of the shop, in reply to my inquiries, observed that he could supply me with the newest and best as soon as the Countess Woleska had finished her selection. I looked towards the lady referred to, and saw a slight figure in deep mourning, accompanied by two children—an elegant little girl, and a noble boy about six years of age.

The bookseller whispered that he was the young *Fürst Reussdorf*; and at the same moment the countess turning round to desire her little girl would offer the books to the English lady, discovered to me a face—no! I could not be mistaken!—a face which I had seen but once, to remember forever; and which I had for months past believed to be shrouded in the damps of death—that, in short, of Sister Agatha's heroine. Even as it was, it was totally colorless; and as I was in the very land of Vampirism, I literally shuddered as I fixed my wondering gaze upon the countess, and could not recover my voice to thank the lovely child from whose hand I received the books. I concluded my bargain as precipitately as I could; and walked out into the street, without well knowing what I was about, or where I was going.

My first anxiety on returning home was to question our German courier respecting the family of Reussdorf, and the Countess Woleska; but I received only those vague and tormenting replies which one is sure to extract from such a source.

"The Woleskas," he said, "were a very noble race—very powerful—very wealthy; settled in several provinces of the empire, one branch in Hungary—one in Styria—"

"But the countess?"

"The countess!—the young one or the old? The Countess Dowager of Woleska is of the *Schwarzenwäldchenwesterhofische* family—a lady of the highest descent and—"

"No—no—the young countess."

"The young countess? There are several, *gnädige Frau*; the Countess Wenzl, the Countess Rudolf, the Countess Moritz," &c. &c.

Finding it impossible to come to the point, I resolved to wait for the evening's opera, when I felt sure of learning the gossip of the city from some of the visitors to our box.

"Ah! you have seen the young Countess Woleska," was the ready answer to my inquiries. "A charming woman, although rather *passée*, but still a very interesting ruin."

"Can you inform me whether she has been long resident in Hungary?"

"Scarcely a month—can it be possible that you have not heard her history? a very eventful one, if the *on dits* are accurate. Her little son came suddenly into possession of the principality of Reussdorf, by the death of a relation in whose house he was educated; but the countess, having formed a connexion early in life with a French adventurer, a Bonapartist, which of course had obliged her family to cast her off, was at the time of his unexpected succession, concealed in some obscure retreat, some say a prison, some a mad-house, and was brought forward, to the amazement of all Vienna, by the family confessor; some meddling Capuchin, who had never lost sight of her. She was in a most precarious state of health, and was not at first expected to survive her change of fortunes."

"And what has brought her hither?"

"She remains at Pesth while the family castle in Esclavonia is fitting for her reception—for she has resolved to educate her son upon his patrimony, till he is old enough to commence his studies at the National University. We know nothing of the countess but from report; for she has declined entering into the society of the city, and has had the *maladresse* to refuse an invitation from the palatine himself, on the grounds of ill health and recent affliction. *Entre nous*, I rather imagine that the fair lady is conscious her long seclusion from society has rendered her somewhat unfit to move in the circle to which her descent admits her."

It was not for a stranger like myself to controvert this opinion, or to assure my self-important friend that not even the Countess Téliki, the Lady Jersey of Pesth, might vie with the young Countess Woleska, in a gentle, graceful timidity of address, which cannot become either out of date, or *déplacé*; I ventured, however, to assert that she had

never been confined either in a prison or a mad-house.

"You are acquainted with her then, and have been betraying me into relating anecdotes of your friend. This is not fair, but it affords me at least the pleasure of assuring the countess' enemies that her intimate acquaintance has vindicated——"

"Permit me to assure you that I never interchanged a syllable with the Countess Woleska; but I again repeat, on the authority of those best informed, that there never existed a brighter example of the first virtue of womanhood—motherly affection."

I never saw this interesting woman again; but I was satisfied to leave her in the possession of every earthly blessing; and to know that a life of suffering and resignation had been repaid by moments of joy such as can have rarely fallen to mortal lot. May they be long and frequently renewed!

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

"It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner. The lambs were separated from the dams, and enclosed in a sheep-cote, with only one narrow way out; the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying 'LET THIS BE HOLY.' Hence says God by his prophet, 'I will cause you to pass under the rod.'"

I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay,
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom to the paleness of woe;
Yet the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the ships.
There had whispered a voice—'t was the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as he murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as the rose-hud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw; when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,

But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
Yet the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whispered a voice—'t was the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smoothed to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.
Yet the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
"T was their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'t was the voice of their God,
"I love thee, I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*"

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

AFFECTION OF DOGS.—Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the colonies. All the time of his absence the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favorite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress after a long absence.—*Leslie's Anecdotes.*

From the (N. York) Sailor's Magazine, June and July, 1846.

VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY C. F. WINSLOW, M. D.

Some account of Captain Mercator Cooper's visit to Japan in the whale ship Manhattan, of Sag Harbor.

It was about the first of April, as Captain Cooper was proceeding towards the whaling regions of the northern ocean, that he passed, in the neighborhood of St. Peters, a small island lying a few degrees to the S. E. of Nippon. It is comparatively barren and was supposed to be uninhabited; but being near it, Captain C. thought he would explore the shore for turtle, to afford his ship's company some refreshment. While tracing the shore along, he discovered a pinnacle of curious construction, which resembled somewhat those he had seen in the China seas. Turning his walks inland, he entered where he unexpectedly saw at some distance from him several persons in uncouth dresses, who appeared alarmed at his intrusion and immediately fled to a more secluded part of the valley. He continued his walk and soon came to a hut, where were collected eleven men, whom he afterwards found to be Japanese. As he approached them they came forward and prostrated themselves to the earth before him, and remained on their faces for some time. They were much alarmed and expected to be destroyed; but Captain C., with great kindness, reconciled them to his presence, and learned by signs that they had been shipwrecked on St. Peters many months before. He took them to the shore, pointed to his vessel, and informed them that he would take them to Jeddo, if they would entrust themselves to his care. They consented with great joy; and abandoning everything they had on the island, embarked with him immediately for his ship.

Captain C. determined to proceed at once with them to Jeddo, the capital of the Japanese Empire, notwithstanding its well known regulations, prohibiting American and other foreign vessels to enter its waters. The captain had two great laudable objects in view. The first was to restore the shipwrecked strangers to their homes. The other was to make a strong and favorable impression on the government, in respect to the civilization of the United States, and its friendly disposition to the emperor and people of Japan. How he succeeded in the latter object the sequel will show; and I will make but few remarks, either on the boldness of Captain C.'s resolution, or its ultimate consequences touching the intercourse of the Japanese with other nations. The step decided on, however, has led to some curious and interesting information relative to this country, whose institutions, and the habits of whose people are but little known to the civilized world.

Captain C. left St. Peters, and after sailing a day or two in the direction of Nippon, he descried a huge and shapeless object on the ocean, which proved to be a Japanese ship or "junk," as these vessels are called—wrecked and in a sinking condition. She was from a port on the extreme north of Nippon, with a cargo of pickled salmon, bound for Jeddo. She had been shattered and dismantled some weeks previous, and was drifting about the ocean at the mercy of the winds, and as a gale arose the following day, the captain thinks she must have sunk. From this ship he took eleven men more—all Japanese—and made sail again for the shores of Nippon. Among the articles taken

from the wreck by its officers, were some books and a chart of the principal islands composing the empire of Japan. This chart I shall speak of in detail hereafter, and it is perhaps, one of the most interesting specimens of geographical art and literature, which has ever wandered from the shores of eastern Asia.

In making land, our navigator found himself considerably to the north of Jeddo; but approaching near the coast, he landed in his boat, accompanied by one or two of his passengers. Here, he noticed many of the inhabitants employed in fishing at various distances from land. The natives he met on shore were mostly fishermen, and all appeared to belong to the common or lower classes of society. They seemed intelligent and happy, were pleased with his visit, and made no objection to his landing. From this place he despatched one of his passengers to the emperor, who was at Jeddo, with the intelligence of his intention or wish to enter the harbor of the capital with his ship, for the purpose of landing the men whom he had found under such distressed circumstances, and to obtain water and other necessities to enable him to proceed on his voyage. He then returned to his ship, and sailing along the coast for many leagues, compared his own charts with the one taken from the wreck. The winds becoming unfavorable, however, he was driven away from the land so far, that after they changed, it took him a week to recover a position near the place where he first landed. He went on shore again, despatched two other messengers to the capital, with the same information that he had previously sent, and the reason of his detention. He sailed again for Jeddo, and the winds proving auspicious, in due time he entered the mouth of the bay, deep within which the city is situated. As he sailed along the passage, a barge met him coming from the city, in command of a person who, from his rich dress, appeared to be an officer of rank and consequence. This personage informed him that his messengers had arrived at court, and that the emperor had granted him permission to come up to Jeddo with his ship. He was, however, directed to anchor under a certain headland for the night, and the next morning was towed up to his anchorage within a furlong of the city.

The ship was immediately visited by a great number of people of all ranks, from the governor of Jeddo and the high officers attached to the person of the emperor, arrayed in golden and gorgeous tunics, to the lowest menials of the government, clothed in rags. All were filled with an insatiable curiosity to see the strangers, and inspect the thousand novelties presented to their view.

Captain Cooper was very soon informed by a native interpreter who had been taught Dutch, and who could speak a few words of English, but who could talk still more intelligibly by signs, that neither he nor his crew would be allowed to go out of his ship, and that if they should attempt it they would be put to death. This fact was communicated by the very significant symbol of drawing a naked sword across the throat. The captain dealt kindly with all, obtained their confidence and assured them he had no inclination to transgress their laws, but only desired to make known to the emperor and the great officers of Japan, the kind feelings of himself and of the people of America towards them and their countrymen. The Japanese seamen who had been taken from the desolate island and from the wreck, when part-

ing from their preserver, manifested the warmest affection and gratitude for his kindness. They clung to him and shed many tears. This scene—the reports of the shipwrecked men, of the many kindnesses they had received—and the uniformly prudent and amicable deportment of the American captain, made a very favorable impression on the Governor of Jeddo. During his stay, this great dignitary treated him with the most distinguished civility and kindness.

But neither captain nor crew of the Manhattan were allowed to go over her side. Officers were kept on board continually to prevent any infraction of this regulation, and the more securely to ensure its maintenance, and prevent all communication with the shore, the ship was surrounded and guarded by three circular barriers of boats. Each circle was about a hundred feet asunder, and the inner one about one hundred from the ship. In the first circle the boats were tied to a hawser so compactly that their sides touched each other, and that nothing could pass between, or break through them. The sterns of the boats were next the ship, and in these were erected long lances and other steel weapons, of various and curious forms, such as are never seen or heard of, among European nations. Sometimes they were covered with lacquered sheaths, at others, they were left to glisten in the sun, apparently for the purpose of informing the foreigners, that their application would follow any attempt to pass them. Among these, were mingled flags and banners of various colors and devices. In the middle of this circle, between the Manhattan and the city, was stationed a large junk, in which the officers resided, who commanded the guard surrounding the ship. The boats composing the second circle, were not so numerous, and those in the third were more scattering still; but the number thus employed, was almost bewildering to look upon. They amounted to nearly a thousand, and were all armed and ornamented in a similar manner. It was a scene of the most intense interest and amusement to the Americans, the most of whom had never heard of the strange customs of this secluded and almost unknown people. As magnificent and wonderful a spectacle, however, as this array of boats presented during the day, decorated with gaudy banners and with glittering spears of an infinite variety of forms—in the night it was exceeded by a display of lanterns in such countless numbers, and of such shapes and transparencies, as almost to entrance the beholders and to remind them of the magic in the Arabian Tales. The character and rigor of the guard stationed about the ship, was at one time accidentally put to the test. The captain wishing to repair one of his boats, attempted to lower it from the cranes into the water, in order to take it in over the vessel's side. All the Japanese on board immediately drew their swords. The officer in charge of the deck guard, appeared greatly alarmed at the procedure, remonstrated kindly, but with great earnestness, against it, and declared to Captain C. that they should be slain if they permitted it, and that his own head would be in danger if he persisted in the act. The captain assured the officer that he had no intention to go on shore, and explained to him clearly what his object was. When it was fully understood, great pleasure was manifested by the Japanese officer. He commanded the crew who were managing the boat to leave it, and set a host of his menials to work, who took it into the ship without allowing it to touch the water.

The Manhattan was at anchor in the harbor of Jeddo four days, during which time the captain was supplied by command of the emperor with wood, water, rice, rye in the grain, vegetables of various kinds, and some crockery composed of the lacquered ware of the country. He was recruited with everything of which he stood in need, and all remuneration was refused. But he was told explicitly never to come again to Japan, for if he did, he would greatly displease the emperor. During these four days, he had many conversations with the governor of Jeddo, and other persons of rank, through their interpreter. In one of these, he was informed by the governor, that the only reason why he was allowed to remain in the waters of Japan, was because the emperor felt assured that he could not be a bad-hearted foreigner, by his having come so far out of his way to bring poor persons to their native country, who were wholly strangers to him. He was told that the emperor thought well of his "heart" and had consequently commanded all his officers to treat him with marked attention, and to supply all his wants.

The day before he left, the emperor sent him his autograph, as the most notable token of his own respect and consideration. It is often said that the greatest men are most careless in their chirography, and in this case, the imperial hand would support the truth of the remark, for the autograph, by the size and boldness of its characters, appeared as if a half-grown chicken had stepped into muddy water, and then walked two or three times deliberately over a sheet of coarse paper, than like any other print to which I can imagine a resemblance.

Among the books taken from the wreck was a small one, in form like a note-book, filled with figures of various and eccentric forms and pictures of spears and battle-axes of strange and anomalous patterns. Under each were characters, probably explanatory of the objects attached to them. Both figure and character were neatly and beautifully executed, and they presented the appearance of having been issued from a press of type copperplate like the plates of astronomical and other scientific works. This little book attracted Capt. Cooper's attention and excited his curiosity to such a degree that, after noticing similar figures embroidered in gold on the tunics of the high officers, he ventured to inquire their explanation. He then learned that it was a kind of illustration of the heraldry of the empire—a record of the armorial ensigns of the different ranks of officers and the nobility existing in the country. Capt. C. allowed me to examine this book and it appeared to me to be a great curiosity both as a specimen of typographical art, and as giving us information of the numerous grades of Japanese aristocracy, and the insignia by which they may be distinguished.

These figures were wrought always on the back of the officer's tunic, and the weapon which appertained to his rank corresponded with the one drawn under the ensign in the book alluded to. Each grade of officers commanded a body of men whose weapons were of a particular and given shape, and those weapons were used by no others under an officer of different grade, or wearing a different badge on his tunic.

In a conversation with the governor, when the latter told our navigator he must never come to Japan again, Capt. C. asked him "how he would wish him to act under the same circumstances." The governor was somewhat disconcerted—shrugged his shoulders—and evaded by replying that "he must not come again." Captain Cooper then

asked him "If he should leave his countrymen to starve or drown when it was in his power to take them from another wreck." He intimated that it would please the emperor more for them to be left, than for strangers to visit his dominions. Capt. C. told him that he never would see them drown or starve, but should rescue them and feed them; and then inquired what he should do with them. The governor replied, "carry them to some Dutch port, but never come to Japan again." This was all spoken by the governor with mildness but with firmness also, as if he uttered the imperial will.

The governor of Jeddo is represented to be a grave and elderly looking man, somewhat gray, with a remarkably intelligent and benignant countenance, and of very mild and prepossessing manners. He appeared interested with Capt. C.'s account of the people and civilization of America, and the latter spared no pains to leave a good impression of the American name and character, especially as a trading people, on the minds of those high officers whose position might carry them into audience with their sovereign.

The day he left the country the interpreter gave him an open letter, without a signature, written in the Dutch language, with a bold and skilful hand. Mr. Lingren, the clerk in the consulate, a gentleman learned in many languages of Northern Europe, has translated it, and stated to me the leading ideas contained therein. This document informs the world that the bearer of it has furnished assistance to Japanese sailors in distress, and had brought them to their native land—and then commands all Dutchmen who may encounter him shipwrecked and in want, to afford him similar services. It further declares, for the information of Holland and China—the only nations in the world with which they have any commercial treaty, or who are allowed within the waters of the empire—that the persons in the foreign ship had been allowed no communication with the shore, and had been strictly debarred from all knowledge of the commodities or commerce of the country. Furthermore that the foreign ship had been a long time at sea, and had become destitute of wood, water and provisions, and that the government had furnished the recruits of which she stood in need.

It was early in April, that Capt. Cooper visited Japan; and he represents the climate and appearance of the country to be pleasant and lovely in the extreme. Wherever he inspected the coast, the whole earth teemed with the most luxuriant verdure. Every acre of hill and dale appeared in the highest state of cultivation. Where the eminences were too steep for the agricultural genius of the inhabitants, they were formed into terraces, so that for miles together they presented the appearance of hanging gardens. Numerous white neat-looking dwellings studded the whole country. Some of them are so charmingly situated on sloping hill sides and sequestered amidst foliage of a fresh and living green that the delighted mariners almost sighed to transplant their homes there—the spots were so sunny, so inviting and so peaceful.

The whole appearance of the landscape indicated a dense and industrious population. Around the capital, the same signs of culture were exhibited as in the country, further north. The city itself was so filled with trees and foliage, that not houses enough could be distinguished from the ship to indicate with certainty that a city existed, or to allow the circuit of it to be defined. The buildings

were white and rather low, and no towers or temples were seen peering above the other edifices.

The harbor of Jeddo presented a maritime population as numerous and industrious as that which appeared to exist on the land. Vessels of all sorts and sizes, from mere shallops to immense junks, were under sail or at anchor, wherever the eye turned on the bay. Jeddo seemed to be the mart of a prodigious coastwise commerce, and the whole sea was alive with the bustle and activity appertaining to it.

The Japanese, from Capt. C.'s observations, are rather a short race of men, square built and solid, and do not possess Mongolian features to the extent exhibited in the Chinese. They are of a light olive complexion, are intelligent, polite and educated.

The dresses of the common people, were wide trousers and a loose garment of blue cotton. Dignitaries and persons of consequence were clothed in rich silks, profusely embroidered with gold and silken thread of various colors, according to their rank. Some of these personages were so splendidly attired, as to excite great admiration in the foreign visitors. No woollen fabric composed any part of their dress, but of this material they seemed particularly curious, and examined it with great attention. It seemed a great novelty, and all the small pieces they could obtain were solicited and taken on shore as objects of curiosity.

But the map of which I spoke, in the early part of this communication, is perhaps one of the most interesting illustrations of Japanese civilization which has come into our possession. It embraces the island of Nippon, all the islands south of it, and a small part of Jeddo on the north. It is four feet long and nearly as broad, and when folded up, resembles a common church music book, handsomely bound in boards. As will be perceived the islands are projected on an uncommonly large scale. The minutest indentations in the coast, with all the trading ports, large and small are laid down, apparently after accurate surveys. Capt. Cooper found the coast which he followed to be correctly delineated, by his astronomical observations, and his own charts of Nippon were altogether erroneous. The tracks of the coastwise trade are traced throughout the whole group, from Jesso to Nangasaki. But the most interesting part of this production is the topography of the interior of the islands. They are laid out in districts, and all variously colored, like the states of our republic in Mitchell's map. The smallest villages are denoted and named. The residence of the governor in each district, and other public establishments occupying less ground are also delineated. They are all embraced in enclosures of different shape and coloring, and from the uniformity of these, in appearance and number in every district, we may suppose the administration of the government of Japan is conducted with great system. This is in accordance with our previous knowledge of the country. The rivers, even their smallest tributaries, are all traced to their source. The number and extent of these streams are surprising. No country of its size can be more abundantly watered than Nippon. The streams are so numerous, that the whole interior has the appearance of being irrigated by countless canals. But they are evidently river channels, and can all be followed from their sources in the valleys to their junction with each other and their termination in the sea. The public roads are exceedingly numer-

ous, intersecting the whole country from shore to shore, and indicating a vast amount of travel throughout the empire. In several parts, high mountains are laid down in dark coloring. These occur occasionally, in small groups, and occupy but little space. The general appearance of the country is that of bold and lofty hills alternating with great numbers of broad valleys. All pour forth rills and streams which fertilize the earth as they flow along, and afford a thousand advantages and encouragements to an industrious population engaged like the Japanese, in agricultural and commercial arts. The whole empire swarms with towns and hamlets. It is almost impossible to conceive its populousness without an inspection of this map.

On one side of the sheet is a large amount of unintelligible writing, which appears to be explanatory of the figures, characters, roads, &c., in the different districts on the map. If interpreted they might furnish us with much novel information.

This map, with several other articles in Captain C.'s possession, was accidentally left in his ship by the Japanese. They desired to give him many things which they perceived were interesting to him, but they assured him they would be in danger of losing their heads should the emperor learn that they had furnished strangers with any means of information relative to their country or its institutions. They showed great and real alarm on this subject, and concealed or destroyed many things as they approached Jeddo, which had been about the ship. Capt. C. took no advantage of their dependent situation, but allowed them to follow their own inclinations in all respects.

Having laid at anchor four days and replenished his stores of wood, water, &c., he signified his readiness to depart, but the winds were adverse and it was impossible for him to get to sea. There seemed to be no disposition manifested by the government to force him away, but there was none for him to remain a moment beyond the time when his wants had been satisfied. A head wind and tide presented no impediments to going away from Japan in the mind of the governor of Jeddo. At his command, the anchor was weighed, and a line of boats was attached to the bows of the ship, so long that they could not be numbered. They were arranged four abreast, proceeded in the greatest order, and were supposed to amount to nearly a thousand. It was an immense train, and presented a spectacle to the eyes of the seamen, approaching the marvellous. The boats, instead of being propelled by rowing or paddles, were all sculled by a single oar, employed however, by several men. In this manner the Manhattan was towed twenty miles out to sea, and the officer in charge of the fleet would have taken her a greater distance, had not further aid been declined. The Japanese then took a courteous leave of our hero, and while his long train of barges wheeled with a slow and graceful motion towards the shore—the latter spread his sails for the less hospitable regions of Kamschatka and the N. W. Coast, highly gratified with the result of his adventure among this reclusive, but highly civilized people.

THE Jews of France, represented by fourteen delegates, and the members of the central consistory, have just elected M. Ennéery, Grand Rabbi of the Paris district, to the post of Grand Rabbi of the whole of France.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Mr. Walsh's letters to the National Intelligencer.

Paris, June 29, 1846.

THE morning after the date of my last missive, we were inexpressibly relieved and exhilarated by the news of Gen. Taylor's victories over the Mexicans. So much sinister prediction from your side of the Atlantic excited even in my confident mind vague apprehensions for the safety of the general, and absolute despondency in some of my friends. But we are more than indemnified. Europe is impressed in the most beneficial way, by the battles, the subsequent proceedings of congress, and the patriotic manifestations of the whole Union. It is now understood how the immense majority of the American people would act in the event of a rupture with Great Britain or any European power. Before the end of the sitting of the deputies on the 17th instant two eminent members of the chamber (of the opposition) went to Versailles, where I then was, to congratulate me on the *Rio Grande* occurrences, and to describe the effect of the intelligence on the chamber. Lively satisfaction pervaded the assembly; most of the conservatives even betrayed that feeling; Mr. Guizot, two of his colleagues, and a few of his party, the nearest and most devoted, were alone chap-fallen; their disconcertion seemed to amuse the rest. It was added by my visitors that, should war between the United States and England ensue, twenty thousand French volunteers, under the command of experienced officers, would at once endeavor to reach your shores for the purpose of joining in the invasion of Canada. This does not pass from me as an incitement to war, which I deprecate as much as any one, under the proper reserves of honor and right: but it is meant as evidence of the disposition of the French in general. They are far from being reconciled to the British. With a few exceptions, I have not, in my long and various intercourse with Frenchmen, encountered any who entertained for the British, as a nation, other sentiments than jealousy, dislike, and immemorial resentments. Veteran officers of the garrison of Versailles, with whom I have chatted at the reading-room which I frequent there, on the operations of General Taylor, pronounce the most flattering judgment in respect to boldness, skill, and the entire professional process. The French opposition press has been, in the main, liberal, but a slight military jealousy may be deemed natural where temperament and history beget the highest, and in a degree, exclusive belligerent pretensions. Your troops on the *Rio Grande* fought the Mexicans under more disadvantages than did the British the Sikhs on the Sutlej, or the French the Moors at Isly. Further successes, with like moderation in the use of victory, and a language so simple, so unambitious as that of the official despatches, will strengthen and animate the friends of the United States and of republicanism throughout Europe. It strikes me, as I read your reports of the speeches in congress, that the oratory of both houses is more bombastic than heretofore: the question and the transactions of war may have stimulated and inflated the rhetorical vein: in some cases, the intumescence justly provokes European ridicule.

A considerable and rapid diminution in every respect of French shipping has excited a patriotic alarm among the politicians; the subject has been treated with vivacity in both chambers. The *National* recommends the abrogation of the convention

of 1822; I translate for you a part of what was said in the chamber of peers on the 22d instant. Count Beugnot held this language: "The treaty of 1822, with the United States, is one of the main causes of the decay of the French shipping. For twenty-four years past that republic has been changing her tariffs always in a way to affect injuriously French imports. At this moment the modifications proposed to her congress, the substitution universally of the *ad valorem* system for specific duties, must be highly unfavorable to our silks, wines, and jewelry, and what have we done on our side? Remonstrated, complained, in vain. Have we tried with that haughty nation, as I must call her, a language fitted to make her reflect on her proceedings towards us? Not at all. Since we consented to discharge a debt very doubtful at the least, the twenty-five millions of francs, she has imagined that she has but to elevate her voice to obtain from us whatever she desires. For my part, I wish that our government would try to make that people comprehend that, if not gratitude, some little kindness or equity is due to us for the past. I deem it possible to enter on a negotiation, for the purpose not of withdrawing from the United States all the benefit which accrues to them from the treaty of 1822, but of procuring an equal division of it between them and us." The next day Count de Montalembert delivered an elaborate and really eloquent harangue on the French naval forces and interests, the commercial marine, and the paramount importance of an extensive navigation: "The *shipping interest*," he said, "is the first of all national concerns in the question of home industry. It is that which has created great nations in modern times, and without it there can be no real and permanent greatness. To it England owes her prosperity and potency. See how she has fostered it: how it stands first in all her debates, politics, and legislation. Look at the United States. Thanks to their commercial marine, they make head against England: they share with her the empire of the seas. It is not their navy or military marine that constitutes their glory or security; they nobly defended the freedom of the seas from 1812 to 1817; but, after all, they performed nothing very great, and they are very inferior in naval strength. What there is great with them—what enables them to brave England is an admirable mercantile marine, for which everything is done, because the Americans know that it is the foundation of their might, prosperity, and national security. Contrast with America the kingdom of Portugal, that sacrificed her shipping interest to the exactions of England. I declare to you that I agree with Count Beugnot; the primary cause of our decline in that interest is to be found in the conventions of 1822 with the United States, and of 1826 with England. The minister of finance has pledged himself (and the engagement is important) to secure the monopoly of the transportation of tobacco to the mercantile marine of France. We have been told that the American government has protested—not as Count Beugnot said yesterday—against the transportation of coal exclusively under the French flag, but against that of tobacco. I trust that the protest will not be suffered to prevail, because it cannot be well founded." The minister neither admitted nor denied the pledge. On the subject of the convention of 1822, the cabinet have said nothing in either chamber: it will not, I think, be disturbed. The *Courrier* of Havre sets the subject in lights quite sufficient to

deter the government from tampering with the question of *reciprocity*.

Professor Morse had the goodness to send me an account of the recent achievements of the electrical telegraph, with a copy of the *Baltimore Sun* containing the President's message on the Mexican war, as it was magically transmitted to that paper. I sent the communications to Pouillet, the deputy, author of the report heretofore mentioned to you, and he placed them in the hands of Arago, who submitted their very interesting and decisive contents to the Academy of Sciences and the chamber of deputies. In the chamber on the 18th instant, when the proposed appropriation for an electrical telegraph from this capital to the Belgian frontier came under consideration, Berryer opposed it on the ground that the experiment of the new system was not complete; that it would be well to wait for the full trial of what was undertaken between Paris and Rouen. Arago answered: "The experiment is consummate: in the United States the matter is settled irresistibly. I received three days ago the *Sun* of Baltimore, with a letter of Mr. Morse, one of the most honorable men of his country, and here is the President's message printed from the telegraph in two or three hours; the message would fill four columns of the *Moniteur*; it could not have been copied by the most rapid penman in a shorter time than it was transmitted. The galvanic fluid travels seventy thousand leagues per minute." The appropriation, of nearly half a million of francs, was passed with only a few dissenting voices. The minister of the interior observed on this occasion: "We do not mean to consent that the companies to whom we may allow the electrical telegraph shall use it for any other purpose than the service of the railroads. We mean to keep our state secrets; to prevent undue speculation; to allow no commercial advantages." The bill has been reported to the chamber of peers, with a circumstantial and able recommendation from the pen of Gabriel Delessert, chairman of the committee of peers. When the line to the frontier shall be finished, there will be a continuous electrical communication from Paris through Belgium to the northern states of Germany. Monsieur Gounou's *Telegraphic Dictionary* (for the aerial system) was pronounced, in the chamber of deputies, to be "the admiration of the most eminent men of science."

In the chamber of peers, on the 26th instant, in answer to a question about Tahiti, the minister of marine stated that the government intended to make of the group of islands a *strong maritime station*, and concentrate all its stores and *matériel* there. You observe that the *annexation* is complete.

Politicians of the first order here, who understand the European horizon in its aspects towards your Union and your republicanism, are astonished at the hesitation or delay of congress in authorizing the ten additional steam vessels of war.

June 30.

The discourse of the Archbishop of Cambray, at the celebration of the opening of the Northern railroad, is superlative for beauty of diction and enlightened liberality of spirit. I offer you a passage:

"Sound political economy triumphs on these occasions; it sees the diffusion of products and the equality of prices; so does philosophy, contemplating so potent and rapid a vehicle of intellectual light and civilizing sentiments. Religion, too, may well rejoice. Some men, indeed, sincerely

devoted to her cause, have seemed, on her account, to fear this new impetus to human activity, this universal contact of souls and ideas, as if a sensible deterioration of creeds and morals would inevitably result. Let me speak my whole mind on this topic. I do not share in such foreboding: of this I am profoundly convinced, that all the great discoveries which enlarge the old bounds and change the known relations between men belong primarily to the beneficent design and action of Providence, advancing as it does, at epochs marked by its wisdom, our poor humanity a step towards the goal fixed for us at the creation. The true origin of most of those discoveries is hidden in mysterious clouds of remote time: interrogate history for the name of the first inventor, and you remain without a certain response. It is God's secret. What, then, has religion, the daughter of Heaven, to dread from the works of Heaven? Can she admit that the divine author will contradict himself by exposing her to trials stronger than her divine constitution? If steam transports evil as well as good, falsehood as well as truth—if, as did the discoveries of printing and the new world, it should widen indefinitely the arena of the eternal battle between rationalism and faith—still, can we think victory doubtful? Has not God himself pledged his word—the truth of God shall remain forever: Wings are granted to the gospel, not less than to the doctrines called new. Light reaches our eyes by the same medium which the thunder and the storms wildly traverse."

We have various delineations of the new pope Pius IX., but not one quite authentic. Railroads he will admit; he clearly interprets—they say—the signs, and will gradually satisfy the exigencies of the time; his exterior corresponds to the dignity of his station and the amenity of his character.

According to letters from Rome, the new Pope is particularly well affected to France, and immediately manifested a predilection for the French envoy, Count Rossi—an Italian by the way, and late professor of political economy in Paris, in which department of knowledge his publications have repute. Our journals observe that the internal tranquillity of France even depends in a degree on papal action; not so much, however, as in the cases of Belgium, Poland, Spain, and Portugal. In no other community of the same numbers, has the Roman church more bitter enemies and fewer real votaries than here at Paris. The fact is that the papal power for secular objects, has materially declined over the world, and can scarcely commit very grave abuse or provoke distinct disorders in any country. The restraints of new origin and influence forbid its exorbitancy either at home or abroad. Every imperial reader of history will concede that, for many ages it was exercised more beneficially in the correction of evil and the performance of good—with more moderation, mildness, reason, decorum, and refinement—than what legal or laical rule soever.

At the deliberation of the peers respecting the forms of the trial of Lacomte, the assassin, the question emerged whether he could be permitted to wear his military insignia; Duke Pasquier observed that there was a precedent in the instance of Marshal Ney, who was not allowed to appear with them on his arraignment. The duke meant no slur probably on the memory of Ney, but the remark supplied the opposition, and in particular the revolutionary journals, with a rich topic of complaint, as if the

marshal and the infamous Lacomte had been studiously confounded. A son of Ney possesses a seat in the chamber of peers—the Prince de la Moskowa—as a tribute to the paternity. He yielded either to his own impulses of filial love and pride, or to the clamors of the press, and on the 19th instant passionately and at some length called the president to account for his reminiscence, and invoked the condign reprobation of the chamber. In the course of his speech he cried: "Does any one here avow participation in an act (the condemnation of his father) which the upright of all countries now stigmatize? If there be one sponsor, let him venture to rise, and I will yield him due credit, just notoriety, for the extraordinary proof of courage." Instantly, General Count de Castellane, a peer of military and political consequence, stood up: he had already claimed the tribune after the prince: a pause—much commotion—among the peers. The prince only observed that he did not know the trials which might await him in the chamber, and he then continued his main remonstrance. When he had finished, de Castellane, whose father, a general, had voted Ney guilty, entered the tribune, and attempted to speak. The *National's* account of what passed at this stage is not exaggerated. I extract a part of it for you:

"M. de Castellane had not ascended the steps of the tribune before there arose cries from all sides of the chamber of 'No, no!' 'The order of the day!' The president declared that M. de Castellane had received permission to speak, but numerous voices exclaimed 'He shall not have it.' He, however, though pale, was intrepid enough to speak. The storm increased, and raged on every bench. He opened his mouth, but the tumult extinguished his words. He made gestures, showing that he was determined to maintain the responsibility he had assumed in bravado. He was seen, but not heard. Nothing could be distinguished but a confused noise, such as the septuagenary vaults had never before given out. Amidst the rappings made with the paper knives upon the desks, the stamping of feet on the floor, and the vociferation of 'The order of the day,' three or four generals arose, and cried out in indignant terms, 'It is infamous!' One said, 'It is abominable!' 'Come down from the tribune!' 'Enough, enough!' 'Too much!' General Roguet, who was below us, could not resist his feelings; his eye flamed as if he were in battle; his old blood was up, and his voice as if in the midst of conflicting armies. We more than once thought he would rush forward as if mounting to the assault, and make a breach in the dress of his colleague. This extraordinary scene lasted more than ten minutes; all the dignity of the chamber was lost. During this time M. Pasquier stood behind M. de Castellane, now addressing himself to him, now appearing to be struck dumb by the tremendous explosion. He endeavored to obtain silence, but all his authority was gone; the chamber would not allow any one of its members to exhibit the scandalous attempt to show any adhesion, however remote, to the infamous deed of which it had been reminded."

The general published the next day all that he intended to express; he asserted the patriotic spirit and sense of duty which actuated his father, and his own readiness to abide all responsibility. Too many of the judges of Ney remain in the Chamber; and the subject of the judicial murder grates or probes too sorely and excitingly the na-

tional sensibilities to admit, as yet, of that serene retrospect, and that solemn *rehabilitation* which the marshal's descendants should one day or other demand and obtain. "The Republic," remarks a paragraphist, "murdered Louis XVI.:" the Empire, "the Duke D'Enghien; the Restoration, Michael Ney; these are three odious stains on our history: silence and resignation for the present are preferable to outcries. The Revolution of July, thank God, is free from such abominable reactions." The war in Algeria, however, remains and expands on the escutcheon of the July government; its horrors are so uniform and familiar, and so obscured, indeed, by national foibles and passions, that they are seen and felt by comparatively few of any class of Frenchmen. In the chamber of peers, yesterday afternoon, the bill of appropriations for Algeria induced a discussion of the case, highly creditable to some of the orators. Count Boissy, d'Anglas, General de Castellane, General de Cubieres, Baron Merilhou, denounced the fell *razzias* and the whole character and result of the hostilities. The first said: "Must the French nation, that was wont to protect the weak from the strong and practise magnanimity in the use of its superior might, must she, now, changed from her former self, under the sad influences of the policy of July, pursue, with fire and sword, the very same tribes to whom she proclaimed, when she reduced the city of Algiers, that she came not to conquer them, but to deliver them from the tyrants by whom they were oppressed." The second, de Castellane, said: "The *razzias* are a terrible and barbarous means: they cast immorality into the heart of the soldier; he fights and ravages on his own account; his officers are unable to restrain him in the multitude of enormities which he perpetrates before their eyes. If we had, with this system, two hundred instead of our present one hundred thousand troops, they would perish alike in the same gulf." He advised a viceroyalty in Algeria, in the person of one of the king's sons. Merilhou instituted a comparison or contrast between the processes of colonization and territorial acquisition in the United States and those in Algeria, vastly to the advantage of American legislation and practice. He recommended the formal incorporation of the *conquest* with France, that civil policy and guarantees might prevail. The Marquis de la Place contended that the French generals and troops were right and glorious in all their measures; that the hundred millions of francs spent annually, and the one hundred thousand men kept in Algeria, were matters of congratulation; they corrected the effects of a thirty years' peace on the French martial nature; he admired the patience, the forbearance of the army, considering the acts and dispositions of the Arabs! Villemain, the celebrated author and examiner of public instruction, handled the theme like a rival orator to the poet Lamartine, whose eloquent reprobation of the war I have already reported. Villemain regretted the late risings of the Arabs, but the repression of them fortified French domination. It was quite and specially *providential* that there was an Algeria so near to France, nearer than Carthage was to Rome, where France could soon found and accomplish what Roman energies and legions achieved only in the course of centuries. Any system must be good that consolidated French rule on the African soil: France must be powerful for the sake of *humanity* and civilization; the employment of military forces so

considerable was a *principle of humanity*; it caused revolt to despair; it precluded vain and frequent efforts at resistance; no formal incorporation was necessary; *extensions of territory were not decreed and proclaimed, they executed and consummated themselves*. Thus lectured the philosopher and professor; while generals, hardened in the field, and eminently qualified to decide on the nature and course of the war, honestly shuddered, and invoked the disgust, the frowns, and the shame of their brother peers. The havoc made with the rights, morals, and lives of the poor natives of Tahiti might also beget some shame and compunction. Marshal Bugeaud, in a late proclamation, reckons the number of Arabs, prisoners in France, at four or five thousand. In the official bulletins, Abd-el-Kader is styled *l'insaisissable*, the *unseizable*. One commander in pursuit reports that the Emir, though once a lion, is now only a fox to be tracked; another, that he was *nearly* caught on the first of this month. The Russians are preparing a new expedition against the mountaineers of the Caucasus. They have their Abd-el-Kader in Shamil, the Imaum. The recent and pregnant debates in the British parliament are margined for you in my copies of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*; but you are too heavily laden to accept a fresh burden. In the recess of Congress, you may be able to admit a general survey of the session of that body, and another of the British ministerial and parliamentary history since the autumn. Permit me to direct your glance at present only to the debates in the House of Lords on the customs' bill, and on the question of bonded corn, (22d instant,) in which are various references to American production, trade, and manufactures. Note Lord Dalhousie's exposition of the tariff reform system, and the subjoined matter quoted by Lord Monteaigle:

"The evidence of Messrs. Ashworth and Greg, two eminent manufacturers examined in the committee of their lordships' house up-stairs, fully explained the views entertained by the manufacturing interests of this country with respect to the effects of competition. That of Mr. Ashworth was as follows:

"Do the Americans run you hard? Yes. In many places they beat us. I believe in almost all parts of South America and the Brazils.

"Do you not think that if the protecting duty were taken off, you would be exposed to their competition seriously in our colonies? I do not know, nor do I care for that. I do not anticipate any injurious competition, or that the American people will ever become exporters of manufactures to an extent to do us serious harm. We are not afraid of them in any market in the world. We have nothing in our skill, we have nothing in our position or manufacture, to make us afraid of any country. We have railways, we have canals, we have river navigation, we have coal, we have iron, we have skill and industry; in fact we have every element to make cheap goods, and we rather challenge competition than otherwise."

The evidence of Mr. Greg was to the same purport:

"In coarse goods, from her water powers and the raw material, America has great natural advantages. She will beat us on her own soil; she will beat us on common ground, and probably will beat us in our own markets. But, when capital, skill, and labor come into large operation, as they do in the finer descriptions of goods, then we

shall beat America in this country, and in every common country in the world, and, if she opens her ports, in her own markets likewise. I think America and this country, will both be benefited by the exchange; we shall get a larger proportion of coarse goods, and she will get a larger proportion of fine goods; both will be able to get a larger proportion of what they want. Yet these gentlemen had been held up as authorities to show that the English manufacturers, under a system of free trade, would be beaten by the foreigners. Could there be a more extraordinary misapplication of evidence? [Hear, hear.]

PARIS, July 2, 1846.

La Revue des Deux Mondes, issued on the first instant, contains no political article of significance, but much interesting literary matter. According to its political chronicle at the end, the Anglo-Saxon race in our Union is destined to become a small minority of the population; the French in the South, the Irish spread everywhere, and "hating the native Americans," and the immense German emigration will absorb that race. Then will come the Mexican generations to cross the breed again; yet "the fusion of the various European nationalities is a singular-admirable fact," by which Providence must intend some glorious issue. If there be anything really wonderful, it is the assimilation of all the *nationalities* to the American type; the final predominance of the Anglo-Saxon nature, by which we see the formation of a national American spirit and unity beyond the mountains, upon which we may rely more than on the motley semi-foreign character of the seaboard. In the chronicle of the preceding number of the Review the military means and prowess of the United States are invidiously belittled, and they are cautioned against attempting to establish themselves now in California, lest they should not prove able to maintain their foothold against Europe.

A French traveller has contributed to *La Revue* thirty-two curious and engaging pages on the women and the slave-market of Grand Cairo. Whoever would learn what the bondage and general condition of the Fellahs, and what the government of Mehemet and Ibrahim are, must consult the new volume (*Egypt in 1845*) of Schœlcher, the philanthropist, who travelled to the East in order to determine whether there existed a slavery worse than that of the negroes in the western world. You shall have from me some account of its details and conclusions.

Honor seems to me due from all Americans to an octavo in French, beautifully printed, which I have just received from Brussels, with the title "*Enquiries into the Situation of Emigrants to the United States of America*," by Baron A. S. Ponthoz, first secretary of the Belgian legation at Washington. A notice of this fair, sensible, authoritative work, the fruit of personal investigation in an extensive well-chosen tour, and of truly humane and patriotic dispositions, which I read in a Belgian journal, induced me to enter the title some weeks ago in my memorandum-book. It entirely corresponds in modest desert and pertinent usefulness to the expectations which that favorable notice raised. It is not often that the leisure of diplomatic secretaries is so happily employed. Mr. Brantz Mayer set a good example in his *Mexico*.

A congress of savans is to be held on the 1st

September next at Marseilles. Among the themes propounded is this: "Had not Dante once the idea of composing the Divine comedy in *Roman Provençal*?" Thank God, he did not pursue the notion—without meaning to disparage that dialect or its poets.

Reinaud, of the Institute, has translated from the Arabic, and published in two small volumes, authentic and curious Arab and Persian travels in China in the ninth century. The *Anthropology* of Bossu—the Influence of the Passions on the Economical Order of Communities, by Villeneuve-Bargemont; Béchard's Abuse of Centralization in France; the Penitentiary System, by Dr. Fourcault; the Treatise of Medical Nosography, five octavos, by Bouillaud; the fourth and last volume of Pictet's Paleontology; the second royal octavo of the principal French Political Economists of the Eighteenth Century; the Report of the Royal Academy of Medicine on the Plague and Quarantines, large octavo; Baron Henrion's General History of the Catholic Missions, are among the new French publications, for the value of which I could undertake to vouch.

Louis Blanc, author of the History of the Government of July, which has passed through many editions, has in the press a History of the French Revolution, in ten volumes, to supersede or rival that of Mr. Thiers, of whom, certainly he does not fall very short in capacity or vogue. We have an octavo, entitled *Oregon*, a geographical, statistical, and political survey, with a map of the Pacific coasts, by Mr. Fedix, who explored British archives. It is quite a handsome volume—rather late. A few days ago the two extant volumes of the Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Dictionary of Spain, by Don Pascual Madoz, came within my ken at Baudry's establishment. The author is a distinguished man of letters and politician; the volumes (in Spanish) sustain the old renown of Madrid for beautiful typography.

The British ambassador, Lord Cowley, has just returned to this capital from a visit to London. His errand—according to the French press—was to vote for Sir Robert Peel's grand measure, and to consult with Lord Aberdeen, after conferences with Mr. Guizot, on the policy of Europe in regard to your Mexican war. The *Paris Sicle* of yesterday says: "Lord Aberdeen has returned to Paris to involve the French cabinet in a joint mediation. If this be refused, England will submit to the annexation of California, and perhaps of Yucatan, as she did to that of Texas." Some of our journalists decide that the necessity or extreme expediency of the incorporation of Texas is demonstrable by the very Mexican war and the Oregon settlement. The propositions of war made by the Mexican cabinet to their congress; the hostile proclamations of Mexican presidents and generals; the formation and march of invading armies; the attacks by the Mexicans on the Rio Grande—are all cited here, as complete exoneration of the Washington government from the charge of aggression. It is wondered how the British editors can venture to prefer this charge, immediately after their vindication of the government of British India in the case of the Sikh conflict, there being a singular parity of alleged circumstances. A journalist adds that the United States are so strong and advantageously situated that they may resolve to settle their own affairs on the American continent, without ever admitting or undergoing European mediation.

The ministry here have refused to license formally and entirely the new society or free-trade league; but they allow it to organize itself and transact business, provisionally. It would be recognized, were not the elections so near at hand. It has an able temporary bureau or committee, consisting of eminent savans, peers, deputies; professors and authors in political economy.

It is noted that Ibrahim Pacha receded from a tour in Ireland, when he had got to Belfast, notwithstanding O'Connell's fond interview with him of three quarters of an hour. The Liberator's antipathy to *slaveholding* disappeared in this instance.

Conformably to arrangements between the late pope and Czar Nicholas, the *status* of the Catholics in Russia is to be satisfactorily determined and secured. The Czar has appointed a committee, at St. Petersburg, to investigate their grievances, rights, and general situation; and one of the members is a Catholic. Nesselrode is the chairman; which is thought of the best augury. O'Connell may lose one of his favorite topics of invective against Nicholas.

Don Henry, the candidate the most popular in Spain for Queen Isabel's hand, has just dined at the Tuileries, after formal presentation by Martinez de la Rosa, the Gallico-Spanish representative. Don Henry is regarded as passing under the scrutiny of Louis Philippe—the Neapolitan match having become forlorn. We have another lion in the Duke of Soto-Mayor, ambassador for England, on furlough, son of the late Marquis of Casa Yrujo, and grandson of the late Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania. When his respectable uncle, of that state, a few months ago, called on him in London, he threw his arms about the relative's neck, and reminded him endearingly of the sports of his childhood in Philadelphia.

The public schools maintained by the state, the departments, and the townships in France are more than forty-two thousand. There are seventeen thousand private schools. The aggregate of pupils is about three millions. The budget for primary education is nearly two and a half millions of francs.

Both chambers have agreed to the appropriation of three hundred thousand francs for the publication, under ministerial auspices, of the work of Botta and Flandin, on the remains discovered on the site of the ancient Nineveh. It was reported, and chiefly advocated in the chamber of deputies, by the Jewish deputy and lawyer, Cremieux, who said: "Luckily, this is a matter of rivalry between France and England; British consuls and artists have been digging, and are preparing a similar work: you cannot refuse." The argument prevailed at once.

I know not to whom I am beholden for the sketch of the Life, Character, and Writings of the late John Pickering, of Salem, contained in the Boston Daily Advertiser of the 10th June. For me it was both welcome and melancholy; I honored the whole being of Mr. Pickering, and my duty will not be fulfilled until the sketch has passed into the hands of some member of the French Institute, by whom it may be used for that body. America possessed few such scholars; his productions and name are of high repute and authority in this meridian. The learned world that appreciated the savant should know what the man was—how worthy of equal esteem and regret. It is only a few months since I received

from him letters which indicated confidence in the accomplishment of new labors in philology, the branch of science in which Europe could hardly signalize a superior to a Pickering, within her numberless circles of learning and authorship.

The main paper of the latest bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society is the report of the distinguished committee of five, on the annual prize for the most important discovery in geography. The committee restrict themselves to the enterprises and labors executed or terminated in 1843. They record several very useful expeditions and works. A liberal paragraph is bestowed on Lieutenant Fremont's performances, and Mr. Jonah Gregg's excursions are described. Nor is Mr. Thomas Falconer forgotten. Particular mention is made of Schomburgk's exploratory travels in British Guiana; M. de Wrede's and those of Captain Haines in Arabia; Don J. de Garay's examination of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; and of the travels of Theophilus Lefebvre and Dr. Beke in Abyssinia, between whom the annual prize of the academy is divided. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Portuguese had great influence and considerable factories in Abyssinia. There existed then a great number of Christian churches, dating from the fourth century. Their creed was, in substance, the Roman Catholic, with some difference of rites akin to those of the Greek church. The same religion subsists in a certain number of towns and other inhabited places; it is held sacred so far as to render them inviolable.

Mr. Rochet is thanked for having brought from the kingdom of Choa a considerable quantity of the plant *Brayera anthelmintica*, which most efficaciously expels the *tape-worm*. At Montpellier, Toulon, and even in Paris, the tea-plant has prospered, to the delight of the Royal Society of Agriculture. The traveller Hellert's accounts of the geography of the Isthmus of Darien are commemorated as precious and exact. A member of the French mission to China contributes to this bulletin a minute description of the island of Basilan, the largest of the Solo or Holo groupe, and he represents it to be superior in soil, climate, products, and commercial facilities to any other of the Archipelago. The London Morning Chronicle of the 26th ultimo dwells on the value, for Great Britain, of the island of Labuan, as a naval station or harbor of refuge. You may accept the first paragraph of the Chronicle's article of alarm:

"Events appear at length to be assuming a character in the Indian Archipelago which must command the attention of the British government. Every maritime power is actively at work there but ourselves. The Americans, hitherto, may perhaps be said to be only on the look-out; but the Dutch, whose position gives them many advantages, are proceeding with the utmost vigor and energy to appropriate to themselves all the commanding points, whether for commerce or for political influence. Their projected expedition against Bali will, if successful, give them an undoubted ascendancy over a rich and fertile island, containing at least one million of inhabitants, and supplying the materials of a most lucrative trade. Other encroachments, still further east, are secretly contemplated by them—we mean against the native chiefs, who have neither injured nor molested them."

Viscount Victor Hugo pronounced a magnificent exhortation to the government to endeavor at once to repair and arrest the ravages of the seas on the French coasts, especially northward and in the channel. They are changing, with grievous damage, the whole configuration. Banks, houses, villages are washed away. Here and there a lonely church shows only the steeple and upper windows. From the mouth of the Somme to that of the Seine, the devastation is dreadful. Havre and other ports, Dieppe above all, may soon be ruinously invaded. The fishermen are driven off. A peer wished to know how the Mediterranean could be prevented from receding, as it does, from the French shores; as the ocean from Newfoundland. Within the ten years past the French government has appropriated about a hundred and fifty-six millions of francs to the improvement (*amelioration*) of the maritime ports.

Of the proceedings on Thursday, the most interesting part was, first, a harangue of one of the bureaux of the Free Trade Society, on the wisdom of a revision and modification of the French tariffs, in which I mark these sentences: "Remember the admirable preambles to the ordinances of our kings on liberty of trade in grain. That of 1774, which embraces all the elements of the great doctrines of Adam Smith, preceded by two years the first publication of his work, the *Wealth of Nations*, that has served as a text for the repeal of the British corn laws. Gentlemen, let us restore to our country what belongs to her; let no one of her glories expire by non-assertion." The other important contribution to the debate was from the Baron de Bourgoing, Minister of France for one of the German kingdoms, who related how the troops for the suppression of the Polish insurgents were sent by the railroads, proving the facility of conveying any number of all arms, with the utmost despatch. Seven hundred infantry were placed in twenty-three cars in five minutes, and travelled six leagues the hour.

July 4.

Enclosed are eight pages, *de omnibus rebus*, written at Versailles, yesterday and the day before, in my early morning leisure. At this moment the weather is too hot for the preparation of a formal epistle. What remains in my note-book of historical and political interest you shall have by the steamer of the 19th instant. Let me offer you the compliments of the glorious anniversary. Our country has never had stronger motive or simpler reason to rejoice in its independence and growth. The Americans in this capital are, I believe, all satisfied with the terms of the Oregon convention. The Paris writers decide that our government has achieved, on the whole, a capital bargain. All the London organs profess to be more or less content. The Paris papers of this morning furnish no comments on American matters. I must except the *Siecle*, which repeats that Lord Cowley returned in all haste from London to arrange a joint mediation in behalf of Mexico. As Russia has considerable interests on the Pacific coast, she is solicited to unite in guarantying the Mexican territory. If the Czar should consent, Mr. Guizot will adhere, and the three powers then proclaim a European concert for the maintenance of the American equipoise. No disquisition yet in the Debats on the Oregon adjustment. The British and French cabinets are understood to have grown sick of the La Plata mediation, and to rely on the

mission of Mr. Hood for a compromise. The crops of every description in France are likely to be excellent. Nothing fresh from the new pope. Portugal a chaos; Spain, volcanic; Germany, progressive; Poland, subdued; Switzerland, distracted; Italy, quiet, though discontent. Sir Robert Peel has left an arduous programme for his successors.

THE case of Count Léon against the Countess de Luxbourg was heard again by the civil tribunal of the Seine. The circumstances of this case must be fresh in the memory of most of our readers. It may not be amiss, however, to briefly retrace some of the leading points. Count Léon is the reputed son of Napoleon by the Countess de Luxbourg, formerly Mme. Denuelle de la Plaigne. He was provided for and educated by direction of the late emperor, and a considerable sum of money was invested to create an annual income for his support. The count, having expended his property, applied to his reputed mother for the means of subsistence, and, not meeting with success, he brought an action against her to compel her to allow him 6,000fr. annually. This has been resisted chiefly on the ground that there was no proof of his being the son of the countess. The count, therefore, has since brought forward a number of documents to show that he is the son of Napoleon, and that the Countess de Luxbourg is really his mother. Amongst the papers produced by M. Crémieux, his counsel, was a letter written to the count in 1845, by the Prince Canino, brother of the Emperor Napoleon, in which he speaks of the count as his relation, with an enclosure, being a letter of recommendation from the prince to a female cousin, in which he calls the count his nephew. The court declared that the defendant was the mother of the plaintiff, and adjudged her to make him a provision of 4,000fr. *pendente lite*, reserving the question of 6,000fr. per annum demanded by the count.

THE Minister of the Marine, convinced of the advantages of the galvanization of iron, has ordered a 20-gun brig and another vessel, now being built of iron at Brest, to be subjected to this process.

A LETTER from Vienna states that M. Negrelli, inspector-in-chief of railways, was to set out in a few days to examine the line marked down by the engineer for the Great Gallician Railway, which is to be commenced in the spring. Its length is to be about 350 English miles.

THE coronation of Oscar I. and his consort Eugenia, daughter of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, as King and Queen of Norway, is fixed to be held on the 15th October next, on which occasion the Storting will be convoked.

THE quarantine question will be seriously discussed among the other important inquiries to be entered upon at the meeting of the Scientific Congress of Italy.

THE Chambers of Commerce are about to be called upon to examine the propriety and advantages of establishing a French factory at Canton, with branch offices of agency at Macao, Manilla, and Java.

THE *France* says: "We are able to state that, in September next, there will be a meeting of the three sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, at Vienna."

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

ARAGO ON THE WEATHER.

Is it possible, in the present state of our knowledge, to foretell what Weather it will be at a given time and place? Have we reason, at all events, to expect that this problem will one day be solved? By M. ARAGO, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, &c. &c.

ENGAGED as I am, both from inclination and duty, in meteorological studies, I have often asked myself if we should ever be able, by a reference to astronomical considerations, to determine, a year in advance, what shall be the state, in a given place, of the annual temperature, the temperature of each month, the quantities of rain compared with the ordinary mean, the prevailing winds, &c.

I have already laid before the readers of the *Annuaire* the results of the investigations undertaken by natural philosophers and astronomers, regarding the influence of the moon and of comets on the changes of the weather. These results clearly show, in my opinion, that the influences of both these bodies are almost insensible, and, therefore, that the prediction of the weather can never be a branch of *astronomy, properly so called*. And yet our satellite and comets have, at all periods, been considered as preponderating stars in meteorology.

Since the publication of these opinions, I have regarded the problem in another aspect. I have considered whether the operations of man, and occurrences which will always remain beyond the range of our foresight, might not be of such a nature as to modify climates accidentally, and in a very sensible manner, in particular with regard to temperature. I already perceive that facts will answer in the affirmative. I should have wished, however, not to publish this result till after I had finished my investigations; but I must frankly own, that I wished to have an opportunity of *protesting decidedly against the predictions which have every year been attributed to me, both in France and in other countries*. Never has a word escaped my lips, either in private or in the course which I have delivered for upwards of thirty years; never has a line published with my consent, authorized any one to imagine it to be my opinion that it is possible, in the present state of our knowledge, to announce, with any degree of certainty, what weather it will be a year, a month, a week, I shall even add, a single day, in advance. May the indignation I have felt at seeing a multitude of *ridiculous predictions* appear under my name, not constrain me, by the force of reaction, to give an exaggerated degree of importance to the disturbing causes I have enumerated! At present, I believe that I am in a condition to deduce from my investigations the important result which I now announce; *Whatever may be the progress of sciences, NEVER will observers who are trust-worthy, and careful of their reputation, venture to foretell the state of the weather.**

* This explicit declaration may give me a right to expect that I shall no longer be compelled to play the part of Nostradamus or Mathew Laensberg; but I am far

I repeat, that the readers of the *Annuaire* ought not to expect to find here a complete investigation of the problem which I have taken up. My sole intention is to lay before them a few facts, which, taken in connexion with those which I shall analyze in a second notice, appear to me to lead to this conclusion.

BETWEEN WHAT LIMITS THE MEAN TEMPERATURES OF YEARS AND MONTHS VARY IN OUR CLIMATES.

The meteorological state of a given place, is much less variable than those would be led to believe who judge of it by their personal sensations, by vague recollections, or the condition of the crops. Thus, at Paris, the mean temperature of years ranges within very narrow limits.

The annual mean temperature of Paris, from 1806 to 1826 inclusive, has been $+10^{\circ}8$ centigrade, ($54^{\circ}4$ Fabr.) The *greatest* of 21 annual means does not exceed the general mean by more than $1^{\circ}3$, ($2^{\circ}3$ F.); the *lowest* of the mean annual temperatures has been found below the general mean only by $1^{\circ}4$, ($2^{\circ}5$ F.) As far as relates to *mean annual temperatures*, systematic meteorologists have, therefore, no need of foresight to predict only slight perturbations. The causes of disturbance will satisfy all the phenomena, if they can produce, more or less, $1^{\circ}5$ of centigrade variation, ($2^{\circ}7$ F.)

It is not the same with regard to the months. The differences between the general means and the partial means extend, in January and December, to 4 and 5 centigrade degrees, (7° to 9° F.)

from indulging in any illusion on this subject. Hundreds of persons who have gone through a regular course of university studies, will not fail, in 1846, as they had done on former occasions, to ply me with such questions as the following, which it is truly pitiable to hear in the present day: Will the winter be severe? Think you that we shall have a warm summer, a humid autumn? This is a very long and destructive drought; do you think it is near an end? People think that the April moon will produce great mischief this season—what is your opinion? &c. &c. In spite of the little confidence I have in predictions, I affirm that in this case the event will not deceive me. Nay, for some years past have I not been put to a still severer proof? Has not a work been published, entitled "*Lectures on Astronomy, delivered at the Observatory by M. Arago, collected by one of his Pupils*?" I have protested a dozen times against this work; I have shown that it swarms with inconceivable errors; that it is beneath all criticism whenever the author ceases to employ his scissors on the notices of the *Annuaire*, and is reduced to the necessity of drawing a few lines from his own resources. Vain efforts! These pretended Lectures on Astronomy at the Observatory have, however, reached no less than a fourth edition. The laws have made no provision against what I shall call this *scientific calumny*. What must be done when the law is silent? Submit with resignation? A sensitiveness which will not appear surprising to any who have seen the book in question, will not allow me to be satisfied with resignation. My position having become intolerable, I have made up my mind to publish myself the Lectures which have been so outrageously disfigured. Since it has become necessary, I shall abandon for a time the plans for original investigations which I had formed, and devote the time I wished to employ in delicate experiments, fitted to illustrate points of the science still enveloped in great obscurity, to the preparation of a work intended to popularize astronomy. May this work be in some degree useful.

In consequence of these variations, if we compare the extreme temperatures of each month with the mean or normal temperatures of all the rest, we shall find :—

That the month of *January* is sometimes as temperate as the mean of the month of *March*.

That the month of *February* sometimes resembles the mean second fortnight of *April*, or the mean first fortnight of *January*.

That the month of *March* sometimes resembles the mean of the month of *April*, or the mean of the second fortnight of *January*.

That the month of *April* never reaches the temperature of the month of *May*.

That the month of *May* is pretty frequently, in the mean, warmer than certain months of *June*.

That the month of *June* is sometimes, in the mean, warmer than certain months of *July*.

That the month of *July* is sometimes, in the mean, warmer than certain months of *August*.

That the month of *August* is sometimes, in the mean, slightly colder than certain months of *September*.

That the month of *September* is sometimes, in the mean, colder than certain months of *October*.

That the month of *October* may be, in the mean, nearly 3° (5°·4 F.) colder than certain months of *November*.

That the month of *November* may be, in the mean, about 5°·5 (about 10° F.) colder than the warmest months of *December*.

That the month of *December* may be, in the mean, 7° (12°·6 F.) colder than the month of *January*.

DISTURBING CAUSES OF TERRESTRIAL TEMPERATURE WHICH CANNOT BE FORESEEN.

The atmosphere which, on a given day, rests upon the sea, becomes in a short time, in mean latitudes, the atmosphere of continents, chiefly from the prevalence of westerly winds. The atmosphere derives its temperature, in a great measure, from that of the solid or liquid bodies which it envelops. Everything, therefore, which modifies the normal temperature of the sea, produces, sooner or later, perturbations in the temperature of continental atmospheres. Are those causes, which may sensibly modify the temperature of a considerable portion of the ocean, placed forever beyond the foresight of man? This problem is closely connected with the meteorological question I have undertaken to consider. Let us endeavor to find the solution of it.

No one can doubt that the *ice-fields* of the Arctic pole—the immense frozen seas—exert a marked influence on the climates of Europe. In order to appreciate in numbers the importance of this influence, it would be necessary to take into account at once the extent and position of these fields; but these two elements are so variable that they cannot be brought under any certain rule.

The eastern coast of Greenland was in former times accessible and well peopled. All of a sudden an impenetrable barrier of ice interposed itself between it and Europe. For many ages Greenland could not be visited. About the year 1815 this ice underwent an extraordinary breaking up, became scattered in a southerly direction, and left the coast free for many degrees of latitude. Who could ever predict that such a dislocation of the fields of ice would take place in such a year rather than in another?

The floating ice which ought to act most on our

climates, is that known by the English name of *icebergs*. These mountains of ice come from the *glaciers*, properly so called, of Spitzbergen or the shores of Baffin's Bay. They detach themselves from the general mass, with a noise like that of thunder, when the waves have undermined their base, and when the rapid congelation of rain-water in their fissures produces a sufficient expansion to move these huge masses and push them forward. Such causes, and such effects, will always remain beyond the range of human foresight.

Those who remember the recommendations which the guides never fail to give upon approaching certain walls of ice, and the huge masses of snow placed upon the inclined ridges of the Alps; those who have not forgotten that, according to the affirmations of these experienced men, the report of a pistol, or even a mere shout, may produce frightful catastrophes, will agree in the opinion I have just expressed.

Icebergs often descend without melting, even to pretty low latitudes. They sometimes cover immense spaces; we may therefore suppose that they sensibly disturb the temperature of certain zones of the oceanic temperature, and then, by means of communication, the temperature of islands and continents. A few instances of this will not be out of place.

On the 4th October, 1817, in the Atlantic Ocean, 46° 30' north latitude, Captain Beaufort fell in with icebergs advancing southwards.

On the 19th January, 1818, on the west of Greenspond, in Newfoundland, Captain Daymont met with floating islands. On the following day, the vessel was so beset with ice that no outlet could be seen even from the top-masts. The ice, for the most part, rose about 14 English feet above the water. The vessel was carried southwards in this manner for twenty-nine days. It disengaged itself in 44° 37' latitude, 120 leagues east of Cape Race. During this singular imprisonment, Captain Daymont noticed upwards of a hundred icebergs.

On the 23rd March, 1818, in 41° 50' north latitude, 53° 13' longitude west of Paris, Captain Vivian felt, during the whole day, an excessively cold wind blowing from the north, which led him to suppose that ice was approaching. And, in fact, on the following day, he saw a *multitude* of floating islands, which occupied a space of upwards of seven leagues. "Many of these islands," says he, "were from 200 to 250 English feet high above the water."

The brig *Funchal*, from Greenock, met with *fields of ice* on two different occasions, in her passage from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Scotland; first on the 17th January, 1818, at the distance of six leagues from the port she had left; and afterwards, in the same month, in latitude 47° 30'. The first field was upwards of three leagues broad, and its limit in a northern direction could not be seen. The second, likewise very extensive, had an immense iceberg in its centre.

On the 30th March, 1818, a sloop of war, *The Fly*, passed between two large islands of floating ice in 42 degrees of north latitude.

On 2d April, 1818, Lieutenant Parry met with icebergs in 42° 20' of north latitude.

This year (1845) the English vessel *Rocheport* continued enclosed, at the end of April and beginning of May, for twenty-one consecutive days, in a mass of floating ice, which ran along the bank of Newfoundland, advancing to the south.

The sea is much less easily heated than the land, and that, in a great measure, because the water is diaphanous. Everything, therefore, which causes this diaphaneity to vary considerably, will produce sensible changes in the temperature of the sea, immediately after in the temperature of the oceanic atmosphere, and, somewhat later, in the temperature of the continental atmosphere. Do causes exist, independently of what science discovers to us, which may interfere with the transparency of the sea to a great extent? Let the following be my answer:—

Mr. Scoresby has shown, that, in northern regions, the sea sometimes assumes a very decided *olive-green* color; that this tint is owing to medusæ and other minute animalculæ; and that wherever the green color prevails the water possesses very little diaphaneity.

Mr. Scoresby occasionally met with green bands, which were from two to three degrees of latitude (60 to 80 leagues) in length, and from 10 to 15 leagues broad. The currents convey these bands from one region to another. We must suppose that these do not always exist; for Captain Phipps, in the account of his voyage to Spitzbergen, makes no mention of them.

As I have just stated, the green and opaque portions of the sea must become heated in a manner different from the diaphanous parts. This is a cause of variation in the temperature which can never be subjected to calculation. We can never know beforehand whether, in such and such a year, these countless myriads of animalculæ will be more or less prolific, and what will be the direction of their migration southwards.

The phosphorescence of the sea is owing to minute animals of the medusa kind. The phosphorescent regions occupy very large spaces—sometimes in one latitude, sometimes in another. Now, as the water of the phosphorescent spaces is quite turbid, and as its diaphaneity is almost entirely destroyed, it may become, by its abnormal heating, a cause of notable disturbance in the temperature of the oceanic and continental atmospheres. Who can foresee the intensity of this cause of thermic variation? who can ever know beforehand the place which it occupies?

Let us suppose the atmosphere immobile and perfectly clear. Let us suppose, moreover, that the soil has everywhere, in an equal degree, absorbing and emissive properties, and the same capacity for heat; we should then observe throughout the year, as the effect of solar action, a regular and uninterrupted series of increasing temperatures, and a corresponding series of decreasing temperatures. Each day would have its invariable temperature. *Under every determined parallel*, the days of the maximum and minimum of heat would be respectively the same.

This regular and hypothetical order is disturbed by the mobility of the atmosphere; by clouds more or less extensive, and more or less permanent; and by the diverse properties of the ground. Hence the elevations or depressions of the normal heat of days, months, and years. As disturbing causes do not act in the same way in every place, we may expect to see the primitive figures differently modified; to find comparative inequalities of temperature where, from the nature of things, the most perfect equality might have been looked for.

Nothing is better calculated to show the extent of these combined disturbing causes, than the comparison of *mean epochs*, indicating the maxima and

minima temperatures in different places. The following are some of these results:—

	Maximum.	Minimum.	
St. Gothard, (10 years.)	11th Aug.	24th Dec.	{ 51 and 3 days after the solstice.
Rome, (10 years.)	6th Aug.	8th Jan.	{ 46 and 18 days after the solstice.
Jena, (18 years.)	1st Aug.	3d Jan.	{ 41 and 14 days after the solstice.
Petersburg, (10 years.)	22d July.	8th Jan.	{ 31 and 18 days after the solstice.
Paris, (21 years.)	15th July.	14th Jan.	{ 25 and 25 days after the solstice.

These differences belong to the localities. But when concealed local circumstances exert so much influence, is it not natural to think that the modifications which they receive from the hand of man may sensibly alter, in the interval of a few years, the meteorological type of every town in Europe?

I have shown that local circumstances which are latent, or at least faintly characterized, may exert sensible and constant influences on the manner in which the maxima and minima of temperature are distributed in the year. When science shall be put in possession of exact and comparable meteorological observations, made *simultaneously* in different places; when these observations shall be scrupulously and judiciously digested, we shall very probably find that circumstances of locality will occupy a much more prominent place in science than natural philosophers seem now disposed to attribute to them. It would not be difficult for me, at this moment, to mention circumscribed districts which have completely escaped the severe colds to which the surrounding countries were subjected. The *Sables d'Olonne*, for example, and the neighboring districts, six leagues in circuit, formed, during the winter of 1763 and 1764, a kind of *thermal oasis*. The Loire was frozen near its mouth; an intense cold of -10 degrees centigrade (14° F.) interrupted all agricultural operations in the districts which the river traverses. In the *Sables* the weather was mild: this little canton escaped the frost.

The following is a still more extraordinary fact than the preceding, for it takes place every year.

There is in Siberia, M. Erman has informed us, *an entire district*, in which, during the winter, the sky is constantly clear, and where a single particle of snow never falls.

I am willing to overlook the perturbations of the terrestrial temperatures which may be connected with a *greater or less abundant emission of light or solar heat*, whether these variations of emission depend on the number of spots which are found *accidentally* scattered over the sun's surface, or whether they originate in some other unknown cause; but it is impossible for me not to draw the reader's attention to the obscurations to which our atmosphere is from time to time subject, without any assignable rule. These obscurations, by preventing the light and solar heat from reaching the earth, must disturb considerably the course of the seasons.

Our atmosphere is often occupied, over spaces of considerable extent, by substances which materially interfere with its transparency. These matters sometimes proceed from volcanoes in a state of eruption. Witness the immense column of ashes which, in the year 1812, after having been projected from the crater of the island St. Vincent to a great height, caused at mid-day a darkness like that of night in the island of Barbadoes.

These clouds of dust appear, from time to time

in regions where no volcano exists. Canada, in particular, is subject to such phenomena. In that country recourse has been had, for an explanation, to the burning of forests. The facts do not always appear to agree exactly with this supposition. Thus, on 16th October, 1785, at Quebec, clouds of such obscurity covered the sky, that it was impossible, even at noon, to see in what direction one was going. These clouds covered a space of 120 leagues in length by 80 broad. They seemed to come from Labrador, a country very thinly wooded; and they presented none of the characters of smoke.

On the 2d July, 1814, clouds similar to the above surrounded some vessels in the open sea on their way to the River St. Lawrence. The great obscurity lasted from the evening of the 2d till the afternoon of the 3d.

With regard to the object we have here in view, it is of little importance whether we ascribe these clouds, capable as they are of completely obstructing the solar rays, to the burning of forests and savannas, or to emanations from the earth. Their formation, and their arrival in a given place, will remain equally beyond the predictions of science; the variations of temperature, and meteors of every kind which may be caused by these clouds, will never be pointed out beforehand in our meteorological almanacs.

The accidental darkening of the air, in 1783, embraced so extensive a space, (from Lapland to Africa,) that it was ascribed to the matter belonging to the tail of a comet, which, it was alleged, had mingled with our atmosphere. It is out of the question to maintain that an accidental state of the atmosphere, which enabled us, for a period of nearly two months, to look at the sun at mid-day with the naked eye, was without influence on terrestrial temperatures.

Forests cannot fail to exercise a sensible influence on the temperature of the surrounding regions; because, for example, snow remains there for a much longer time than in the open country. The destruction of forests, therefore, ought to produce a modification in our climates.

In given instances, what is the precise influence of forests, estimated by the centigrade thermometer? The question is very complicated, and has not hitherto been solved.

In all very mountainous regions, the valleys are traversed by periodical diurnal breezes, particularly sensible in May, June, July, August, and September. These breezes ascend the valleys, from seven or eight o'clock in the morning to three or four in the afternoon, the time when they reach their greatest force, and from four o'clock to six or seven in the evening. For the most part they blow with the force of a decided wind, and sometimes with that of a violent wind; they must, therefore, exert a sensible influence on the climates of the countries which lie around these valleys.

What is the cause of these breezes? Everything concurs to show that the cause is to be found in the manner in which the solar rays warm the central mass whence these valleys radiate. Suppose this mass to be naked, then you have a certain effect; substitute tufted forests for arid rocks, and the phenomenon will assume another character, at least with regard to intensity.

This is one of the twenty ways in which the clearing of woods affects climates. Before putting his hand to the task of arranging his predictions,

the manufacturer of almanacs ought, therefore, to enter into a correspondence with all the wood-cutters of every country.

In North America, the interior of the continent does not enjoy, in the same latitudes, the same climate as the coasts. By the influence of lakes, this difference disappears with respect to all the points where the distance from these great masses of water is not considerable.

We must, therefore, expect that the drying up of a lake will modify the climate of the neighboring region; and that a vast inundation, arising from the unexpected rupture of a barrier, will produce for a time an opposite effect.

If any one should exclaim against me on seeing me register causes, each of which, taken by itself, does not seem capable of producing a very great effect, my reply would be—We have to consider an influence as a whole, and in every case the perturbations which it is our object to explain, are far from being so extensive as the *public supposes*.

According to Howard, the mean temperature of London exceeds that of the neighboring country, about a *centigrade degree* (1°·8 F.)

The difference between the two temperatures is not the same at all seasons.

ELECTRICITY.

We could not well avoid arranging electricity among the causes which have a striking influence on climatological phenomena. Let us go farther, and inquire whether the operations of man may disturb the electrical state of an entire country.

Clearing the wood from a mountain is the destruction of a number of lightning-conductors equal to the number of trees felled; it is the modification of the electrical state of an entire country; the accumulation of one of those elements indispensable to the formation of hail, in a locality where, previously, this element was dissipated by the silent and incessant action of the trees. On this point, observations support theoretical deductions.

According to a detailed statistical account, the losses occasioned by hail in the continental states of the king of Sardinia, from 1820 to 1828 inclusively, amount to the sum of *forty-six millions* of francs. Three provinces, those of *Val d'Aoste*, the *Vallée de Suze*, and *Haute Maurienne*, do not appear in these tables; they were not visited with hail storms. *The mountains of these three provinces are the best wooded.*

Of the warmest provinces, that of Genoa, the mountains of which are well covered, is scarcely ever visited by this meteor.

Atmospheric electricity gives rise to phenomena, which are immense from their extent. They seem, however, to owe their origin to causes purely local. Their propagation likewise takes place under circumscribed influences, in particular zones, and these sometimes rather narrow.

On the 13th July, 1788, in the morning, a hail-storm commenced in the *south of France*, traversed, in a few hours, the whole length of the kingdom, and thence extended to the low countries and Holland.

All the districts in France injured by the hail, were situated in two parallel bands, running south-west and north-east. One of these bands was 175 leagues long; the other about 200.

The mean breadth of the most western hail band was 4 leagues, the other only 2 leagues. On

the space between these two bands, rain only fell; its mean breadth was 5 leagues. The storm moved from the south to the north with a rapidity of about 16 leagues an hour.

The damage occasioned in France, in the 1039 parishes visited by the hail, appeared, from official inquiry, to amount to twenty-five millions (one million sterling.)

This, certainly, must be regarded as a considerable atmospheric commotion, whether we regard the material devastation it produced, or the influence which the displacement of the air, and the mass of hail deposited on the surface of two long and broad bands of country, must have exercised on the normal temperature of a great number of places. Could meteorologists, however skilled, have been able to foresee it?

The origin of the two bands was in the district of Anis, and in Saintonge. Why there, and not elsewhere? Why did not the storm commence at another point of the parallel of latitude, passing by its meridional extremities? Because, it will be answered, in Anis and in Saintonge, on the 13th July, 1789, the conditions of electricity and temperature were eminently favorable for the production of a hail-storm, and an accompanying hurricane directed from the south-south-west to the north-north-east. Admitted; but were not these thermal and electrical conditions favorable to the production of a storm, ultimately connected with agricultural operations, with the existence of such and such a mass of trees, with the state of irrigation, with circumstances varying according to the wants and caprice of men? With regard to temperature, no one can hesitate in his reply. In the other particular, the connection will appear not less evident if I bring to mind that evaporation is a fertile source of electricity, and that various natural philosophers have even included vegetation among the causes which generate this same fluid in the atmosphere.

If it be true, as has been alleged, that, in certain cases, the flame and smoke which issue from the mouth of a furnace, or from the chimney of a manufactory, may deprive the atmosphere of all electricity for many leagues around, the *prophets* in meteorology, will be placed in an additional difficulty. It will be necessary that they should know beforehand all the plans of the masters of forges and proprietors of manufactories.

According to all that we most certainly know respecting the physical cause of water-spouts, and according to M. Espy's theory, sometimes no more is necessary than an ascending current produced by the chimney of a manufactory, to give rise to one of these formidable meteors.

RAIN.

It is said to have been remarked in Italy, that, in proportion as rice-fields multiply, the annual quantity of rain has gradually increased, and that the number of rainy days has augmented in proportion.

Can it be imagined, that such circumstances as these can ever be taken into account, in the combinations of the almanac-manufacturers?

In the tropical regions of America, the natives regard repeated shocks of earthquake, as welcome precursors of fertilizing rains. Humboldt even relates, that violent shocks suddenly brought on the rainy season, a considerable time before the ordinary period.

It is not probable that the influence of earth-

quakes is exerted only in the vicinity of the equator. The power of predicting rain must, therefore, suppose an anticipatory knowledge of the number and strength of the shocks, which are to be felt in the region for which the *astrologer* works.

The following passage occurs in Bacon's works:—"Some historians allege that, at the time when Guyenne was still in the power of the English, the inhabitants of Bordeaux and the neighboring cantons made a request to the king of England, to induce him to prevent his subjects of the counties of Sussex and Hampton, from burning the heaths in the end of April, as they usually did; because they thereby gave rise, it was affirmed, to a wind which proved very hurtful to their vines."

I know not how far there were grounds for this request, as the distance of Bordeaux from the county of Sussex is very considerable; but I must not fail to mention, that natural philosophers are now disposed to assign a no less extraordinary part to conflagrations. In the United States, a well known philosopher, M. Espy, adopting the opinions prevalent among the natives of the new continent, from Canada to Paraguay, has recently proposed to produce, in times of drought, *artificial rains*, and his means of doing so is by kindling large fires.* In support of his scheme, M. Espy mentions the following:—

The opinion of the Indians of Paraguay, who, according to the report of the missionaries, set fire to vast savannas when their crops are threatened with drought, and allege that they thus produce even *storms accompanied with thunder*;

The opinion of the colonists of Louisiana, and the *success from time immemorial of burning the prairies* in that State;

The opinion of the population of Nova Scotia, respecting the consequences of burning forests;

The opinion and practice of the colonists of the districts of Delaware and Otsego, &c., &c.

M. Espy says, that he has assured himself, in various ways, that the climate of Manchester has undergone gradual and sensible modifications, in proportion as manufacturing industry has increased. Since that city has become, so to speak, a vast furnace, *it rains there more or less every day*. Those who pretend that the deterioration of the climate is not so considerable, assure us that it does not rain at Manchester more than *six days* in the seven!

Suppose these facts to be as averred. The predictions of rain, in a given place, will often be overturned by accidental fires, and by the fires of manufactories.

Space and time will not allow me to point out the multitude of local causes which may exercise a great influence on the direction and force of the wind. I shall discuss this delicate question in another notice. At present, I shall confine myself to a remark well-fitted to enlighten those who, from want of meteorological instruments, take for their guides the state of the crops and of vegetation. It may be expressed in the following formula.

* It has long been an opinion entertained by the peasantry in the south of Scotland (we know not whether the belief prevails elsewhere,) that *muir-burn*, or the burning, in the spring, of old heather and other plants, in order to produce a more tender and nutritious vegetation, a practice which was once very general, has a decided tendency to produce a change of weather, and to bring on rain.—*Ed.*

lary; the wind exercises a *direct action* on vegetables, often very injurious, and which ought to be carefully distinguished from climatological action. It is against this direct action, that curtains of wood, by forming a shelter, are especially useful.

The *direct influence* of the wind, on the phenomena of vegetation, is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the Isle of France. The south-east wind, very healthy both for men and animals, is, on the contrary, a perfect scourge to the trees. Fruit is never found on the branches directly exposed to this wind; none is to be found but on the opposite side. Other trees are modified even in their foliage; they have only half a head, the other has disappeared under the action of the wind. Orange and citron trees become superb in the woods. In the plain, and where they are without shelter, they always continue weak and crooked.*

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

On the Surface of the Moon. By Captain ROZET.

M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT has already been enabled, by means of the beautiful selenographic delineations of Lohrmann, and of Beer and Mädler, to make some very remarkable comparisons between the forms presented by certain portions of the mountainous masses of the earth, and the annular openings of the surface of our satellite.

During the summer of 1844, one of my friends having directed my attention to the circular forms of nearly the whole of the variations of the lunar surface, I have devoted myself since that time to the study of the phenomena presented by these variations of surface, having, at the same time, called in the aid of the beautiful German maps, and of various works already published on the subject.

The contours of all the great greyish spaces which, for a very long time, have been termed *Seas*, although it is known with certainty that they cannot be masses of water, are formed by arcs of circles which intersect one another. The number of arcs sometimes amounts to two, rarely to one *mare crisium*. These contours present circular escarpments which seem perpendicular, but the inclination of many of which is 45 degrees. The matter composing them appears to be swelled up, and their height often exceeds 4000 metres (upwards of 13,000 English feet.) In the interior of the seas we remark annular openings or perfect rings, whose diameter amounts to 10 myriametres (upwards of 60 English miles,) and the height of whose terminal ridge is 4000 metres. Several of them have a peak in the centre, which is a little less elevated than the edges of the ring.

The large grey spots cover a great portion of the northern, eastern, and western regions of the disc, and leave in its southern part a brilliant space, covered with an infinity of rings of all dimensions. These rings are simple and isolated, complex, or united together, two and two, three and three, &c. When they touch one another, the contours are always rendered imperfect; and it is generally the smaller one which encroaches on the larger. In the interior of the large rings there are almost always present smaller ones, which cut the edges when they touch them. The bottom of the rings seems to be flat, but that bot-

tom often presents elevated portions, arranged in arcs of circles parallel to the external ridge; so that the rings would seem to have been formed at the surface of a fluid mass on which scoræ were floating, by means of a circular undulation, whose amplitude went on diminishing.

The bottom of the great spots, such as the *mare serenitatis*, &c., exhibits the same characters. Simple spots are also to be noticed, or portions having no projection, but whose circular forms are well marked. It cannot, therefore, be called in question, that a general cause, producing these circular forms, has had an immense influence in the formation of the solid crust of our satellite. We can perfectly account for all the facts now enumerated, by supposing a number of whirlpools in the fluid matter, whose amplitude diminished with the fluidity of that matter. Nothing is to be seen on the surface of the moon which reminds us of our chains of mountains with their lateral branches, or of our great valleys with their numerous ramifications, &c. We see, indeed, many well marked fissures, as, for example, at the bottom of the *mare vaporum*; but these fissures are simple; several diverge from one centre, as in Tycho, Copernicus, Kepler, &c., and form radiating cracks, analogous to those in Von Buch's craters of *souletement*, but much more considerable. One of the fissures of Tycho traverses the moon diametrically. A continued study of the various portions of the moon, under all inclinations of the solar rays, enables us to recognize two layers which are quite distinct, but two layers only;—the bottom of the great greyish spaces, which is also that of the rings; and a scoraceous crust, elevated above that bottom to a height which has been measured at a great number of points. These measurements have afforded me the means of calculating the thickness of this crust, and I found that the mean is 642 metres (2106 English feet.)

From all the facts I have ascertained, and from all the deductions to which these facts have led me, I think I may draw the following conclusions:—

1. The lunar globe has originally been in a state of fusion, and has been gradually cooled.

2. During the formation of the external scoraceous pellicle, there existed in the mass whirlpools or circular movements, which, driving the scoræ from the centre to the circumference, formed annular ridges, by the accumulation of those scoræ at the limit of the undulation. When several whirlpools occurred in such circumstances, that the distance of the centres, taken two and two, was less than the sum of the radii, there resulted an enclosed space, bounded by arcs of circles. When the distance of two centres was greater than the sum of the radii, two complete rings were formed.

3. The amplitude of the whirlpools diminished with the fluidity of the surface, but the phenomenon continued throughout the whole duration of the process of consolidation.

4. The mode of formation which we assign to the lunar rings, altogether excludes the idea of craters resembling those of our volcanoes.

5. The surface of our satellite being thus consolidated, no solid or liquid layer coming from the exterior was subsequently deposited upon it; for, otherwise, the small rings and the fissures would have disappeared. The perfect preservation of all these variations in external configuration, shows that no liquid has ever existed in considerable quantity, either at the surface, or even in the atmosphere of the moon.

* *Annuaire pour l'an 1846.*

6 After the complete consolidation of the external envelope, the matter which remained fluid in the interior acted upon that envelope, and fractured it, often giving rise to large radiating cracks. At that epoch, the solid crust must have already been very thick, because the fissures are of large dimensions.

7. As no liquid, in any considerable quantity, has ever existed on the surface of the moon, or in its atmosphere, it results that no organized beings, similar to those of the earth, can ever have lived there; and if that planet, as is pretty generally admitted, has no atmosphere, it can possess no beings in whose organization liquids form a part, and we cannot conceive of organic beings without liquids.

8. Lastly, from the whole of my investigations, there results the following important fact, viz., that the surface of the moon permits us to see all the phenomena of its consolidation, and the traces of the revolutions which it has undergone. On our earth these phenomena are almost all concealed by aqueous deposits; but various regions, in which rocks resulting from fusion have remained uncovered, present forms very analogous to those exhibited by the surface of the moon. It is probable that, if the terrestrial surface were stripped of the seas, and of all the sedimentary deposits which cover it, annular forms would predominate. The same may be said in regard to all the planets of our system; for the circular undulations of matter in a state of fusion, seem to me to be a consequence of the movements inherent in the different bodies, which, by becoming agglomerated round great centres of attraction, have formed those planets.*

POLICY OF THE NEW POPE.

THE Paris journals are unanimous in the expression of their satisfaction at the elevation of Cardinal Mustai Ferrette to the holy see. His election was, it appears, unanimous, and this fact is taken as a proof that the holy conclave were so far impressed with the state of Italy as to deem it prudent not to lose time in the appointment of a successor to Pope Gregory, and so to cut off all pretext for intrigues, both of foreign powers and of discontented parties. The Pope is a man of only fifty-four years of age, and passes for a man of moderately liberal opinions; strong hopes are therefore entertained of his wisdom and firm disposition, and his situation will at once require the exercise of both. He will have to deal with the long promised reforms in the administration of legations. The acute and active Baron Rossi is now clothed with ambassadorial functions, and France, so often twitted for her abandonment of Ancona, will, in accordance with her now settled policy, seek to obtain by firm and persevering negotiation that which she used to seek for by armed menace. Hence it was that Austria and France looked very eagerly to the proceedings of the holy conclave, and France already asserts loudly that, so far, her interests have triumphed. Nor do the interests of France stop there; she is indirectly interested in the settlement of the Spanish negotiation, and directly interested in the consideration of the effect to be produced upon her own clergy by the example of the new pontiff.

*The above is an extract from a memoir which has very lately been referred by the French Academy of Sciences to a committee, consisting of Messrs. Arago, Elie de Beaumont, and Liouville.—*Comptes Rendus*, vol. xxii.

Much has been done by the existing government to win over the clergy to the reigning dynasty, and done successfully, but much remains to be accomplished. The French clergy have never heartily accepted the revolution of July. Even the Archbishop of Paris, who owes his elevation to his once professed liberalism, cannot withhold the pleasure afforded by congratulatory occasions of saying disagreeable things. But with Miguelism, Carlism, and old Bourbonism, the sympathies of the clergy are still shared. A young pope, well disposed towards France, and willing to take lessons from her in regard to his own civil government, is therefore hailed; nor can he be insensible of the fact that his own place as a ruler is rendered, as it were, more respectable by taking his place beside the constitutional thrones of the west in harmonious equality, influencing to a considerable degree their position and their policy, and thus regaining a good deal of lost ground. The late pope was ready, or, at least, was believed to be ready, to beckon on Austrian bayonets; Spain he helped to keep in a state of ferment by haggling for the price of the queen's recognition, and thus exposing the throne to the suspicion of factions. His horror of the French University was only equalled by his hatred of the abominations of steam; and thus the peace of the world was in the hands of a weak, bigoted old man. Whether there was to be interference in Italy, revolution in Spain, or troubles in France, depended upon the conduct of Gregory; and this state of uncertainty is changed by the accession of Pius IX.—so it is believed, and so we hope.—*London Herald*.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE ISRAELITES.

OUR European excerpts offer some interesting paragraphs as to those children of destiny, the Hebrews, once certainly what we seem to take ourselves for—a chosen people. The favor which was extended to them in religion is ours, it appears, in politics; with only this difference, that while they could forfeit it, we cannot.

The fortunes of this singular people, however of special appointment, may also, no doubt, be in part referred to those natural causes by which Providence works in other cases. Examining their position with the eye of a politician, one sees that, placed in the very highway of conquest between the great empires of the old world, which early formed themselves on the Euphrates and the Nile, they were sure to be trampled over, as now the Egyptians and now the Assyrians or Medes went forth, by way of Syria, to "conquer a peace" in Babylon or in Memphis, or to extract some indemnity from weaker powers, or to settle some disputed boundary. So placed, the subjugation and final breaking up of the Jewish nation could scarcely fail to come about, as soon as the assisting hand of Heaven was withdrawn.

As of their military position, so of their commercial, in the great route of trade between the east and the west—between the head of the Mediterranean and the great gulfs that led to India. Thus they early became a nation of traders; and since their dispersion, aliens everywhere, they have everywhere retained their habits of traffic. The Christian Armenians, who have succeeded to their position, have almost equally succeeded to their habits.

At last, a wise monarchy—that of Prussia—has

begun to look upon the body of this people within its states as having the same claim as any other part of its subjects to be dealt with in the manner which shall benefit them the most; and Prussia has set on foot for them a measure which strikes us as likely to accomplish a great change in the condition and character of the large Jewish population spread over that part of her territory which Frederick the Great wrested from Poland. The following paragraphs describe this measure and its progress:

"A letter from Posen, of the 15th, states that a philanthropic society, composed of Christians and Jews, has been formed in that city for the purpose of purchasing lands and establishing farms for the instruction in agriculture of the poorer young Jews of the Grand Duchy, and thus lead them to prefer the occupations of farmers to those of pedlars and publicans, which are at present the employments of most of them, and which has greatly contributed to keep up the animosity of the lower orders of Posen against the Jews. The king has not only given his sanction to the society, but has declared that, if it desired it, his government should let to it several large portions of the crown domains at very low rents.

"A letter from Breslau of the 27th ultimo states: 'The efforts of the Society for establishing Jewish colonies in Silesia, so as to encourage the Jews to cultivate the land instead of leading the wandering life of pedlars, have been crowned with success. Already 1,564 Jewish families of some renown have purchased land in the colonies in question, and cattle and horses requisite to cultivate it; each of these families has subscribed one hundred dollars to form a fund for relieving poor settlers. Numerous applications have been made by Jewish families to be admitted as settlers, and the society has determined on taking advantage of the offer of the King of Prussia to make over to them certain domains of the state in Silesia at a moderate price. Each colony is to consist of from twenty to thirty families, under the direction of a man well versed in rural economy.'"

Russia, however, seems by no means to profit by this wise example. Probably she still preserves that wise idea of the middle ages, that the Jews killed Christian children in order to use their flesh in certain ceremonies.

"A St. Petersburg letter of the 22d states that all foreign Jews, including *those of Poland* now residing in Russia, have been ordered to quit within three months, and in future no foreign Jew can reside in Russia without a special permission."

We find in another place the following agreeable notice of the wife of him whom Byron celebrates:*

* Who hold the balance of the world? Who reign
O'er congress, whether royalist or liberal?
Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain,
That make old Europe's journals squeak and gibber
all?
Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain
Or pleasure? Who make politics run glibber all?
The shade of Bonaparte's noble daring?
Jew Rothschild and his fellow Christian, Baring.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte

Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan

Is not a merely speculative hit,

But seats a nation or upsets a throne.

Republics also get involved a bit;

Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown

On 'Change; and even thy silver soil, Peru,

Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

"THE JEWS' STREET IN FRANKFORT.—In the Jews' street at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the midst of Gothic façades, black copings, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance of singular cheerfulness and freshness. The brass on the door is polished; the curtains of the windows are as white as snow; and the staircase (an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter) is always dry and shining. The traveller who, from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before this neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, 'Who is that venerable old lady, seated in a large arm-chair, behind the little shining squares of the window on the first story?' This is the reply every Frankforter will make: 'In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named M. A. Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a good fortune, and a numerous family; and when he died the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the modest dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children.' Continued prosperity has attended the sons of the pious and modest widow. Their name is become European, and their wealth proverbial. They inhabit sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfort. But their mother, persevering in her admirable modesty, has not quitted her comparatively humble house, where they come to visit *her* with respect and reverence, and discharge their duties in memory of their estimable father—thus presenting bright examples for the present time.—*Hebrew Tales*."

Finally, without by any means embracing either the opinion of "Young England" that all the great men in the world are Israelites, or that of "Young America" that tillage is everything in a nation, we are nevertheless well convinced that a people cannot flourish, or hardly subsist as a political society, that shall long exclude any one of the great arts of utility. The first of these, and that which extricates man from a state of barbarism, is the regular cultivation of the earth; and next, as the means of a further progress, must come the practice of the handicrafts that supply the comforts of life. They who confine themselves to the former can make little advance even in it: and they who employ themselves only in the secondary arts can never form a society; for that must comprehend them all. And in this lies one of the chief mistakes of the philosophers of free trade, the economists; who hold that commerce (by which they understand one sort only, foreign) is the great and invariable policy of nations: so that their only business is to buy wherever they can buy cheapest. As a question of the instant's gain, this is of course entirely true; but it is false in every permanent sense. For the real interest of a nation is, as we have intimated, not to limit itself to a single and a simple pursuit, availing itself only, through the exchangeable surplus produced in that, of the progress of the arts among other nations, but as fast as it can to domesticate them all, by fostering them; for which purpose, it must forego, for a time, the temporary advantage of the cheapest exchanges.

From the *Athenæum*.

Peru: Sketches of Travels in the Years 1838-1842.—[*Peru. Reiseskizzen u. s. w.*] By J. J. VON TSCHUDI. 2 vols. St. Gallen, Scheitlin und Zollikofer. London, Williams & Norgate.

THE writer of these volumes is well known in Germany by his contributions to Peruvian zoology. In his preface, he disclaims the intention of adding to the list of "romances of travel;" and, accordingly, writes more of Peru than of himself, giving notices rather of the beasts, birds and fishes of the country than of the breakfasts he consumed there. Yet, his devotion to scientific pursuits did not entirely withdraw his attention from the social circumstances of the Peruvians; of which he gives a portraiture on the whole unfavorable, but too true. In this part of his work there is little novelty; for life in Peru is but a copy of life in Mexico—having all the low and sordid features of Spanish colonization. A mind disposed towards a hopeless view of human affairs may find motives for such a tendency in South America. Over all its splendid natural scenery man's errors have cast their shadows. The memorials here and there scattered of the Incas' dominion, and the equally melancholy relics of a transitory civilization produced by the schemes of the Jesuits—the low and stationary condition of society among the Spaniards and Creoles of Lima—the mines of natural wealth doing so little for man's elevation—the various tribes of degraded Indians whose chief solace is found in the narcotic cocoa-plant—all furnish sad observations for the mind disposed to dream of man as he ought to be.

Our author devotes, we think, too much of his space to Lima; with which preceding travellers have made us well acquainted. Here are some of his observations on the fair Limanese:—

"The fair Limeña rises at a late hour, dresses her hair with jasmine and orange-flowers, and waits for breakfast. After this, she receives her visitors and pays her visits. During the heat of the day her solace is a swing in her hammock, or a cigar. After dinner, she visits her friends; and the day is concluded in the theatre, the great square, or on the bridge. But few ladies employ themselves in needlework or netting, though some are very expert in these arts. In society such work is never introduced—happy city, where we may meet with ladies *not* knitting stockings! * * The pride with which the ladies of Lima cherish their tiny feet can hardly be exaggerated. Whether they walk, or stand, or swing in the hammock, or recline on the sofa, their principal care is to keep their pretty feet in view. No praise of their virtue, their intelligence, or even their beauty, will flatter them so sweetly as a commendation of their delicate feet. A great foot (*patata inglesa*—'an English paw,' as they say) is their horror. I once heard the praises of a fair European from some ladies in Lima; but they ended with the words, *pero que pie! valgame Dios! parece una lancha*!—'but what a foot! Heavens! 't is like a great boat!'—yet the foot in question would have been reckoned of a moderate size in Europe. * * At a certain age, the ladies of Lima generally make a great change in their mode of life. Their bloom is gone, and they no longer charm; or, satiated with the pleasures of an unchastened life, they leave the world, devote themselves to religion, and become so-called '*Beatas*.' They

must attend church twice or thrice daily; confess, at least, once in the week; retire for penance during passion-week; send delicate luxuries to their confessor, or a calash to carry him when he is not disposed to walk; and in many other ways expose their sanctity as a spectacle. This seeming piety, far removed from everything like a sincere devotion, is so much more disgusting as it is generally accompanied by a bitter and uncharitable humor. These devout ladies, having renounced all other pleasures, enjoy the more keenly the luxury of scandal—and turn their venomous stings against their neighbors; so that the '*Beatas*' may be reckoned the most dangerous class of society in Lima."

Of all the inhabitants of Lima, according to our author's observations, the lowest are the free negroes; and he seems disposed to ascribe their faults rather to their organization than to their circumstances. But what can be expected of the lower classes, where the higher can find no better recreation than brutal bull-fights—patronized in Lima, as in the Sierra, on a scale of cruelty far exceeding that of Madrid? It is well known that the pleasantness of the climate of Lima is counterbalanced by the frequency of its earthquakes; and the very transitory moral effects of these most awful of nature's outbreaks might furnish a good hint to some who are disposed to exaggerate the use of fear as a moral influence. Deep-seated and rational veneration is a power widely different from the mere animal terror which may be excited by an earthquake or a thunder-storm.

But we must leave Lima: and notice our author's travels in the Peruvian Cordilleras and the Sierra. There is some indistinctness among geographers with regard to the Andes and the Cordilleras. In the time of the Incas, both these mountain-chains were called by one name, "*Ritisuyu*,"—meaning "the snow region." As the principal tribe of the old inhabitants of Peru had their dwellings along the base of the eastern chain, and explored its hoards of metal, our author conjectures that the name, Andes, took its rise from "*Anta*," the Guichua word for metal; and proposes that the western chain shall be distinguished as the Cordilleras. The Creoles of Peru, however, use the two names indiscriminately. Between these two lines of mountain-peaks lie vast and scarcely inhabited plains, at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea-level. These highlands of South America are styled, in the native language, the "*Puna*,"—meaning uninhabited parts. In some districts, the Puna extends as an unbroken plain from the Cordilleras to the Andes; in other parts, it is intersected with deep valleys—which, of course, enjoy a climate far warmer than that of the highlands. These valleys are termed by the Peruvians, "the Sierra;"—but it should be noticed, that the people of Lima give that name also to the whole interior of Peru. Whether the traveller contrasts these temperate valleys with the sultry coast, or with the bleak and inhospitable islands of Peru, he is equally charmed when he first beholds them—and readily adopts the expression of an old traveller (Bouguer,) who called the Sierra "an earthly paradise." The Puna, though bleak, and favored with but a scanty vegetation, is the abode of the principal quadrupeds of Peru—the llama and its relatives the alpaca, the huanacu, and the vicuna. Over these plains, and the peaks of the Andes, the condor hovers in search of its prey. Our traveller confirms the statements of

Humboldt and others—sadly toning down the old marvellous stories which tell of the size and power of this bird. The span of its extended wings sometimes reaches twelve feet. Its general food is carrion; though, when urged by hunger, it will seize the young of sheep, vicunas and llamas; but it cannot rise with a weight of more than eight or ten pounds. The huts of the Indians on the Puna are wretched and filthy; and there is nothing to repay the traveller who visits this lonely and drear region, save a scientific interest, or a delight in nature's wildest scenes. But when he has passed over the elevated plain of Bombon, and gains a glimpse of Cerro de Pasco, he feels that he is again approaching the abodes of civilization. It is but a sordid civilization, however: the love of silver has collected, in a dreary clime bordering on the eternal snow, the men of various nations—Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen, Swedes, Americans and Italians. The first glimpse of a considerable town in such a region is a pleasure and surprise; but little is found on a nearer approach, to please the eye. The beauty of the place is subterraneous—in its rich silver mines. Many a tale of wild speculation belongs to this remarkable town. Gambling is the favorite amusement. The Indians employed in the mines of Cerro de Pasco are among the most degraded inhabitants of Peru. Our traveller relates some stories of the faculty of secretiveness, as developed among these natives, who have been made the slaves of European rapacity. We cannot decide on the probability of these tales; but instances as striking are recorded of the Indians of Mexico:—

"The Indians have discovered that their silver-mines have made their condition rather worse than better. They determine, therefore, to keep secret their knowledge of some rich veins of silver not yet explored by Europeans. Traditions of these mines have been handed down, it is supposed, from father to son, through centuries. Even brandy, which will open the Indian's mouth on any other subject, fails in this case. A few years ago, there lived, in the large village of Huancayo, the brothers Don Jose and Don Pedro Irriarte—who were among the wealthiest mine-proprietors of Peru. As they had reason to suspect the existence of rich unexplored veins among the neighboring hills, they sent out a young man in their employ to examine the country, and use the likeliest means of discovery. Accordingly, he repaired to a village, where he found lodgings in the hut of an Indian shepherd—from whom he concealed his object. In the course of a few months, an attachment had grown up between the young adventurer and the shepherd's daughter; and, at last, the young man succeeded so far in his object as to win from the girl a promise that she would point out to him the mouth of a rich silver-mine. She directed him to follow her, at some distance, on a certain day when she should go out to tend her flock on the hills; and to notice where she dropped her 'manta,' (a woollen shawl.) There, she told him, he would find the entrance of the mine. The young agent obeyed her directions; and, after some digging, found his way into a moderately deep shaft, which led to a rich vein of silver. He was busily engaged in breaking off some specimens of the ore, when he was surprised by the old shepherd, who congratulated him on the discovery, and offered assistance. After working together for some hours, they rested; and the Indian offered to the young man a cup of *chicha*, which he drank.

Soon after drinking, he felt unwell; and, as a suspicion of being poisoned flashed upon his mind, he instantly packed the specimens of ore in his wallet, hastened back to the village, and thence rode to Huancayo. He had only time to explain his adventure to his employers, and point out, as well as he could, the locality of the mine; for he died in the night. Another exploring party was immediately sent into the neighborhood, but without success: the Indian and his family had vanished from the place, and no trace of the mine could be discovered."

Another story is the following:—

"A certain Franciscan monk, a passionate gambler, lived at Huancayo. By his friendly offices, he had become a favorite among the Indians, to whom he often applied when in want of money. One day, when he had suffered losses at the hazard-table, he begged of an Indian, who was his relative, to help him out of his poverty. The Indian promised assistance on the following evening; and arrived punctually at the appointed time, with a bag full of silver-ore for the monk. This process was repeated several times; until the still needy monk earnestly prayed that he might be favored with a view of the source from which his wants had been so often supplied. This request also was granted by the friendly relative: and, accordingly, on the appointed night, three Indians came to the house of the Franciscan—desired that he would allow them to bandage his eyes—and, he assenting, carried him away, on their shoulders, some miles among the mountains. There, they lifted him down—conducted him down a shaft of little depth—and displayed to him a rich and shining vein of silver. When he had amply feasted his sight, and had taken ore enough for his present necessities, his eyes were again bandaged, and he was carried home on the shoulders of his guides. On the road, he slyly untied his rosary; and dropped a bead here and there, that he might have a clue to the mine. Arrived at home, he lay down to rest, in the comfortable hope of exploring the path to wealth on the following day; but, in the course of about two hours, the Indian, his relative, came to the door, with his hands full of beads—'Father,' said he, as he gave them to the monk, 'you lost your rosary on the road!'"

A short extract from the traveller's journal will give some notion of the climate and character of the Puna:—

"I had now reached the high plain, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. On each side rose the peaks of the Cordilleras clothed in eternal ice—gigantic pyramids towering into the heavens. It seemed to me as if nature, on these snowy plains of the Cordilleras, breathed out her last breath. Here life and death met together; and I seemed to be arrived at the boundary-line between being and annihilation. On which side would my lot fall? I could not guess. How little life had the sun awakened around me; where the dull-green puna-grass, hardly the height of a finger, mingled its hue with the mountain glaciers! Yet here I saluted with pleasure, as old friends, the purple-blue *gentiana* and the brown *calceolaria*. * * As I rode further, life awakened in richer variety around me: animals and birds appeared—few in species, but rich in individuals. Herds of vicunas approached me—then fled away with the speed of the wind. I saw, in the distance, quiet troops of huanacas gazing suspiciously at me, and passing along. * * I had ridden on for several hours,

observing the varieties of life in this elevated plain, when I came upon a dead mule which had been left here by its driver to die of hunger and cold. As I approached the carcass, three condors rose from their repast; and hovered, for a while, in narrowing circles round my head, as if threatening punishment for the interruption. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and I had ridden on a gradual ascent since the break of day. My panting mule slackened his pace, and seemed unwilling to toil up an elevation which lay in my route. I dismounted; and, to relieve the beast and exercise my limbs, began walking at a rapid pace. But, in a short time, the rarity of the air began to be felt; and I experienced an oppressive sensation which I had never known before. I stood still, that I might breathe more freely; but there was no support in the thin air. I tried to walk; but an indescribable distress compelled me to halt again. My heart throbbed audibly against my side; my breathing was short and interrupted; a world's load seemed laid upon my chest; my lips were blue and parched, and the small vessels of my eyelids were bursting. Then, my senses were leaving me: I could neither see, hear, nor feel distinctly; a grey mist was floating before my eyes—tinged, at times, with red, when the blood gathered on my eyelids. In short, I felt myself involved in that strife between life and death, which I had before imagined in surrounding nature. My head became giddy, and I was compelled to lie down. If all the riches of the world or the glories of heaven had been but a hundred feet higher, I could not have stretched out my hand towards them. I lay in this half-senseless condition for some time—until rest had so far restored me that I could mount my mule. One of the Puna storms now suddenly gathered, and the snow began to fall heavily. The sun looked out at intervals—but only for a moment. My mule could scarcely wade through the increasing snow. Night was coming on; I had lost all feeling in my feet, and could hardly hold the reins in my benumbed fingers. I was about to yield myself up for lost, when I observed an overhanging rock sheltering a cave. I hastened to explore the spot—and found there a shelter from the wind. I unsaddled the mule, and made a bed of my cloak and trappings. After tying the animal to a stone, I appeased my hunger with roasted maize and cheese, and lay down to sleep. But scarcely had my eyes closed, when an intolerable burning pain in my eyelids awakened me. There was no more hope of sleep. The hours of the night seemed endless. When I reckoned that day must be breaking, I opened my eyes, and discovered all the misery of my situation. A human corpse had served as my pillow. Shuddering, I hastened out of the cave, to saddle my mule and leave this dismal place; but the good beast was lying dead upon the ground;—in his hunger, he had eaten, as it appeared, the poisonous *garbancillo*. Poor beast! he had shared some hard adventures with me. I turned again towards the cave. The sun had risen upon this frozen world; and, encouraged by signs of light and life around me, I ventured to inspect the body of my lifeless companion. It was the corpse of a half-Indian; and several deadly wounds in the head explained that he had been murdered by the slings of Indian robbers, who had taken away his clothes. I seized my gun, and shot a mountain hare—which served for breakfast; then waited for help. It was near

noon when I heard a monotonous, short cry, now and then breaking the stillness. Recognizing the tones, I mounted on the nearest point of rock; and, looking down, discovered the two Indian llama-drivers whom I had met on the previous day. I hastened to them; and persuaded them, by the gift of a little tobacco, to leave one of their llamas with me, to carry my baggage."

The people of the Sierra are noted for hospitality and some other peculiarities. The least favorable feature in their disposition is their love of carousals—where brandy flows too freely for anything like "the feast of reason." The superstitious burlesque of Christianity among the Indians—of which our author gives an account that we should hardly dare to quote—is of the same nature with the performances of the Mexican Indians. Among the least profane of their grotesque theatricals, is the following custom:—

"On Palm Sunday, an image of Christ, seated upon an ass, and followed by the foal, is led through the town. The Indians strew palm-branches in the way; and fight with each other for the honor of spreading their garments to be trodden upon by the ass. The creature is destined to this service from its birth—and must never bear any other burden. It is, indeed, almost esteemed holy, and styled the '*Burra de Nuestro Señor*.' I have seen such favored animals, in some villages, so fat that they could scarcely walk."

The writer devotes a chapter to describe the lonely, Crusoe-like, mode of life which the naturalist must lead when he explores the vast forests of Peru. He gives, too, a long account of the universal use of the coca-plant among the Indians: and, strange to say, recommends the use of this powerful narcotic, as a relief for severe toil and hunger, to European seamen engaged in such services as the Arctic Expedition.

As in many German books of travels, we notice an occasional want of conciseness and precision:—but the volumes are interesting, and contain useful contributions towards the natural history of Peru.

From the Britannia.

GEORGE CANNING.

THE name of the late Right Honorable George Canning has been so prominently brought forward in the late debates, that we are induced to give a sketch, with some of our personal recollections, of that distinguished statesman. A new generation has sprung up since his time; a new policy has superseded the old; new men fill up the position which he and his contemporaries maintained; and, as the most striking distinction of the whole, a new spirit, impulse, and power have been infused into the people, which, already producing many changes, menace the production of more, of a fierce character, of a more headlong career, and of more irreparable evil. (When the history of the fifty years which have just closed over us shall come to be written by some one worthy of the task, Canning will probably be represented as the last figure of the old system, and as the first of the new; standing on the boundary which divides the government by an aristocracy from the government by a populace, and exhibiting the original graces of his early political association combined with the energies essential to eminence as a leader of the people.)

Of all the crimes of man, there is none more un-

pardonable with an old aristocracy than humility of origin. To the latest hour of his career George Canning was called an adventurer. This stigma he retorted in the most effectual style, by the exhibition of talents which they were compelled to praise, and by the possession of power which they were rejoiced to share. Still, even by the populace, he was called an adventurer. But to them he had other modes of appeal. He answered the charge with easy scorn, with indignant ridicule, or with stern contempt.—“Me, an adventurer!” “well, so be it! To such a charge I am willing to plead guilty. I came before you to be your representative. I am one of the people, and I am only the fitter to be your representative. I came to you relying on no other claims than those of character. I look to neither patrician patronage nor party recommendation. Is it in this free country, in this nation, whose boast, and it can have none nobler, is, that the road of honor is open to every man, that I am to apologize for being born in a private station? If—to depend wholly on the people as their representative—if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than public confidence—if this is to be an adventurer, I plead guilty to the charge. I would not exchange those feelings and that situation to have an ancestry of a hundred generations.”

Those were manly sentiments. Yet the birth of Canning was from a line of gentlemen; and, though he might not reckon the peerage in his genealogy, he had blood in his veins that ascended to the fourteenth century.

The father was a barrister, the son of a family of fortune in Ireland. By falling in love “without his father’s permission,” he alienated his Irish connection, and came to live by his pen in England, his principal dependence being on a wretched annuity of £150 a year. He wrote poetry with some vigor, and political pamphlets with some success. But the French proverb is true. “Il n’y a que bonheur, et malheur.” Ill luck lay on him, and no man, let his abilities be however brilliant, ever broke that spell. All his plans served only to prolong the struggle; he sank year by year. The prefatory lines to an edition of his poems in 1767 contain some expressions of this feeling which it is painful to read even at this distance of time.

They are addressed to a friend his old preceptor:—

“Formed by thy care to hopes of simplest praise,
Taught to pursue the best and safest ways;
The paths to honor, riches, and renown,
How have I fallen beneath fell fortune’s frown!
Hard, if all hope were dead, all spirit gone,
And every prospect closed—at thirty-one.”

In the midst of his difficulties he married. His celebrated son was born on the 11th of April, 1770. But he was now dying, and, on the 11th of April, 1771, the anniversary of his son’s birth, he closed the long and cheerless labor of his existence.

Those are the examples which make us shrink at the abuse of wealth. There must have been many a man of wealth acquainted with the difficulties of this struggling and suffering man. Yet there does not appear to have been a single helping hand put forth to save him from ruin. What was it to them if a being of genius, of accomplishment, and intellectual industry perished before

their eyes? They had other employment for their tens and fifty thousands a year. The rent of an opera box, the purchase of a ring, the price of a racer, might have rescued him from the bitterness of solitude and despair. But he was suffered to sink and die.

The same spirit of sullen apathy and haughty selfishness subsists at this hour. The man will give £500 for his portrait, or £5,000 for a picture to hang in his gallery, who would not give 5s. to lighten the difficulties even of all the genius of the globe. Every object of vanity or folly, of paltry pride or abortive ambition, has its price, and the price is readily paid; but there the account is closed with mankind. There is no habit which calls more powerfully for reform than the apathy of rank and opulence!

George Canning, after receiving the rudiments of education at a school in the neighborhood of Winchester, was sent to Eton, where he joined a boy debating club, was a contributor to a boy periodical paper, and wrote verses of the usual boyish calibre.

Eton has the reputation of making the fortunes of poor students by forming connections with the rich. But Canning’s Etonian intercourse fell among a singularly lacklustre generation. No name of any future distinction is mentioned among them, except those of Ellis and Frere. Even they were twinkling lights, and were soon extinguished in the glow of public life. But in Christ Church, Oxford, he found associations of higher value. Jenkinson, (afterwards Lord Liverpool,) Sturges Bourne, Lords Holland, Grenville, Carlisle, and others of the same rank, all intended for public life, were students of his college; and his graceful scholarship, and still more graceful manners, gained him at once general respect and general popularity.

An initiation of this order naturally led to a life of politics. In those days there were whigs and tories. They are no more. The parties are gone, and the names are almost as obsolete as the parties. The simple object of both was power. The parliamentary contests had lost all their reality since the American war. Public men played their game in parliament almost as exclusively as in the clubs of St. James’ street. Clever men made clever speeches. Fox, once in every three months, charged Pitt with his early propensities to reform, and Pitt as often charged Fox with the scandalous flexibility of the coalition. The public amused themselves with both, stood by as at a match in a fencing school, numbered the hits given and received, and, when both performers were wearied, quietly saw them change their costume, lay by their foils, and walk away from the place of exhibition. And this “passage of arms” they called the noblest privilege of British liberty.

But other times and things were at hand. In a period of the most profound peace known in Europe for a hundred years—in a scene of European progress unexampled since the revival of European knowledge—the age of barbarism seemed suddenly to have returned. If Europe had been instantly overspread with the swamps and forests of the sixth century, and those swamps and forests pouring out a savage invasion of the wolf and the panther by millions, the consternation could not have been more universal, or the resistance more hopeless. The continent was devastated at once. The masters of its thrones either fled or perished,

and the supremacy of brute force seemed to be the destiny of all nations. But the sea was the barrier of England, and she preserved her soil unravaged.

We can now glance back in safety on this period, and see the infinite blunders committed by the most renowned statesmanship, the marvellous shallowness of the most profound political sagacity, the measureless ignorance of the most experienced, and, above all, the astonishing escapes which we had from utter ruin. But terror sobers the vanity even of politicians. The whigs were startled at their own extravagances, and dared play their antics no more; public council, forced by the hazards of the crisis to grow serious, became rational and real. The question was no longer how to displace the minister, but how to preserve the empire. The public would endure the artistical dexterity of the masters of rhetoric no more, and disputation gave way to the demand for national wisdom. The whigs, already reduced to the skeleton of a party, sank from the public eye, and no one dreamed of either exhuming the remains or invoking the spirit. Pitt, in unquestioned power, was now the natural refuge of the state, and every man of opposition who had either property to protect or principle to maintain took refuge under his shadow.

It was at this time that George Canning came into public life. There is a romantic story that Pitt, struck with his talents, sent for him, inquired his political tastes, and proposed to bring him into parliament. But the story belongs to Arcadia more than to Downing-street. No English minister ever selects his young performers like a ballet-master, from their display at a rehearsal. Pitt was the last man to submit to the trouble of temptation, or to the chance of a refusal; and Canning, though never capable of being charged with a dishonorable passion for place, was never destitute of that quickness of vision which sees future office in present zeal, or that niceness of tact which at once discovers on which side of the parliamentary field the soil promises to be most productive. Still, an introducer was necessary, and he could not have a more effective one than his honest and heavy friend Jenkinson.

This son of old Lord Liverpool had been born for office. Every sinew and bone of his frame was long before paid for by the public. With him, if parliament was purgatory, Downing-street was paradise. To do his duty behind his desk—and he did it faithfully—to make an appointed speech once a month, and no man could do it with more toilsome sincerity, and to receive his handsome salary four times a year, and his punctuality in this point was never denied—formed the outline of his political history. And such is the memorable effect of perseverance, that his rise was as uninterrupted as it was unnoticed. The country became so much accustomed to see him in office that it felt no surprise when it at length saw him in the premiership; and there, alike unmoved and unassailed, he remained for eleven years, and would probably have remained for ten times the number if disease or nature had not prohibited his ministerial perpetuity.

Canning had been a whig. Every showy schoolboy is at heart a whig, as every rational man is at heart a Tory. He had been patted on the head when in petticoats by Fox; and had tried on his first principles under the helping hand of

Sheridan; but Fox living on a subscription, and Sheridan living on nothing, might have awakened a hermit to the barrenness of opposition; and Canning, with all the ardor of genius and of proselytism, devoted himself to Downing street forever.

Still it would be injustice to his memory, as well as to a great cause, to doubt that he had taken the side of personal honor and political wisdom. There is now no longer any attempt to defend the rebellion of France. There never was any doubt of its guilt in the mind of any honest man. It was an insurrection against more than the French monarchy; it was an insurrection against all government, against all human rights, against all property, all order, and all principle. If the eye of man could embody the invisible things of that world of darkness from which the evil of the earth is administered, it would have seen in the ascent of that spirit of overthrow a new enemy commissioned to visit human crime with new suffering and new sorrow. While Jacobinism struck the unfortunate king from his throne, and usurped it with a diadem of fire, and the axe for a sceptre, it commenced a reign of havoc in France by a manifesto of havoc to the continent. Once in possession of Europe, it would have been in possession of the world. All property would have been a prey, all life a sacrifice, all religion a fable, all morals a mockery, until some fearful interposition of the great Disposer of man and his destinies vindicated his own providence, and turned the globe into a dungeon or a grave.

Times like those may come again. France is not the only country which may be frenzied by the rabble. It is only wisdom to be prepared against the coming trial, and the noblest preparation is to be found in the voices that still speak from the dust of memorable men. No one will suspect Grattan of a passion for the prerogative. Yet what was the language of this great political prophet in 1795?—

“The speech from the throne goes to three objects—the preservation of Europe, the harmony of the present generation, and the education of the future. We cannot debate the causes of the war; we deliberate on the danger of Europe, and our own. Do not depreciate so much your danger, or your preëminence, as to imagine that you are no more concerned in the evils of the times than to read the *Gazette* which relates them, nor forget that you have raised your head too high on the globe not to encounter the storm. If the continent shall belong to France—if all the coast, from Holland to Brest, shall belong to France—this island (Ireland) must sink to the bottom of the ocean.”

He follows up the view of French physical power by the exposition of the greater peril of her principles:—

“A strip of land, a barren island, a remote and uncultivated tract, the speculation of the produce of a waste, or the vision of a punctilio of honor, do not now, as once, kindle Europe to arms. It is Europe herself and her islands that are at stake—princes, potentates, her orders and degrees, the creature and the Creator. It follows that the present object of the war is not, because it cannot be, to interfere with the internal government of France. It is to prevent her interference with every realm and government, by arms, intrigues, and money—by land and by sea—in consequence

of her great successes, and in pursuance of her elementary decree, passed as a principle, withdrawn as an expedient, but acted on as a maxim."

In a succeeding passage, whose metaphorical richness only increases its logical force and its historic conviction, this great speaker depicts the republican "freedom" of France:—

"As little does the present state of the war attack the liberty of France. I wish that she had liberty, I wish that there was anything in her internal situation that promised liberty to herself or security to Europe. No nation, perhaps, understands liberty better than yourself. But did you, in your struggles, ever imagine such a species of liberty? Her liberty is death, and her state bedlam, where the sceptre is broken into ten thousand scorpions, in the hands of ten thousand maniacs, scourging one another for offences only to be exceeded by the barbarity with which they are punished. The principles of such a revolution, the active nature of its framers, the natural genius of the people, the hopes of acquisition and the love of intrigue, the doctrine which they promulgate and the alarms which they give, find or make an enemy of the rest of Europe. *Such a revolution must be a war!*"

This was the language of a man who saw the truth and had the honesty to speak it. It had been already uttered by the great minister of England. It was now echoed all round the horizon. Fox committed the infinite folly of denying that it was the voice of the people, and was instantly confuted by seeing himself left alone. His character changed from the victorious leader of the aristocracy into the baffled tempter of the populace; living only to show into what political abandonment false principles might throw the most powerful head of the most powerful party, and exiled from power until his great rival was in the grave.

The accession of Canning to the minister was important at the time. The war languished. The animation of the first conflicts had passed away. The pressure of a defence which embraced all Europe was painfully felt. The war had begun to be a war of protocols and pamphlets, and opinion took the place of arms. Canning's dexterity of wit and elegance of scholarship were incomparably fitted for this state of things. The laugh had hitherto been on the side of the whigs. To their utter astonishment they found themselves suddenly assailed by a pungency keener than their own, plied with an activity to which their satire was tardy and languid. The weekly journal, the "Anti-jacobin," was projected by Canning. His easy pleasantry was invigorated by his knowledge of public life; his classic epigrams were pointed by an intimacy with individual character; and his natural elegance of style cut deep without the offence of personal coarseness. The pen in his hand performed less the office of the stiletto than of the sting of some insect, floating on brilliant wings, lightly touching but keenly felt, and leaving the mark of its puncture long behind. The laugh was now against the whigs. The Rolliad was flung by as too heavy for the livelier fashion of the time; and the grave severities of its laborious caricatures were thrown into the dust of the library, while the slight but speaking outlines of "The Anti-jacobin" were the sport of every high-bred table.

But Canning was now to be occupied in efforts of a higher rank. The difficulties of the war

thickened. Ireland had revolted, and been coerced only by force of arms; the channel fleet had mutinied; the revolutionary clubs began to hold more menacing language. The people grew weary of a war, which gave them no subject of national triumph, nor even stimulated their public spirit by casual defeat. All that was not complaint was lassitude. At length Pitt yielded to the cry for peace. A negotiation was begun with France. Its fate might have been easily foretold. For when did a republic ever stop with the prospect of triumph before it? Lord Malmesbury, on whose tomb might be written for his whole history, "A diplomatist who never succeeded," was the negotiator. His fate was to fail. The French demanded conditions which were meant to make the war perpetual, or to bring England on her knees. Tierney, the whig organ, made a motion actually pronouncing the hopelessness of fighting for the cause of Europe, the irrevocable triumph of France, and the necessity of English submission. The speech sealed the fate of the whigs. Canning rose, and, by appealing to the natural manliness of the nation, swept his antagonist from the field. He pointed out the infinite treachery which had rewarded all confidence in the republic; the calamities of its alliance, the plunder, the misery, the insults which followed in its track; and then demanded whether England was to sheath the sword simply to receive the yoke of France—whether she was to give up in the beginning of the contest all that could be exacted from her in the last extremity of ruin, or to surrender the last hope of the recovery of Europe, while she retained all her original strength, while the war had been to her only a succession of victories, and while the indignation of mankind was only awaiting the opportunity of a magnanimous revenge.

From this period he was regarded as the most conspicuous man of the senate, excepting Pitt and Fox; his progress was predicted, and the highest employments of the state seemed only to await the work of time. But nothing is more fallible than the prediction which decides on the fortunes of politicians. It was not till twenty-six years after this period that he attained the natural object of his ambition—the premiership. In the interval he had held various high offices, and, among the rest, that of foreign secretary. Yet it is from this point of his history that those who desire to respect his memory would most willingly be silent. After a life of hostility to whiggism, he allied himself to the whigs; after the most contemptuous exposure of their follies, their fictions, and their perfidy, he restored their fallen party as recruits to his cabinet. The eloquent denouncer of Fox, he imitated his example in a coalition. And for all these unhappy sacrifices he enjoyed the premiership, from the 12th of April to the 30th of August, 1827—four months and a half of mental pain and political trial, which probably hurried this brilliant spirit to his grave. He died at the age of fifty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of Pitt's tomb.

Canning's true destination was parliament. He was an admirable debater, clear, keen, and dextrous. His claims to the higher rank of an orator are more doubtful. We look in vain for those noble bursts of feeling, those raptures of magnificent thought, and that power of rich and original illustration which form the essentials of the great orator. His style, blameless, polished, and exhibiting unwearying refinement, wants the noblest

attribute of eloquence—force; often delighting the hearer, he seldom charms the reader; and we find in his finest efforts but little that speaks to the imagination, and nothing that subdues the heart. He has left us none of those passages which chain the reader to the page, impress the involuntary recollection, and give a spontaneous elevation to the mind.

Canning was a poet, but his poetry was slight and occasional. He wrote with the taste of an educated mind; but he seldom soared beyond *vers de société*. When he attempted higher flights he failed, and his poem of "New Morality" only exhibits the preciseness of Pope without his wit, and the heaviness of Dryden without his power.

But it is remarkable, though not uncharacteristic, in the busy and ambitious life of office, that perhaps no minister since Walpole exhibited so little of ministerial protection or public patronage to literature. Campbell the poet's pension of £200 a year, a scandalous dole for a man of genius, was the gift of Addington. Scott's patronage was the act of the prince. But, in a period of singularly vigorous authorship, the most accomplished member of the cabinet seems to have looked on, meanly insensible to the delight of fostering early ability, heartlessly unmoved by the difficulties of a life of authorship, and unwisely neglectful of the honors which a well-employed patronage reflects on the nation. An under clerk in his office palpably had more merit in his eyes than the whole authorship of England. He might have been an illustrious promoter of national literature; but he did nothing, and thus threw away one of the noblest securities against oblivion.

From the Britannia.

IBRAHIM PASHA IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

THE Egyptian prince has been since our last publication engaged in a tour through the manufacturing districts, where, as in his visits to the public institutions of the metropolis, his attention has been chiefly directed to the useful and practical. We are told that he seemed struck with wonder and admiration as he passed from one to another of the gigantic workshops, frequently exclaiming that he was no longer surprised at the greatness of a country that possessed such machinery and powers of production. It is expected that he will return to London in about a week. A grand review is said to be in contemplation for his entertainment; and he will be taken to see Woolwich, and other metropolitan lions with which he has not yet made acquaintance.

On Saturday, before his departure for Birmingham, Ibrahim visited the Horticultural Society's gardens at Chiswick, where he displayed his usual inquisitiveness, often pushing his interrogatories to the utmost limit of his conductor's comprehension. He was pleased to admire many of the triumphs of gardening displayed to him, and, after making a tour of the tents where the flowers and fruits were displayed, he was conducted by the Marquis of Normanby and the Earl of Auckland to a tent, where a collation had been prepared for his refectory. Here, it appears, he was exposed to some rude curiosity, for a reporter tells us:—"If the person whose official duty it was to make fitting preparations for the commodious privacy of a guest whose presence he had so sedulously

sought had previously determined to make the most of his lion by exhibiting him at feeding time to an admiring public, he could not have contrived this part of his show with greater skill than did the functionary at this establishment. The tent wherein Ibrahim Pasha and his suite sat at table was quite exposed to the public gaze; and, as the gardens were teeming with the multitudes who had been attracted by the notice of his intended visit, a crowd was speedily collected around the spot, and his actions, and every trifling gesture, as well as the quantity and quality of the viands and fruits of which he was partaking, were loudly and pertinaciously scanned and discussed. In vain the policemen in waiting tried to ward off the crowd. At length the Pasha rose from the table, and, being conducted by the Earl of Auckland to his carriage, thanked his noble host, through the medium of Nubar Effendi, for the entertainment he had received, and was conveyed to Mivart's." His highness and suite, except Suleiman Pasha, who remained in town, departed from the Euston-square station of the London and Birmingham railway by the five o'clock afternoon train for Birmingham, where they arrived at eight o'clock. Ibrahim travelled in the carriage built for the accommodation of the Queen Dowager. The Pasha and his party arrived at Birmingham at eight o'clock, and proceeded direct to Dee's hotel. After taking some refreshment he appeared on the balcony smoking his pipe, and enjoying the *dolce far niente* in true oriental style. He retired early to bed.

On Sunday the Pasha visited the castle and grounds of Warwick, and the town of Leamington, returning in the evening to Birmingham, where he again gratified the multitude by appearing on the balcony.

On Monday he commenced his inspection of the principal show-rooms and manufactories of Birmingham, with a visit to the electro-plate works of Mr. Collis, who is Turkish consul at that town. Mr. Collis struck for his highness a silver medal, containing Ibrahim's name in the *exergue*, and the date of his visit, and the operation of gilding this medal by the electro process was subsequently performed in the presence of the prince. In the course of the morning his highness visited successively a pin manufactory, a brass-bedstead manufactory, and a glass-house; in the latter the prince appeared more than ordinarily interested. Glass, from its resemblance to the rarest product of nature, has always excited in the east a peculiar degree of interest; and it is on record that the successful issue of an embassy once turned upon a happy present of this dazzling and brittle material. When the materials of which the glass is composed were shown to the prince, he asked if every sort of sand was equally good for the purpose, when he was told that it required a very peculiar kind in order to produce the species of glass he was inspecting. He seemed interested in being told that arsenic, the deadliest of the mineral poisons, formed an essential ingredient in the composition of glass; and when it was affirmed that if plates of ground glass were placed (without being polished) one upon another, they would adhere together, his astonishment reached the bounds of incredulity. In the afternoon, having lunched and taken his half hour's repose, Ibrahim was conducted by Major Dickson to three other factories—namely, a pen, a papier maché, and a button factory.

Some remarks made on the perseverance with which Ibrahim pursued his researches into our in-

dustrial economy on this day will apply to every other day he spent in the great centre of our manufactures in metal:—"Not all the stinks, heats, closeness of atmosphere, crowding, climbing of narrow stairs, or other concomitants of such researches, could move his Egyptian highness from his purpose. Up he went into the garrets and workrooms, and down again into the cellars, with as much resolution as if he were climbing a breach or undermining a fortification; and, doubtless, he has stored up in his recollection a rich treasury of observation with which to regale his future meditation and to form the subject of conversation with his friend, companion, and faithful officer, Colonel Bonfort, whose assiduity in worming out little odds and ends of facts and statistics, and whose kindness in coming to the rescue of Nubar Effendi (when overcome, which he seldom is, by the difficulties of English operative explanations) is boundless. It may, perhaps, be proper to add that his highness has given some very liberal orders for Birmingham staples."

Ibrahim's sight-seeing on Monday closed with a ludicrous incident. It appears that the Pasha was informed that the skin of a whale was to be exhibited at one of the booths lately erected at the mid-summer fair, and his highness immediately ordered a car to convey him to the exhibition. The proprietor, who had been previously apprised of his highness' intention to honor him with a visit, immediately proceeded to set his house in order, and determined on making the most of his distinguished visitor. In a short time the Pasha and one of his attendants arrived, as they thought, quite privately, and were immediately conducted into the exhibition-booth. The proprietor then made his appearance on the outer platform, and with a stentorian voice announced that he had then for exhibition the monstrous whale, with which he judiciously contrived to couple the name of the Pasha, so as to constitute him a part and parcel of the exhibition. It is needless to say the announcement was successful, and never before was the monster of the deep honored with such a rush of spectators. Money-takers were all the proprietor stood in need of; the place became instantly crowded to excess; and the Pasha, having been informed of the benefit which his visit had conferred upon the showman, good-humoredly enjoyed the amusement, and while the crowds were rushing in through the front entrance he took his departure from the rear of the erection, leaving the proprietor to settle with the company for the non-appearance of one portion of the exhibition which he had ingeniously announced. On his return to the hotel the adventure constituted some good jokes for the evening, which were not lessened by another application from Mr. Showman for the *paushau* to visit him again. A guinea was given as a substitute for his highness' attendance, and the intended honor was declined.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning Ibrahim resumed his researches by following his conductor to Mr. Smith's brass lamp factory, where the Pasha exhibited a trait of natural politeness that won the hearts of the operatives. Preparations had been made for casting some brass ornaments, in order to show how the moulds were prepared and the crucibles heated; but Ibrahim, who has witnessed some very gigantic proceedings of this nature elsewhere, was about hastily to go away without stopping to see the molten brass poured into the mould, when suddenly he bethought himself of the workman's disappointment in not being allowed to show

his manual dexterity, and stopped during the process "*pour lui faire plaisir*," as Colonel Bonfort said. The next object of curiosity was a wire-drawing and metal rolling mill, from whence the Pasha proceeded to the corporation gun-barrel proof-house, where the master-proofer had prepared a volley of 120 guns, which were discharged while his highness was in the place. He was very much amused at the Britannia nail factory, which he next visited, where every kind of this article, from the tenpenny nail, so famous in nursery song, down to the smallest tin-tack, is turned by millions out of hand. The celerity of the operation and the vast number of nail-cutting machines driven by one steam-engine appeared to have resolved the difficulty which the prince had previously felt as to how it was possible to sell these useful articles of manufacture at such apparently incommensurate prices. In the afternoon Ibrahim visited the gun factory of Mr. Westley Richards, where firearms of the most costly and admirable workmanship are made, after which he went to the military sword and musket manufactory of Messrs. Sargeant, where the manner in which the gun-barrels are formed out of the huge masses of red hot iron was displayed to him through all its stages. The price of these weapons, as well as of the regulation swords furnished for the naval service, formed a subject of minute investigation.

Wednesday was devoted by Ibrahim to a tour in the vicinity of Birmingham for the purpose of visiting some establishments of a grander character than he had previously an opportunity of inspecting. He was early astir, and after visiting the free grammar school in New-street, where he made a number of minute and intelligent inquiries into the system of education pursued there, he proceeded direct to the Soho works, which still exist in the name of the memorable firm of Bolton and Watts. The process of turning and planing the vast pistons of 500 horse power engines; of forming the screws; of polishing the cylinders, of riveting the huge boilers, and of completing the minutest portions of these wonderful results of human skill were successively explained to his highness, whose imagination seemed for once in a way to be roused at the sight of that ancient factory, which, as his own poetic and figurative language would express it, was the "great grandfather of the steam-engine." From the Soho works his highness was conveyed to the village of Smethwick, wherein are situated the plate and window glass manufactory of Messrs. Chance and Company, which, in point of extent and quantity of work turned out, are unrivalled in England, and consequently in the world. The mode in which the cylinders of glass, after being blown, are cut open and flatted in a heated chamber, was shown to the prince, as also was the polishing department, wherein some eighty machines, each polishing two plates of glass, were at that moment in full operation, forming a very beautiful picture of undisturbed regularity and unremitting industry. From Messrs. Chance's factory the carriages drove onward for some miles through the most busy and industrious district of all England, that, namely, wherein the coal and iron stone lying one above the other offer the ready means of bringing the most valuable mineral into its most tangible and useful form. The prince, seeing the heaps of coal and iron stone piled by the wayside, inquired what they were, and, being told that the two materials were almost always found together in one bed, his highness jocularly exclaimed, "Ah! I see—they beget

the steam-engine between them!" The coal mine to which Ibrahim was conducted was that of Mr. Hunt, of the Brades, who has a very extensive colliery, drawing about eighty tons a day. When Ibrahim arrived at the pit mouth he looked very cautiously into the shaft, holding fast by the iron clamp that is screwed on to the uprights over the mouth. Mr. Hunt, jun., who did the honors on the occasion, asked if his highness wished to descend? but Ibrahim shook his head, and said a few words to Nubar, who, bowing to his destiny, took his place in the descending car; but the placid submission of the devoted *secrétaire interprète* excited the sympathies of Col. Bonfort and of Major Dickson, who both gallantly volunteered to accompany Nubar in his descent into the bowels of the earth, and, thus richly laden, the truck slowly descended into the dark and murky depths (220 yards) of Mr. Hunt's "Khasnah" (treasury) as an Arab would call the mine. As the suite of his Egyptian highness (for every person present in charge of him went down below) vanished from his sight, Ibrahim seemed to get uneasy, and to wish them back again; he called out several times to Colonel Bonfort to take care, and when the rope had ceased to run, and was on its return with a load of coal, the prince pulled out his watch and looked anxiously at it, as if to count the minutes of their absence. Three times did the basket ascend and descend, whilst there was as yet no appearance of the absentees, when at length Ibrahim, who had been pacing to and fro about the pit-mouth, went to the opening, and, holding fast, bawled out as loudly as he could, "Bonfort!" "Bonfort!" Mr. Hunt, seeing his evident anxiety, sent one of the workmen down, who speedily returned with the whole party, who reappeared, (black and begrimed,) much to the satisfaction of their patron. A short visit was paid to Mr. Hunt, at his residence in the valley below the pit-mouth, where Ibrahim was induced to forego his morning rule of abstinence, by the daughter of his host, who brought his highness a glass of champagne, (a very liberal distribution of that agreeable liquid being made amongst his thirsty suite,) which the prince, with an affable bow and a smile, quaffed to her health. Ibrahim returned to his hotel fatigued by his tour, and set out in the afternoon for Manchester.

The Birmingham correspondent of a morning paper winds up his report with these remarks:—"Thus has closed the visit of Ibrahim Pasha to the toy-shop of the world. He came as a private individual, and was received and treated as such. If he had desired greater distinction he could have obtained it. The civic authorities would willingly have paid him all the respect due to his rank, but he appears to have come amongst us for more important purposes than those of mere pomp and pageantry. His desire evidently was to behold with his own eyes those wonders of art of which he had read and heard so much, but which, after all, must be seen and examined to be duly appreciated. When first conducted to the show-rooms, in which some tastefully-designed and ornamented articles were laid out before him, he seemed to pay comparatively little attention to them; but when conducted into the workshops his eyes were presently in all directions, and he quickly recognized the leading machinery and works of importance. To these he gave his attention, and I am sure he never will forget the generous spirit in which the veriest secrets of this great emporium of British art and industry were freely and frankly laid open to him."

By all parties he was treated with kindness and attention; and I believe he leaves the good town of Birmingham fully impressed with a conviction of its commercial and manufacturing importance."

THE CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS IN CHINA.—The following is a summary of a document which has been issued by the Governor of Canton on the 8th of March, and communicated by a member of the French embassy in China, just arrived at Marseilles: First. The native Chinese ought to live in harmony and good friendship with the barbarians of all countries. Second. The subjects of every country are authorized to bring with them their families to the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, Puchetoo and Shanghai, and carry on their commerce without interruption. Third. It should be the duty of the consuls to address every year to the local authorities a statement of the exact number of houses let to foreign families, and the rent for which they are let. The condition of these lettings ought to be arranged with justice and equity. The Chinese must not extort money from the foreigners. The Chinese mandarins will see to this. Fourth. The ships of all nations are permitted to carry on commerce with the five ports. Every ship that shall appear elsewhere may be confiscated by the Chinese authorities. Fifth. The Hong merchants of Canton having been established, the merchants of different nations are authorized to transact affairs in merchandize with the before-mentioned five ports, whether for importation or exportation, with the Chinese. If any combination should exist among the inhabitants to establish a monopoly, the consul should make it known to the Chinese authorities, who will prevent it. Merchants belonging to foreign nations, who shall have been established, either permanently or temporarily, in any of the Chinese ports, are not permitted to penetrate into the villages, nor to trade with the interior. The limits which they ought not to pass will be fixed according to the localities and the dispositions of the people. If they venture beyond these limits, the natives may conduct them to the consuls, but without maltreating or injuring them. The dealers of various nations may hire the services of workmen, sailors, &c. It is not prohibited to persons who let out their services to teach the language and literature of the Chinese to these foreigners. Every foreigner may purchase Chinese books of every kind, without any restriction. If any foreign ship shall be assailed by bad weather in the Chinese waters, or shall be run upon the rocks, or shall be sunk, the mandarins on the coast ought immediately to give every aid in their power to save the crew, &c. If the populace or native crews pillage such ship, they shall be rigorously chastised. The same rule holds good respecting any accident in the interior waters of China."

BOMBAY.—A few days ago Baboo Mutty Lall Leul proposed to the Dhurma Subha, a Society of Orthodox Hindoos, to petition government for some enactment in favor of the re-marriage of Hindoo widows. It appears that his proposal caused a great stir in the meeting, and was loudly exclaimed against, which is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that the society was originally established to oppose the abolition of *Suttee*. You may not have heard that this same Mutty Lall, some time ago, offered a premium of 10,000 rupees to any Hindoo who would marry a widow.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

PERHAPS the leading authors of the age may be divided into three classes. 1st, Those who have written avowedly and entirely for the few. 2dly, Those who have written principally for the many. And, 3dly, Those who have sought their audience in both classes, and have succeeded in forming, to some extent, at once an exoteric and an esoteric school of admirers. Of the first class, Coleridge and Wordsworth are the most distinguished specimens. Scott and Dickens stand at the head of the second; and Byron and Bulwer are *facile principes* of the third. Both these last named writers commenced their career by appealing to the sympathies of the multitude; but by and bye, either satiated by their too easy success, or driven onward by the rapid and gigantic progress of their own minds, they aimed at higher things, and sought, nor sought in vain, a more select audience. Byron's mind, in itself essentially unspeculative, was forced upwards upon those rugged and dangerous tracts of thought, where he has gathered the rarest of his beauties, by intimacy with Shelley, by envious emulation of his Lake contemporaries, and, above all, by the pale hand of his misery, unveiling to him heights and depths in his nature and genius, which were previously unknown and unsuspected, and beckoning him onward through their grim and shadowy regions. He grew, at once, and equally, in guilt, misery, and power. An intruder too, on domains, where some other thinkers had long fixed their calm and permanent dwelling, his appearance was the more startling. Here was a dandy discussing the great questions of natural and moral evil: a *roué* in silk stockings meditating suicide, and mouthing blasphemy on an Alpine rock; a brilliant and popular wit and poet, setting Spinoza to music, and satirizing the principalities and powers of heaven, as bitterly as he had done the bards and reviewers of earth. Into those giddy and terrible heights where Milton had entered a permitted guest, in privilege of virtue; where Goethe had walked in like a passionless and prying cherub, forgetting to worship in his absorbing desire to know; and on which Shelley was wrecked and stranded, in the storm of his fanatical unbelief; Byron is upborne by the presumption and the despair of his mental misery. Unable to see through the high walls which bound and beset our limited faculties and little life, he can at least dash his head against them. Hence, in "Manfred," "Cain," "Heaven and Earth," and "The Vision of Judgment," we have him calling upon the higher minds of his age to be as miserable as he was, just as he had in his first poems addressed the same sad message, less energetically, and less earnestly, to the community at large. And were it not unspeakably painful to contemplate a noble mind engaged in this profitless "apostleship of affliction," this thankless gospel of proclamation to men, that because they are miserable, it is their duty to become more so; that because they are bad, they are bound to be worse; we might be moved to laughter by its striking resemblance to the old story of the fox who had lost his tail.

In the career of Bulwer, we find a faint yet traceable resemblance to that of Byron. Like

him, he began with wit, satire, and persiflage. Like him, he affected, for a season, a melodramatic earnestness. Like him, he was at last stung into genuine sincerity, and shot upwards into a higher sphere of thought and feeling. The three periods in Byron's history, are distinctly marked by the three works, "English Bards," "Childe Harold," and "Cain." So "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," and "Zanoni," accurately mete out the stages in Bulwer's progress. Minor points of resemblance might be noted between the pair. Both sprang from the aristocracy; and one, at least, was prouder of what he deduced from Norman blood, than from nature. Bulwer, like Byron, is a distinguished dandy. Like him, too, he has been separated from his wife. Like him, he is liberal in his politics. And while Byron, by way of doing penance, threw his jaded system into the Greek war, Bulwer has with better result leaped into a tub of cold water!

Point and brilliance are at once perceived to be the leading qualities of Bulwer's writing. His style is vicious from excess of virtue, weak from repletion of strength. Every word is a point, every clause a beauty, the close of every sentence a climax. He is as sedulous of his every stroke, as if the effect of the whole depended upon it. His pages are all sparkling with minute and insulated splendors; not suffused with a uniform and sober glow, nor shown in the reflected light of one solitary and surpassing beauty. Some writers peril their reputation upon one long difficult leap, and it accomplished, walk on at their leisure. With others, writing is a succession of hops, steps, and jumps. This in general is productive of a feeling of tedium. It teases and fatigues the mind of the reader. It is like crying perpetually upon a hearer, who is attending with all his might, to attend more carefully. It at once wearies and provokes, insults the reader, and betrays a fear of conscious weakness on the part of the author. If in Bulwer's writings we weary less than in others, it is owing to the artistic skill with which he intermingles his points of humor with those of sententious reflection or vivid narrative. All is point: but the point perpetually varies from gay to grave, from lively to severe; including in it raillery and reasoning, light dialogue and earnest discussion, bursts of political feeling and raptures of poetical description; here a sarcasm, almost worthy of that "inspired monkey," Voltaire, and there a passage of pensive grandeur, which Rousseau might have written in his tears. To keep up this perpetual play of varied excellence, required at once great vigor, and great versatility of talents: for Bulwer never walks through his part, never prosés, is never tame, and seldom indeed substitutes sound for sense, or mere flummery for force and fire. He generally writes his best; and our great quarrel, indeed, with him is, that he is too uniformly erect in the stirrups, too conscious of himself, of his exquisite management, of his complete equipment, of the speed with which he devours the dust; and seldom exhibits the careless grandeur of one who is riding at the pace of the whirlwind, with perfect self-oblivion, and with perfect security.

Bulwer reminds us less of an Englishman Frenchified, than of a Frenchman partially Anglicized. The original powers and tendencies of his mind, his eloquence, wit, sentiments, and feelings, his talents and his opinions, his taste and style, are those of a modern Frenchman. But these, long subjected to English influences and long trained

to be candidates for an English popularity, have been modified and altered from their native bent. In all his writings, however, you breathe a foreign atmosphere, and find very slight sympathy with the habits, manners, or tastes of his native country. Not Zanon alone, of his heroes, is cut off from country as by a chasm, or if held to it, held only by ties, which might with equal strength bind him to other planets: all his leading characters, whatever their own pretensions, or whatever their creator may assert of them, are in reality citizens of the world, and have no more genuine relation to the land whence they spring, than have the winds, which linger not over its loveliest landscapes, and hurry past its most endeared and consecrated spots. Eugene Aram is not an Englishman; Rienzi is hardly an Italian. Bulwer is perhaps the first instance of a great novelist obtaining popularity without a particle of nationality in his spirit, or in his writings. We do not question his attachment to his own principles in his native country; but of that tide of national prejudice, which Burns says, "shall boil on in his breast till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest," he betrays not one drop. His novels might all have appeared as translations from a foreign language, and have lost but little of their interest or verisimilitude. This is the more remarkable, as his reign exactly divides the space between that of two others, who have obtained boundless fame, greatly in consequence of the very quality, in varied forms, which Bulwer lacks. Scott's knowledge and love of Scotland, Dickens' knowledge and love of London, stand in curious antithesis to Bulwer's intense cosmopolitanism, and ideal indifference.

Akin to this, and connected either as cause or as effect with it, is a certain dignified independence of thought and feeling, inseparable from the motion of Bulwer's mind. He is not a great original thinker; on no one subject can he be called profound, but on all, he thinks and speaks for himself. He belongs to no school either in literature or in politics, and he has created no school. He is too proud for a radical, and too wide-minded for a Tory. He is too definite and decisive to belong to the mystic school of letters; too impetuous and impulsive to cling to the classical; too liberal to be blind to the beauties of either. He has attained, thus, an insulated and original position, and may be viewed as a separate, nor yet a small estate, in our intellectual realm. He may take up for his motto, "*Nullius in verba magistri*;"—he may emblazon on his shield *Desdichado*. Some are torn, by violence, from the sympathies and attachments of their native soil, without seeking to take root elsewhere; others are early transplanted in heart and intellect, to other countries; a few, again, seem born, rooted up, and remain so forever. To this last class we conceive Bulwer to belong. In the present day, the demand for earnestness, in its leading minds, has become incessant and imperative. Men speak of it as if it had been lately erected into a new test of admission into the privileges alike of St. Stephens and of Parnassus. A large and formidable jury, with Thomas Carlyle for foreman, are diligently occupied in trying each new aspirant, as well as *back-speering* the old, on this question: "Earnest or a sham? Heroic, or hearsay? Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die." Concerning this cry for earnestness, we can only say, *en passant*, that it is not, strictly speaking, new, but

old; as old, surely, as that great question of Deborah's to recreant Reuben—"Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds to hear the bleating of the flocks?" or that more awful query of the Tishbite's—"How long halt ye between two opinions?" That it is, in theory, a robust truth; and sometimes, in application, an exaggeration and a fallacy; and that, unless preceded by the words "enlightened" and "virtuous," earnestness is a quality no more intrinsically admirable, nay, as blind and brutal, as the rush of a bull upon his foe-man, or as the foaming fury of a madman. Bulwer is not, we fear, in the full sense of the term, an earnest man; nay, we have heard of the great modern prophet of the quality, pronouncing him the most thoroughly false man of the age; and another of the same school christens him "a double distilled scent-bottle of cant." In spite of this, however, we deem him to possess, along with much that is affected, much, also, that is true, and much that is deeply sympathetic with sincerity, although no devouring fire of purpose has hitherto filled his being, or been seen to glare in his eye. And, as we hinted before, his later writings exhibit sometimes in mournful and melancholy forms—a growing depth and truth of feeling. Few, indeed, can even sportively wear, for a long time, the yoke of genius, without its iron entering into the soul, and eliciting that cry which becomes immortal.

Bulwer, as a novelist, has, from a compound of conflicting and imported materials, reared to himself an independent structure. He has united many of the qualities of the fashionable novel, of the Godwin philosophical novel, and of the Waverley tale. He has the levity and thorough-bred air of the first; much of the mental anatomy and philosophical thought which often overpower the narrative in the second; and a portion of the dramatic liveliness, the historical interest, and the elaborate costume of the third. If, on the other hand, he is destitute of the long, solemn, overwhelming swell of Godwin's style of writing, and of the variety, the sweet, natural, and healthy tone of Scott's, he has some qualities peculiar to himself—point, polish—at times a classical elegance, at times a barbaric brilliance—and a perpetual mint of short sententious reflections—compact, rounded, and shining as new-made sovereigns. We know no novelist from whose writings we could extract so many striking sentences containing fine thoughts, chased in imagery, "apples of gold in pictures of silver." The wisdom of Scott's sage reflections is homely but commonplace; Godwin beats his gold thin, and you gather his philosophical acumen rather from the whole conduct and tone of the story, and his commentary upon it, than from single and separate thoughts. Dickens, whenever he moralizes, in his own person, becomes insufferably tame and feeble. But it is Bulwer's beauty that he abounds in fine, though not far gleams of insight; and it is his fault that sometimes, while watching these, he allows the story to stand still, or to drag heavily, and sinks the character of novelist in that of brilliant essay-writer, or inditer of smart moral and political apothegms. In fact, his works are too varied and versatile. They are not novels or romances so much as compounds of the newspaper article, the essay, the political squib, the gay and rapid dissertation; which, along with the necessary ingredients of fiction, combine to form a junction, without constituting a true artistic whole.

Reserving a few remarks upon one or two other of his works till afterwards, we recur to the three which seem to typify the stages of his progress; "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," and "Zanoni." "Pelham," like "Anastasius," begins with a prodigious affectation of wit. For several pages the reading is as gay and as wearisome as a jest-book. You sigh for a simple sentence, and would willingly dig even for dulness as for hid treasure. The wit, too, is not an irrepressible and involuntary issue, like that from the teeming brain of Hood; it is an artificial and forced flow; and the author and his reader are equally relieved, when the clear path of the tale at length breaks away from the luxuriant shrubbery in which it is at first buried, and strikes into more open and elevated ground. It is the same with "Anastasius;" but "Pelham," we must admit, does not reach those heights of tenderness, of nervous description and of solemn moralizing, which have rendered the other the prose "Don Juan," and something better. It is, at most, a series, or rather, string, of clever, dashing, disconnected sketches; and the moral problem it works out seems to be no more than this, that, under the corsets of a dandy, there sometimes beats a heart.

In "Eugene Aram," Bulwer evidently aims at a higher mark; and in his own opinion, with considerable success. We gather his estimate of this work from the fact that he inscribes a labored and glowing panegyric on Scott with the words, "The Author of Eugene Aram." Now, probably he would exchange this for "The Author of Zanoni." Nor should we, at least, nor, we think, the public, object to the alteration. "Eugene Aram" seems, to us, as lamentable a perversion of talent as the literature of the age has exhibited. It is one of those works in which an unfortunate choice of subject neutralizes eloquence, genius, and even interest. It is with it as with the "Curse of Kehama," and the "Cenci," where the more splendid the decorations which surround the disgusting object, the more disgusting it becomes. It is, at best, deformity jewelled and enthroned. Not content with the native difficulties of the subject—the triteness of the story—its recent date—its dead level of certainty—the author has, in a sort of daring perversity, created new difficulties for himself to cope withal. He has not bid the real pallid murderer to sit to his pencil, and trusted for success to the severe accuracy of the portraiture. Him he has spirited away, and has substituted the most fantastic of all human fiends, resembling the more hideous of heraldic devices, or the more unearthly of fossil remains. Call him rather a graft from Godwin's Falkland, upon the rough reality of the actual "Eugene Aram;" for the worst of the matter is, that, after fabricating a being entirely new, he is compelled, at last, to clash him with the old pettifogging murderer, till the compound monstrosity is complete and intolerable. The philosopher, the poet, the lover, the sublime victim fighting with "more devils than vast hell can hold," sinks, in the trial scene, where precisely he should have risen up like a "pyramid of fire," into a sophister so mean and shallow, that you are reminded of the toad into which the lost archangel dwindled his giant stature. The morality, too, of the tale, seems to us detestable. The feelings with which you rise from its perusal, or, at least, with which the author seems to wish you to rise, are of regret and indignation, that, for the sin of an hour, such a noble being should perish, as if he would insinuate the

wisdom of quarrel (how vain!) with those austere and awful laws, by which moments of crime expand into centuries of punishment! It is not wonderful that, in the struggle with such self-made difficulties, Bulwer has been defeated. The wonder is, that he has been able to cover his retreat amid such a cloud of beauties; and to attach an interest, almost human, and even profound, to a being whom we cannot, in our wildest dreams, identify with mankind. The whole tale is one of those hazardous experiments which have become so common of late years, in which a scanty success is sought at an infinite peril; like a wild-flower, of no great worth, snatched, by a hardy wanderer, from the very jaws of danger and death. We notice in it, however, with pleasure, the absence of that early levity which marked his writing, the shooting germ of a nobler purpose, and an air of sincerity fast becoming more than an air.

In saying that "Zanoni" is our chief favorite among Bulwer's writings, we consciously expose ourselves to the charge of paradox. If we err, however, on this matter, we err in company with the author himself; and, we believe, with all Germany, and with many enlightened enthusiasts at home. We refer, too, in our approbation, more to the spirit than to the execution of the work. As a whole, as a broad and brilliant picture of a period, and its hero, "Rienzi" is perhaps his greatest work, and "that shield he may hold up against all his enemies." "The last Days of Pompeii," on the other hand, is calculated to enchant classical scholars, and the book glows like a cinder from Vesuvius, and most gorgeously are the reelings of that fiery drunkard depicted. The "Last of the Barons," again, as a cautious, yet skilful filling up of the vast skeleton of Shakspeare, is attractive to all who relish English story. But we are mistaken, if in that class who love to see the Unknown, the Invisible and the Eternal, looking in upon them, through the loops and windows of the present; whose footsteps turn instinctively towards the thick, and the dark places of the "wilderness of this world;" or who, by deep disappointment, or solemn sorrow, have been driven to take up their permanent mental abode upon the perilous verge of the unseen world, if "Zanoni," do not, on such, exert a mightier spell, and to their feelings be not more sweetly attuned, than any other of this writer's books. It is a book not to be read in the drawing-room, but in the fields—not in the sunshine but in the twilight shade—not in the sunshine, unless indeed that sunshine has been saddened, and sheathed by a recent sorrow. Then will its wild and mystic measures, its pathos, and its grandeur, steal in like music, and mingle with the soul's emotions; till, like music, they seem a part of the soul itself.

No term has been more frequently abused than that of religious novel. This, as commonly employed, describes an equivocal birth, if not a monster, of which the worst and most popular specimen, is "Cælebs in Search of a Wife," where a perfect and perfectly insipid gentleman goes out in search of, and succeeds in finding a perfect and perfectly insipid lady. It is amusing to see how its authoress deals with the fictitious part of her book. Holding it with a half shudder, and at arm's-length, as she might a phial of poison, she pours in the other and the other infusion of prose criticism, common-place moralizing, sage aphorism &c., till it is fairly diluted down to her standard of utility and safety. But a religious novel, in the

high and true sense of the term, is a noble thought: a parable of solemn truth, some great moral law, written out as it were in flowers: a principle old as deity, wreathed with beauty, dramatized in action, incarnated in life, purified by suffering and death. And we confess that to this ideal, we know no novel in this our country, that approaches so nearly as "Zanoni." An intense spirituality, a yearning earnestness, a deep religious feeling, lie like the "soft shadow of an angel's wing," upon its every page. Its beauties are not of the "earth earthy." Its very faults, cloudy, colossal, tower above our petty judgment-seats, towards some higher tribunal.

Best of all is that shade of mournful grandeur which rests upon it. Granting all its blemishes, the improbabilities of its story, the occasional extravagancies of its language, let it have its praise, for its pictures of love and grief, of a love leading its votary to sacrifice stupendous privileges, and reminding you of that which made angels resign their starry thrones for the "daughters of men;" and of a grief, too deep for tears, too sacred for lamentation, the grief which he increaseth that increaseth knowledge, the grief which not earthly immortality, which death only can cure. The tears which the most beautiful and melting close of the tale wrings from our eyes, are not those which wet the last pages of ordinary novels: they come from a deeper source; and as the lovers are united in death, to part no more, triumph blends with the tenderness with which we witness the sad yet glorious union. Bulwer, in the last scene, has apparently in his eye the conclusion of the "Revolt of Islam," where Laon and Laone, springing in spirit from the funeral pile, are united in a happier region, in the "calm dwellings of the mighty dead," where on a fairer landscape rests a "holier day," and where the lesson awaits them, that

"Virtue though obscured on earth, no less
Survives all mortal change, in lasting loveliness."

Amid the prodigious number of Bulwer's other productions, we may mention one or two "dearer than the rest." The "Student," from its disconnected plan, and the fact that the majority of its papers appeared previously, has seemed to many a mere published portfolio, if not an aimless collection of its author's study sweepings. This, however, is not a fair or correct estimate of its merits. It in reality contains the cream of Bulwer's periodical writings. And the *New Monthly Magazine*, during his editorship, approached our ideal of a perfect magazine; combining as it did impartiality, variety, and power. His "Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health," though hardly equal to the dialogues of Plato, contain many rich meditations and criticisms, suspended round a simple and affecting story. The word "ambitions," however, is unfortunate; for what student is not, and should not be ambitious? To study, is to climb "higher still, and higher, like a cloud of fire." Talk of an ambitious chamois, or of an ambitious lark, as lief as of an ambitious student. The allegories in the "Student," strike us as eminently fine, with glimpses of a more creative imagination, than we can find in any of his writings, save "Zanoni." We have often regretted, that the serious allegory, once too much affected, is now almost obsolete. Why should it be so? why should not more heads be laid down upon John Bunyan's pillow, to see more visions and dream more dreams? Shall truth no more have

its amounts of transfiguration? Must Mirza no more be overheard in his soliloquies? And is the road to the "Den," lost forever? We trust, we trow not. In the "Student," too, occurs his far-famed attack upon the anonymous in periodical writing. We do not coincide with him in this. We do not think that the use of the anonymous either could, or should be relinquished. It is, to be sure, in some measure relinquished as it is. The tidings of the authorship of any article of consequence, in a review or magazine, often now pass with the speed of lightning, through the literary world, till it is as well known in the bookshop of the country town, or the post-office of the country village, as in Albemarle or George street.

But, in the first place, the anonymous forms a very profitable exercise for the acuteness of our young critics, who become, through it, masters in the science of internal evidence, and learn to detect the fine Roman hand of this and the other writer, even in the strokes of his t's, and the dots of his i's. Besides, secondly, the anonymous forms for the author an ideal character, fixes him in an ideal position as it were, projects him out of himself; and hence many writers have surpassed themselves, both in power and popularity, while writing under its shelter. So with Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub;" Pascal, Junius, Sydney Smith, Isaac Taylor, Walter Scott; Addison, too, was never so good as when he put on the short face of the *Spectator*. Wilson is never so good, as when he assumes the glorious *alias* of Christopher North. And, thirdly, the anonymous, when preserved, piques the curiosity of the reader, mystifies him into interest; and, on the other hand, sometimes allows a bold and honest writer, to shoot folly, expose error, strip false pretension, and denounce wrong, with greater safety and effect. A time may come, when the anonymous will require to be abandoned: but we are very doubtful if that time has yet arrived.

In pursuing, at the commencement of this paper, a parallel between Byron and Bulwer, we omitted to note a stage, the last in the former's literary progress. Toward the close of his career, his wild shrieking earnestness, subsided into Epicurean derision. He became dissolved into one contemptuous and unhappy sneer. Beginning with the satiric bitterness of "English Bards," he ended with the fiendish gaiety of "Don Juan." He laughed at first that he "might not weep;" but ultimately this miserable mirth drowned his enthusiasm, his heart, and put out the few flickering embers of his natural piety. The deep tragedy dissolved in a "poor pickle herring," yet mournful farce. We trust that our novelist will not complete his resemblance to the poet, by sinking into a satirist. 'T is indeed a pitiful sight that, of one who has passed the meridian of life and reputation, grinning back in helpless mockery, and toothless laughter, upon the brilliant way which he has traversed, but to which he can return no more. We anticipate for Bulwer a better destiny. He who has mated with the mighty spirit, which had almost reared again the fallen Titanic form of republican Rome; whose genius has travelled up the Rhine, like a breeze of music, "stealing and giving odor;" who, in "Paul Clifford," has searched some "dark bosoms," and not in vain, for pathos and for poetry; who in "England and the English," has cast a rapid but vigorous glance upon the tendencies of our wondrous age; who, in his verse, has so admirably pictured the stages of romance in

Milton's story ; who has gone down a "diver lean and strong," after Schiller, into the "innermost main," lifting with a fearless hand, the "veil that is woven with Night and with Terror;" and in "Zanoni," has essayed to relume the mystic fires of the Rosicrucians, and to reveal the dread secrets of the spiritual world ; must worthily close a career so illustrious. May the clouds and mists of detraction, against which he strove so long, not fail, (to use the words of Hall,) to "form, at evening, a magnificent theatre for his reception, and to surround with augmented glories, the luminary which they cannot hide !"

THE NEW COLONIAL OFFICE.

HABITUAL readers of the *Spectator* will have understood that, at the time of writing the suggestions last week, under the title, "Some Things which the Russell government might do presently, for the public good and its own," we were not aware of the present composition of the colonial office. It was then supposed that Lord Grey would not be a member of the Russell government ; that Mr. Charles Buller likewise might continue out of office ; and that Mr. Hawes would probably be the under-secretary for the home-department. So far as the *personnel* of the new government gave hopes of great improvement in the administration of colonial affairs, the sole reliance was upon Lord John Russell. But although Lord John Russell's proceedings as colonial minister six years ago, and his recent declarations on the subject of colonial government, made it likely that he would endeavor to promote valuable colonial reforms, still it was to be feared that, as prime minister, his hands would be full of other business ; and there was no assurance that the colonial office would not continue to prove an impediment to changes of any importance. Presto, the scene changes, and we behold the very colonial office itself composed of three out-and-out colonial reformers.* Lord John Russell's address to the electors of London contains a promise of colonial reform : he has already fulfilled it to the uttermost of his power within the time, by making Lord Grey colonial minister, and letting him choose such assistants as Mr. Hawes and Mr. Buller. For this act Lord John Russell will obtain some of that credit which is just now the most conspicuous feather in Sir Robert Peel's cap : he will be honored for having made a personal sacrifice to the public service. For Lord John Russell's reputation as a practical statesman rests chiefly on his brief administration of the colonial office ; and there can be no doubt that if he had now placed at the head of that department a person not conversant with colonial questions, and had himself as prime minister directed the changes of policy and practice which were at all events inevitable, he would have consulted his own immediate interest more than he has done by handing over the task to Lord Grey. The changes would have been less complete and valuable, but they would have been Lord John Russell's. Considering Lord Grey's intimate acquaintance with the subject in its two main divisions of colonization and government of colo-

nies, his settled and proclaimed opinions, his industry, and the earnestness not to say wilfulness of his character, we may be very sure that he will put his own mark on whatever may be done. The Russell government and the public will gain by the superior efficiency of the office under Lord Grey as an instrument of colonial reform ; but Lord John Russell individually will not gain the particular increase of reputation which he might have secured. He would find, however, if he could get at Sir Robert Peel's feelings at this time, that the other sort of fame is by much the more agreeable of the two ; not to mention the comfortable whispers of an approving conscience.

The public-spirit evinced by Lord John Russell in this matter seems to pervade the arrangements by which the new colonial office has been composed. If Lord Grey had thought only of himself, he would have chosen an under-secretary from the numerous class of "sticks ;" would have performed himself, as he is very capable of doing, all the most important business within the office ; and would have monopolized the pleasant work of planning improvements and expounding them in parliament. He would not have deliberately shared with others an occupation so sure to be agreeable to a man of his ambition and capacity. He obtains an under-secretary known for laborious habits, and for having opinions of his own on all the questions which the present colonial office will have to decide. Those opinions, it is true, are the same as Lord Grey's ; but Mr. Hawes has a position in the house of commons which will enable him to give utterance to his views, and take an important share in making the public acquainted with the policy, the objects, and the plans, of the new colonial office ; whilst his habits of business and unusual powers of labor must procure him work and consequence in Downing street.

Lord Grey and Mr. Hawes would have been a capital colonial office without help from anybody else : they appear to have concurred in wishing to make a perfect one, by giving to Mr. Charles Buller that large share of the work in hand, and of the honor of its success, which must necessarily, under the arrangement they have made with him, fall to one as familiarly versed as he is in colonial subjects, and whose name is even more before the public in connection with those subjects than either of theirs. We cannot help saying that it is a striking proof of freedom from jealousy of disposition on the part of Lord Grey and Mr. Hawes, to have wished that Mr. Buller should be associated with them in the performance of their official and parliamentary duties. Mr. Hawes, in particular, might have been excused as a son of Adam for objecting to an arrangement which so obviously tends to diminish his merely personal consequence in the house of commons, and of which the suggestion would have been taken as an affront by the common run of aspiring politicians. One observes now and then a peculiar moral nature as ignorant of jealousy as Nelson's was of fear ; but we must confess that it never occurred to us till now to entertain for Mr. Hawes the deep respect which this character commands. Nor is Mr. Buller quite distanced in the race of generosity. Whatever merit in this respect may be awarded to Lord John Russell, Lord Grey, and Mr. Hawes, a considerable portion belongs to Mr. Buller, who, with his complete mastery of the subject of colonization and colonial government, with the reputation acquired by his great speech of 1843 and in subsequent de-

* It is known in the official and political circles, though not formally stated in any list of the new appointments, that the place of judge-advocate-general is not to be almost a sinecure as heretofore, but that Mr. Charles Buller is to perform the duties of an additional parliamentary under-secretary for the colonies.

bates, and with his command of the ear of the house of commons, might have hesitated to undertake irregular and undefined official functions in relation to that subject, as the subordinate of even so eminent a person as Lord Grey. All the four, however, seem to have thought only of getting the public work done in the best way, without regard to personal considerations. We have now, at all events, a thoroughly competent colonial office: thanks to Lord John Russell. After waging for sixteen years a scarcely interrupted war with the great house at the bottom of Downing street, the *Spectator* declares itself not merely satisfied but delighted. We venture to add, that this avowal will be the signal for many an illumination in the distant portions of the British empire, and for no little rejoicing among the colonizing and commercial classes at home.

For this case has no parallel with regard to hopes of performance by a department of government, resting on the bare fact of certain appointments. On every question connected with colonies and the progress of colonization, the views of Lord Grey, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Hawes, are matured, definite, and so completely in unison as to form one policy. The combination of various talents in the official triunity, as well as their appropriate distribution for conception and command, for exposition and persuasion, and for practical efficiency, is most singular. And the opinions of the new colonial office are not merely speculative or theoretical: they consist of specific and earnest purposes. What Lord Grey and his assistants may be expected to do, having the power, is just what they have for years been vainly striving to get done by other hands which had the power but not the will. The will and the power are now conjoined: and we may be as sure of what is going to happen with respect to the extension and government of colonies, as we should have been of the nature of coming changes in the post-office if Rowland Hill had been put at the head of St. Martin's-le-Grand just before the adoption of his plan. Nay, more sure; for the scheme of a uniform penny-postage must at all events have met with formidable opposition on the score of revenue: whereas Lord Grey's plans of colonial reform, being cordially supported, as there is every reason to suppose they will be, by Sir James Graham and Sir Robert Peel, have now only to be proposed in order to be carried into effect.

What these plans are is not generally known, but simply because public opinion in this country takes little heed of colonial questions. *Hansard* must be searched, by most people, before they can even comprehend what colonizers and colonists have long expected as results of Lord Grey's much-desired accession to power in colonial matters. Hence a singular property of the task which he has undertaken: the public at large will estimate its importance solely by its fruits. Lord Grey's position resembles that of the general in battle, whose capacity will be measured by the event; who will bear the whole blame of failure, or obtain nearly all the honor of success. Vain would be any attempt on his part to induce the public to share responsibility with him by sanctioning his plans before trial. If his plans are as sound and great as those believe who have cared to understand them, it is a happy accident that self-reliance and active energy unite in his character with the contemplative faculties.—*Spectator*, July 11.

SUGAR TRADE—WEST INDIES.

OUR West Indian colonies, the great producers of sugar for the British market, are threatened with damage from competition with countries still employing slaves, after we have forbidden the West Indian planters to possess slaves. They have never believed it possible that the English government could be guilty of that practical inconsistency; forgetting that the English government is not immortal—does not last through a generation—has not the average life of a cab-horse: nor have they believed till now, when the event has come. It is not generous, therefore, but simply just, to give them time to prepare for the unexpected competition. Time is not unneeded. The West Indian planter possessed a certain number of black laborers, all of whom, under the institution of slavery, he could keep at the appointed work of sugar-making. As soon as slavery was abolished, the blacks were free to take their choice in a wider range of employments; many abandoned the sugar-fields, and those who remained have bestowed only a portion of their time. It has become necessary for the planter not only to supply the deficiency of hands, but also as much as possible to diminish his own dependence on mere human labor by improved implements and methods of cultivation or manufacture. Both processes take time; up to this moment, both have been impeded by official obstructions. But the allowance of time would not be inconsistent with the immediate settlement of the question: a bill, passed next week, may provide for the prospective and gradual abandonment of the differential sugar-duties; just as Sir Robert Peel's corn bill provided for the prospective abandonment of corn-duties. With free trade to their detriment, the West Indians justly demanded free trade to their advantage—free admission to this country of their rum at duty equal to that on home spirits; free admission for their molasses, at an equivalent (say) to our malt-duty, to be used in British manufactures. And above all, they have a right to a free supply of labor, whencesoever they can procure it. Simultaneously with the new sugar bill, let them have Lord John Russell's promise that free trade shall extend its benefits also to them. New regulations for the free ingress of tropical labor might at once be adopted by the executive government without troubling the parliament.

The other great risk involves moral considerations touching slavery and the civilization of the negro race. When once slave-sugar is admitted to the British markets, its value will rise; with it will rise the value of slave-labor, the premium on the slave-trade. Yes, unpleasant as it is, that fact must be admitted. The confession, however, is but another term for admitting a truth which has gradually been creeping on the conviction of all unbiassed observers—that the pertinacious attempt of this country forcibly to suppress the slave-trade carried on by other countries, alien to our laws, is impracticable. Our devices to effect it, our resources to disguise the ruinous cost to ourselves, are exhausted. But we need not abandon our generous aspirations in despair: there is still hope. Those of our readers who are new to the subject will find suggestions for relinquishing the crusade against the slave-trade, without abandoning the emancipation of the negro race, fully developed in a Supplement which we published on the 15th of

April, 1843.* Suffice it here to say, that slave-labor must be discouraged by encouraging free-labor, that the West Indies must be strengthened to complete the experiment which we forced upon them—to show that free trade in sugar is not incompatible with prosperity for the employers of free African labor. The pestilent atmosphere renders Africa inaccessible to the European; frustrating every effort that he makes to penetrate that continent as the herald of civilization. In the West Indies the European and African meet on common ground: the African is there free—protected—cherished—admitted to participate in European arts. A more perfect school could not be provided for him: he finds European styles of agriculture, European commerce, in active operation; and his lessons in both are practical. He finds European training, intellectual and moral, with access even to the highest and most varied literature of England. He finds the freest political and municipal institutions, inviting him to take an active part in them. The negro laborer of the West Indies is on an equal footing of freedom with any member of the working classes in England itself. And it is satisfactory to learn by experience, that the scholar is rapidly trained in that practical school; inasmuch that it would not be difficult, nay, it would be most easy, to rear a whole army of negroes to carry, by reémigration, the arts and blessings of civilized life back to their native continent. It is in the West Indies that Africa may be civilized.—*Spectator*.

THE PRESS IN MATAMORAS.—The *Picayune* says, we have received the first two numbers of the *Republic of the Rio Grande and Friend of the People*. The first number is dated June 1st, and the second, June 8th. The motto of the paper is "Fear not—the brave and generous soldier is only to be dreaded in the field of battle." The paper is edited by H. McCleod. The leading articles are printed both in English and Spanish. The purpose is to convince the people of Tamaulipas, Coahuila, New Leon, and Chihuahua of the futility of resisting American arms, and to throw upon the administration of Paredes the responsibility of the war. A separation of the departments named above from the central government of Mexico is the distinct aim of this new paper. In the first number of the paper there is an earnest appeal, which concludes as follows:

"Rise, then, and shout for the *Republic of Rio Grande*. Abandon the Mexican vulture that preys upon your vitals—the fitting symbol of a government that has no deeper commiseration for your sufferings, than the voracious bird upon her crest feels for the serpent that writhes in his beak. Assemble your delegates within the American lines, organize your provisional government at once, and declare your independence to the Sierre Madre. At your leisure you can debate a constitution, and arrange the details of your government. Rid your new republic of that horrid incubus, the Mexican tariff, which has ruined her treasury and demoralized her people—open your ports and trade freely with all the world—get the most for what you have to sell, by having the world for buyers—get what you want to buy at the cheapest rates, by having the world for sellers—educate your children, protect the liberty of the citizen,

* "Cheap Sugar by Free Labor."

and the rights of property—ally yourselves to the great Mother of Republics, and imitate those qualities which have made her great. Do this, and you will be great and happy yourselves—fail, and your fate is fixed forever.

"Long live the United States of America!

"Long live the Republic of Rio Grande!"

"WORK WHILE IT IS DAY."

Up, Christian! up! and sleep'st thou still?
Daylight is glorious on the hill!
And far advanced the sunny glow
Laughs in the joyous vale below;
The morning shadow, long and late,
Is stretching o'er the dial plate.

And are thine eyes, sad waker, say,
Filled with the tears of yesterday?
Or lowers thy dark and anxious brow
Beneath to-morrow's burdens now?
New strength for every day is given,
Daily the manna falls from heaven.

Link by link the chain is made,
Pearl by pearl the costly braid,
The daily thread of hopes and fears,
Weaves up the woof of many years;
And well thy labor shall have sped,
If well thou weavest the daily thread.

Up, Christian! up! thy cares resign!
The past, the future are not thine!
Show forth to-day thy Saviour's praise,
Redeem the course of evil days;
Life's shadow in its lengthening gloom,
Points daily nearer to the tomb.

Christian Register.

TRUE REST.

SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil,
Is not true leisure
One with true toil!
Thou that would'st taste it
Still do thy best,
Abuse it not, waste it not,
Else 't is no rest.
Would'st behold beauty
Near thee, all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.
Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'T is the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.
Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt,
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt:
'T is loving and serving
The highest and best,
'T is onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

Christian Register

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Bibliothèque de Mémoires relatifs à l'histoire de France pendant le 18me Siècle.* Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. 1846. Didot.
2. *The Miscellany of the Spalding Club.* Vols. I. II. Aberdeen. Printed for the Club. 1841-2. 4to.
3. *Auto-biography of Sir Simonds D'Ewes.* London. 1845. 2 vols. 8vo.

"THE study of records and other exotic monuments of antiquity," says Sir Simonds d'Ewes, "is the most ravishing and satisfying of all the parts of human knowledge." And, indeed, without excusing for a moment those unhappy persons, who, like d'Ewes himself, are perpetually poring over trivial facts, of which they cannot discern either the causes or the bearings, it must be frankly allowed that there are few things less "ravishing" or less satisfactory than that sort of regular history which long passed current; exhibiting, no doubt, the more striking results of the passions or the virtues of persons in eminent station, and recording the transactions of a nation in its collective capacity; but telling little of its past existence; not disclosing the nicer shades of its moral and social progress, scarcely touching upon the private life of those dignified persons, whose public acts it records, and not attempting to show in the least what ordinary men and women were doing and thinking, what they believed, what they loved, what they hated, how they lived, or how they died. And yet that which is thought, and said, and felt, is as real history, and, at least, as important to be known, as that which is visibly done by man to man. The written memorials, public and private, from which the dignified conventional "history" is constructed, almost invariably contain more of the spirit of times gone by, than the history itself; but they are rarely capable of being woven into a continuous narrative, and, therefore, the historian often fancies himself compelled to reject them, though they become more valuable than ever, in an age when national peculiarities are vanishing so rapidly.

The French have always been celebrated for their abundant details of ancient life, and the recent commencement of a republication of ancient memoirs, shows the high value they set upon this branch of knowledge. The appearance, too, of the "*Grands Jours de Clermont*," which we lately noticed (an important work, and strongly illustrative of the ultimate causes of the revolution,) suggests the hope that much valuable information may yet be derived from similar sources. And the other publications, whose titles are prefixed to this article, are merely two among many proofs that Europe is alive to the importance of this subject.

In America, a considerable taste for the study of antiquity has lately appeared, and it is not long since general interest was excited by the publication of the witch trials at Salem, among the early settlers, who carried out from the mother country very strong opinions and feelings on the subject, which may in some degree be illustrated by reference to the publications of the Spalding Club. Witches indeed have played an important part in their time, and it is impossible to say that they invariably misemployed their power; since among the records of the Court of Chancery (in the reign of Henry VI., if we recollect aright) there is a bill which states that the art had been exercised by a certain man upon an attorney who had conducted

a lawsuit successfully against him. The attorney, therefore, prays the chancellor to restrain the defendant, by the injunction of the court, from practising witchcraft upon him. It is doubtful whether lawyers have ever partaken largely of the popular feeling on the subject of witchcraft, though they have failed to oppose it with vigor. Sir George Mackenzie, the celebrated lord-advocate of the days of Charles II., though he asserts that the existence of witches is not to be doubted, exhibits no disposition to exaggerate their powers, or those of their master.

"The devil," says Sir George Mackenzie, "cannot transform one species into another, as a woman into a cat, for else he behoved to annihilate some of the substance of the woman, or create some more substance to the cat, the one being much more than the other; and the devil can neither annihilate or create, nor could he make the shapes return, *nam non datur regressus à privatione ad habitum*." This opinion, however, does by no means hold true of the women and cats of Scotland in the days immediately succeeding the Reformation, when the public, being peculiarly sharp-set for the detection of the subtlest processes of satanic agency, ascertained to its entire satisfaction that the whole land was enchanted; that the shapes of women and cats (to say nothing of dogs, hares, and coney) were, under certain influences, interchangeable at pleasure; while evil spirits hopped about in the likeness of magpies, scratched and bit as cats, lowed as calves, bleated as lambs, or pranced as chargers. Our admiration is not more due to the proverbial acuteness which enabled the people of Scotland to arrive at these great truths, than to the energy with which they gave effect to their convictions.

With regard to the general history of this popular delusion, little remains to be learnt, but the strange details, preserved with curious minuteness in the documents printed by the Spalding Club, impart a painful reality to these transactions, which seem more and more incredible and absurd, in proportion to their undoubted and lamentable certainty. It appears that in the town of Aberdeen alone, twenty-four or twenty-five persons were burnt for the crime of witchcraft in the spring of 1597, and there are various notices of others who had suffered previously. The persons accused were generally placed in irons, and confined in the vaults under the town church, and sometimes lay in prison for six months or a year before they were brought for trial. Their judges were the sheriffs, and the magistrates of the town, acting under a special commission.

Public curiosity having been strongly excited upon this subject, the unfortunate witches were eagerly resorted to during their confinement, and they are alleged in many instances to have communicated their evil arts to persons consulting them through the bars of their prisons. It seems reasonably clear, that many of them affected (as some persons still do) to use charms, and were desirous of acquiring the influence which a necromantic reputation never failed to confer; but the long imprisonment, and the variety of mental and bodily torments to which they were subjected, generally produced in the end any kind of a confession which was desired; or if an acknowledgment of guilt could not be extorted from them, witnesses were always ready to support any charge whatever. The confession of Andrew Man (himself a witch, and known as a witch-trier of such exquisite skill,

that he had no difficulty in pronouncing, upon examination, not only whether the person accused was a practitioner of witchcraft, but also, how long he or she had been so) affords an example of the delusions under which those unfortunate persons labored, or of the impressions which they wished to convey to others. It appears, that when he was a young boy, the devil, his master, came to his mother's house, in the likeness and shape of a woman, called the Queen of Elphen, and promised that he should know all things, and should help and cure all sorts of sickness, short of actual death, and that he should fare well, yet (with the ill luck invariably attendant upon such gifts) should have to beg his bread before he died, "as *Thomas Rymour* did." When he grew up, he became a regular votary of the black art. By his witchcraft and sorcery, he was enabled to effect various cures, both of people and of cattle. In one case, the disease was transferred to a cat, which instantly died. A certain spirit, whom he termed *Christsonday*, and supposed to be an angel, and God's godson, although he is at variance with God, (but whom the accusers knew from excellent private information to be the devil,) came to him in the likeness of a fair angel, clad in white clothes, and said that he was an angel, and bade him put his trust in him, and call him his lord and king, and marked him on the third finger. Moreover, the Queen of Elphen "has a grip of all the craft," but *Christsonday* is the good man, and has all power under God. "He" (Andrew) "knows sundry dead men in their company and the king that died in Flowdown, and *Thomas Rymour* [both of whom died mysteriously, and left their fate to be related in different ways by popular tradition] are there." Upon the rood-day in harvest in the current year, which fell on a Wednesday, he saw *Christsonday* come out of the snow, in likeness of a stallion. The Queen of Elphen was there, and others with her, riding upon white hackneys;* and if he had been allowed to have kept the convention on All-hallow even last, he would have told of all those who should have been in company with them. The elves have shapes and clothes like men, and they will have fair covered tables, and they are but shadows, yet are "starker" [stronger] than men,† and they have playing and dancing when they please, and the queen is very pleasant, and can be old or young when she pleases, and she makes any one king whom she pleases. The elves will make one appear to be in a fair chamber, and yet he will find himself in a moss on the morn; they will appear to have candles, and lights, and swords, which are nothing else but dead grass and straws; yet he, Andrew, is not afraid to go among them, and has associated with them all his days. At the day of judgment, the fire will burn the water and the earth, and

make all plain, and *Christsonday* will be the notary to accuse every man, and will be cast into the fire, because he deceives worldly men.

The charges of witchcraft generally relate to some alleged practising against the health of men, or cattle, or the growth of crops, and there is a remarkable uniformity in the description of the sickness caused by witches, which seems to indicate the prevalence of violent fever and ague. To cure, was as dangerous as to cause disease. In some cases the imputations are so childishly absurd, that we are lost in amazement at their being entertained.

Thus, against one woman it is alleged, and proved, that one night, while her husband was lying in bed, and she dressing, a cat came in upon the husband, and cried "wallawa!" (a mode of expression not very unusual among the cat kind) and worried one of her own kittens; whereupon he slew the cat, and immediately thereafter both his horse and his dog ran mad. And as a proof that this woman's son and daughters are "quick ganging devils," it is stated (in the son's indictment) that on the day of the mother's trial, there came to the father's house an evil spirit, in likeness of a magpie, and struck the youngest daughter out of the house, and would have plucked out her eyes and destroyed her, had not the neighbors in the street come in and "dang" that foul spirit forth from the house, and closed both doors and windows on her. A second attack was made upon the girl the same day, by an evil spirit, in likeness of a *kae*, but the neighbors again interposed, and by their earnest prayers to God, expelled the demon. And these things are considered to be evident tokens and demonstrations, seen and known to all the world, that there is none of their father's house free from the devil's service, but all are his subject slaves. In another case it is alleged, but not proved, that a certain man going home at eleven o'clock in a winter night, found the woman accused, or a devil in her likeness, sitting on a stone; when she gaped and "glowered" upon him, and vomited fiery brands out of her mouth, which frightened him so much, that he became sick, and was forced to go back again, instead of proceeding to his own house. *Ellen Gray* was indicted as a notorious witch and sorcerer, because during all the preceding year she was seen going with one *Mergie*, her consort (who had since fled;) one in the likeness of a dog, the other in the likeness of a cat, betwixt her house and that of *Mergie*.

It is impossible to imagine any transaction of life into which sorcery might not enter. Thus, in the case of *Helen Fraser*, it happened that a married man found his affection violently and extraordinarily drawn away from his wife, to a certain widow, for whom he had been sowing corn, (and in whose house *Helen Fraser* was residing,) there having always been great love between him and his wife theretofore, and no breach of love, or discord, falling out or intervening on either side: which thing the country supposed and spake to be brought about by the unlawful labors of the said *Helen*. This was testified by the false husband himself, and *Helen Fraser* was convicted. Against another woman it was a charge that she, by her witchcraft, caused *George Barclay* "to marry a poor hussy, whereat all men wondered, seeing he was a man so good like and rich, and came of honest parents, and she an ugly harlot quean, come of so base degree, and who had since *depauperat* both." The

* "In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speke, gret honour,
All was this land full-filled of faerie;
The Elf-queene, with hire joly compaignie,
Danced full oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man seee nor elves mo."
The Wife of Bath's Tale.

† "Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl, duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end."
Milton, F. Allegro.

devil appeared to his servants, sometimes as an aged man, bearded (an "old white-bearded Satan") with a white gown and a "thrummit" hat; sometimes as a black man, a lamb, a calf, a horse; sometimes he rose from the ground in the midst of his worshippers, in the shape of a black beast, waxing larger by degrees. He loved to display himself in assemblies of witches, to receive their homage, to commend the fare they offered him, and to promote their mirth by the exercise of his musical talent; a notion admirably illustrated by Burns in *Tam o' Shanter*. It was, of course, a heinous act of witchcraft to take part (as many persons confessed they had done) in these orgies.

Thomas Leyis was accused of having come upon Halloween about midnight, accompanied by his mother (since burnt) and many other sorcerers and witches, to the market and fish-cross of Aberdeen, under the conduct and guiding of the devil, present with them all in company, playing before them on *his kind of instruments*, when they all danced about both the said crosses and the meal market, a long space of time; in which devil's dance the said Thomas was foremost, and led the ring, and *dang* (struck) Katherine Mitchell, because she spoiled the dance, and ran not so fast about as the rest. This was testified by the said Katherine Mitchell, who was present with them at the time foresaid, dancing with the devil. In the margin of the indictment is written, "Provin;" and Thomas Leyis was burnt. He is said to have confessed his guilt, and to have named his accomplices. This dance is noticed in several other indictments: in that of a woman, who was also burnt, we read that in the said dance she was the ringleader next to Thomas Leyis, and because the devil played not so melodiously and well as she wished, she took his instrument out of his mouth, then took him on the chops therewith, and played herself thereon to the whole company; and it was proved that they were, accompanied by their devilish companions and faction, transformed, some into hares, some into cats, and some in other similitudes. There were dances of the same kind on Halloween in several places. At a gray stone at the foot of the hill of Cragleauche, nine persons were, under the conduct of their master the devil, dancing in a ring, and he played melodiously upon an instrument, albeit invisible to them. Margaret Bane, who was burnt for taking part in this revel, confessed that the devil was there in the likeness of a beast, and caused them all to worship him. Christian Mitchell confessed, that three years before her trial, on the Rood-day, early in the morning, she and certain other witches, her devilish adherents, conversed upon St. Katherine's Hill, in Aberdeen, and there, under the conduct of Satan, present with them, playing before them on his form of instruments, they all danced a devilish dance, riding on trees, for a long space.

Persons merely suspected of witchcraft were frequently branded on the cheek, and banished from the town. But the sentence pronounced upon actual convicted witches generally was either that they should be "wirreit," i. e. strangled, "at the stake till they were dead," and should then be burnt; or "that they should be had out of the town and burnt to ashes." It does not appear that they were actually burnt alive. The editors of the Spalding Club Miscellany have preserved an account of

"The debursements made by the comptar, at command and by virtue of the ordinance of the

Provost, Bailies, and Council, in the burning and sustentation of the witches.

	£	s.	d.
"Imprimis for burying Suppak, who died in prison	0	6	8
Item for trailing Manteith through the street of the town in a cart, who hanged herself in prison, and for cart hire and burying her	0	10	0
Jonett Wischart and Issbel Cocker. Item for twenty loads of peats to burn them	0	40	0
Item for a boll of coals	0	23	0
Item for 4 tar barrels	0	26	8
Item for fire and iron barrels	0	16	8
Item for a stake and dressing it	0	16	0
Item for 4 fathom of tows	0	4	0
Item for carrying the peats, coals, and barrels to the Hill	0	13	4
Item to <i>Jon Justice</i> (Jack Ketch, <i>Anglicè</i>) for their execution	0	13	5

Thomas Leis.

Item, the 23rd of February, for peats, tar-barrels, fire and coals, to burn the said Thomas, and to Jon Justice for his fee in executing him

3 13 4."

William Dun, Dean of Guild, was excused the payment of a sum of money due from him to the town, because he had shown faithfulness in the discharge of his duty, and, besides that, had taken extraordinary pains in the burning of the great number of witches burnt that year, as well as in other official business. All this is exceedingly revolting, and we are tempted to exclaim against the barbarity and ignorance of the age and nation. Yet the age is not solely to blame, since Sir George Mackenzie, nearly 100 years later, observes, "That there are witches, divines cannot doubt, since the word of God hath ordained that no witch shall live; nor lawyers in Scotland, seeing our law ordains it to be punished;" nor was the nation only in fault; for the English parliament, by a statute of James I. (drawn with such absurd minuteness, that, well known as it is, it deserves to be repeated) enacted that it should be a capital felony "to use, practise, or exercise invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or to consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or to take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any part of a dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charme, or enchantment; or to use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person should be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed, in his or her body, or any part thereof." This statute but too well represented the prevailing views on the subject; and with reference to them, and also to the opinion of King James, who has been supposed to have been an early and zealous persecutor of witches, it may be worth while to cite a letter of Howell's written in London in 1647, fifty years after the witch trials at Aberdeen. After stating various cases of undoubted sorcery practised on the continent, Howell says:

"But we need not cross the sea for examples of this kind; we have too many (God wot) at home: King James a great while was loth to believe there were witches, but that which happened to my Lord

Francois of Rutland's children convinced him; who were bewitched by an old woman that was servant at Belvoir Castle, but being displeased, she contracted with the devil (who conversed with her in the form of a cat whom she called Rutterkin) to make away those children, out of mere malignity and thirst of revenge.

"But since the beginning of these unnatural wars, there may be a cloud of witnesses produced for the proof of this black tenet: for within the compass of two years, near upon 300 witches were arraigned, and the major part executed, in Essex and Suffolk only; Scotland swarms with them now more than ever, and persons of good quality executed daily." And in a previous letter of 1646, after Charing Cross and the other crosses which stood in various parts of London had been removed, (to the great scandal of all but the puritans,) and a great change effected in all outward appearances and symbols, he says, "The devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him anywhere; and it seems he never was so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately, than ever were in this island since the creation."

In thinking of the cruel treatment of these unfortunate people, we must not forget that the age was a harsh one. Even to a much later period, the Scotch criminal law* was very strict, especially against the poor; and was enforced, when enforced at all, with great severity. In the law of theft, there was a curious gradation of punishment. Thus, it is said, if a thief be taken with bread worth a farthing, and from one farthing to four, he should be scourged: for four farthings, he should be put in the jogs and banished; from four to eight, he should lose an ear; and if the same thief be hereafter taken with eight pennies, he should be hanged; but if any thief should be taken with thirty-two pennies and a farthing, he may be hanged. And we find† that upon the 25th of July, 1623, two fellows, called Raith and Deane, are ordained to be hanged, for no greater offence than breaking into gardens and stealing bee-hives, and sybows or young onions. Much, however, was left to the discretion of the judges, who could, for instance, in cases of false swearing or forgery, order the guilty person to be banished, to be scourged, or to have his tongue pierced, according to their view of his case. In one case, a gentleman was only imprisoned for forgery, because he was ingenuous (*i. e.* of good family) and in necessity; though other forgers, about the same period, were capitally punished. Torture was allowed, but judges could not torture children under fourteen, or very old persons. This exemption was in some countries extended to women, sick persons, and such as had been eminent in any nation for learning, or other arts. "But," says Sir George Mackenzie, "all this is arbitrary among us!" a too significant observation. Surely it is to this period that we must assign the story, which represents a judge to have been so much amused with the varying emotions expressed in a suitor's countenance, during the pleading of a cause, that he proposed to "decern against him, and see how he would look then."

But to return to earlier times. The crown was so feeble, and the great nobility so strong, that no man could be safe without the protection of some

powerful lord. To obtain this protection, almost every landowner connected himself with some feudal chief, by a bond of Manrent, by which he obliged himself, in terms, to become man and servant to his protector, in peace and war, (with the nominal exception of his allegiance to the crown,) to ride and go with him when required, to warn him of any harm intended against him, to advise him faithfully, and to keep his secrets.

The leading nobility, again, entered into bonds of friendship among themselves, agreeing to stand by each other in all actions, quarrels, questions, and debates whatsoever; and that if it should happen that they, or any of them, should be pursued, molested, or troubled in person or estate, by any person or persons whatsoever, in that case all would take part in resisting such proceedings; against all persons except the king; an exception not always practically observed.*

Individuals thus protected could bid defiance to all attempts to enforce the law by any orderly and peaceful process. But persons who did not come in to stand their trial on any criminal charge, were liable to Letters of Fire and Sword; that is, to a commission, directed to the most deadly enemies of the accused, and charging the commissioners to convoke the lieges in arms, and to seek, take, and imprison, and in case of resistance or hostile opposition to pursue to death, the parties accused; and if the latter, in their defence, should happen to flee to strengths or houses, then the commissioners were empowered to besiege the strengths or houses, to raze, fire, and use all kinds of force and warlike engines that could be had for winning thereof, and apprehending the rebels and their accomplices; and if, in pursuit of the rebels and their accomplices, or in such sieges, there should happen (which after this hint, was not unlikely to happen) fire-raising, mutilation, slaughter, destruction of corn or goods, or other *inconveniences*, it was declared that the same should not be imputed as a crime or offence to the commissioners or the persons aiding them.

The commission might seem stringent enough, and fully equal to any emergency, especially as it was usually granted to persons interested in executing it, and sometimes even issued against parties who had never been cited to appear; and it was the chief instrument employed in the ordinary government of the Highlands; but in the Miscellany of the Spalding Club we find a document, in comparison with which the ordinary Letters of Fire and Sword appear a friendly, benignant, and paternal communication.

The Clan Chattan (a numerous race, comprising various septs, which, though differing in name, were allied in blood, and agreed to a great extent in their armorial bearings, and especially in bearing the mountain cat, as their common crest) occupied the central Highlands of the counties of Kincardine, Aberdeen, Moray, Banff, and Inverness. This wild tribe, having quarrelled with the Earl of Moray and his dependants, invaded the lowland parts of Morayshire, and ravaged the country; and, in particular, (according to the statements in the document about to be quoted,) they went to the lands of James Dunbar, of Tarbert, in the Bray of Moray, and were there guilty of fire-raising, slew six men and two women, and maimed other five men, and made great pillage of cattle, sheep, horses, goats, swine, &c., whereupon the Earl of Moray

* See Sir G. Mackenzie on Criminal Law.

† Arnot's Criminal Trials.

* Many bonds of this sort, as well as bonds of Manrent, are to be found in the publications of the Spalding Club.

obtained, in 1528, the king's letters commanding the Earl of Moray, lieutenant, "to pass upon the Clan Chattan and Badenoch, for to destroy them *alutherie*."

These dreadful letters state that the king and his council (this was under the dominion of the Douglasses, during the minority of James V.) advisedly considering the great harms and contemptions done by the Clan Chattan and their assisters against the common weal, have determined to make *utter extermination and destruction* of all that clan, their assisters and part-takers. They command the Earl of Moray, as lieutenant of the north, and the sheriffs of the northern counties, to go up in full force, in military array, upon the Clan Chattan, and invade them to their utter destruction, by slaughter, burning, drowning, and other ways, and to leave no creature living in that clan, except priests, women, and children. The destroyers are to take to themselves, for their pains, all the goods of the Clan Chattan which they can seize; and are promised in addition a reward from the king for good service. All who take part with the Clan Chattan are to be treated like them; and not only are the persons executing this decree to be free from all question in respect of the intended invasions, slaughters, burnings, taking of goods, and other mischiefs done to the Clan Chattan or their assisters; but all sharpness done, and to be done upon them, shall be deemed to be lawfully and righteously done. The women and children of the clan are to be taken to the coast, where ships shall be provided, at the public expense, to sail with them forth of the realm, and land with them in Jesland, Zealand, or Norway, because (oh! exquisite tenderness of the royal mercy!) it were inhumanity (!) to put hands in the blood of women and children.

The Earl of Moray,* having provided himself with this commission, assembled an army, and surprised the Clan Chattan. He took about 200 of them, together with William, the brother of Hector Macintosh, who had commanded in the incursions. They were all hanged; and William, after his death, was quartered, and his head was fastened upon a pole at Dyke, in Morayshire. His quarters were sent to Elgin, Forbes, Aberdeen, and Inverness, there to be set up for an example to others. Not one man of all the 200 could be induced to confess where Hector was, though life was severally promised to every one of them upon this condition, as they were led along to the gallows. Their faith was so true, that they could not be persuaded, either by fair means, or by any terror of death, to betray their captain. Thus were these gallant and true-hearted men destroyed by a stretch of tyrannical wickedness not surpassed in history.

Innumerable were the deeds of violence and bloodshed everywhere in those days. Many such acts, public and private, are confusedly chronicled in a sort of rambling diary and obituary kept by one Cullen, Vicar of Aberdeen.† Thus, (not to mention the conflicts among the great nobles at court,) on the 10th of October, 1571, the field of Tulliangus was stricken, between Adam Gordon and Arthur Forbes, brother to Lord Forbes, where the said Arthur was slain, with sundry others of his kin: on the other side, John Gordon, of Buckie, with divers hurt on both sides. On the 20th day of the succeeding month, the field of Craibstane

was stricken by John Master, of Forbes, and Adam Gordon, brother to Lord Huntly, where the said John lost the field, and was taken, and sundry of his kin and friends slain, to the number on both sides of threescore, or thereby; and good Duncan Forbes slain the said day. Gilbert Knowis, elder, Burgess of Aberdeen, was slain by James Gordon, brother to the Laird of Abergeldy, at the causeway end, going to the Cross, on the 1st of December, 1574. Gilbert Knowis, his son, also was slain on the same day, by the said James, having in company with him William Davidson, Burgess of Aberdeen. Among the many other private murders which Cullen mentions, we find that John Wishart, cordwainer, was slain by James Paterson, hangman of Aberdeen; and the said James hanged, and his head set on the port, therefor. But slayers and slain were generally people of condition, and in such cases we do not perceive that any punishment was inflicted.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew is especially noticed: "On the 24th day of August, in the year of God 1572 years, Jasper Cullen, (as the chronologer thinks proper to style Coligny,) great admiral of France, was cruelly murdered in Paris, under color of friendship, at the King of Navarre's bridal, and under night, by the most cursed King of France, Monsieur his brother, and by the device of the pope, cardinals, bishops, abbots, priors, monks, friars, canons, priests, nuns, and whole rabble of that devilish sort of papists, devised at the Council of Trent, whose cruel murder we pray God to revenge. So be it."

The country gentlemen appear to have been very glad to serve the offices of provost and bailie, and the borough equally glad to secure their assistance. There was even some struggle for the supremacy in town politics, and a conflict between the open and the close system of elections. Moreover there was a sort of aristocracy among the citizens themselves, consisting of those who were of "the old blood of the town." A deficiency in this kind of gentility was apt to be made matter of reproach against persons in high office. Thus, when Mr. Alexander Jaffray was chosen provost, many held cheap both the man and the election, as he was not of "the old blood of the town," but the grandson of a baxter, (baker;) "and, therefore, was set down in the provost's deass, before his entering, and baken pye to sermon:"* but he had the good sense to take no notice of the indignity.

The ancient acts of the Scottish parliament contain interesting notices of what was passing in public and in private life. They evince great solicitude for the public defence. All classes are to be prepared with arms according to their degree; and in order to promote skill in archery, (the great accomplishment of the English yeoman and the vital want of the Scotch, by which they frequently suffered in war,) the old Scottish games of football, and golf, are actually prohibited, and the regular practice of archery is commanded in every parish. It is ordered that there shall be made at each parish church a pair of butts, and that shooting shall be practised every Sunday; that each man shall shoot six shots at least, and those who do not come to shoot, shall be fined twopence a piece, for the archers to drink. There is abundant evidence that the country was extremely poor and unsettled. Lepers formed a numerous class, and they are ordered to remain (except at

* See Sir R. Gordon's History of the House of Sutherland.

† Spalding Miscellany, vol. ii.

* Spalding's History of the Troubles.

stated times) at their hospitals and other places without the boroughs. Statute after statute enjoins the king's justices to take inquisition of *sornars*, i. e. persons who forcibly took up their quarters in the houses of others;—bards, (Oh Helicon!) masterful or sturdy beggars, and feigned fools; and either to banish them the country, or to send them to the king's prison. If *sornars* or masterful beggars have any property, it is to be applied to their support in prison as long as it lasts; their ears are then to be nailed to the trone, or some tree, and cut off; after which they are to be banished, and, if found again, to be hanged. No direction is given as to the property of bards; probably because the law did not contemplate the possibility of their having any. Copyright, apparently, had not acquired any great value.

Familiar as we are with the early extinction of wolves in England, it is startling to find the Scottish legislature providing in the fifteenth century that wolves' whelps should be hunted by every baron, four times a year, or as often as a wolf appeared; any man who failed to go to the hunt was liable to a fine, while he who brought in the head of a wolf or a fox was entitled to a reward, for the crime of vulpicide, so justly odious in the nineteenth century, was actually encouraged in the dark ages! All birds of prey are to be slain, in order that wild fowl may be preserved; not for sporting, but "for the sustentation of man:" partridges, plovers, gray hens, and moor-cocks, are not to be taken with any manner of instrument from the beginning of Lent until August, and a penalty is fixed for the killing of hares or conies in snow time. The preservation of salmon was also most anxiously provided for; and we have heard of an enactment that the openings in all cruives should be wide enough for a sow (dimensions not stated) to turn in without touching either side with snout or tail! Absenteeism was common, owing to the concentration of estates in a few hands, a process which many of the great families continually carried on, by every kind of fraud and oppression. Proprietors are, therefore, required to repair their castles and manor-houses, and to occupy them either in person or by their friends, so that the produce of the estate may be spent upon it. The planting of trees and hedges, and even the sowing of broom, are from time to time commanded, with an anxiety which shows that little deference was paid to the injunction.

It was hardly to be supposed that in such a state of society it could be thought necessary to enact laws to restrain excess in personal expenditure; yet so it was: for all rude governments fall into the error of attempting to govern too much; and at a time when the law was not strong enough to give anything like safety to life or property,* all persons except noblemen and their heirs were forbidden to wear embroidery, pearls, or bullion, under pain of escheat of the "array" to the king. And in another act the lords of parliament, after declaring that the realm in each state is greatly impoverished through sumptuous clothing, both of men and women ("Tis pride that pulls the country down," says the old ballad; and so thought that economical sovereign King Stephen, when he complained of his tailor's charges,) proceed to lay down a vestimentary code with edifying minuteness. People in boroughs, living by merchandise, (with the exception of persons in dignity, as aldermen,

ballies, and other good men who are of the council of the town, and their wives,) are not to wear cloths of silk, or costly scarlet in gowns, or expensive furs; and the men are directed (a difficult, if not impossible task) to make their wives and daughters be habilitated according to their estate; that is to say, on their heads short curches with little hoods, such as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries. As to gowns, it is commanded that no woman wear "tails" of unbecoming length, nor gowns furred under, except on holidays.

These rules are prescribed not only to burghesses, but also to poor gentlemen and their wives, living in the country, and having less than a certain income. Workpeople are restricted on work-days to clothes of gray and white, and on holidays to light blue, green, and red; and the women's curches must be of their own making, and not exceeding the price of forty pence the ell, and no woman is to come to kirk or market with her face muzzled or covered, so that she may not be known, "under pain of escheat of the curch! The clergy are forbidden to use robes and furred gowns, with the exception of persons "constitute in dignity" in cathedral or college kirk, persons spending 200 marks a year, great nobles, and doctors. These regulations are to be obeyed under pain of the escheat of the habit. It is to be feared, however, that they were not much attended to, for even in the article of "tails" it appears that in the time of James IV. the utmost lawlessness prevailed—since Dunbar speaks of the ladies' trains as

"Sic foul tails, to sweep the causeway clean;"

and it may be doubted whether the practice has ever yet been brought into conformity with the law. The dainties of the table in Dunbar's time, are noticed by him as follows. He wishes for the king's return from his penance at Linlithgow.

"To eat swan, crane, partridge, and plover,
And every fish that swims in river;
To drink with us the new fresh wine
That grew upon the river of Rhine;
Fresh fragrant clarets out of France,
Of Angers, and of Orleans."

It was not till a much later period, that the word claret became restricted to the wines of Bordeaux. There were savans about the court in those days, and, in particular, a native of Lombardy,* who caused the king to believe, that he, by his chemical skill, would make fine gold of other metal, which science he called the Quintessence, whereupon the king made great cost, but all in vain! That age aspired, like our own, to the accomplishment of flying, for the king, having despatched an embassy to France on the 27th of September, 1507, the Lombard philosopher took in hand to fly with wings, and to be in France before the ambassadors. And to that effect, he caused a pair of wings to be made of feathers, which being fastened upon him, he flew off the Castle of Stirling, but shortly fell to the ground, and broke his thigh-bone. This accident he ascribed, not to any imperfection in his theory, but to the circumstance that there were some hen-feathers in the wings, which naturally yearned for and coveted the dunghill, and not the skies. In this attempt, it seems he imitated one Bladud, king of England, who, as histories mention, decked himself in feathers, and

* A. D. 1429.

† A. D. 1457.

* See Bishop Lesley's History.

presumed to fly in the air, but falling on the temple of Apollo, broke his neck.

A very lofty theoretical view was taken at first of the conscientious obligations of an advocate. Advocates and for-speakers in temporal court pleading, and also the parties that they plead for, if they be plaintiffs, are ordered,* before they be heard in any cause, to swear that they believe the cause they are to plead is good and lawful; and if the principal party be absent, the advocate must swear in his stead, according to the sentiments contained in the following "metres":

"*Illud juretur, quod his sibi justa videtur,
Et si queretur, verum non inficietur;
Nil permittitur, nec falsa probatio detur;
Ut lis tardetur, dilatio nulla petetur.*"

It is directed by the same parliament, that when a man wished to appeal against a sentence, he was *not* to use strong language, but "*only* to say that the doom is false, stinking, and rotten in itself." It is to be observed, with reference to modern habits of speech upon similar subjects, that this license is only given by the statute where the decision is subject to appeal. But indeed the phraseology of those days of chivalry and romance was rather energetic. The language of the legislature itself is on one occasion a little to the north side of civil towards the king of England. "And because it is verily trusted and supposed that the revare (robber) Edward [IV.] calling himself King of England, through burning avarice, and for false reif (rapine) and conquest, not dreading God, nor the effusion of Christian blood, nor having respect or remembrance that he was obliged and sworn to have kept the truce, but postponing the bond of his loyalty and honor that he should have had, is absolutely set to continue in the way that he has moved and begun, and by all his power tends and shapes to invade and destroy, and, in so far as he may, to conquest this realm," the three-estates grant to King James III. supplies for the defence of his kingdom. King Edward, after this, could scarcely inform his parliament "that he continued to receive from all foreign powers assurances of their friendly disposition."

It appears from the following act of parliament,† which is no doubt familiarly known to Lord Campbell, the reformer of the law of libel, that, at a later period, the licentiousness of the press, and its free discussion of questions, sacred and profane, alarmed and irritated the priesthood and the government:—

"Inasmuch as there are divers printers in this realm who daily and continually print books concerning the faith, ballads, songs, blasphemations, rhymes as well of churchmen as of temporal persons, and tragedies as well in the Latin as in the English tongue; not seen, viewed, and considered by the superiors, and tending to the defamation and slander of the lieges of the realm; to put a stop to such inconveniences, it is ordained that no printer presume to print any books, ballads, songs, blasphemations, rhymes, or tragedies, either in the Latin or the English tongue, in time to come, until the same be seen, viewed, and examined by some wise and discreet persons, deputed thereunto by the ordinaries, and thereafter a license had and obtained from our sovereign lady,‡ by the lord governor, for printing such books; under pain of confiscation of all the printer's goods, and banishing him from the realm forever."

* Statute of 1429. † 1551. ‡ Mary, then in France.

Alas for all sovereign ladies, and alas for all lords governors! the doom was gone forth—it was too late to interfere with the publication of "books, ballads, songs, blasphemations, rhymes, and tragedies;" that fierce contest of pen and tongue, and hand and heart, had begun, by which Scotland was so long to be distracted, and which was to exhibit such wonderful traits of good and evil, and to develop so remarkably the character of her people. Of the extent to which the spirit of theological discussion pervaded society during this great struggle, an amusing instance is given in one of Howell's letters, written from Edinburgh in 1639, during the sitting of the General Assembly:

"The bishops are all gone to wrack, and they have had but a sorry funeral; the very name is grown so contemptible, that a black dog, if he have any white marks about him, is called Bishop. Our Lord of Canterbury is grown here so odious, that they call him commonly in the pulpit, 'The priest of Baal,' and 'the son of Belial.'"

"I'll tell your lordship of a passage which happened lately in my lodging, which is a tavern: I had sent for a shoemaker to make me a pair of boots, and my landlord, who is a pert, smart man, brought up a chopin of white wine (and for this particular there are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper; for they are but at a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any wine here.) Over this chopin of white wine, my vintner and shoemaker fell into a hot dispute about bishops. The shoemaker grew very furious, and called them 'the firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instruments of the devil,' and that 'they were of his institution, not of God's.' [In short he had a quarrel with episcopacy altogether.] My vintner took him up smartly, and said, 'Hold, neighbor there, do not you know as well as I, that Titus and Timothy were bishops? that our Saviour is entitled the bishop of our souls? that the word bishop is as frequently mentioned in Scripture, as the name pastor, elder, or deacon? then why do you inveigh so bitterly against them?' The shoemaker answered, 'I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it.' My vintner replies, 'Well then, you are a shoemaker by your profession, imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade should play the knaves, and sell calfskin leather boots for neat's leather, or do other cheats, must we therefore go barefoot? must the gentle craft of shoemakers fall therefore to the ground? It is the fault of the men, not of the calling.' The shoemaker was so gravelled at this that he was put to his *last*, for he had not a word more to say; so my vintner got the day."

The tone and temper of the Assembly of 1638, are strikingly depicted in "Gordon's History of Scots Affairs," printed by the Spalding Club:

"How soon the commissioner was gone, candles were brought into the Church, and the moderator began for to exhort the members of the Assembly that since kings were Christ's subjects, no members of that meeting should suffer themselves either for fear of a favor to any man for to be reduced from the obedience to Christ's commands in the least; that now they were to rely upon Christ's immediate presidency amongst them, whom from the very beginning of their business they had found going favorably along with them; that Christ bids all expect that things shall come for best to those who commit themselves to him for their guide; that

they needed not for to be discouraged, for any blocks that should be cast into their way, specially with those whereby it was manifestly discovered how prejudicial this work they were about was to the kingdom of *Satan and of Antichrist*, as also how acceptable it was to Christ, the general of this combat, for to rebuild the ruins of his beloved Zion."

This was spoken in 1638, not in 1843, by covenanters, not by non-intrusionists. We are not disposed to argue the questions then or now under discussion, which, indeed, are vitally different from each other; but it is impossible not to observe how closely the style of the covenanters has of late been imitated; with what quiet assurance it is still assumed that the regulations of an infallible assembly are equivalent to immediate declarations of divine will, and that opposition can only proceed from the worst agency and the worst motives.

The recent troubles of the presbytery of Strathbogie are well known. It is odd to find their predecessors two centuries ago, in a very similar dilemma. Gordon says that "after the rising of the assembly, the two commissioners for the presbytery of Strathbogie went to the king's commissioner, humbly desiring his grace to tell them what they should do, they being cast in two extremes, betwixt disobedience to the king's command, and the members of the assembly, who were resolved all to sit, with whom they would gladly concur, if they thought the hazard were not great to follow."

But let us touch no longer upon controversial matters. It will be remembered that the feudal sovereigns seldom had much money at their disposal, and that their only means of exercising any extensive hospitality was by putting in force their rights of purveyance and levying contributions on their loyal subjects and vassals. Accordingly, King James VI., his marriage being concluded, writes to the Laird of Arbuthnot on the "penult" day of August, 1589, stating his hourly expectation of the arrival of his queen, and the necessity of receiving her, as his ambassador had been received in Denmark, with honorable entertainment. To this end he throws himself upon the good will of his loving subjects, and earnestly desires the laird to send him, in aid of the honorable charges to be made in this action, such quantity of fat beef and mutton, wild fowl, and venison, or other stuff, meet for the purpose, as he could possibly provide or furnish of his own, or procure from others. The royal feast, however, did not take place so soon as was expected; for King James's single and solitary act of gallantry, his voyage to Norway, placed him at the mercy of the northern storms, raised "by the conspiracies of witches and such devilish dragons," (several of whom were executed for this crime), which detained him for a whole winter. He consoled himself by a free participation in Scandinavian merrymaking, as we learn from his famous letter of promise to Sir Alexander Lindsay, which is dated "from the Castle of Croneburg, where we are drinking and driving over in the auld manner." [Dunbar says in *The Tua Maryit women and the Wedo*, "Thus drave they over that dear night with dances full noble."] But on his return to Scotland, he again addresses the Laird of Arbuthnot, on the 11th of May, 1590, as hungrily as ever; and requests him, since the voyage has been prosperous, and the day of the queen's coronation is approaching, to bring up "such support of stuff and provision" as the laird had already got, or

was able to get, according to the king's former letters and requests; and to make true report, by writing, of every man's forwardness and good will in this behalf.

Nothing, probably, that ever wore a crown was addressed with more outward forms of reverence than the "most dread sovereign" King James; and the following letter from his chancellor, the Earl of Dunfermline, displays a thorough acquaintance with his learned tasks and the other peculiarities of his character, which, however, were more in accordance with the prevailing habits of the age, than we are wont to imagine.

"Most sacred Sovereign,

"I crave your majesty's favor that it may be lawful to me give entry to this letter, with some report of the antiquity. I think to a man that has delighted all his days in letters, writing to the most learned and wise king in the world, it cannot be imputed to great animus, albeit some memory of learning be intermixed therein. I read that Marcus Scaurus, a man of great renown among the Romans, *fiorente republica*, being accused by Quintus Varius of a very odious crime, that he should have received money from the King Mithridates for to betray the affairs of Rome: after his accuser had deduced all arguments and probations he could devise, he used no other defence than this, *Quintus Varius ait, Marcum regia pecunia corruptum, rempublicam prodere voluisse. Marcus Scaurus huic culpæ affinem esse negat; utri magis credendum putatis?* Which defence was followed with the acclamations of the whole people, condemning the accuser as a calumniator and a liar, and acknowledging the defender's undoubted virtue and honesty. Master John Forbes, a condemned traitor for his rebellious and seditious conventicles, holden as general assemblies against your majesty's authority and command, accuses your majesty's chancellor to have given advice, counsel, or consent to the holding of the said mutinous assembly. Your majesty's chancellor says it is a manifest lie, and if it might stand with his honor and dignity of his place to enter into contestation with such a condemned traitor, could clearly verify the same. Master John Forbes and all his colleagues abide still at the maintenance and justification of that their assembly, as a godly and lawful proceeding. Your majesty's chancellor, by his public letters, discharged and countermanded the said assembly; he has since condemned the said assembly as a seditious and unlawful deed, and all the partakers and maintainers of the same as mutinous and seditious persons. Your sacred majesty has to judge which of those two is most worthy of credit. Further, I think not needful to trouble your majesty in this matter, but some information I have sent to Mr. Alexander Hay, which it may please your Highness to accept and hear of, when best leisure from more weighty affairs may permit the same. So most humbly taking my leave, and praying the eternal God long to preserve your majesty in all felicity, I rest,

"Your sacred majesty's most humble and obedient subject and servitor,

"Edr. 25 May, 1606." "Dunfermline.

It is well known that persons in high station were in many cases most carefully educated. The Earl of Gowrie, who perished in that fatal mêlée in his castle at Perth, the victim probably of his own vindictive ambition, had lately returned from the continent, rich in all the learning and accom-

plishments of Europe. The Earl of Aboyne, son of the Marquis of Huntly, has left lines sufficiently graceful and sprightly, of which a specimen follows.

EARL OF ABOYNE'S LINES.*

1.

"It's not thy beauty nor thy wit,
That did my heart obtain;
For none of these could conquer yet
Either my breast or brain;
And if you'll not prove kind to me,
Yet true as heretofore,
Your slave henceforth I'll scorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more!"

* * * * *

4.

"Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind,
Nor soothing smile, nor seeming frown,
Can satisfy my mind."

* * * * *

6.

"I mean to love and not to doat,
I'll love for love again;
And, if ye say ye love me not,
I'll laugh at your disdain!
If you'll be loving, I'll be kind,
And still I'll constant be;
And, if the time does change your mind,
I'll change as soon as ye!"

A very favorable account is given of the Chancellor Dunfermline, in a little piece of autobiography by his brother-in-law, John, second Earl of Perth.† The "chancellor," he says, "was instructed with most virtues, learned, and heroic qualities, as having spent a great part of his youth in the best towns of Italy and France, where all good literature was professed. A man most meek, just, and wise, deserving greater commendation than paper can contain."

The Earl of Perth's account of his own life possesses that interest which a minute and naturally-written record of occurrences, and, still more, of thoughts, must always in time acquire. He was originally a younger brother. Special care was taken of the education of the eldest, James, Master of Drummond, who was sent to France for his education, like all Scotchmen of condition; and who turned out very well. John was all this time little regarded, and was sent to the school of Dunblaine, where he was but carelessly looked to for seven or eight years, his teachers being ignorant persons, "using their slavish discipline, conform to their own humors, teaching Ramus his grammar unprofitable." After two years spent in Edinburgh at college, he obtained leave to go to France upon a very mean allowance. This was in his nineteenth year, in the end of 1603. After a very tedious voyage he made his way to Bordeaux, where he met with his countryman, Monsieur Balfour, principal of the college, and a great mathematician, who used him kindly, and with whom he remained three years, and more. He then went to Toulouse, a fair city, and stayed in company with Monsieur Cadan, or Kid, a learned doctor in the laws, and with Monsieur Red, a doctor in physic. For nearly a year he frequented the public lectures on the laws, not understanding anything else, nor hav-

ing any friend who could inform him how the world went; so that he saw many things, but observed little; for though he always was in good company, yet his companions were unfit for managing affairs, as being mere scholars, and not caring for anything else. At length he went, in 1609, to Paris, "where more was to be seen than in all France else, by reason of the king and court's abiding there with all that great dependence." In the next spring, Henry IV. perished by the hand of Ravaillac, in the midst of his warlike preparations, and Drummond in the same year returned home, where he soon after succeeded his brother in the earldom. The estate was but small, yet by the help of friends and honest management, it proved better than was expected. At that time the Highland district where he lived was much disquieted by the Macgregors, and he exerted himself against them. "One of the clan," he says, "for reasons known to himself, alleging that his comrades and followers were to betray him, was content to take the advantage and let them fall into the hands of justice. The plot was cunningly contrived, and six of that number were killed upon ground, where I with certain friends was present. Three were taken, and one escaped, besides Robin (the traitor) and his man. This execution raised great speeches in the country, and made many acknowledge that these troubles were put to an end, wherewith King James himself was well pleased for the time." After this not very glorious exploit the earl married, and lived an easy life, but lost his wife after a few years. He sent his two eldest sons to France, Dr. Oliphert being their governor: his daughters were bred with his sister, the Countess of Roxburgh, sometimes at home, and then at court, till they were married. He says that

"Though all men were then quiet, yet wanted we not our own particular grievances; sometimes for one cause, and sometimes for another; so that in this life no man with reason can propose rest or security for himself, vexation of spirit and vanity often molesting us. I had much difficulty in settling of differences among friends and neighbors, to keep marches right, [the ancient and modern source of discord in Scotland: Dandie Dinmont's plea is familiar to our readers;] whereupon there arose cumber and debates. I sold some lands and bought others for commodity of our house, and lived reasonably well, according to the times, without debosh or drinking, by diet, an intolerable fault, and too much approved in this unhappy age. Happy are they who can eschew it in time, with other enorme vices whatsoever!"

He then laments the king's dethronement, and the ruin and confusion of the country, and he concludes by complaining that he had been severely fined, and his son subjected to a long imprisonment, and that only for a visit made by the son to his cousin Montrose! Montrose, however, was not such a man that the usurping government could well set down the visit to the score of cousinship only.

"No contentment had I all this while, but continual losses either at home or abroad; so that in presentia, annum agens septuagesimum tertium, senectutis malis quasi fractus, portum exoptans requiem in Christo sempiternam expecto, 20 June, 1657." He died five years afterwards, having survived the Restoration.

It is to be regretted that the Earl of Perth did not give us any of the details of rural life, or notice

* Published in the Spalding Club Miscellany.

† Spalding Miscellany, vol. ii.

the changes which he must have witnessed in his long and not uncreditable life. We are more fortunate in this respect at a later period. We learn from the reminiscences of Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk, in Aberdeenshire, that in his early days, soon after the Union, husbandry and manufactures were in low esteem. Turnips in fields, for cattle, grown by the Earl of Rothes and a very few others, were wondered at; wheat was almost confined to East Lothian; enclosures few, and planting very little; no repair of roads; all bad, and very few wheel carriages; no coach, chariot, or chaise, and few carts to the north of Tay. Colonel Middleton was the first person who used carts or wagons at Aberdeen; and he and Sir Archibald were the first to the north of Tay who had hay, except a very little at Gordon Castle. Mr. Lockart of Carnwath, the author of the memoirs, was the first who attempted raising or feeding cattle to size. A Mrs. Miller was the first who attempted thread or fine linen; and the Miss Walkenshaws the first who succeeded; these manufactories were first established about Glasgow and Renfrew, by which, and other industry, those towns made rapid increase; Edinburgh and most other towns having at that time but little retail trade. Aberdeen was then poor and small, having some Dutch and French trade, by salmon, and stockings, and serges, and plaiding; it had the first use of tea, then very scarce and little used at Edinburgh; it supplied Edinburgh with French wines, where, notwithstanding the town duties, it sold in retail in and from taverns, at tenpence per choppin, or English quart. Few families, except dealers, had it in cask for use; it was generally sent in from taverns, which were then much used. Table and body-linen were seldom shifted, and were but coarse, except for extraordinary occasions; moving necks and sleeves of better kinds being then used by the upper classes of society. Many wooden, mud, and thatched houses were to be found within the gates at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; few houses of any better kind stood without the gates. [It should be mentioned, however, that a letter in the "Spalding Miscellany," dated so early as 1693, speaks of a design at Edinburgh to cast a bridge of stone over the North Loch, to build on the other side, and to enclose the new taken-in ground with a wall, and extend the city privileges to the enclosure.] The churches, abbeys, castles, and all large stone edifices, the existence of which might be thought inconsistent with a state of poverty and depression, are said by Sir Archibald to have been reared "by foreign contributions, or the slavery and want of other employ of the people, and all in friendship aiding each other." Nobles and chiefs the thinks were tyrants under the old Scottish government, and so, by their means, were the kings. He remarks, that after the union of the crowns, before that of the nations, the privy council was tyrannical, and neither fixed property nor liberty existed. He states in conclusion, that "all improvements of security, husbandry, manufactures, commerce, or police, are since 1707, with which literature in any extensive degree, except school jargon, hath kept pace." Sir Archibald Grant's account of his own paternal estate, is exceedingly important, (the county of Aberdeen, in which it is situated, was by no means behind the greater part of Scotland.) "By the indulgence of a very worthy father, I was allowed, 1718, though then very young, to begin to enclose, and plant, and provide, and prepare nurseries. At that time,

there was not one acre upon the whole estate enclosed, nor any timber upon it, but a few elm, sycamore, and ash, about a small kitchen-garden adjoining to the house, and some straggling trees at some of the farm-yards, with a small copse-wood not enclosed, and dwarfish, and browsed by sheep and cattle. All the farms ill-disposed and mixed; different persons having alternate ridges; not one wheel carriage on the estate, nor indeed any one road that would allow it, and the rent about £600 sterling, per annum; grain and services converted to money. The house was an old castle, with battlements, and six different roofs, of various heights and directions, confusedly and inconveniently combined, and all rotten, with two wings, more modern, of two stories only; the half of windows of the higher rising above the roofs, with granaries, stables, and houses for all cattle and of the vermin attending them close adjoining, and with the heath and moor reaching in angles or goushets to the gate, and much heath near, and what land near was in culture belonged to the farms, by which their cattle and dung were always at the door. The whole land raised and uneven, and full of stones, many of them very large, of a hard iron quality, and all the ridges crooked in shape of an S, and very high and full of noxious weeds, and poor, being worn out by culture, without proper manure or tillage. Much of the land and moor near the house, poor and boggy; the rivulet that runs before the house in pits and shallow streams, often varying channels, with banks always ragged and broken. The people poor, ignorant, and slothful, and ingrained enemies to planting, enclosing, or any improvements or cleanness; no keeping of sheep, or cattle, or roads, but four months when oats and beans, which was the only sorts of their grain, was on the ground. The farm-houses, and even corn-mills, and manse and school, all poor, dirty huts, pulled in pieces for manure, or fell of themselves, almost each alternate year. Peter the First of Russia had more trouble to conquer the barbarous habits of his subjects, than in all the other great improvements he made."

It is stated in "Burt's Letters from the Highlands," written previous to the Forty-Five, that the further north you go, the smaller the cattle are. At the present day, among the largest and finest fat cattle in the London market are those which come direct by steam from the north of Scotland. The learned and intelligent editors of the "Spalding Miscellany" observe, that

"The judicious measures adopted by Sir Archibald Grant for the improvement of his estate are in nothing more observable than the noble masses of plantations, which, under his fostering care, arose on hill and dale. The appearance of the country must have been wonderfully changed for the better as these woods advanced. Indeed, it is difficult now to conceive that bleakness of which Sir Archibald complains; and among the many thousands of acres of wood which were planted by this indefatigable improver, there are trees of a size so gigantic, that few, if any, can be found to equal them in Scotland."

Sir Archibald's account of the carriages and roads receives some countenance from Lord Lovat's account* of a journey from Inverness to Edinburgh in 1740, twenty-four years later.

"I came off on Wednesday, the 30th of July, from my own house, dined at your sister's, and

* Miscellany published by the Spalding Club, vol. ii.

did not halt at Inverness, but came all night to Corribrough, with Evan Baillie and Duncan Fraser, and my chariot did very well. I brought my wheelwright with me the length of Avimore in case of accidents, and there I parted with him, because he declared that my chariot would go safe enough to London; but I was not eight miles from the place, when, on the plain road, the axletree of the hind wheels broke in two, so that my girls were forced to go on bare horses behind footmen, and I was obliged to ride myself, though I was very tender and the day very cold. I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulled there by force of men, where I got an English wheelwright and a smith, who wrought two days mending my chariot; and after paying very dear for their work, and for my quarters two nights, I was not gone four miles from Ruthven, when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnakeardach, where my honest landlord, Charles McGlassian, told me, that the Duke of Athol had two as good workmen at Blair as were in the kingdom, and that I would get my chariot as well mended there as at London. Accordingly I went there and stayed a night, and got my chariot very well mended by a good wright and good smith. I thought then I was pretty secure till I came to this place. I was storm stayed two days at Castle Drummond by the most tempestuous weather of wind and rain that I ever remember to see. The Duchess of Perth, and Lady Mary Drummond, were excessively kind and civil to my daughters, and to me; and sent their chamberlain to conduct me to Dunblaine, who happened to be very useful to us that day; for I was not three miles gone from Castle Drummond, when the axletree of my fore-wheels broke in two in the midst of the hill, betwixt Drummond and the bridge of Erdock, and we were forced to sit in the hill with a boisterous day, till chamberlain Drummond was so kind as to go down to the Strath, and bring wrights, and carts, and smiths to our assistance, who dragged us to the plain, where we were forced to stay five or six hours, till there was a new axletree made; so that it was dark night before we came to Dunblaine, which is but eight miles from Castle Drummond; and we were all much fatigued. The next day we came to Lithgow, and the day after that we arrived here, so that we were twelve days on our journey by our misfortunes, which was seven days more than ordinary."

This truly disastrous journey was undertaken, not only for the purpose of executing an entail of the Lovat estate on which "my Lord Grange had labored for three years, till he could say that it was one of the best entails in Scotland," but also with a political object. Lord Lovat, known in England for the audacity of his death, and long remembered in Scotland as having practised, in various situations in life, every iniquity which each successive stage admitted of, was at this time the tyrant of the north, and, aged as he was, expected to receive a great increase of dignity and power, as Duke of Fraser and Lieutenant of the North, whenever the house of Stuart should be restored. But in the mean time, he was regarded with great suspicion by the government, and he felt desirous to secure himself by joining one of the great political connexions of the day. His letters to his cousin, Fraser of Inverallochy, explain the game he was playing, and strongly mark the craft and violence of his character. The Earl of Ilay, brother of the Duke of Argyll, was

in effect minister for Scotland under Sir Robert Walpole; to his levee, therefore, Lovat repaired, but Lord Ilay received him coldly, and after the first greeting, allowed him to remain several days unnoticed, and intimated, when he at length granted an audience, that the prime minister had intelligence from abroad of his correspondence with the pretender; and notwithstanding that Lovat "answered with a little warmth, that those stories were but damned calumnies and lies, and that I did not for many years write a letter beyond sea; *which indeed is true*," yet Lord Ilay did not say a word of politics to him, and they did not meet again. The Duke of Argyll, on the other hand, who was in opposition, saw Lord Lovat frequently, and so won his heart, that the latter declares he would rather serve that worthy great man without fee or reward, than others with fee and reward; and although when he came to Edinburgh he was not determined to dispose absolutely of himself for some time, yet, when he found the Duke of Argyll at the head of the greatest, the richest, and the most powerful families in the kingdom, openly proclaiming and owning in the face of the sun, that he and they were resolved in any event to recover the liberty of their country, enslaved by a wicked minister, his heart and inclination warmed very much to that side; and being at the same time discouraged and cast off by the government, from whom he found that he had nothing to expect, he would at once have joined the country interest, "which he always loved."

It appears, however, that he had great difficulties to encounter, as he was regarded with avowed enmity and suspicion by the leaders of the party, the heads of the great houses of Hamilton, Montrose, Buccleuch, Queensberry, Roxburgh, Tweeddale, Annandale, Aberdeen, and Marchmont. He considered, however, that if he could but effect a cordial union with them, it would make his family a leading family on all occasions for the future, so, after many serious thoughts and mature deliberations, he resolved to join himself to the great body of the nobility of Scotland, provided they would receive him as their faithful brother and friend. The junction was negotiated by Lovat's cousin and faithful friend, Lord Grange, who had belabored so long at his entail; (the judge who spirited away his own wife at St. Kilda, because she threatened to betray his Jacobite intrigues;) and though some of the party, at first, could hardly believe his intelligence, yet when they were convinced of the truth they received Lovat very readily, and he writes to his cousin, in great delight, "that he is now embarked over head and ears with the noble army of the patriots, (most of whom were whigs and revolutioners,) so that he thinks that by God's help he had done the greatest possible service to his son and family, which he hopes will redound to the interest, honor, and glory of his kindred." As an earnest of his good will to the great men who had received him with open arms, he told them that he would not only give them his vote, but that he hoped to gain them the shire of Inverness, by choosing his cousin, the Laird of Macleod, as member. This election then being his affair more than Macleod's, he begins to create votes with the utmost zeal and activity. "I wish with all my heart," he says, "I had made you, and Strichen, and Farlane, barons two years ago; I would not be so much troubled as I am now about the election of Inverness. It was the fault of my damned lawyers that it was not done. However, I am re-

solved that the Lord Lovat shall be always master of the shire of Inverness in time to come. I have signed, a fortnight ago, a disposition to Strichen, to you, and to Faralane, to be barons of the shire, and your charters will be expedie in February."

The Laird of Grant was at the head of the opposite interest in the county, and Lovat tells, with great glee, a disparaging story of him.

"The Laird of Grant and Dalrachany, and one or two more having drunk a hearty bottle, Grant received a letter by express from the earl of Murray; and after reading it, he said that it was an impertinent insolent letter; and Dalrachany, thinking to mitigate and soften the laird, said that there were some things in that letter that were not so much amiss. Upon which the laird called him rogue and rascal, and took up his hand, as some say, with a cane, and gave Dalrachany a blow. Dalrachany got up, and told him that *he would suffer that blow from him as his chief*, but that he would not suffer the second blow of any subject; and the laird, redoubling his blow, Dalrachany engaged with him, and took him by the collar, and endeavoring to throw him down, he tore the laird's coat, waistcoat, and shirt down to his breeches; and when he threw him down, he thrashed him most heartily, till the laird roared and cried. Upon which Lady Margaret that was in the next room, came in, and seeing her husband in that pickle, she roared and cried, and was so frightened that her head turned, and is since delirious."

In the great contest in which he was now engaged, Lord Lovat met with an unexpected defection which roused him to unextinguishable wrath and indignation. He naturally thought himself, he says, very sure of all his own clan, the Frasers, "and particularly of Fairfield, whom you know I always treated like a brother, and his lady like my sister. But" (alas for the falsehood and ingratitude of man!)

"He took his journey by Castle Grant, and for a promise that the laird made him of an ensigncy to his son, the poor, covetous, narrow, greedy wretch has renounced his chief and his kindred, and forgot all the favors that I did him. When he came to this town, he came to my house with the same affectionate behavior that he used to have, and with the greatest protestations of friendship, and I received him with open arms, and thought I was very sure of him, since McLeod had writ to me, that he swore to him that he never would do anything contrary to his chief's inclinations; and that Thomas of Gortuleg, who is my ballie and chamberlain, and chief trustee in that country, whom I sent about to speak privately with my friends in favor of McLeod, had writ to me that Fairfield desired him twice to acquaint me that when he came up to Edinburgh he would be absolutely determined by me as to the election. But I was surprised that, some days before he went away, having come here with his cousin, Mr. Cumming, the minister, who I believe has likewise poisoned him very much, for he is a sworn creature of my Lord Ilay's, who made him professor of church history in this university, [Edinburgh,] he then discovered himself to be an unnatural traitor, an infamous deserter, and an ungrateful wretch to me, his chief, who had done him such signal services. And if I never had done him any other service but getting him one of the best ladies in the world, your worthy sister, to be his wife, (which cost me both pains and expense,) who had borne him good children, he should be hanged

for deserting of me to serve any Grant that ever was born, or any Scotsman. William Fraser, my doer, having told me that the Laird of Grant had promised him an ensign's commission for his son, providing that he would vote for his father, and that he believed if I would secure an ensign's commission for his son, that he never would vote for the Laird of Grant, this made me resolve to speak to him before his cousin, Mr. Cumming, and my doer William Fraser. I told Fairfield that I was far from desiring his loss or any hurt to his family; that since the Laird of Grant promised him an ensign's commission for his son, that I would do better. Grant's promise was precarious, but that, that moment, before his cousin, Mr. Cumming, I would give him my bond for 500*l.* sterling, obliging myself to get his son an ensign's commission in two months, or to give him the full value of it in money to buy it for his son. He then *most insolently and villainously*" (we do not remember to have met with so strong a moral denunciation of the villany of refusing a bribe) "told me that he could not accept of it, that he was under previous engagements to the Laird of Grant, and that he must keep them. I own that put me in some passion, and told him, with some warmth, that which he said was impossible, because I had a letter in my pocket from the Laird of McLeod, wherein he says that Fairfield swore to him that he never would do anything against his chief's inclinations. I took it out of my pocket and showed it to Mr. Cumming, which stunned him very much. I told him that Gortuleg likewise wrote to me that he desired him twice to acquaint me, that when he came up to Edinburgh, that he would be entirely determined by me. The gentleman was so insolent as to tell me that both these letters were false. I told him that he durst not say so to the gentlemen that wrote them, who were men of honor and integrity, and I bade him go to the devil, and call himself a Grant, and live in Strathspey; that I would resent his behavior as far as I could by law. I doubt not but Fairfield will tell all this to the Laird of Grant, and that Mr. Cumming will write it to the Earl of Ilay, his patron, so I may expect all the resentment that they are capable of; and so he went away. Mr. Cumming and William Fraser seemed very much concerned for his behavior." Their morality probably was shocked. But instead of wishing any evil to Fairfield, (except that he is determined immediately to enforce a certain old claim of considerable amount against his estate,) the meek and patient chief is only solicitous for the personal safety of his mutinous clansman.

"All my *fear* at present is, that my cousin Gortuleg, who certainly is the prettiest fellow of my kindred in the Highlands, [and who was also his 'ballie and chamberlain, and chief trustee,'] will fall foul of Fairfield, who, I believe, is stout, which is the only good quality that I can imagine he has; and in all events if they fight, Fairfield is undone, for if Gortuleg kills him there is an end of him; or if he kills Gortuleg, the universe cannot save his life if he stays in this island; for Gortuleg has four cousin-germans, the most bold and desperate fellows of the whole name, who would take off Fairfield's head at the cross of Inverness, if they were to be hanged for it next morning. I know them well, for they have been very troublesome to me by their bloody duels. I beg you ten thousand pardons, my dear cousin, for this very long letter; but I entreat you seriously

consider of all that is in it, and after mature deliberation, I beg you may send an express to your sister, and write to her and to Fairfield, what you think proper upon the subject of this letter."

Again—

"There is no man that has betrayed, deserted, and forsaken his chief and his kindred, but the ungrateful renegade Fairfield. If my information from Inverness, from honest men there, holds true, he is as mad as ever his brother Jonathan, or John was. But I do assure you it is not him that I regret, though he was drowned in the river of Ness, or in Lockmurrie, *where it was said his brother Jonathan was drowned; by which he saved his portion;* for, [observe Lovat's conscientiousness!] when great narrowness and greed are joined together in one man, and come to a height with him, there is no crime but that man is capable of. A little money, or an advantage to his private interest, would not only make him sell all mankind, but Christ Jesus, if he was again upon earth; for he has no belief in God, nor in a future being. My great concern is for your dear sister, who is one of the best women in the world, and for her children, for they must be all ruined by this madman's villanous behavior; and if it had not been for my *positive and express orders*, he had been cut in pieces before now, for it is impossible to express the zeal and the violence with which he is hated by all the kindred. But, besides that I could never allow a drop of the *Fraser's* blood to be shed, of those very men that were contriving to take away my life, I know that the meddling with him now would wrong our affair, and if an Arabian killed him, it would be called *my deed*. But I hope to live long enough to see him chastised with as great a punishment as death would be to him at present.

"If I thought that the miserable wretch could be retrieved, I would beg of you to go and see your sister for a day or two, and try what you and she can do with him; but as he is an ignorant, obstinate blockhead, as most madmen are," &c., &c. * * * "Upon reflection, I am afraid I must put you to the trouble and expense of going for two or three days to Inverness, to see what you can do with that obstinate greedy brute; and if you and your sister cannot retrieve him and bring him back to his *duty*, I humbly beg that you may wash your hands of him; for I am very certain that you'll never put him in balance with me; and when you abandon him I shall leave him to the resentment of his kindred, which *I am afraid* will be fatal to him." [It would seem, however, that Fairfield was quite irreclaimable, for it is stated, somewhat later, that] "Fairfield is the only renegade of the lordship of Lovat, to the great dishonor of the clan. Duke Hamilton and several other lords, asked me, in a *joking way*, whether that fellow that has deserted his chief and his clan is still alive or not. I answered that he was, *by my precise and express orders*, and I said but what was true."

And this is the man full of moral sayings, pious and patriotic sentiments—the man who talks of "belief in God, and a future being," who could console himself in the pangs of gout, by repeating Buchanan's Translation of the First Psalm, "*Felix ille animi, quem non de tramite recto*," &c.—the man who laid his gray head on the block with "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*!"

When a great chief, like Lord Lovat, could think, and write thus, it is not surprising that

humbler persons continued to despise "King George's laws," and we need wonder the less at their rising so readily against him, when we consider how very little they enjoyed of that protection of life and property which constitutes the chief claim of a government upon the allegiance of its subjects. Where there is no protection, attachment cannot exist. The inhabitants of the Highlands generally, and of the country adjacent to them, were grievously oppressed by gangs of lawless thieves and robbers, inhabitants of the remote Highlands, who stole or openly carried off their horses and cows; and as Badenoch, in particular, lay near the seats of those ruffians, great numbers of its inhabitants had been entirely ruined and reduced to beggary. The gentlemen of that district made several attempts to obviate this evil by a watch kept up at their own expense, but they could not support a sufficient force for their protection. Feeling the absolute want of that security which the government was too negligent to afford them, they held a general meeting, and applied to Macpherson of Cluny,* Lovat's son-in-law, but a man of a very different character. Cluny told them that unless his majesty would protect them, he saw no means for their relief, but one, viz., a subscription of all the suffering districts towards making a sufficient fund for setting up a strong watch for the mutual security of all; the fund to be paid to one *undertaker*, and the undertaker to become liable for the losses of all contributors. Cluny himself became undertaker, though the fund was very small. He set out his watch on the 22nd of May, 1744, all picked men, and stationed them to watch night and day at all the passes and inlets used by the robbers, and to intercept, seize, and imprison the villains, not suffering them on any pretext to pass or repass, even to or from the districts which were not included in the league. The thieves, finding themselves intercepted by land, began to convey the stolen cattle in boats across Loch Ness, but Cluny set guards on all the ferries, he recovered and restored the cattle of persons living far beyond the bounds of his district, and he reduced the robbers to such straits that they proposed in vain to give him security for the safety of his own country of Badenoch, if he would give up being concerned for any other district. In short he acted strictly upon the *theory* of the old black-mail system, which had never been practically adhered to before. This species of engagement, says Sir Walter Scott,† was often undertaken by persons like Rob Roy,‡ who prosecuted the trade of a freebooter, and was in the habit of stealing at least as many cattle as he was the means of recovering. But Cluny pursued the plain and honorable system expressed in the letter of his contract, and by actually securing and bringing to justice the malefactors who committed the depredations, he broke up the greater part of the numerous gangs of robbers in the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. So much was this the case, that when a clergyman began a sermon on the heinous nature of the crime of theft, an old Highlander of the audience replied

* See Account of Cluny's Watch, Spalding Miscellany, vol. ii.

† Prose Works, vol. xxvi., p. 103.

‡ Though justice compels us to adopt Sir Walter's remark, we mean no disrespect to Rob Roy, who was an eminent patron of historical literature, as appears by his name being on the original list of subscribers for Spottiswoode's History.

that he might forbear treating of the subject, since Cluny with his broad sword had done more to check it than all the ministers in the Highlands could do by their sermons.

Gibbon mentions* a valiant tribe of Caledonia, the Attacotti, who are accused by an eye-witness of delighting in the taste of human flesh, and of whom it is said in the scandalous chronicles of the times, that they hunted the woods for prey, they attacked the shepherd rather than his flock. "If," he continues, "in the neighborhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate in the period of the Scottish history, the opposite extremes of savage and civilized life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the pleasing hope, that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the Hume of the southern hemisphere." We will not speculate upon the literary destinies of the New Zealanders, nor can we bring in contrast, like the great historian, the two extreme points of the national existence of Scotland. But so far as materials serve, we have ventured to glance along the stream of time: exhibiting at intervals some of those detached specimens of Scottish life from which its general spirit may be inferred; stating some of the original evidence upon which the reader may find that unwritten history, that systematic historical belief, which is gradually constructed by a thinking mind, which matures itself insensibly in the understanding, and exercises, unperceived, a control over the feelings, long after dates and names, and all the mere scaffolding of history have been, not perhaps forgotten, but dismissed from the mind. How many days would we not give for the privilege of living but a day in each century that has gone by, and testing the progress, physical and moral, of a whole nation. During many ages, the progress of Scotland was tardy enough; there was less difference than might have been looked for between the country for which the early Jameses legislated, and the country which Sir Archibald Grant recollected; between the men of Cullen's day, and the men whose excesses were prompted by Lovat, or repressed by Cluny. But within the last hundred years how rapid has been the national advancement! The brown heath has become green, and the barren hill waves with foliage; nor have the inhabitants been without their share of moral and social improvement. May their course ever be onwards.

CLASS ODE.—JULY 16TH, 1846.

FAIR HARVARD.

FAREWELL to thee, Harvard! Adieu to thy shades,

The scene of our youth's golden days;
We leave thee forever, and here at thy shrine
The hymn of our parting we raise.
Though linked to each other, as ever to thee,
By ties round our hearts close entwined,
The morrow shall scatter us wide as the leaves
Of the autumn before its chill wind.

Friends! brothers! we pause with our souls running o'er

* Chap. 25.

With emotions our lips may not tell,
But the hand's fervent clasp and the glistening eye

Must silently speak our farewell.
The sunshine of friendship fell not on our hearts
With a radiance fading away,
Not a beam of its light but has faithfully traced
There an image which will not decay!

The past comes before us, and fain would we stay
Yet a little to pensively dwell
On the shadowy forms that are gathering fast
At the conjurer memory's spell.

There were voices that welcomed, and faces that smiled,

When we met, that we looked for in vain;
They but tasted the sweetness and freshness of life,

And left us the goblet to drain.

Long and earnest our gaze as each moment returns,

With a thousand dear memories fraught,
Enchanted we linger, as pictures of youth
Pass by in the mirror of thought.

But it is not for us, with our hand on the plough,
To look back on the pathway of life;
Our watchword is "forward," and onward our march,

With to-day and to-morrow our strife!

D. S. C.

A STUDENT'S FANCY.

OH! could I write as I can think,
My words would burn the very soul—
Promethean fire must furnish ink,
And earnest mind afford the scroll.

No worldly song should wake my lyre,
No Pæan to please wayward youth;
The master-hand should still aspire
To tune the chords to hymns of truth.

As David soothed the Jewish king,
At first I'd calm the troubled mind,—
Some dear domestic ballad sing,
Whose echo childhood leaves behind.

And when the storm of rebel thought
Had spent its force in contrite tears:
And mem'ry had the picture brought
Of all the hopes of early years;

I'd bid prophetic record tell
God's promise to the race of Shem,
And sing the marvels that befell
Upon the plains of Bethlehem.

My fingers, which at first might creep
With thoughtful pauses o'er the strings,
Anon with fuller burst would sweep
A torrent of imaginings.

The mighty tide of perfect love
Would overwhelm imperfect words,
And Feeling's voice soar far above
The cold response of Music's chords.

University, Durham.

TOGATUS.

From Punch.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER II.

BEING booked as a married lady about to return to her husband at Hyderabad, I was particularly cautious in my conversation with many of the female passengers, the greater number of whom were really the wedded wives of officers and state civilians; ladies who had really left their little ones in England, and were returning to their Indian firesides. I say I was reserved in my speech, lest I might betray my inexperience. Besides the married ladies, there were a dozen young gentlewomen, consigned to the captain for the same purpose as I proposed to myself; namely, for instant marriage on their arrival. I will confess it, that the number of spinsters a little disconcerted me; as I had picked out from newspapers something about the harmony of demand and supply, and therefore knew that if only twelve officers came off in the yam and cocoa-boats for a wife, there must, by every rule of arithmetic, remain one virgin unwedded. I will not attempt to describe my perturbation when I reflected that this one might be myself! However, after I had well surveyed the whole twelve, I took great heart. Three had very red hair; four irregular teeth; two—but no; it is a melancholy, a thankless task to number the imperfections of our fellow-creatures. Let it suffice that, with the ingenuousness of a woman's soul, I knew myself to be the most attractive of the lot. Thus, I would not despair should even a general officer come off in the cocoa-boat.

Much that I saw and heard, naturally enough, surprised and disconcerted me. I was a week at least before I could reconcile myself to the frequent order to "put the ship in stays." At first I believed it was nothing but Captain Biscuit's wit; but as nobody laughed, I of course looked as grave as the rest. When, too, the captain declared that "he knew we should have a squall before night," I, innocently enough, asked him, "which lady among us he thought most likely to scream?" Silly creature that I was! But I was soon to learn the difference between a feminine scream, and the scream of Boreas. A warning this, I trust, to all roving young ladies who, not content with the chance of steady and sober husbands (as my dear mother, with tears in her eyes, used to call 'em) at home, must even take ship for the Indies to marry officers in regimentals, and so—but I will not anticipate the sorrows that overtook me.

We had sailed for many days with the wind, as they told me, south-west by west; which, as well as I could then make out, was as much as to say the Elephant and Castle by St. James' Church. Thus, after my own fashion, did I make out the theory of the winds. When we had been at sea a week, Captain Biscuit with peculiar emphasis declared that we were at last "in blue water." It was not of course for me to contradict him: but, looking over the ship, the color appeared exactly what I had often bought at the mercer's for a sea-green. But Captain Biscuit was an old man.

We had been at sea, I think, twenty-seven days, when we killed a dolphin. The sweet creature died beautifully. As I stood contemplating the brilliant hues of the expiring fish, beholding how the colors burned and intermingled, a tear stole

into my eye, and the words involuntarily escaped my lips—"What a lovely shot for a dress!" And this is human vanity! Alas! how little did I dream of the terrors of the coming night. The sun went down like a ball of dull fire, in the midst of smearing clouds of red-currant jam. The winds began to whistle worse than any of the lowest orders of society in a shilling gallery. Every wave was suddenly as big and high as Primrose Hill. The chords of the ship snapped like bad stay-laces. No best Genoa velvet was ever blacker than the firmament; and not even the voices of the ladies calling for the stewardess were heard above the orchestral crashing of the elements.

For myself, with one hand clutching the side of my berth, lest I should be rolled into the bosom of a whole family lying in disorder before me, and the other grasping a smelling-bottle, my thoughts—what could they do?—flew backward, home. Then I saw my father, mildly sipping his one glass of toddy ere he departed for bed; my mother making believe to knit; Tib, the cat, upon the hearth; Joss, the pug, upon the stool; and my sampler—yes, so roused was my fancy, I saw my own sampler—with the row of yew-trees, in green silk, framed and glazed above the chimney! And then my father's words, "I'll get you a sober and steady husband," rang in my brain; and—so quick is imagination in moments of peril—I absolutely saw that interesting man, saw him as my wedded lord, and beheld myself in a very sweetly furnished house, surrounded by I know not how many happy children. The thought was too much for me. I wept.

I know not how long I had remained in this sad condition, when I heard the voice of Captain Biscuit shouting down into the cabin—"Tumble up, ladies! Ship's going down!" I leapt from my berth, and with wonderful presence of mind seized a favorite handbox. Nor, even in that hour of terror, were the curls (spoken of in my last chapter) forgotten. I will not dwell upon the scene that met my view when I rushed upon deck; though the patterns of some of the nightcaps I saw never can go out of my mind.

As I was about to rush by the gangway, I was seized—I know not by whom—and literally flung into the barge below. This violence struck the handbox from my hand; and I saw it borne away forever by the remorseless deep. Ere, however, I could express my feelings upon this bitter loss, I heard a shout—the voice, I think, of Captain Biscuit—the barge gave a lurch, and when I was next conscious, I found myself alone upon the deep—miraculously supported by my garments—and in this manner passed along from wave to wave. This, however—I knew it—could not last. Gathering my senses about me, I therefore began to swim.

And here let me bless my prudence that had turned a month's visit to Margate to profit, teaching me to swim. I might, with the thoughtless and vain, have raffled at libraries—I might have sat whole hours upon the beach pretending to read the last new lovely tale—but no, I knew—I felt—that life was made for better things; and therefore, once a day, launched out into the deep, and—in flowing garments, learned to swim. The curious world might be gathered on the beach; I cared not, but struck out. And now, at the most eventful moment of my life, I found the value of my skill. Therefore is it, that I hope my example

will turn some of my sex from dancing in all its variety of vanity to a more worthy and enduring accomplishment. True, dancing may obtain a husband; but swimming saves a life. Happy, then, the woman who quits the ball-room for the deep—who turns from cork-soles for a cork-jacket. To return to my story.

After much swimming, a mighty wave threw me ashore; but Neptune, doubtless for some unknown purpose, sent a bigger wave to fetch me back again; fortunately, however, my flounces—they were worn then very full—catching among the rocks, held me fast ashore. Taking advantage of this circumstance, I rose and ran away from the next billow.

I looked about me. It was plain I was upon some island. Yet, although my father had been regularly charged for my learning the use of the globes at the Blackheath school, the fault was either in the teachers or myself, that I could not possibly guess upon what part of the world I was landed.

Not wearing pockets, I had secured nothing about me, except a pair of scissors, a smelling-bottle, and a box of peppermint drops.

CHAPTER III.

I continued to walk about on the shore, much wondering at the fortune that had saved me, and grateful to my own discernment, that at Margate had prompted me to shun the meaner pleasures of the place, to learn to swim. And then I suffered alternations of happiness and despair. I thought of my female comrades; and believing them to be in the deep, all thoughts of rivalry charitably died within me. I thought of ardent hair and irregularity of teeth with a pity—a sympathy that surprised me. So true it is that no trouble, however great, has not, in the core of its very greatness, some drop of comfort—for the human heart, like a bee, will gather honey from poisonous blossoms)—that from my very solitude I snatched a triumph. Should I meet an Indian prince—and, for what I knew, I might be in the empire of the Mogul—there was no lady to contest with me his royal affections. And again, this feeling was saddened by the thought that no other woman could witness my conquest. For all my acquaintance were gone; I never saw them, or any sign of them afterwards, except a jaconet muslin nightcap (the horrid pattern!) and a wave-tossed rouge-pot.

And still my feelings of satisfaction began to abate, for looking about me, I saw no habitation; and though I listened—my sense of hearing sharpened by my peril—I heard not the sound of a muffin-bell. I therefore concluded that I was in a land to which the blessings of civilization were utterly unknown. And besides this, I began to feel that my feet were very wet; and—though I struggled long—I at length burst into tears when I thought of my evening blue buried in the bosom of the deep. And then I began to have confused feelings of hunger. A sea-bird screamed in the distance, and I thought of the liver wing of a chicken. This threw me into terrible disorder. Only that I knew nobody was there to catch me, or what could I have done but faint?

As a child, I always screamed at a spider. As a woman—I throw myself upon the sympathy of my sex—though fond of milk, I always ran into the first shop or door-way, or grasped the first arm of the first gentleman on meeting even a cow.

What, then, were my feelings when I thought of wild beasts!—beasts that revenged the wrongs of the beasts in cages, by eating the unprotected travellers on their shores? I had read horrid tales of bears and apes; and when I remembered I had nothing but a pair of scissors (with one point blunt too) to protect me, how I wept—how I repented of my folly, that had brought me in search of a military husband, coming in a boat with coconuts and yams, to perish at last, perhaps, in the claws of some wild and foreign animal.

Daylight, as if in mockery of my terrors, waned fast away. Where was I to sleep? That I, who at the least dusk had never walked from number nine to the Thompson's at number six, without the man or the maid—that I should sleep out all night, I knew not where, shocked me past words to paint! Respectability seemed sinking with the sun! Suddenly, I heard a sound—whether the voice of a tiger or a frog I knew not; but equally alarmed, I ran to a tree. Instinctively looking about to see that nobody observed me—and, for the moment, (silly creature that I was.) thinking only of the country stiles of happy England—I put one foot upon the lowest bough, and with an agility that surprised even myself, continued to climb. At length I threw myself into the umbrageous arms of a young hawthorn, and prepared myself for rest. I put one peppermint drop in my mouth, and soon sank to sleep. Even at this lapse of time I wonder at myself; but I never even thought—vain as the thought would have been—of paper for curling my hair.

I awoke, as usual, about eleven o'clock. It was a love of a day. The sun shone beautifully hot, and the sea was like a looking-glass. For the first few minutes—ere fully awake—I thought I was at Margate; and, so were images mixed and confused, that as the small shingle was moved and shaken by the advancing and receding wave, I thought I heard the rattling of the library dice. Moving, a sharp thorn—the tree was full of them—brought me, as adversity lowers pride, instantly to myself. With a heavy heart I descended the tree, feeling it vain to wait for the breakfast bell. Again and again I looked around me—I was such a figure! It was foolish, weak; but nevertheless, it showed the beauty of the female character. I dreaded least even some savage should see me in my horrible *déshabillé*. And then—though my noble reason told me it could not be so—I shrank at every motion of the sea and air, lest the Indian prince, or general officer, should suddenly rise before me, and then—in such a dress what *would* he think of me! In such a state, it seemed to me a blessing when I could really think that I was upon a desert island, all alone! Solitude was bad, but to be caught with my hair in such a fright—with all my flounces limp, (much starch was then worn,) and my gown as though waxed about me—I felt it, I should have died upon the beach.

After a time my pride abated as my hunger rose. I could not have believed it, but I thought less of my hair and more of my breakfast. A lesson to human arrogance—for did I ever believe that the human soul could so have hungered for a twopenny twist? I walked upon the beach: it was strewn with oysters. Nevertheless, though there were thousands about me, it was June, and I knew that oysters were not in. "At least," I thought, "and whatever fate in its bitterness may have in store for me, as I have lived in the fashion

in the fashion I'll expire." And this determination—mere men cannot conceive its deliciousness—comforted me exceedingly. Nevertheless—for I write down here every then emotion of my soul—though I abhorred the thought of oysters in June as food, I could not forget them as the probable depositaries of precious pearls. Famished and destitute, I thought, being in the Indian seas—as I believed I was—I might be destined to be one of those lucky people of the world, who have pearls washed ashore at their feet, and never run the risk of diving for them. Though I was as hungry as the sea, the thought like a sunbeam played about me, that I might be destined to wear my own head-dress of pearls, obtained from the living fish by my own hands, at some future drawing-room! And whilst I thought this, my hunger was in abeyance! Cleopatra dissolved *her* pearl, as ill-nature dissolves the treasures of life, in vinegar; but I enriched *my* pearls by honeyed thoughts. (What would I give had either of the Misses Whalebone, principals of the Blackheath Seminary, lived to read *this*—this from their pupil!)

From the Spectator.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MINISTRY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S ministry is completed. Its character, no doubt, is determined by the principals—Lord John Russell, Viscount Palmerston, and Earl Grey; but even those chiefs appear under greatly altered circumstances. Lord John Russell seems to act under the influence of new views; so does Lord Palmerston. Lord Grey is in a position to give his views better effect. Although the range of Lord John's search for assistance may be said to have extended from conservatives to radicals, it was not found easy to "infuse new blood" into the administration. Nevertheless, some excellent names have been added in the subordinate posts; and it must be allowed that the premier sets out with a considerably greater amount of talent in the working departments than Sir Robert Peel could command. When "the Tories" returned to office, great expectations were formed of their administrative ability, based on traditions of their practice; but in fact the practised men had died off, or had, like Sir Robert Peel himself, been promoted; and the expectations were disappointed. It is to be hoped that the expectations now based on greater personal talent will be justified.

Many of the new ministers have gone through the form of reflection; for in most instances it has proved to be little more than a form. The *Morning Chronicle* exultingly imputes that political phenomenon to popular "confidence in the men;" but our able contemporary draws somewhat too largely on obliviousness of facts not yet ancient. It was notorious in December last, that an election for a whig government, even with free trade, would have been hazardous in the extreme: it was even stated by an intended member of that evanescent ministry, that the whigs at their outgoing in 1841 had not a rag of popularity left. Now the men who come before the constituencies are identically the same; and the striking difference in their public reception must be found in the altered circumstances, and in the popular confidence that those circumstances will work out desired ends. In December, even the liberals deprecated the whig accession to office; because the chief anxiety was, that the protective corn-law should be abolished, and Sir Robert Peel alone was believed, and justly

believed, the statesman likely to carry the abolition: now, that measure is accomplished, facilitating the whig return, and removing from their path many old sources of embarrassment. There is no necessity to revive past reproaches on that score; but it is not salutary quite to forget so cardinal a point in the new position. Another favorable circumstance lies in the utter disruption of parties and the confounding of party tactics. The antagonism which, in other circumstances, the whigs would have encountered from various quarters, is thus for the time destroyed; besides which, even if there were in any one party the strength to oppose, all are baffled to strike out, on the spur of the moment, a policy at once effective and safe. Spite, too, against the departed minister, instigates a sort of transient kindness for his quondam antagonists; and the protectionists are patronizing the whigs, in such a temper as that of a splenetic woman, who, after scolding the husband that will not be her slave, falls to hugging the children with unwonted caresses, before his face, by way of reproachful contrast. So we see even the *Post* and *Standard* patting Lord John Russell on the back. There may, however, be some sly hope of conciliating his remains of aristocratic predilection, and enticing him to do as little as possible. But a parting blow was given to faction by Sir Robert Peel's farewell speech; which aroused more generous sentiments in the well-disposed of all parties. One of its fruits is the remarkable address to the constituents at Pontefract, in which Mr. Monckton Milnes signifies that, for the present, and for as long a time as possible, he shall give a cordial support to Lord John Russell's government.

We have now attained the third stage in the great national movement which began with the reform bill. The first stage was the struggle to develop the germ of a real representation of the people; which, however imperfect in its extent, was actually established and put in operation. The next stage was the struggle to abolish the ascendancy of class interests, which were assailed in the "monster monopoly" of the corn-laws. Sir Robert Peel gave the crowning stroke to that struggle, and smoothed the way for the third stage—the social ameliorations promised by Lord John Russell. This stage has just begun.

ROME.—Like our premier, the Roman pontiff has completed his government, and constructed it well. Cardinal Gizzi, who was too liberal to command a majority of suffrages in the sacred college, has been appointed secretary of state; Cardinal Amati, friend to M. Rossi, the French Ambassador, has also taken office. Divers measures for the improvement of the state are said to be under consideration, and among them are projects for railroads.

Meanwhile, a movement has been going on about the country beginning at Bologna. Petitions, numerous signed, pray that effect may be given to the memorandum which certain foreign ambassadors laid before the high pontiff in 1831, giving to the people such representation as enables them, not to legislate, but to declare their wishes, and admitting laymen to official employ. These petitions have been signed by several influential persons, and among them by the pope's elder brother. There are, therefore, signs of a healthy activity among the people, and of an unprecedented disposition to advancement in the ruling body.—*Spectator*.

THE MORMON CAMP.

THE Hancock Eagle of the 10th July notices the arrival there of Mr. S. Chamberlain, who left the most distant camp of the Mormons at Council Bluffs on the 26th ultimo, and on his route passed the whole line of Mormon emigrants. He says that the advance company of the Mormons, with whom were the *Twelve*, had a train of one thousand wagons, and were encamped on the east bank of the Missouri river, in the neighborhood of the Council Bluffs. They were employed in the construction of boats for the purpose of crossing the river.

The second company had encamped temporarily at station No. 2, which has been christened Mount Pisgah. They mustered about three thousand strong, and were recruiting their cattle preparatory to a fresh start. A third company had halted for a similar purpose at Garden Grove, on the head waters of Grand River, where they have put in about two thousand acres of corn for the benefit of the people in general. Between Garden Grove and the Mississippi river Mr. Chamberlain counted over one thousand wagons *en route* to join the main bodies in advance.

The whole number of teams attached to the Mormon expedition is about three thousand seven hundred, and it is estimated that each team will average at least three persons, and perhaps four. The whole number of souls now on the road may be set down in round numbers at twelve thousand. From two to three thousand have disappeared from Nauvoo in various directions. Many have left for Council Bluffs by the way of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers; others have dispersed to parts unknown; and about eight hundred or less still remain in Illinois. This comprises the entire Mormon population that once flourished in Hancock county. In their palmy days they probably numbered between fifteen and sixteen thousand souls, most of whom are now scattered upon the prairies, bound for the Pacific slope of the American continent.

Mr. Chamberlain reports that previously to his leaving, four United States military officers had arrived at the Mount Pisgah camp, for the purpose of enlisting five hundred Mormons for the Santa Fe campaign. They were referred to headquarters at Council Bluffs, for which place they immediately set out. It was supposed that the force would be enrolled without delay. If so, it will furnish Col. Kearney with a regiment of well-disciplined soldiers, who are already prepared to march.

Mr. Chamberlain represents the health of the travelling Mormons as good, considering the exposure to which they have been subjected. They are carrying on a small trade in provisions with the settlers in the country, with whom they mingle on the most friendly terms.

VARIETY.

IRELAND.—The *Nation*, the organ of the "Young Ireland" party, indulges in a hopeful prophecy of Sir Robert Peel—

"Peel, the future premier, bids for Ireland. His price is the highest liberal or radical, whig or precursor, ever ventured to demand. He offers full identification in all respects with England. The Irish franchises, representation, and municipal powers, the national religion, and the educa-

tion of the people—all to be put on a footing with England. That is Peel's offer—the first instalment of a subsidy paid to the repeal agitation. And, by and by, when the whigs have fretted their little hour upon the stage, Peel will *do* all this. For he has tasted the blood of monopoly, and he will hound it to the death. A few places secured, a few titles bestowed, a few jobs perpetrated, a general election tried and lost, and the whigs will stagger out of office, to make room for the destroyer. England is calling for him already by the non-official voice of meetings, and newspapers, and London crowds; she will call for him by and by in a less equivocal manner—in a manner not to be disputed; and the doom of monopoly will be accomplished.

"For Ireland all this augurs excellently well—better than the wisest could have altogether foreseen, or the hottest anticipated. Whatever the whigs accomplish, more or less—all Peel can, and assuredly will do, to sweep away the monopoly of the church, of the bench, of the jury system, of the executive, clears our path to repeal. Monopoly is the rampart which keeps the Irish race asunder—which constitutes two nations on one soil. That gone, there will remain but one nation, one hope, one interest, and hence one purpose, in all Ireland."

After reviewing in a similarly exalted style the political changes which have occurred in Ireland during the last twenty years, and the present position of parties in both countries, the *Nation* infers that all things are working together for repeal. This is Ireland's only hope—"Whatever Russell or Peel may accomplish neither can give us our five millions of taxes, and other five millions of absentee rent, or the strength, and glory, and security of a nation, which will come only with repeal."—*Spectator*.

INDIAN CORN.—The Irish are so fond of this new article of food, that they are in a fair way to give up potatoes. At Limerick, ten days since, a riot was created by a false rumor that the millers intended to stop the issue of meal. In Cork the government sells ten thousand pounds (say nearly fifty thousand dollars worth) each week at one penny per pound; and private dealers sell a great deal besides at a lower price, about four fifths of a penny.

A LETTER from Vienna mentions that the States of Lower Austria held their first sitting on the 23d ultimo. Amongst other objects to be submitted to their consideration are the means of putting an end to the obligatory service of the peasants; the establishment of a rural police; and the creation of provincial banks.

THE Minister of the Interior has addressed another circular to the Prefects of the departments, on the subject of the emigration of persons of the working-classes to Algeria. He states that a gratuitous passage will be afforded only to workmen in the useful arts, such as masons, carpenters, smiths, painters, &c., and to no females except seamstresses, cooks, dairy maids, silk-winders, and other useful persons.

WE understand (says the *Presse*) that Mehemet Ali has formally authorized the foreign consuls residing at Alexandria to inform their sovereigns of his intention to proceed to Constantinople. Every one at Alexandria thinks that, on quitting Constantinople, Mehemet Ali will make an excursion to Western Europe.

A LETTER from Madrid states that a very extensive Joint Stock Company has been formed there, for renting from the State, for twenty-five years, the Philippine Islands, Annobon and Fernando Po—paying for the first, a rent equal to double their present returns to the government, and engaging to form manufacturing and commercial establishments in the others.

THE last returns of the manufacture of beet-root sugar in France show a great improvement over the preceding returns. At the end of May there had been manufactured forty millions of kilogrammes of sugar, or nearly four millions more than in 1845. Out of this quantity, upwards of thirty-two millions and a half had been delivered to public consumption, which exceeds the proportion of last year by more than three millions. In this quantity, nine millions sent to the depot of Paris have not been reckoned. Up to May 31 the home-made sugar had produced to the treasury eight millions of francs, or two and a half millions more than the preceding year at the same period. There were then 306 establishments at work. There is this year an augmentation of 30 manufactories at work.

MEXICAN PUNISHMENT OF THEFT.—From what we had heard and knew of the thieving propensities of the Mexicans, we were under the impression that theft was considered inherent with them, and was therefore allowed to pass unpunished; but we were undeceived as to this the other day, by witnessing the infliction of a severer punishment for this crime than is meted out to it by the laws of any other country we are acquainted with. The culprit, with his hands tied behind him, and a chain with a heavy iron ball attached to it, fastened round his leg, was paraded through the streets, and after a sufficient exhibition, was led to the ferry at the crossing of the river, placed in the ferry-boat, and when it had attained the middle of the stream, with his hands thus tied and the heavy weight suspended to his leg, he was made to plunge into the rushing torrent. The poor devil managed, even in this situation, to keep his head above water for several moments, and shorten the distance considerably between himself and the shore, but the ball at length touching the muddy bottom, he could swim no further, and was dragged under and passed into eternity.—*Matamoros Flag.*

AMUSING SCENE IN MATAMOROS.—The high price of cotton goods in Matamoros, in consequence of the Mexican tariff, is well known. Several enterprising "Yankees," since General Taylor has taken possession of the city, have "moved in," opened stores and are selling goods on "cheap principles"—about one third of the usual Mexican prices, but double the usual American prices. It is an amusing scene to witness the crowd around these stores, composed of the mixed people of the city. Finely dressed women, rancheros, naked Indians and negroes, all eager to purchase goods, and jabbering good, bad and indifferent Spanish, with a rapidly truly appalling to a phlegmatic Anglo-American. This species of warfare is rapidly converting the people over to American notions, and they have only to fully learn that they can have cheap goods, and the enjoyment of life and liberty, to abandon their government as rapidly as they have their high-priced stores.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, before quitting office, conferred a pension of 100*l.* a year on the Quaker-poet, Bernard Barton.

THE founder of Chemistry, Lavoisier, was, as our readers know, snatched away, by a violent and premature death, ere he had found time to collect and arrange his works. In 1843, the minister of public instruction consulted the Academy of Sciences as to what works of that philosopher should be included in a national publication; and a committee was appointed to examine, and report, on the matter. This committee has now made its report; and recommends that the chamber of deputies be asked for a sum of from 40,000 to 60,000 francs for the purposes of the publication according to its suggestions. It is only with the view of giving a national character to this edition of Lavoisier, as the committee observe, that they apply to the State for its cost; for a member of the illustrious chemist's own family would gladly take upon himself the entire expense, and renounces his right to do so only because of the greater glory redounding to Lavoisier from the sponsorship of the government.

THE *Voice of Jacob*, an Anglo-Jewish periodical, announces a loss which the cause of Hebrew literature has sustained, at Hamburg, in the sudden death of Heyman Joseph Michael, a celebrated collector of works relating thereto. Dr. Isler, of that city, says the paper in question, "afraid lest his magnificent library should be lost to Germany, even as that of the celebrated Oppenheim (now in Oxford) was lost, has issued an appeal to his Jewish townsmen, calling upon them to preserve this treasure to their city."

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—July 6.—A paper was read by M. Payen, on the chemical analysis and general properties of coffee.—M. Séguier gave a description of a machine for the cleaning of seed corn, so as to remove the inert and useless portions.—MM. Piobert and Morin presented another paper on turbines, giving an account of the various ameliorations of which they are susceptible.—The next paper read was a report by M. Duviver, in the name of a committee, earnestly recommending the minister of public instruction to bring into the chamber of deputies a bill for the publication of a national edition of the works of Lavoisier.—M. Cauchy informed the Academy that the obstacles which had occurred to prevent the realization of a plan, by the charitable society of St. Regis, for the civil and religious marriage of persons of the poorer classes living together without the bonds of marriage, have been removed, and that arrangements have been made for such persons to have the marriage rites performed without cost to themselves.

CHINESE MAP.—Amongst the articles brought from China by the Commission who have just returned from that country—and which are exhibited at the ministry of commerce—is a map of the world, presented to the Commission by the head mandarin of Canton. The Chinese geographer has arranged the earth quite in his own way. With him, there are no isthmuses, no peninsulas; the Isthmus of Suez is replaced by a magnificent arm of the sea, which detaches itself from the Mediterranean to fall into the Red Sea. We see nothing of the Isthmus of Panama, and the two seas on that side are connected in the same way. There are neither Pyrenees nor Alps, and hardly are the vast mountains of America indicated. On the other hand, however, China is liberally dealt with by the geographer; for upon this point it occupies not less than three quarters of the whole globe.—*Galvani.*

Mesmerism in India, and its Practical Application in Surgery and Medicine. By JAMES ESDAILE, M.D., Civil Assistant Surgeon, H.C.S. Bengal. Longman and Co.

THIS is one of the most notable works that have yet appeared on the curious subject of Mesmerism. It is remarkable not only for the facts it contains, but for its freedom from anything like passion or advocacy. Dr. Esdaile does not seem to have had any natural love of the marvellous, and has become a believer in the wonders of Mesmerism in opposition to a strong tendency to doubt whatever cannot be accounted for upon known principles. Indeed, it is with reluctance he admits there is anything really unaccountable in the matter; and he tries again and again to persuade himself and his readers that it may all be resolved into a modification of ordinary phenomena. We cannot say, however, that we look upon his reasoning to that effect as the most successful portion of his speculations. It seems to us that if Mesmerism is to be admitted as true, even to any extent, it must be received, at least for the present, as the development of a power or principle distinct from any hitherto known.

The main purpose of the book is to detail a long series of cases in which Mesmerism has been recently employed by Dr. Esdaile in India, with the effect of extinguishing for the time all nervous susceptibility, and in which operations, many of them of a most formidable character, have been successfully performed upon mesmerized patients without any pain being felt by them. Seventy-three such cases were reported as having occurred in the hospital at Hooghly in the last eight months of 1845, besides eighteen cases of cures effected by Mesmerism alone, without any surgical operation. We will not inflict any of these narratives upon our readers, who, not having the advantages of being mesmerized, might many of them suffer from Dr. Esdaile's knife what his patients were spared. Those of them, however, who have a taste for such sanguinary reading, may be conscientiously recommended to procure the volume itself, not a page of which they will find tedious or uninteresting. It will be sufficient to quote Dr. Esdaile's summary of the general results which he conceives the cases have established:

"From the foregoing facts it is allowable to conclude, I hope, that Mesmerism is a natural power of the human body. That it affects directly the nervous and muscular systems. That in the mesmeric trance the most severe and protracted surgical operations can be performed, without the patients being sensible of pain. That spasms and nervous pains often disappear before the mesmeric trance. That it gives us a complete command of the muscular system, and is therefore of great service in restoring contracted limbs. That the chronic administration of Mesmerism often acts as a useful stimulant in functional debility of the nerves. That as sleep, and the absence of all pain, is the best condition of the system for subduing inflammation, the mesmeric trance will probably be found to be a powerful remedy in local inflammations. That the imagination has nothing to do with the *first* physical impression made on the system by Mesmerism, as practised by me. That it is not necessary for the eyes to be open: I always shut them as a source of distraction; and blind men are as readily mesmerized as others. That water can be charged with the mesmeric

fluid, and has a powerful effect on the system when it has been previously affected. That the mesmeric influence can be transmitted through the air to considerable distances, and even pass through dense materials."

All this, it must be admitted, is at least something very well worth the proving; the things asserted, if they can be established, certainly do not want importance. Any one, then, who takes an interest in such matters will do well to consult the evidence Dr. Esdaile has brought forward. We do not profess to offer an opinion upon it, either way.

The book, let us add, is by no means a mere history of scientific and humane bloodshed from beginning to end. The cutting and carving is agreeably relieved by much ingenious disquisition, and also by several mesmeric performances and adventures of the author's in which the knife plays no part. The most remarkable of these last is a singular story of a boy and a barber—a new exemplification of the Scotch song, "I'll make you be fain to follow me"—but it is too long for our space. As a more commodious specimen we will take the following:

"July 29th.—I made a man senseless and cataleptic at a great distance, in the presence of a large number of gentlemen, who had come from Calcutta and elsewhere; among them were six doctors, in whose hands, and in those of the rest of the company, he was left as long as they pleased, without my approaching till I was requested to awake him, after they had all tried in vain. This I did, but only to the extent of enabling him to walk and follow me. I then said, that I would try to clear up his perceptive organs sufficiently to permit him to understand my wishes, with which he would implicitly comply; I did not wish to leave him the power of speech even, at this stage. Having attracted his ear, I ordered him to do what I did, and this he very faithfully performed by throwing himself, on the instant, into every attitude I assumed; but I required to be careful, for if I threw him much out of balance, he was in danger of plunging head foremost against the floor. Those who did not see him, may imagine how little the poor fellow knew what he was about, when they are told, that he took the 'longitude' of the judges of the Supreme Court with the cool impudence and precision of a cabman, and the gravity of an astronomer. I then proceeded to free his voice, but only to the extent of making him my echo; he was told to repeat whatever I said, and he showed his intelligence by *repeating the order*. He then gave us 'Ye Mariners of England,' and if the pronunciation was not very perfect, he seemed to me to reverberate exactly my tones, and my gesticulations were also faithfully copied. We passed suddenly from 'grave to gay,' and he did such justice to 'Hey diddle diddle,' that I lost my gravity and burst into a laugh; he joined me in full chorus, and I heard it remarked 'he can't help laughing himself;' and some were now quite satisfied that he was found out! Upon this I stopped laughing, and, on the instant, his features relapsed into the most awful repose, and I pointed out that it was no joke to him, but purely imitative laughter, and this, I should think, became evident to all. He also sang 'God save the Queen,' as well, or rather as badly, as I, for he is capable of much better things, under a more skilful music master. I now awoke him up a little more, and made him capable

of answering questions. He was asked if he could fence : he said that he could ; and I bid him show me. He began to cut the preliminary capers of the native fencers, but, in the act of stooping, a fit of rigidity shot through him, and he would have fallen with dangerous violence against the floor, if his fall had not been fortunately broken. I am always alarmed, and on the look out, when this man is experimented on, from this tendency to instantaneous rigidity of the body. A profound trance, from which it is very difficult to awake him, succeeds such exertions, and usually lasts for four or five hours. I showed another step in the mental phenomena, on other subjects ; enabling them to answer simple questions correctly, and extinguishing and releasing the power at pleasure. All reflection being dormant, they feel a natural impulse to give a direct answer to a direct question, and in this way tell me frankly whatever I choose to ask. We are assured that common sleepers can also be played upon in the same way by patient and skilful persons, and that this is well known to the secret police of France."

"You may fret me," says *Hamlet*, "but you shall *not* play upon me!" The melancholy prince, though conscious of more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of, had not sounded the wonders of Mesmerism.—*Examiner*.

WARNER'S INVENTION.

LORD INGESTRE'S motion on the subject of the invisible shells and the long range has brought Mr. Warner's claims again before the public. The inventor had unfortunately proceeded so much in the style of charlatans that he has thrown a strong degree of doubt over the whole transaction. This doubt, however, will be quickly extinguished by the trial which has been assented to by the chancellor of the exchequer. The objections hitherto made must be suffered no longer. The demand for so monstrous a sum as nearly half a million of money, the demand to have his own selection of the officers who were to try the experiment, and the various objections which were made to every attempt to bring the question to a brief and direct trial, altogether enveloped the whole affair in such a tissue of apparent equivocation, that the public grew utterly weary and dismissed the matter from their minds. A trial is now to be given, and, if Mr. Warner will not exhibit fairly the results which he avers his secret to be capable of effecting, he must expect the natural consequence. We must hear no more on his part of the hazard of communicating his secret, or his right to bargain for a remuneration. Nothing can be more easy of apprehension than the reality of his discovery if he chooses to convince the public.

He has only to make the experiment before their eyes. He states that he is in possession of a discovery by which he can infallibly destroy a ship of war at a distance of six miles ; and that he also has an invisible shell, by which, without any communication with a ship, he can instantly sink it. The former experiment is the more important and peculiar one. Let him take his apparatus into the Channel and destroy any vessel anchored six miles off, and there will remain no doubt of his dis-

covery. It has been even said that he disregards all obstacles, such as ground, or intervening heights, and that he could destroy vessels at Spithead by any apparatus behind the Isle of Wight. But let him sink a vessel at six miles range, and he will have sufficiently substantiated his claims.

The invisible shell is altogether an inferior proposal. It is much more within the power of trick ; and the shattering of the vessel at Brighton was managed with so much artificial arrangement that it produced no conviction whatever. Torpedoes, submarine shell, and explosions by galvanic wires, have been so common that their effects produce no interest, and their secrets are not worth the name of a discovery. As to the long range, we must hear no more scruples from the fear of developing the secret too suddenly. All that is necessary for either the officers or the public to know is, that the thing can be done. This is not like the secret of the congreve rocket, or of any other combination of explosive materials. It can only be necessary, in the first instance, that the officers should use their eyes and see whether the ship is actually destroyed by a projectile, or whatever may be the means at the proposed distance. If the effect is produced, there can be no doubt of the importance of the secret.

As to the triflings on the subject of inhumanity if this power should be attained, they are not worth listening to for a moment. Whatever increases the power of defence renders a service to humanity. The "long range," if it should ever be effective, would, for example, not merely destroy an invading fleet, which would be an obvious service, but it would prevent the existence of an invading fleet altogether, for no sovereign would think of constructing a fleet at the enormous expense which naval preparation demands, and manning it with thousands of his subjects, where its certain fate was to be total destruction. Thus the lives which must be spent in any invasion at the present day would be saved, for invasion would be attempted no more. It is true that every nation might have a Warner apparatus to defend its coasts and harbors ; and what would be the result ! That nations would have no power of injuring each other ; and thus the very excess of danger would produce the excess of safety.

On the same principle we regret the imperfection of Perkins' steam gun, because, if it had fulfilled its objects, it would have made defence irresistible, by rendering assault utterly ruinous. After the first evidence of its powers, assault would be felt to be massacre, and, therefore, no assault would be made. A gun discharging 500 balls a minute, capable of sustaining that discharge for any length of time, and throwing its shot with the precision of artillery, would render the musket utterly useless, and mow down an enemy's line without suffering it to advance a step, when the range was once found. Therefore no assaults would thenceforth be attempted. This would be a great triumph of humanity, and the next step would probably be the extinction of war altogether. But to this fortunate consummation we must acknowledge that we see no approach at present, and, in the mean time, we must wait for Mr. Warner's unequivocal evidence that he can sweep a fleet from the seas at twice the range of a six-and-thirty pounder !—*Britannia*, July 18.

From the *Britannica*.

The Modern Orlando. Cantos I. to VII. Colburn.

THIS work comes at a happy time to silence the reproach that the spirit of poetry has been smothered by steam. Every one will acknowledge here the rising of a new star, destined to move with brilliancy in an orbit of its own. "*The Modern Orlando*" is by turns striking, picturesque, pathetic, witty, and grand, and displays in all the true soul of genius—originality. Should it fail to become popular it can only be from one defect—a great defect it must be admitted with a certain class of readers—the absence of personality and viciousness."

When it was thought all veins of poetry had been exhausted, and the mine worn out, this author appears to show that invention is limitless; and that where there is true ability there will never be wanting novelty in style and subject.

For the idea of his production, and the idea merely, the writer is indebted to Ariosto. His hero is a traveller, but a traveller in modern fashion—by rail and by steam-boat, by yacht and by post-chariot. All his adventures are of the day, all his characters of the time. His plan of painting is the plan of Pope. His canvass is a summer cloud, his colors rainbow hues, and his subject "*the Cynthia of the minute*." His motto is the mirror of his spirit:—

"Travel! travel! travel! The mind stagnates at home. The flower dies unless it is transplanted. Hear all things—see all things—write all things, and write them on the spot. Give the world your thoughts, fresh, fast, and fair, as they come. Make your pen a pencil, your ink colors, your paper a canvass, and Nature your sifter. Say what you think; tell the truth, and fear not. Cherish woman, and castigate man. Be bold of heart, quick of eye, and pleasant of tongue. Carlo mio—where then is the true poet to be found? By the Madonna, I know not. Let the world, which decides everything, decide that too. I follow none—I ask none to follow me. This is the only boast of your friend Ludovico.—Farewell; may all the graces hover round your pillow, Carlo mio." *Lettere Scelte*, v. 2.

It is not a little surprising that the verse of this young writer should display the finish of that of a veteran poet. The vigor of his thought goes hand in hand with the music of his rhyme. He is neither careless nor labored; a slovenly line or a false cadence never slips from his pen. Poetic expression seems so natural to him—whatever his theme, however changeful his subject—that one is tempted to think the stanza he manages with so much ease and grace must be his every-day language.

Visiting all lands, and passing rapidly from grave to gay, our "*Orlando*" sees some objects that call forth serious reflections, some that move him to smiles and ridicule. In Paris, the city of strange contrasts, he finds food enough for his varying humor. The character of the capital is splendidly struck out in a single stanza:—

"Paris, thou strangest thing, of all things strange;
Young beauty, superannuated flirt;
True to one love alone, and that one, change:
Glittering, yet grim; half diamonds, and half dirt;
Thou model of—two ruffles and no shirt!
Thy court, thy kingdom, and thy life, a game;

Worn out with age, and yet, by time unhurt;
Light without lustre, glory without fame,
Earth's darkest picture, set in earth's most gilded frame."

His dinner at "*Vatel's*" and his supper at the "*Trois Frères Provençaux*" are succeeded by graver themes. His visit to Fontainebleau and the picture gallery of the palace draw forth the powers of his sarcastic wit. Here are a couple of *his* portraits:—

MOLIERE.

"Whose is that visage, sportive, yet severe;
That lip of laughter, yet those piercing eyes;
That brow so bright, yet careworn?—Ah, Molière!

I see the hand, that stripped the soul's disguise,
Forced monks to feel, and monarchs to be wise;
Dared the court whisper, and the Jesuit's knife;
Yet (all we honor, all that we despise,) leading, poor fool, an ultra-henpecked life,
And dying on the stage! Verdict—'A dashing wife!'"

TALLEYRAND.

"One place is vacant, which but *one* can fill,
Prince of imperial craftsmen, Talleyrand!
Where is thy cold grey eye, thy visage chill,
Thy sneering lip, thy smile supremely bland?
Thou first and last of that imperial band,
Who swindled monarchs, mobs, and all mankind!
Thy craft, so sweeping, that 't was almost grand!

Thy galley making way with every wind,
Shunning all rocks and shoals, yet *never* left behind!

Yes! 't was delightful, from thy features placid,
To see such firefly sparks of satire dart!
Thy wit a drop of death—pure prussic acid—
A flash of lightning, killing without smart!
Tell me, thou man of brain without a heart—
Prince Scapin! in what courtly *escritoire*
Hast thou locked up thy never-failing chart,
That steered thee safe through council and *boudoir*;
Till France's blazing torch was buried in the Loire!

France has for thee *no* rival—Rome but Sylla;
Yet, strip the classic gilding from the name,
What was *his* lazy life, his Baian villa,
His Senate, craving for the bread of shame,
To *thy* keen course, through France's tide of flame;

Thy path, beset with faction's serpent-stings!
Thine was the longer and the harder game—
When Europe's thrones were made the tombs of kings.
But politics, avaunt!—I turn to wedding-rings!"

One presence pervades all Fontainebleau, but especially fills

THE CHAMBER.

"One glance at thy bronze bust, Napoleon!
Ere all are hurried from the little room,
Where Europe's lord was tumbled from his throne.
There stands his couch;—the table, hid in gloom,
Where his own pallid fingers signed his doom;
The chair, in agony of spirit scored:
King-maker! I ask not, *where* stands thy tomb!

Though thousands round it wept, or cannon roared.
Here was Napoleon's tomb; here vanished crown
and sword!

I am not 'playing moralist;' and yet,
Where has the world a teacher—like that bust?
Why, shall the heart through half a century fret,
Stake life, and love, and peace—to turn to dust?
Like *thee*, if mighty, from a throne be thrust,
The scoff and victim of its ransomed slaves!
If lowly, take posterity on trust,
Dream dreams, build castles upon winds and
waves,
And, after all—lie down among earth's wormy
graves."

The Provençal hills recall to mind another character, hardly less celebrated:—

MIRABEAU.

"Now, rise before me the Provençal hills;
Glory of novels, 'Paradise of France!
Where wine from every highway hedge distills,
And life's sole labor is, to sing and dance!
Alas, for all the honors of romance!
The morning cuts your midriff with the *Bise*!
Noon burns your cuticle, and blinds your glance!
The evening dews your very heart-veins freeze!
Night is despair—the reign of Pharaoh's plague
of flies!

And yet, I paused, to see an old château;
Now but a heap of ivy-mantled stones;
The fortress of thy father's Mirabeau!—
Thou man of contradictions!—prop of thrones,
Yet, the hot marrow in rebellion's bones;
The monarch's hireling; yet the rabble's king!
Courtier, yet brazen trump of faction's tones!
Thy genius, half swine's hoof, half eagle's wing!
Bold, coward, patriot, slave, tool, traitor—everything!

These are the men one hates, and yet admires;
The base, yet brilliant, actors on life's stage;
The Titan-brood, with serpents for their sires;
The shame and scorn, but, wonder of their age;
Wild mixture of the savage and the sage;
Fierce summoners to that consummate fray,
Which tainted thrones with maddened nations
wage;
Dark heralds of the last avenging day,
When diadems are crushed, and those who crush-
ed them—clay!

Those are the tribe whose mission is, to teach,
Not learn;—interpreters of fate to men.
Instinct, their thoughts; their tongues, of mighty
speech;
Too fiery for the slow performing pen.
There never rushed the lion from his den,
Rousing the forest echoes with his roar;
More marked by nature for the fight; than
when
This tribe their way to sanguine triumph tore,
Leaving the world in doubt, to dread them, or
adore."

Monarchies, in our poet's opinion, have little to fear from revolutions. There is truth in these reflections on

THE STABILITY OF THRONES.

"I always bet on thrones; they fall, like cats,
On their four paws! they 'escape, like ducks, by
diving!

Or, like your old cathedrals—spite of rats—

Ten centuries of purple deans surviving!
Nay, like your bankrupts, by their ruin thriving!—
While commonwealths, however free and furious,
Are smothered, once for all; like hornets
biving!

Paying for power an interest usurious—
Blood, cent. per cent.! I leave the problem to the
'curious.'

I think republics are, like London fires,
Got up, to help your 'men of parts' to rob!
The blaze burns out its fuel, and expires,
Just by the time the rogues have done the job—
(A fact at which I have no heart to sob!)
Then comes the course of nature, and a king!
As sure as Moslems love a hot *kabob*.
The lucky knaves get rich—the luckless swing!
Thus runs this mill-horse world, in one eternal
ring!"

These sketches, by so masterly a hand, have some public interest; but they do not constitute the most amusing part of the volume. Anecdotes of society, tales of romance, jests, pictures of manners, descriptions of travel, adventures by sea and land, follow each other in rapid succession. The last canto is filled with a strange story, in which the writer shows his power over the mysterious, and his talent for narrative.

Speculation will, of course, strive to fix this poem on some established writer. But we rather think the force and finish it displays are the result of natural ability rather than of long practice. There appears in it too much freshness of feeling and originality of style to countenance the supposition that it belongs to any of the writers with whom we are acquainted, though it is undoubtedly true that genius has little difficulty in assuming a disguise, and that veterans in literature have sometimes been able to throw the keenest critics off the scent of their track.

NUTRIMENT IN SUGAR.—The nutritive properties of sugar are much underrated in this country. As an aliment, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, maintains that sugar affords the greatest quantity of nourishment, in a given quantity of matter, of any subject in nature. Horses and cattle were fed wholly on it at St. Domingo for some months, when the exportation of sugar and importation of grain were prevented from want of ships. During the crop time in the West Indies all appear fat and flourishing. The cattle fed on the cane-tops become sleek and in fine condition. The negroes drink freely of the juice, and become fat and healthy. Sir George Staunton observes, that many of the slaves and idle persons in China hide themselves among the canes, and live entirely on them for a time. In that kingdom the emperor compels his body-guard to eat a certain quantity of sugar every day, that they may become fat, and look portly. Sugar and rice constitute the common food of the people, and every kind of domestic animal is fed on sugar. Plagues, malignant fevers, and disorders of the breast, are unknown in the countries where sugar is abundantly eaten as food. The celebrated Dr. Franklin used to drink syrup every night before he went to bed to alleviate the agonies of the stone.—*Popular Errors Explained*.

MRS. MAGEE, of Dublin, has left £20,000 to trustees for the erection of a Presbyterian college in Ireland.—*Athenæum*.

FROM Copenhagen, we learn that, on the 21st ult., the inhabitants of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, to the number of 8,000, met on the little island of Hvéen, to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of the illustrious astronomer, Tycho-Brahé. The flags of the three Scandinavian kingdoms floated from the fleet of steamers which bore the pilgrims, from the opposite points, to the place of rendezvous—a government war-steamer conveying the professors of the universities of Copenhagen and Kiel, the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences and of the Royal Northern Society of Archæology, other personages of the Danish capital distinguished for literature, art, or science—and a colossal bust in white marble of the subject of the day's celebration. The principal ceremonial was the inauguration of this monument, beneath a triumphal arch erected amid the ruins of the old palace of Uranienburg, where the philosopher was born and spent most of his life. The brow of the image was encircled with a laurel crown; and then, a thousand young voices raised, in honor of him whom it represents, the national songs of the three Scandinavian countries—and the Philharmonic Society of Copenhagen executed a cantata, written for the occasion. The monument was solemnly handed over to the guardianship of the people of Hvéen; and left to its solitude of ages on an island which numbers not more than a hundred inhabitants.—The two hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of the Philosopher Leibnitz was celebrated with great pomp, a few days ago, by the University of Leipzig; of which city he was a native.—*Athenæum*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Mr. Walsh's letters to the National Intelligencer.

Paris, July 14, 1846.

WE received yesterday afternoon the advices from the United States by the *Great Western*. We have a mere summary in the *Journal des Débats* of this morning; but an ample report and intelligent discussion of the whole in *La Presse*, and a good exposition in the *Constitutionnel*. The Oregon treaty and the President's new message touching a war-tariff are warmly commended. Stress is laid on the profession of readiness for peace, in case Mexico should propose reasonable terms. "According to the London papers," observes the *Constitutionnel*, "England has given a lesson of prudence and moderation to the United States; if so, the United States have, on their side, given one of firmness to the other powers having relations and controversies with England." The idea of dissent by Lord Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, in the cabinet, to the terms of the treaty, is held to be refuted by Sir Robert's language in announcing the event to parliament. My impression, from the epoch of the disclosure of Sir Robert's anti-corn law project to the latest period, has uniformly been that he meant to yield in the Oregon question what he believed could not fail to be accepted. He seemed, in all his public proceedings, to have put himself entirely at ease on that question. Some of the Paris editors now remark: "After all, the British naval preparations were not intended for the United States; France must have been in the eye and calculations of England." The "preparations" were, we may pre-

sume, no more than a general refitting—an armament adapted to national security and pretensions; just what the restoration and reorganization of the French maritime forces are proclaimed. A story travels in the opposition journals that Louis Philippe, in several letters, urged Queen Victoria to persuade or command Sir Robert Peel to postpone the dissolution of his ministry until after the French elections; and that her majesty (unavailing of course) exerted herself to that end. The notion obtained here, in all quarters, that the accession of the whigs would operate in France unfavorably for the conservative canvass; but it is now dissipated. It was argued that France would no longer consent to be dragged in tow by England; that there must be in both countries cabinets who could treat with each other on equal footing. All the deputies are included in a series of biographical sketches published in many numbers of the ministerial organ, the *Epoch*. Those in opposition are not spared in the least, but handled with very amusing and pungent sarcasm and disparagement of one kind or other. The truth of most of the lives and traits heightens the effect and promotes the purpose, in all the denominations of deputies.

We are informed from Rome that the new pope (the 258th) has not yet appointed the secretary of state—the functionary who enjoys more control over the foreign relations and internal policy than his holiness, in whose case the maxim, reign and not govern, is usually realized. A higher congregation, or council of state, of six eminent cardinals, of different political attachments and sentiments, has been formed to examine all matters of civil administration. Meanwhile no changes occur, no reforms are announced; and Pius IX. incurs blame for tardiness. His name, you know, is Mastai-Feretti. The Romans play upon it thus: "You are very handsome and good—*ma-stai*," which means "*but stationary*." His election, however, has proved more popular in the provinces than even in the capital. In authorizing railroads to Civita-Vecchia, Ancona, and Bologna, he has restricted the granting to natives and the employment of laborers also, when natives can be obtained. Pasquinades abound at his expense. He is said to join in the public merriment. A French writer well remarks: "A politically ambitious or personally immoral pope is now impossible." It is a subject of complaint in the London prints that England has no diplomatic representative—avowed or in form—at the court of Rome: the consul at Ancona has served as political agent.

The present summer teems with gigantic calamities—the destructive earthquake in Messina—another at Smyrna; the fire at St. Johns; submersions in mines; the burning of the theatre at Quebec, so like the old calamity at Richmond; more deaths and conflagrations by lightning, more *coup de soleil*, more suicides, atrocious murders, and mutilations; more sudden visitations of body and mind, are recorded for France, within the two months past, than in any former year for this generation. The extraordinary and protracted heat of the weather has a large share in the assigned causes. At Stockholm, on the 26th ultimo, it was so cold that ice was formed in the open grounds. Extensive strikes, popular tumults, sanguinary affrays, romantic or curious trials, have been frequent in a rare degree.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Gottfried Wilhelm Freiherr von Leibnitz—eine Biographie. (Life of G. M. Leibnitz.) Von Dr. G. E. GUHRAUER. Zwei Bände. 2 vols. 12mo. Breslau: 1842.

SAGES and poets have vied with each other in the invention of significant symbols by which to express the littleness of all earthly greatness, and the vanity of all human ambition—not always superior themselves to a secret ambition of obtaining fame even by showing it to be nothing—of being remembered for the beauty and the excellence wherewith they have typified vanity. Like the sculptor employed to ornament the tomb, they have hoped to be celebrated for their eloquent images of death, and their graceful emblems of mortality. Yet neither amongst the devices feigned by art, nor the objects presented to us by the ravages of time—the broken column, the sarcophagus empty even of ashes, the stone inscribed with a silent history, or with half legible characters—is there any memento of these truths more expressive or more touching, than that which presents itself in the tarnished decorations of a series of portly folios or quartos of a past age, the product of some capacious and restless intellect, which toiled, as was fondly thought and hoped, for immortality—which aspired to be remembered, not merely in biographical dictionaries—those crowded cemeteries of mind—but to hold active and familiar converse with the mind of successive generations—to live in perpetual citation on the lips of grateful and admiring readers. Yet are these misjudging aspirants for fame often consigned to the “dust and darkness of the upper shelf;” rarely opened except by some chance visitor, out of idle curiosity—not from any wish to hold communion with their spirits, or to emancipate even for an instant their imprisoned wit and wisdom. These remains are guarded, it is true, with jealous care, and kept safe behind handsome doors and gratings; but the page is as mute as the voice of him who wrote it; and that supplementary body of ink and paper by which the fond authors hoped to perpetuate their existence, and secure a second and longer life on earth, is dead as the first tenement of flesh and blood, and without a hope of resurrection. To traverse an old library filled with such remains, is like walking through the catacombs of a great city. Could the thought of the utter want of sympathy, the “cold oblivion” which awaited him, have obtruded itself on the imaginings of those who wrought for immortality, it had been enough to paralyze all their energies, and make the pen drop from their nerveless hands.

We have been led into these gloomy reflections by the lot of that great and shining man, on whose life and genius we are about to offer a few remarks. His name is no obscure one; on the contrary, he has achieved, if ever man did, a high European reputation, and his name is laid up with those of the great of all time; and yet we believe there are few, even of the utterly obscure, who, having written so much, are read so little. It is the smallest possible fraction of his works that

even those who have troubled themselves to peruse anything, are acquainted with; while the immense majority, who yet know him renowned for mathematical discoveries and metaphysical theories, have never read a syllable of him.

For this comparative neglect there are more reasons than one. To a certain extent he shares but the lot of all great philosophers. Their condition, in this respect, is far less enviable than that of great poets. The former can never possess so large a circle of readers under any circumstances; but that number is still further abridged by the fact, that even the truths they have taught or discovered, form but stepping-stones in the progress of science, and are afterwards digested, systematized, and better expounded in other works composed by smaller men. The creations of poetry, on the contrary, remain ever beautiful, as long as the language in which they are embodied shall endure: even to translate is to injure them. Thus it is, that for one reader of Archimedes, (even amongst those who know just what Archimedes achieved,) there are thousands of readers of Homer; and of Newton it may be truly said, that nine tenths of those who are familiar with his doctrines have never studied him except at second-hand. Far more intimate, no doubt, is that sympathy which Shakspeare and Milton inspire; “being dead, they yet speak;” and may even be said to form a part of the very minds of their readers.

But this is not the only cause of the almost total neglect of the works of Leibnitz. As he wrote often with great beauty, and on a great variety of subjects, there should be no reason, one would imagine, why he should be less read than many other philosophers whose claims to be remembered is far inferior to his. The cause, we are inclined to think, is owing, in part, to the fragmentary character of his productions: though enormously voluminous, there is almost nothing except his *Theodicæ* and his *Remarks on Locke* that can be considered systematic; and he has nowhere, not even in these pieces, given a complete digest of his philosophical system. The great mass of his works consists of occasional papers:—such as his contributions to the *Acta Eruditorum* of Leipsic; and the immense remains of that Literary Correspondence in which he was actively engaged throughout his life, and which included the name of almost every eminent scholar and thinker of the age. In these letters he continually repeats (as was most natural) fragments of his opinions; so that the reader finds that he has got most of what Leibnitz thought, long before he has read all that Leibnitz wrote, and might here, if anywhere, take a brick as a specimen of the house.

But yet another cause of this comparative neglect is, that with all his intellectual greatness, few other men have ventured to expound metaphysical theories which depend so absolutely on mere conjecture, or which are less adapted to invite disciples. His *Monad*s are unintelligible even to his most devoted commentators; his *Preestablished Harmony* has long since been dissolved; and a score of other theories, and rudiments of theories, which were suggested to his ever active genius,

lie scattered in gigantic ruins over the vast field of his labors.

Nor is this all. A very large portion of his writings, as already said, consists of his letters. Now, not only is the Latin in which he often writes far from being Ciceronian; not only are the theories he defends exploded, or the truths he develops rendered elementary in the subsequent progress of science; but the books cited are long forgotten, the very names of the authors never heard of: even the *doctissimus Hackmannus* and the *illustrissimus Kettwigius* have somehow become obscure:—the allusions are unintelligible, the incidents without interest, the pleasantries insipid.

These causes are at least sufficient to show why we ought not to wonder that Leibnitz for more than a century has been but little read.

But it is well that those illustrious men, whose voluminous writings, for the reasons above assigned, will never be remembered equally with those of the great poet, should have their periodical commemoration; when the achievements by which they benefited their own generation and all time shall be honorably recounted, their portraits brought out of the dust and dampness where they were fading away, and the lineaments retouched and vivified; when some of their most pregnant thoughts and weighty maxims shall be repeated in the ear of mankind; and some fragments of their wisdom rescued from the sepulchre of their *opera omnia*. Even this is better than sheer oblivion. They have influenced the mind of the species some generations back, and through that *indirectly* forever. It is something more to be permitted to do this *directly*, in modes however limited, and for intervals however transient. Yielding to the instinct of immortality, each grateful shade, thus honored, will triumphantly exclaim, *Non omnis moriar!*

Such a festival in honor of Leibnitz seems to be now in course of celebration in Germany. "Old Mortality" is there going his round, and reviving the imagery and inscriptions on the philosopher's tomb; and we could hardly hope to find a more favorable juncture for offering our homage than the present, when his works have just been republished at Berlin, and a new biography composed by Dr. Guhrauer.

We shall commence with a sketch of his life, the rather that it is more varied than that of the generality of literary men; so much so, indeed, as to increase in no small degree that wonder which his prodigious attainments are calculated to excite. It is difficult to reconcile so much activity and locomotion with such severe study. He must have learnt that useful lesson of losing no time "in changing his hand," as Adam Smith expresses it: and of bringing his faculties to bear with resolute promptitude on whatever, for the moment, exacted attention.

The principal sources of the biography of Leibnitz are the materials left by his friend Eckhart—his life by Brucker, in the *History of Philosophy*—his well-known *Eloge* by Fontenelle—that by Bailly, first published in 1768, and republished in his *Discours* in 1790—that by Kästner, published in 1769—the *Memoir* prefixed to several editions of the *Theodicæe*, by M. Jaucourt, originally published under the feigned name of M. Neufville—a piece possessing considerable merit, and praised by no less an authority than Lessing—and the recent work of Dr. Guhrauer. This last author has diligently availed himself of every source of information; and has not only corrected some previous

errors, but has brought to light some facts hitherto unknown. Many fragments also of the philosopher's writings, which had remained buried in obscurity, enrich Erdmann's recent edition of them. It would seem, indeed, as if these writings were a mine which could not be exhausted. Consisting for the most part of miscellaneous papers and correspondence, they were widely scattered, and were recovered only at intervals. In 1765, appeared a quarto volume of his posthumous works, under the editorship of Raspe. The principal of these was the commentary on Locke's great work, and is entitled *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*. This volume is of rare occurrence. The edition of Leibnitz's works by Dutens, in six large quartos, published in 1768, was vainly styled *Opera Omnia*. It does not contain the pieces published by Raspe, for which Dutens, in his general preface, offers no very sufficient reason. In 1805, appeared an octavo collection of unpublished letters, under the editorship of I. G. H. Feder.

Dr. Guhrauer's work has considerable merit; but it might have been judiciously comprised in one volume, by omitting not a few digressions on collateral subjects, in which, *more Germano*, the author has freely indulged. We shall also have occasion to point out some examples of prejudiced statement, into which the customary idolatries of a biographer have betrayed him.

One of the most curious things contained in Dr. Guhrauer's work is a fragment of *Autobiography*. Fragment as it is, it gives a striking account of the author's childhood and youth, throws a flood of light on his intellectual history, and exhibits all the prominent features of his character—even to its foibles—with a vivacity as amusing as can be found in any composition of a similar kind. As this fragment has never appeared in English, we shall take occasion to gratify the reader by a free translation of two or three paragraphs. Most of the facts are repeated, again and again, in different portions of Leibnitz's miscellaneous writings, but perhaps nowhere else so connectedly or so fully.

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz was born at Leipsic, on the 21st of June, 1646. He may be said to have been a foster-child of literature. His father, Frederic Leibnitz, was professor of ethics in the university of Leipsic. His mother was the daughter of William Schmuck, another professor in the same university. His mother's sister was married to John Strauch, professor in Jena, a celebrated jurist.

The father of Leibnitz was married thrice. He had one son by his first marriage, and one (the subject of this sketch) by the second. He died September 5, 1652, when the future philosopher was only six years old. He left a moderate fortune, and a valuable library, which last the young Leibnitz soon began to consider the best part of his inheritance. It is with his introduction to these treasures that we commence our brief extracts from the *Autobiography*.

He was sent early to the Nicolai school at Leipsic; but his real education seems to have been carried on by himself, and is described in a whimsical manner in the following paragraph:—

"As I grew in years and strength I was wonderfully delighted with the reading of history, and having obtained some books of that kind in German, I did not lay them down till I had read them all through. Latin I studied at school; and no doubt should have proceeded at the usual slow

rate, had not accident opened to me a method peculiar to myself. In the house where I lodged, I chanced to stumble on two books which a certain student had left in pledge. One, I remember, was Livy, the other the Chronological Thesaurus of Calvisius. Having obtained these, I immediately devoured them. Calvisius, indeed, I understood easily, because I had in German a book of universal history which often told me the same things; but in Livy I stuck no longer; for as I was ignorant of ancient history; and the diction in such works is more elevated than common, I scarcely in truth understand a single line. But as the edition was an old one, embellished with woodcuts, these I pored over diligently, and read the words immediately beneath them, never stopping at the obscure places, and skipping over what I imperfectly understood. When I had repeated this operation several times, and read the book over and over—attacking it each time after a little interval—I understood a good deal more; with all which, wonderfully delighted, I proceeded without any dictionary till almost the whole was quite plain.”

These self-acquired accomplishments having disclosed themselves at school, Leibnitz tells us that his master was much shocked that his pupil should be making such unauthorized progress in learning.

“My master, dissembling the matter repairs to those who had the care of my education, and admonishes them that they should take care lest I should interrupt my studies by a premature and preposterous kind of reading; that Livy was just as fit for me as a “buskin for a pigmy;” that books proper for another age should be kept out of the hands of a boy, and that I must be sent back to Comenius or the lesser catechism. And without doubt he had succeeded, if there had not been present at the interview a certain erudite and well-travelled knight, a friend of the master of the house. He, disliking the envy or stupidity of the master, who, he saw, wished to measure every stature by his own, began to show, on the contrary, that it was unjust and intolerable that a budding genius should be repressed by harshness and ignorance; rather, that a boy, who gave no vulgar promise was to be encouraged, and furnished with every kind of help. He then desired me to come to him; and when he saw that I gave no contemptible answers to the questions he put, he did not rest till he had extorted from my relatives permission to enter my father’s library. At this I triumphed as if I had found a treasure. I longed to see the ancients, most of whom were known to me only by name—Cicero, Quintilian, and Seneca, Pliny, Herodotus, Xenophon, Plato, and many a Latin and Greek father. These I revelled in as the fit took me, and was delighted with the wonderful variety of matter before me; so that, before I was yet twelve years old, I understood the Latin writers tolerably well, began to lisp Greek, and wrote verses with singular success. * * *

Indeed, in polite letters and in poetry, I made such progress that my friends feared lest, beguiled by the sweetness of the flattering muses, I should acquire disgust for studies more serious and rugged. But the event soon relieved them from this anxiety. For no sooner was I summoned to the study of logic, than I betook myself with great delight to the thorny intricacies which others abhorred. And not only did I easily apply the rules to examples, which, to the admiration of my preceptors, I alone did, but expressed my doubts on

certain points, and already meditated some novel views, which, lest they should escape me, I committed to paper. Long after, I read some things which I had written at the age of fourteen, and was wonderfully delighted with them.”

As to his *doubts*, he tells us that none of his masters satisfied him, but only admonished him that “it did not become a boy to busy himself with novelties, in things which he had not sufficiently studied.” Meantime his friends were possessed by a new fear.

“Those who had the care of my education—to whom my greatest obligation is, that they interfered as little as possible with my studies—as they had before feared lest I should become a poet, so they now dreaded lest I should stick fast in scholastic subtleties; but they did not know how little my mind could be filled with one class of subjects; for no sooner did I understand that I was destined for the study of the law, than, dismissing everything else, I applied myself to that. * * * And in this way I reached my seventeenth year, happy in nothing more than this, that my studies were not directed according to the judgment of others, but by my own humor; for which reason it was that I was always esteemed chief among those of my own age in all college exercises, not by the testimony of tutors only, but by that of my fellow-disciples.”

He graduated as Bachelor of Philosophy in 1663, at the early age of sixteen, and proceeded to his Master’s Degree in the same Faculty in the following year. On both these occasions, and on others of a like nature, he manifested the precocity of his metaphysical talents by the subjects selected for the customary disputations.—After giving an account of the dispute which prevented his offering himself for his Doctor’s Degree at Leipsic, and sent him to the University at Altdorf, Leibnitz proceeds—

“There,” says he, “I took my doctor’s degree in my twenty-second year, *maximo omnium applausu*; for when I maintained my public thesis, I discoursed with so much facility, and explained myself with so much clearness, that not the auditors only wondered at this new and unusual ἀρετή, specially in a lawyer, but even those who had engaged to respond, publicly acknowledged that I had excellently well satisfied them.”

Refusing an offer of a professorship at Altdorf, Leibnitz repaired to Nuremberg. While there, he happened to hear of a Society of Alchemists, who were prosecuting, with the usual success, the search after the “philosopher’s stone.” He was seized with a strong desire to become acquainted with these adepts; but, as he was absolutely ignorant of all their terms of art, he knew not how to negotiate an introduction. Happily he recollected that their ignorance must be quite equal to his own; and so, boldly extracting from the writings of the most celebrated alchemists, all the most obscure terms he could find, he composed a letter, of which he did not understand a syllable; and from that moment became, if one may indulge in the paradox, as knowing as themselves. What was dark to himself was happily quite clear to these illuminati, who, following their usual instinct for nonsense, or afraid to be supposed ignorant, professed to augur favorably of one who could write so profoundly. They invited him to assist at their conferences, introduced him to their laboratory, and made him their secretary.

While at Nuremberg, he met with a valuable

friend and patron in the Baron de Boineburg, Chancellor of the Elector of Mentz. Chance (some say) brought them together at the hotel where Leibnitz was lodging. The Baron, who amidst his official duties, had never ceased to cultivate science and literature, was struck with the talents and attainments of his young acquaintance. He gave him his counsel—advised him to attach himself to Jurisprudence and History, as the studies which would furnish him the best means of advancing himself in life, and exhorted him to repair to Frankfort-on-the-Maine for the further prosecution of those studies: meantime, he promised to endeavor to procure for him some office worthy of his talents in the Court of the Elector. With this advice Leibnitz complied, and at Frankfort abandoned himself entirely to the studies thus recommended. It was there, amidst many distractions, that he composed, in 1667, his little treatise entitled, “A New Method of Learning and Teaching Jurisprudence.”* This early work displays all his principal characteristics—his vast reading, the acuteness, originality, and comprehensiveness of his mind, and his propensity to form projects too vast for fulfilment, and to make promises which sound something like presumption. This little treatise was in the press when the Baron de Boineburg summoned him to the service of the Elector of Mentz; and the young author, with the new developed instinct of a courtier, dedicated his work to his patron. In 1668, he followed up his *Nova Methodus*, by his *Ratio Corporis Juris reconcinandi*—a “beautiful project,” as M. Jaucourt calls it—“un beau projet”—nothing less in fact than a new digest of Universal Law.

But the author we have just cited might well ask, “can we believe that Leibnitz (then little more than twenty-two years of age) had sufficient light for a reform of this gigantic kind?” *A faire un bon livre*, as M. Jaucourt says, is all that could be expected of the splendid talents of any young philosopher—even of a Leibnitz—engaged on such a subject.

In the same year, he also published his treatise *De Arte Combinatoriâ*; in which, though he advances many things which he afterwards saw cause to reject, he displays much of the analytical skill, and originality of conception, which afterwards made him so famous in the field of pure mathematics. The abdication of John Casimir, King of Poland, in 1668, when the elective throne was besieged by a crowd of aspirants, afforded Leibnitz his first opportunity of signaling his talents in political discussion. Amongst the claimants was the Prince of Neuburg, and Boineburg engaged Leibnitz to support his pretensions. In this, as in one or two other cases, our author was perhaps too easily led to accept the office of advocate, before exercising that of philosopher; to accept a thesis and then examine how it could be supported. Once engaged, however, his philosophic habits of mind soon appear in this as in similar instances; and, rising above the transitory and limited subjects proposed, he expatiates on the condition of Poland, its principles of government, and the qualities it should seek in the monarchs of its choice. Though this *brochure* did not attain its end, Leibnitz was not without his reward. At the instigation of Boineburg he was made a member of the Council of the Elector, a

post which he held till 1672. Without neglecting its duties, his ever active mind found time to produce numberless pieces on the most diversified subjects, which secured him extensive reputation, but which it is beyond our limits even to enumerate. One of his greatest projects at this period, but, like many others, never executed, was to revise and remodel the *Encyclopædia* of Alstedius, according to a new method, founded on the relations of the various sciences to each other. A curious publication, which appeared in 1670, was very characteristic of his literary habits. He had long been of opinion that Aristotle had been depreciated below his real merits, in the necessary recoil against the tyranny of the Scholastic Philosophy. Instead of treating this subject systematically, in the shape of a distinct dissertation, he contents himself with republishing a work *against* Aristotle, written by Mario Nizoli, a native of Modena, so early as 1553, to which our author adds a letter to Thomasius, a preface and notes!

In 1672, Leibnitz went on a political mission to Paris, where he spent a considerable time, and in a very different way from the generality of foreign visitors of that gay metropolis. He pursued his studies with his usual intensity, but particularly applied himself to mathematics, in which he frankly represents himself as up to that time, comparatively uninitiated. At Paris, in 1672, he became acquainted with Huygens; and the perusal of some of his writings, together with the study of those of Galileo and Descartes, and the Mathematical Fragments of Pascal, inspired him with a zeal in his new pursuit, which, combined with his great inventive talents, soon put him not only in possession of all that had been hitherto discovered, but prompted him to make discoveries for himself.

On the all but exhausted controversy of the Differential Calculus, and of Leibnitz's claims to be considered an inventor, we have little to say in addition to what has been already often repeated; and that little has been suggested solely by the observations which Dr. Guhrauer has, in his recent biography, thought proper to make. Our remarks on his statements will occur farther on.

Whilst prosecuting his mathematical studies, Leibnitz noted certain imperfections in the Arithmetical Machine which Pascal had endeavored to construct; and with his characteristic ambition of attempting all things difficult, he conceived the idea of improving and perfecting it. To this task he devoted considerable time, thought, and money; and he has left a brief account of his success in the third volume of his works.* But he was at length obliged to abandon it; and it thus forms one of the huge pile of projects which he has left incomplete, and which serve only to show the activity and universality of his genius.

In the year 1673 Baron de Boineburg died; and as official duties no longer confined Leibnitz to Paris, he took the opportunity of visiting England, and there became acquainted with Bbyle, Oldenburgh, Gregory, Wallis, Newton, and others. Several of the literary and scientific acquaintances he here made, were added to the contributors to his already vast correspondence.

Shortly after his arrival in England, his patron, the Elector of Mentz died, (1674,) and Leibnitz resolved to return to Germany, and to push his fortunes in some other direction. Previous to his leaving England, the Royal Society honored him,

* *Nova Methodus discendæ docendæque Jurisprudentiæ.*

* Duten's edition, vol. iii., p. 413.

and did themselves honor, by enrolling him amongst their members. As soon as he arrived in Paris, he wrote a letter to John Federic, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, to inform him of his situation; and that prince immediately offered him a place at his court, a pension, and, what was as much prized, the liberty of remaining in foreign countries as long as he pleased. Availing himself of this permission, Leibnitz remained at Paris five months, chiefly engaged in the prosecution of his mathematical studies. He then returned for a brief interval to England, thence paid a visit to Holland, and took his place at the court of his sovereign at Hanover, in 1676; and with this prince and his successors he spent the remainder of his life.

The tastes of the duke so happily coincided with those of Leibnitz, that he must have been here perfectly in his element. He commenced his duties with the agreeable task of enriching the ducal library with important works and manuscripts. His patron often joined him in his physical and chemical studies; and thus Leibnitz doubtless found it less tedious to play the courtier, than a philosopher in that situation may be supposed apt to find it.

The prince died in 1679, but Leibnitz lost nothing by his death; as his successor, Prince Ernest Augustus, then Bishop of Osnaburg, cherished towards him the same sentiments, and retained him in the same employments. He engaged him, however, in one new task, which, had it not been for the eccentric manner in which Leibnitz most characteristically performed it, would have involved a mere waste of time, and, as it was, must have grievously interrupted studies far more important and congenial. It was that of writing the History of the House of Brunswick. Here, as in all like cases, he broke away from the comparatively narrow limits assigned to him; and in the course of his very comprehensive researches, in which he amassed an enormous quantity of materials, (some of them very remotely connected with his proposed subject,) his active mind suggested many novel and sometimes brilliant speculations, in various branches of science; more especially in relation to geology, (of which he may, in virtue of his *Protogæa*, be called the founder,) comparative philology, and the whole philosophy of history and antiquities. For an ample collection of materials he travelled during the years 1687, 88, 89;—visiting Franconia, Bavaria, Suabia, Austria, and subsequently Italy.* Libraries, monasteries, convents, abbeys, tombs, public documents, manuscripts, rare books, were all laid under contribution. On his return in 1690, he reviewed the treasures thus acquired, and was surprised to find he was so rich. In collecting materials for the history of Brunswick, his huge drag had brought up all sorts of fragments of antiquity, many of them highly curious. From these accumulations, and from the treasures in Wolfenbützel, recently committed to his care, he selected the materials of a great work,

* It was during these travels that a curious incident happened to him. He was once overtaken in a small vessel on the coast of Italy by a furious tempest, which the sage skipper attributed to the presence of the heretical German. Presuming him ignorant of the language, he and his crew began to deliberate on the propriety of throwing the "Lutheran Jonas" (as M. Jaucourt expresses it) overboard. Leibnitz, with much presence of mind, took out a rosary, which he happened to have with him, and began to tell his beads with vehement devotion. The *ruse* succeeded.

which he calls *Codex Juris Gentium Diplomaticus*. It is in fact a collection of treaties, declarations, manifestoes, contracts of royal marriages, and public documents of a similar nature. It extended to two folio volumes, the first of which appeared in 1693; the second volume, enriched by communications from Oxenstiern, not till 1700. To the first volume is prefixed a preface, indicating as usual the activity and diffusiveness of his genius, his power of eliciting general truths from the most unpromising facts, and of throwing unexpected light on subjects but little connected with one another.

Another work which originated in the task imposed upon him by the elector, consisted of his *Accessiones Historiæ*, published in 1698. It is in fact a mass of the odds and ends of his multifarious collections; many of them rare documents, which had been buried in public libraries, and had escaped the vigilance of previous inquirers. In order to finish here all notice of the series of publications which had their origin in the request of the elector, we may remark, that it was not till 1707, nearly twenty years after he set out on his travels, that the first portion of any work exclusively bearing on his subject saw the light; and that consisted only of a collection of the writers on the affairs of Brunswick.* The second and third volumes appeared in 1710 and 1711. This extensive work was to have been succeeded by a work on the History of Brunswick itself and its illustrious house; that is, by the work which for twenty years he had been preparing to write, but of which, alas! only the plan has been published; the unfinished manuscript still lying in the dust of the royal library of Hanover.†

In truth, his plan was so whimsically extensive, that it would have taken his life fully to have completed it. The work was to have commenced by a dissertation on the possible state of Germany some thousands of years before the creation; in other words, on its geology. He has recorded his general opinions in an essay entitled *Protogæa*, which appeared after his death, and an abstract of which was inserted in the Journal of Leipzig, 1693.

Having thus settled the state of Germany as it was before the creation of man, he was to proceed to a copious account of what it was after that era, but still long before the dawn of authentic history;—to trace the migrations and settlements of the remote tribes and nations which have successively occupied it—treating, by the way, of their languages and dialects;—topics of which it may be difficult for anybody but Leibnitz to see the connexion with the history of Brunswick, but which were doubtless infinitely more to his taste.

Having thus, as it may be thought, laid a moderately solid foundation for the pyramid of his projected work, Leibnitz was to set about the history of Brunswick in earnest; of course commencing with the very remotest times, gathering materials from the obscurest sources, gently deviating to the right and left as occasion might or might not require, to take in the history of the various branches of the house of Brunswick, as well as that of all the houses with which they might have formed alliances, and pleasingly diversifying the matter with callateral disquisitions on various points of heraldry, genealogy, and especially chronology; all which subjects were to be illustrated by an ample

* *Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicensium illustrationi insertiones.*

† Dr. Guhrauer gives us reason to expect that this Fragment will soon see the light.

appendix of suitable engravings of medals, arms, ancient monuments, and so forth. In short, the work would doubtless have been publishing in successive volumes to this day, if Leibnitz and his patron had lived as long: and subscribers or their heirs would still have been able only to predict the appearance of the *last* volume. We have been more minute than the generality of the biographers of Leibnitz on this subject; because the mode in which he prosecuted his task, the immense gyrations of thought in which he indulged, the number of subjects which were successively taken up, the eagerness with which he pursued each, the gigantic scale on which he framed his plan, and not least of all, the scanty fragments he left of the whole, are so remarkably characteristic of his genius and his habits.

Let us now resume the sketch of his history. In 1699 he was chosen member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; and in the following year he induced the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia, to found an Academy of Sciences at Berlin, of which he was made perpetual president. The publications of this society he afterwards enriched with various valuable contributions.

A communication from Bouvet on the Chinese characters, suggested to Leibnitz another of his life-long projects, doomed like so many others, to be left incomplete—that of a universal language. On this project, more than one able man had toiled before Leibnitz, and more than one has toiled since, but all fruitlessly. It seems in truth to be one of the most hopeless of human schemes. But its very difficulty had charms for Leibnitz; and he expresses himself in many parts of his writings with a confidence of success which is as characteristic as his boldness. He did not think “that the great men who had preceded him had been on the right tack. He contemplated the invention of a totally novel system, of which the characters should resemble as much as possible those of algebra.” He seems in truth to have expended immense thought upon this subject; yet nothing was found in his papers after his death, except some trifling hints.

He had, it is true, directed a young man to devise and arrange exact definitions of all sorts of ideas—in itself not one of the least difficulties of the projected enterprise, and which Leibnitz had better have reserved for his own shoulders. “Though he applied himself,” says M. Jaucourt, “to this investigation as early as 1703, his life, dissipated by a hundred different occupations, was not long enough for the execution of this design.” That man would in truth have a long lease of life who should live till he had invented a universal language.

In the year 1710, Leibnitz published his *Theodicæ*—properly speaking, his only complete work; certainly the only one which gives a just image of the whole intellect of the man. Its principal object is to refute the skeptical views which Bayle had inserted in his *Dictionary*, touching the goodness of God, the liberty of man, and the origin of evil.

We shall make a few remarks on this work in a future page. In the mean time, we may observe that such doubts were entertained of the orthodoxy of Leibnitz, that several able men—amongst the rest, Plaff and Le Clerc—were persuaded he was of the opinions of Bayle himself, and that the *Theodicæ* was but a *jeu d'esprit*. Never was there a more extravagant charge preferred against any

man; it is contradicted alike by the whole internal evidence of the book, by the circumstances which had elicited it, and by the general tone in which he refers to it throughout his correspondence. The accusation could have been founded only on some misconceived ironical expressions, and on the very courteous and charitable tone adopted towards opponents.

In 1711, he was invited to a conference with Peter the Great at Torgau, whither the Russian monarch had come, to be present at the celebration of the marriage between his son Alexis and the Princess of Wolfenbüttel. Leibnitz was highly gratified, and with some reason. In addition to honors and a pension conferred, there was held out the flattering prospect of being associated in the formation of the future code of that great empire, which the czar was meditating creating, and on the provisions of which that prince consulted him.

In 1714, Queen Anne died. Leibnitz was at Vienna when the king left Hanover for his new dominions, but had an opportunity of paying his homage in 1715, when George I. again visited the electorate.

From this period the health of Leibnitz, already shattered by frequent attacks of gout, which had grievously tormented him for many years, rapidly declined. As he knew much of most things, and something of everything, so he had not entirely neglected medicine, and was a little inclined, as many such men are, to play the doctor in his own case. It is said by some, that the immediate cause of his death was an unhappy experiment with an untried remedy. This event took place, on the 14th of November, 1716, in the seventieth year of his age.*

Leibnitz has left behind him a sketch in Latin of his principal physical and mental peculiarities, expressed with his usual frankness, and we might say with a characteristic egotism. From this sketch we extract the following traits. After some whimsical remarks on his temperament and that of his family, he tells us that his “stature is of the middle height and graceful, his face pale, hands generally cold, &c., &c.; his eyesight keen, his voice rather shrill than strong; that he had some little difficulty in pronouncing the gutturals, especially *k*.” He tells us that “his night’s rest was uninterrupted,” for which he gives us a curious reason—“*Quod sero cubitum it, et lucubrationes studiis matutinis longe præfert.*”† There are many students who, with the same habits, have not experienced the same happy results from them. His mode of life from childhood was sedentary; from a boy he read much and meditated more, and in most things was self-taught, *αὐτοδίδακτος*. The next is certainly a characteristic trait, but would have been as well recorded by somebody else. “He was ambitious of more profoundly investigating everything than is customary with the vulgar, and of inventing new things.” He also tells us “he was endowed with a most excellent invention and judgment;

* Dr. Gubrauer has given a full account of his last illness, vol. ii., pp. 328–330.

† He often did not retire to his couch at all, but sat till a late hour, took two or three hours’ sleep in his chair, and then proceeded to his work again at early dawn. This plan he is said sometimes to have pursued night after night for weeks together. No wonder he had gout, and, towards the close of life, ulcerated and cedematous extremities!

and found it no matter of difficulty to apply, in immediate succession, to the most varied employments; reading, writing, speaking extempore, and investigating any intellectual subject, when necessary, even to the bottom.* He further tells us "that he was easily made angry, and easily pacified; that he was neither very sad nor very merry; that his joy and grief were alike moderate, and that he more frequently smiled than laughed. *Risus frequentius deducit, quam pectus convertit.*"

One or two other traits may be amusing to the reader as parts of a great man's portrait of himself. We give them below.†

The intellectual character of Leibnitz is very remarkable, and well worthy of careful analysis. He has been called, and with much justice, "an universal genius." His powers were most various and versatile, harmoniously proportioned one to another, and individually vast; each colossal, and all symmetrical. If he failed, and fail he often did, it was not from a deficiency in the powers requisite for the prosecution of science in almost any direction, but from the ambition of universal conquest—of knowing everything, and achieving everything. In his desire of gaining new victories, he was too apt to leave behind him provinces but half conquered. Such was his versatility, that, as Fontenelle and Jaucourt have observed, he really does not seem to have manifested any predilection for any one branch of science more than another, though it was unquestionably in mathematics that he was most fitted to excel. His powers of acquisition were astonishing; his memory, like that of most great men, was equally rapid in appropriating, and tenacious in retaining whatever was presented to it. At the age of seventy, he could recite hundreds of lines of *Virgil* without an error; and such was his knowledge of books and their contents, that George I. was wont to call him his "living Dictionary."

His attainments corresponded with his versatile powers, and his ever active industry. In every department of science and literature—in metaphysics, physics, jurisprudence, theology, philology, history, antiquities, the classics, and polite letters—he seems to have been almost equally versed, and in all deeply. Realms of learning even then almost neglected, as the Scholastic Philosophy, or merely professionally studied, as the writings of the fathers, had charms for him. The ancient languages he knew well, and was tolerably acquainted with more than half a dozen of the modern.‡

And this versatility, as it appears in his acquisitions, so does it also in his writings, wherein he successively appears in the character of a philosopher, theologian, mathematician, jurist, historian, antiquary, and even—poet. It is true, that in this last character, he takes no very high rank. His

imagination, though sufficiently active to supply apt illustrations to his argumentative prose, wanted the activity and the brilliancy which can alone make the poet. Yet he evidently regarded with some complacency this feature of his mind; and often mentions a certain feat of his early years with considerable satisfaction—the composition of three hundred verses in one day, and without making a single elision. In another sense of the word, we may say with more justice than Ben Johnson said of Shakspeare, "that it would have been well if he had made a thousand."

One striking peculiarity in the case of Leibnitz is, that his ceaseless activity in the accumulation of knowledge, and his great powers of original speculation, vast as they both were, seem to have been indulged in almost equal measure. Usually it is not so. A mind distinguished by much inventiveness, generally subordinates to that one quality all the powers of acquisition; and determines the direction, as well as limits the extent, of all mere reading exclusively in relation to it. This is especially the case in minds which, like that of Leibnitz, are distinguished by inventiveness in the departments of abstract science, and most of all in mathematics; where the demands on the excogitative faculty are so great as to leave comparatively little time or inclination for the accumulation of miscellaneous knowledge. Books, in these cases, are merely used as aids to thought; they are tools to work with, and nothing more. Leibnitz loved them for their own sake; he read as much as he thought, and thought as much as he read, and seemed to take equal delight in both, and in all directions. In him the love of knowledge, enormously as it was indulged, was never a mere passive principle; devouring all kinds of books, he yet never mechanically appropriated their contents, but made them his own, by subjecting them to the powerful assimilative processes of his own intellect. The appetite was scarcely disproportionate to the activity of digestion.

It is true, that as it is not given to the human intellect to expatiate over the whole surface of science with the same success with which it can cultivate some one portion of it, so, even in the case of Leibnitz, there can be no doubt that the experiment was attended with a diminution of power; and that, great as he is in several departments, he would have appeared greater still in some one, had he surrendered himself to it with the same diligence and energy with which he abandoned himself to all. No rapidity of association, no fecundity of invention, no acuteness of intellect, can make amends for the want of prolonged and patient meditation concentrated in one direction; and it was to this that Locke probably alluded when, in a letter addressed to Molyneux, dated April 10, 1697, he says of Leibnitz—"Even great parts will not master any subject without great thinking, and even the largest minds have but little swallows."

In physics and metaphysics his success was not eminent; nor was this to be wondered at. It arose, assuredly, from no want of subtlety or comprehensiveness; but from his love of hypothesis, his fondness for the purely abstract, and his impatience to arrive at a solution. All these prevented a docile observance of the maxims of the inductive philosophy. Any theory that plausibly accounted for the phenomena was apt to find favor in his eyes. Indeed, he never seems to have attained any clear views of the limits within which

* "Whence I infer," says he, "*cerebrum ei esse siccum et spirituosum*," "that his brain is dry and spirituous."

† "Conversatio appetentia non multa; major meditationis et lectionis solitariae. Implicatus autem conversationi satis jucunde eam continuat, sermonibus jocosis et gratis magis delectatus, quam lusu, aut exercitibus in motu consistentibus. * * * Timidus est in re aliqua inchoanda, audent in prosequenda."

‡ "Cette lecture universelle," says Fontenelle with his customary elegance, "jointe à un grand génie naturel, le fit devenir tout ce qu'il avait lu; pareil en quelque sort aux anciens qui avaient l'adresse de mener jusqu'à huit chevaux attelés de front, il mena de front toutes les sciences."

the human understanding can hopefully speculate at all; and pronounces with as much assurance on the ultimate constitution and properties of his *Monads*, as he would upon any commonplace facts whatever. "Monads," says he, "are simple substances which enter into the constitution of composite. * * * Each is a mirror representing the universe, though obscurely. * * * Each soul (âme) knows to infinity, knows everything, but confusedly."*

His very notions on this subject, though frequently repeated in his works, he has never been able to express so as to convey a clear idea of his meaning to his disciples; who, as Brucker has justly remarked, have been involved in hopeless perplexities in their attempts to interpret their master's language. It is obvious, however, mean what he would, or nothing at all, that neither Leibnitz nor any one else could know anything upon this subject. A man might as well put down any incoherent dream that visited him in the night, and call it philosophy. Who could not philosophize at this rate? Can anything, indeed, more gratuitous be imagined, if it can be said to be intelligible, than that the universe is full of these ultimate monads, each of which is—obscurely omniscient, a mirror of the universe, and reflects in infinitely multiplied forms the infinitude of changes throughout universal being? It were less strange to say, that every flutter of a gnat's wing was propagated to the utmost limit of the sphere of the fixed stars. In a like strain of confidence does Leibnitz uniformly speak of his *Preestablished Harmony*; he is just as certain of its truth as of the truth of his differential calculus. Indeed, in all departments of science, except the mathematics, it is rather in his comprehensive suggestions of a possible law or principle, than in rigidly establishing it by induction—rather in his sagacious anticipations of a great truth, than in ascertaining its exact limits, that his chief merit consists. And it is curious to observe in how many different departments of science this tendency of the mind of Leibnitz was manifested. Thus in his *Protogæa*, he throws out thoughts which, as Dr. Buckland observes, contain the germ of some of the most enlightened speculations of modern Geology. In the department of Philology he often makes the most sagacious observations on the history and affinities of languages, and on the proofs of their identity of origin; and was probably the first to predict the important connexion—so fruitful of results—which would be found to subsist between philological and historical researches; and the light which the former might be made to shed on the latter. In various parts of his writings, he judiciously points out the best methods of improving medical science. In one of them—a Letter, *Sur la manière de perfectionner la Médecine*—he suggests the importance of a system of complete statistics of public health and disease; in his controversy with Stahl, he urges the study

of anatomy, then in its infancy; and expresses his confident belief that the time would come when surgery would be capable of dealing with many diseases that were then the opprobria of medical science.* In other places, he indicates the important bearing of his favorite science, mathematics, on various branches of political and economical philosophy. The merit in all these cases consists in the first germinant thought, (evinced the active and inventive quality of his mind,) rather than in the exact application or full development of it. We may say of such proofs of sagacity, as Sir James Mackintosh said of Horne Tooke's theory, "the beauty was in the original conception, rather than in the accuracy with which it was applied." But it is in these prophetic glimpses of great truths, in almost every department of science—truths which it was left for after ages fully to evolve and establish—that this great man entitled himself to a place with almost all the very greatest minds—with Aristotle, with Bacon, and with Newton—in all of whom the same quality was remarkably exemplified. It is given to such minds alone to predict and foreshadow the coming dispensations of philosophy;—to catch from the mountain heights of their contemplations (if we may modify a thought which has occurred to more than one writer) the first radiance of the rising sun, when to the rest of this world's inhabitants he is still below the horizon.

In the variety and grandeur even of his unfinished projects, embracing such different objects, and grappling with such tremendous difficulties, we see the sublime audacity and versatility of his genius; as well as a proof that not even the intellect of a Leibnitz can prosecute successfully half a score of pursuits at once. The manner in which he speaks of these unfinished projects, of which he seems hopeful even to the last, no less displays the hardy confidence of his nature—often degenerating into an appearance of ostentation and vanity; and, in truth, it requires all our knowledge of what he has accomplished to induce us to pardon his unfilled promises. His never completed calculating machine—his fragment of an universal alphabet—his improved watches which were never constructed—his hydraulic and pneumatic engines, which existed only in theory—his swift carriages,† which existed only in imagination, were monuments alike of his enterprise and his temerity.

We have said that Leibnitz was equally distinguished by his love of amassing knowledge, and his capacity for original speculation. It is curious to see the intensity with which the purely literary element operated upon him, and the manner in which it is perpetually manifested. Even his closest and most novel reasonings are continually interrupted by references to authors, and citations from their works. He abounds in curious anecdotes of past literature, and takes almost as eager an interest in the history of philosophy and science, as in the extension of their limits. This quality, in con-

* See *Principia Philosophiæ*, and *Principes de la Nature et de la Grâce, fondés en Raison*: passim. Dutens' Edition. Tom. ii., pp. 20–39. Sir James Mackintosh, with his usual charity, endeavors to find a meaning for Leibnitz, and supposes that when he says that each Monad is "a mirror of the universe," and "knows everything confusedly," he means nothing more than that "all parts of the universe are connected," and "that no part remains the same, when that of any other is changed." If this be so, we ask, first—What business has a metaphysician to deliver his doctrines in extravagant metaphor? And, secondly, Whether mere change of relation can be called knowledge, (whether distinct or confused,) without the grossest abuse of language?

* "Spes est, aliquando aquam interi cutem aliaque noxia non minore certitudine sublatum iri, aliasque aperturas, separationes, reparationes, correctiones, in potestate fore, quæ nunc habentur desperatæ; itaque reipublicæ interest nihil omitti, quod ad spem futuri progressus facere possit."—*Opera Omnia*. Tom. II., Pars ii., p. 147.

† In our railroad era, it is curious to find that one of the extravagancies charged upon Leibnitz by one of his traducers, is that of having conceived it possible to construct carriages by which the journey from Hanover to Amsterdam (about 160 miles) might be accomplished in four-and-twenty hours. Leibnitz in his defence affirms that this is too extravagant a charge to be believed! M. Jaucourt says, "that Leibnitz was not altogether a fool!"

junction with the suavity of his temper, has given one great charm to his general manner. With one unhappy exception—we refer, of course, to the contest respecting the differential calculus—it is impossible to imagine a controversial spirit more fair and candid; nor was there ever a taste in literature more catholic than his. He ever seems to differ from others with reluctance—to diminish the interval of disagreement as much as possible—and to discover resemblances, where none but himself can perceive them. He has given an amusing account of his efforts, when a youth of only fifteen, during long solitary walks in the wood of Rosenthal near Leipsic, to adjust the claims of the ancients and moderns—of Aristotle and Des Cartes; and the reluctance with which, when conciliation was impossible, he was compelled to make an election. His spirit was truly eclectic; and so far from exaggerating the originality of his own conceptions, he is generally anxious to show that there are some traces of them, more or less faint, to be found in the preceding history of philosophy. Even when threading his way through the most intricate and untrodden wilds of speculation, his truly social spirit loves not to be alone; he delights in searching for traces, however faint, of footsteps that have been there before him, and to follow the *trail* of humanity, as the Indians would say, even though it be only by a broken twig, or the down-trodden grass, or the ashes of a long-extinguished watch-fire.

This fair and liberal spirit certainly forms one of the greatest charms in his controversial writings. It uniformly appears in his judgments on books, in all of which, however worthless, or however opposed to his own views, he is sure to discover some merits; and indeed it was one of his *maxims*, that no book was ever written that was altogether without value.

We must now say a few words on his principal writings and opinions.

The *Theodicæ*, originally written in French, is the work on which the fame of Leibnitz as a metaphysician and theologian principally rests; indeed, it is almost the only composition of his which has any pretensions to be considered complete. Most of what he wrote, as before mentioned, was fragmentary: this work certainly has a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is true that, in accordance with that irresistible bias of his nature on which we have already commented, he manages to interweave many topics which are but remotely connected with his principal subject, while his exuberant learning wells forth in every page. On the whole, however, and looking upon it merely as an intellectual effort, it is certainly not unworthy of his name. Unsatisfactory as may be the main argument, much light is thrown on collateral subjects, and many important, though subordinate, topics are treated with great ability. Full of subtlety and acuteness, we admire the originality, even if we do not admit the conclusiveness, of the reasoning. Almost everywhere we find reflections characterized by German depth of thought, and turned with French vivacity of expression, and these are enlivened by perpetual anecdote, and allusions to literary history. Not only are all the aids of learning, but not a few of the graces of imagination, employed to increase its attractions; while the style, everywhere perspicuous and elegant, shows the mastery which Leibnitz had attained in the use of a language not his own.

Not the least recommendation of the work is,

that, strange as it may seem, the reader may there get a scarcely less ample, and far more connected view, of Leibnitz's whole system of metaphysics and theology than from all his other writings put together. From the inseparable connexion which his principal speculations in both these domains of science maintained in his own mind, (however we may fail to perceive it, or even doubt whether he always clearly perceived it himself,) and from the wide circuit of thought in which he habitually indulged, almost all his characteristic doctrines come under review in one part or other of this singular work. Not only have we in it his theory of moral and physical necessity, (which might be looked for,) but his doctrine of monads, his pre-established harmony, his law of continuity, his sufficient reason, his notion of the origin of souls, of generation and dissolution, of space and time.

As to his main hypothesis, constructed to account for the origin of evil, and "justify the ways of God to man," that has long ago been exploded as unsatisfactory; but it is so, only for the reasons which have made every other attempt of mortals to penetrate that great mystery equally unsatisfactory. We believe that no man ever rose from the perusal of any work on the subject, (if we except the author,) without feeling the conviction that it lies beyond the limits of the human understanding, and that we are absolutely without data for its solution. That evil should have been permitted to enter the universe under the absolute dominion of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, is a mystery* towards the explanation of which man has not made the very smallest conceivable advance. When we are told that this is the "best of all possible worlds,"—meaning thereby, as Leibnitz takes care to explain, the Universe—that the absolute exclusion of evil was impossible, and that the least possible mixture of it has been admitted, the appeal, in fact, is to faith and not to reason. The answer to the argument is, "it may be so; we may perhaps even conjecture some grounds of probability for thinking it is so; but who shall assure us of it?" As a matter of pure reasoning, the argument against this hypothesis may be put in a form which we may defy all philosophy to encounter. First, would not a universe without any evil at all be preferable to a universe with some, however little—to say nothing of a universe in which it

* The Editor of the *Living Age* desires his younger readers to consider, that the "origin of evil" is not a greater mystery than any other part of *creation*. Why there should be a *wicked* man, is not more mysterious than why there should be a *man* at all. And if we ponder upon this, marvelling why, instead of a creature so dull and blind, there had not been an archangel—we have but stepped to another stage of the same mystery, and may just as well wonder why the archangel himself was made so infinitely below his Maker. It is just as difficult to know why animals *inferior* to man are created; why there should be reptiles and insects hurtful to *him*; why there should be beyond them the infinity of which the microscope shows us only the beginning. Making a "mystery" of the origin of evil seems to us an impertinence like the talk of "mysterious providences." It appears to imply that they are exceptions to the ordinary course of things; and that we are able generally to understand "Him who is unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out." Everything which occupies the mind stretches into the infinity which is incomprehensible;—and the moral is that, reverently feeling our ignorance, blindness and disobedience, we should cast ourselves unreservedly upon the mercy and love which have been revealed to us, humbly and joyfully trusting that we shall be raised to a state of happy obedience, and that *some* of the things which we "know not now, we shall know hereafter."

cannot be said there is very little? and, secondly, can we say that we see any reason why such a universe *could* not be constructed by irresistible power, under the guidance of an infinite wisdom, and both impelled by a goodness equally infinite? We affirm that the *reason* of men can reply to the first of these questions only in the affirmative, and to the second only in the negative. Leibnitz, on the other hand, says "no" to the first, and "yes" to the second. But few will discern his *ratio sufficiens* in either answer. It is evident that he, like every other man who pretends to solve the mystery, arrives at his conclusions by a gross *petitio principii*; or rather the whole work is an example of the *ὁρεγορ ἀντιρεγορ*. The very problem is to reconcile the consistency of the attributes of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness with the phenomena of physical and moral evil; and Leibnitz solves it, by saying in effect that God is infinitely wise and good, and therefore cannot but have chosen out of all possibilities, the best; *therefore* a universe free from all evil, or even from less than exists, is a contradiction—the very thing, that is, which is required to be shown.

It is very possible that evil may be absolutely inevitable—we *believe* so, because it has been permitted;—it is even possible that we might see this, if we knew all, and that, when we ask that a universe of sentient, intelligent, responsible beings should be created from which evil should be infallibly excluded, we are demanding an impossibility. All we mean is, that this cannot be proved, but is always taken for granted, in every pretended solution of the difficulty. To the considerations which mitigate the difficulties of the subject, we are not blind, but we deny that they remove them. We are promised a cure of our malady, and we are treated with palliatives; we are told that we shall walk in sunlight, and we find ourselves only in starlight. So it is with the *Theodicæ*.

That he is in fact appealing not to reason but to faith, Leibnitz himself often virtually confesses, and never more explicitly than in the following passage:—"Il est vrai qu'on peut s'imaginer des mondes possibles, sans péché et sans malheur, et on en pourroit faire, comme des Romains, des Utopies, des Severambes; mais ces mêmes mondes seroient d'ailleurs fort inférieurs en bien au nôtre: je ne saurois vous le faire voir en détail: car puis-je connoître, et puis-je vous représenter, des infinies, et les comparer ensemble! mais vous le devez juger avec moi *ab effectu*, puisque Dieu a choisi ce monde tel qu'il est."* After this, one is only puzzled to think how it was possible to fill two volumes on the subject.

It is curious to observe how apt are all writers on this subject to fall into the same fallacy, and beg the question in dispute—even though they may clearly perceive the rock on which others have wrecked their logic. Thus, Lord Brougham, after having, in perhaps the most profound of his writings, very clearly exposed the fallacy of Archbishop King and others;—after fairly acknowledging that the problem is insoluble, and stating with much lucidity and beauty the mitigations founded on the immense preponderance of indications of benevolent design—falls into precisely the same error, the moment he ceases to demolish theories, and begins himself to build one. After admitting that death is an evil, he says,† "That man might have been created immortal is not denied; but if it were the will of the Deity to form a limited being,

and to place him upon the earth for only a certain period of time, his death was the necessary consequence of this determination." Certainly: but why it should have been the will of God to create—not a limited being, for that was inevitable—but a being subject to death and pain, is the very question;—not whether, if God determined to create such a being, his death was inevitable. In such a way we might get rid of the whole difficulty of the great problem, by saying, that if it were the will of God to admit evil into the universe, its admission was the necessary consequence of that determination. Again, his lordship says, (p. 72.) "To create sentient beings devoid of all feelings of affection, was no doubt possible to Omnipotence; but to endow those beings with such feelings as should give the constant gratification derived from the benevolent affections, and yet to make them wholly indifferent to the loss of the objects of those affections, was not possible even for Omnipotence; because it was a contradiction in terms equivalent to making a thing both exist and not exist at one and the same time." Certainly: but, as before, how is it shown to be necessary that these beings should have been subjected to such a loss, or a contradiction to suppose them exempt from it? for this is the very question on which we want light. This sharp-sighted writer has, in a word, been betrayed into the very sophism which he has himself so clearly exposed in Archbishop King, (p. 34.) "The difficult question then," says the Archbishop, "whence comes evil? is not unanswerable. For it arises from the very nature and constitution of created beings, and could not be avoided without a contradiction."

But, though we certainly cannot *demonstrate* that this is the "best of all possible worlds," and that it was *necessary* that some evil should be admitted, we are far enough from affirming that that faith to which, as we have said, the appeal is sure to be ultimately relegated, is a faith entirely without reason; or that it is destitute of those grounds of probability upon which alone an intelligent reliance on the truths, whether of natural or revealed theology, can be maintained. And here the immensely prevailing character of benevolent design, which pervades the universe, contrasted with the fact that evil always appears either simply concomitant, or involved as a consequence, never as an ultimate end, and that an apparent evil is often found to be connected with real good, is of incalculable benefit as suggesting an approximate solution. And this confidence is yet further increased, when we see that in proportion as our knowledge advances, many of the ancient objections against the wisdom, and some against the goodness of the constitution of the universe disappear;—that they were in fact nothing more than the offspring of ignorance. We thus learn to believe that all would vanish in like manner if we were but omniscient. The course of reasoning is much the same as that by which we experimentally establish the first law of motion; it is but an approximate solution, yet conclusive: or we are led to suppose that the anomalies which we behold, are like those regressions of the planets which so much perplexed the early astronomers, and which arise from our seeing them from a false centre of observation. Place us in the true centre of the system, and, as science has now shown, all these irregularities disappear. Thus may it also be in the moral world.

"All discord, harmony ill-understood,
All partial evil, universal good."

* *Essais sur la Bonté de Dieu*, Part I., § 10.

† *Dissertations on Paley*, vol. ii., p. 71.

But, to believe this is one thing ; to prove it, is another.

So strong, however, is the conviction arising from these presumptions, in every well-constituted mind, that probably no man ever reflected, in moments of health, on the exquisite organization of his body and mind, and their evident adaptation to promote his happiness, or looked from them outwards and upwards upon the earth and the sky, and saw how there too almost everything was adjusted to that organization ; that every object was accommodated to our senses, and every sense an inlet of delight : how to the eye all is beauty, and to the ear all music—without feeling a triumphant consciousness that the universe must be under the dominion of paternal love ; without recoiling from the supposition, as from a most revolting absurdity, that such an universe can have been the product of malevolence ; or that if so, such power and such wisdom should so signally have failed of the end. Nor, probably, has there ever been a skeptic—even he who has brooded longest and most darkly on this most mournful mystery—who has not at times joyfully surrendered himself to this instinctive consciousness—and felt, with a gush of rapture, that it has at once swept away, as with a pure and healthful breeze, the vapors which a hypochondriacal metaphysics had diffused over his soul. We confess that we lay more stress upon this instinctive consciousness, for baffling this difficulty, than on the subtle and profoundest metaphysical reasonings which man ever framed.

Apart from his main hypothesis, Leibnitz states the alleviations of this overwhelming difficulty, and the probabilities which may justify the supposition that “partial evil is universal good,” with characteristic comprehensiveness ; and has illustrated them with much vivacity. Thus he remarks, that many things which once appeared only evil, appeared so only to a shallow philosophy, and that as science enlarged, the asserted anomaly vanished ; that some infusion of evil may be necessary to give us the highest possible appreciation of the good ; as only he who knows what sickness is, can enjoy the exquisite sensations of health in all their rapture—a point which he illustrates with a liveliness which reminds the reader of the celebrated passage at the close of Paley’s “Treatise on Natural Theology ;”—that two ingredients, one bitter and one sweet, in the cup of destiny, may make a more pleasant draught than the sweet alone. “Un peu d’acide, d’acre, ou d’amer, plait souvent mieux que du sucre ; les ombres rehaussent les couleurs ; et même une dissonance, placée où il faut, donne du relief à l’harmonie.”*

Leibnitz makes the remark, that each man in effect admits, that his share of good in life preponderates over the ill ; a fact which he supports by the universal reluctance of men to die ; and in reply to the objection that no man is willing to live his life over again, he makes this original and just observation, “that no one would object to take a new lease of life with but a new series of events to vary it.” “On se contenteroit de varier sans exiger une meilleure condition que celle où l’on avoit été.”†

Nor does he forget to insist very largely on the fact, (an essential point in his hypothesis, maintaining, as it does, that some evil was inevitable,) that the amount of evil in the whole universe, em-

bracing the ample domains of innumerable worlds, the vast *civitas Dei*, may be as nothing compared with the amount of good ; even though that evil may be absolutely fearful in extent, and eternal in duration. The great speculatist treats this tremendous theme with all the coolness of a veteran geometer. The *ratio* of the good to the evil is everything with him ; he deals with the latter, just as he would with a vanishing quantity in his differential calculus. It is sufficient with him, that, be the evil ever so great, the good is infinitely greater ; and thus disease, death, sin, and hell only enter as infinitesimals into his processes of moral (if we may use the phrase) differentiation. We confess that, conclusive as is the reasoning which represents mere geometrical magnitudes as nothing, which are to be compared with quantities “as many times greater as we please,” we never could derive any consolation from such a species of argument, as applied to those peculiar quantities called “happiness” and “misery :” nor be at all more reconciled by it to “the origin of evil.” Each of the beings to whom this logical solace is applied, is a sentient creature, a little world in himself, to whom his weal or woe is no vanishing quantity, no infinitesimal, but a most serious matter ; and, as it would be little comfort to such a being, if miserable, that he was but individually a martyr for the universal good—(on Leibnitz’s theory, that his misery was involved in the choice of the “best possible world,” and that God could not but choose the “best,”)—so we confess we can derive as little comfort from this mode of viewing him.

We might perhaps modestly suggest to the metaphysician, that each of such beings must have before him an *infinity* of misery ; but it would be of no use ; for he would still have at hand his doctrine of ultimate ratios, and his differential calculus. He would say that the individual was but an unimportant function of the universe ; that the increment of happiness on the whole would be infinitely greater than the increment of misery—though it is true that in each case the weal or woe might be absolutely infinite ; and that of two quantities which increase without limit, one may increase so much more rapidly than the other, as not only to increase without limit absolutely, but without limit in the ratio in which it is a multiple of the other.

“The heart of a genuine metaphysician,” says Burke, “is harder than a piece of the nether millstone.” The heart of Leibnitz was not a hard one ; but he was too apt to treat of such matters as these, just as he would have treated problems in the higher geometry.

It is, we confess, no alleviation to us to consider as the *final cause* of the permission of evil, that it may possibly augment the joys of seraphim, or in some ineffable way give a piquancy and gusto to the delights of paradise ; though, how it can do so, is surely as great a mystery as the “origin of evil” itself. One would think that those pure and benevolent spirits would consent even to be taxed of some portion of their felicity, if they might thereby but obliterate all evil from the universe ; or rather, that this obliteration of evil must necessarily be an augmentation of their happiness. The supposition that any beings could by possibility derive gratification from its *presence*, would, one should think, rather apply to the opposite quarter of the universe, and form the characteristic, not of angels, but of demons.

* Essais sur la Bonté de Dieu, &c., Part I., § 12.

† Ibid., Part I., § 13.

It is true, indeed, that when Leibnitz asserts that the permission of evil is essential to the constitution of his "best of all possible worlds," he does not expressly say that it is the "best" inasmuch as it involves the largest possible amount of purity and happiness, and that *therefore* evil was permitted that these might be augmented; but he everywhere implies it; and as the preponderance of these elements is the only intelligible criterion to us of one system of things being "better" than another, so the supposition that there is *some* other unimaginable sense in which it can be said that some possible world is the "best," and that for *this* reason evil was permitted, is wholly gratuitous."

Viewed in any light, this argument of the permission of so much moral and spiritual evil to many, for the *purpose* of securing the happiness of a greater number, is unsatisfactory. For we shall only have the old difficulty reappearing under a new form, and at another stage; and shall be just as much perplexed as before, to reconcile with our notions of justice and goodness the destination of myriads to misery, for the *purpose* of enhancing the happiness of some multiple of those myriads. The only answer that could be given would be that conclusive one of the apostle—"How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out,"—an answer with which, for aught we can see, we might just as well have rested satisfied a step earlier in the controversy. The question of the "origin of evil" is like a great cavern, to which there is no second outlet; we may pass through passages and labyrinths, but we are obliged to turn back at last, and grope our way out by the same way we got in.

On the supposition that evil was absolutely inevitable, or that the Divine being resolved to permit it, for some reasons consistent with all his attributes, but totally unknown to us, then indeed it is not unworthy of the character of Him whose prerogative it is "to call light out of darkness," to subordinate the evil to good, and to yoke the great demon to some useful labor; but to suppose it the *object* of suffering some worlds to be miserable, to render more worlds happy, will always leave a difficulty as trying as the original knot, and not less requiring the sharpest logical shears to cut it.

Leibnitz endeavors to show that evil *was* inevitable—*natural*, as a certain consequence of moral evil, and *moral*, as a possible consequence of metaphysical imperfection. But we must confess that, in our judgment, he wholly fails to show it. Even Omnipotence, says he, cannot work contradictions. The cause of evil is *privation* of perfection, and that which is finite cannot have perfection. Most learnedly said, profound metaphysician! But where is the difficulty, especially on your favorite hypothesis of moral necessity!—in other words, that the only freedom which man can possess, or which is intelligible, is, that he should have the power of acting as he wills, while the *will* itself is infallibly determined by motives—where, we ask, is the difficulty of supposing all intelligent beings so constituted, as that, while still perfectly free on this hypothesis, those motives only should determine them which should determine them for uniform good? They cannot be otherwise than free, you say, while they do not act from physical constraint; and in supposing them so morally constituted as uniformly to obey the dictates of reason, where is there any difficulty, which can be shown to

amount to a contradiction, or to limit even Omnipotence? If there be such difficulty, show it. Myriads of beings, Leibnitz admits, *must* have been so constituted to ensure that vast excess of good, which reduces his evil to a vanishing quantity; and why might not *all* have been so constituted?

In this point of view, the advocates of the doctrine of moral necessity, or in other words, (for it is a pity that the ambiguous term necessity was ever admitted into the controversy,) of the certainty of all volition as being dependent on motives, do not, to say the least, alleviate the difficulties connected with the "origin of evil." That hypothesis was, perhaps, first systematically and fully exhibited by Leibnitz; certainly no previous metaphysician, in as far as we know, had made such strenuous or rational efforts to reclaim it from the charge of encouraging vice as inevitable, or to exempt it from the liability to be confounded with vulgar fatalism.* Again and again does he show that, admitting the doctrine in full, it leaves human conduct just under the same laws and influences as before; impairs no sanction of the one, and diminishes no title of the other. Hence exhortations, counsels, persuasion, discipline, chastisement, are full as necessary as ever. Throughout his metaphysical writings, his favorite views on this subject appear; in his *Theodicée*, in his appendix to that work, in his annotations on Locke's *Essay*, especially on the chapter on power; and in the masterly criticisms in both these works on the theories of Hobbes* and other necessarians. So comprehensive is his survey of this subject, that there is hardly a fragment of Jonathan Edwards' great work on the *Freedom of the Will*, which may not be found stated with almost equal clearness in some part or other of the writings of Leibnitz; if not with such rigid logical concatenation, yet with a far greater fecundity and aptness of illustration. The great transatlantic divine does not, more completely than Leibnitz, demolish that great phantom of the "liberty of indifference," which

* We cannot think that Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his truly admirable remarks on Leibnitz, has done justice to the views of the latter on this subject, when he attempts to identify his doctrine with vulgar fatalism. He says, "the scheme of optimism, as proposed by Leibnitz, is completely subversive of the cardinal truths of man's free-will and moral agency." He admits, "that it was viewed in a very different light by the author," but affirms that "in the judgment of the most impartial and profound inquirers, it leads, by a short and *demonstrative* process, to the annihilation of all moral distinctions." *Preliminary Dissertations to the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica*, p. 127.

It does not appear to us impossible for any one to hold the opinions of Leibnitz on this subject, and yet consistently to deny that *demonstrative* process to which Mr. Stewart refers; nor do we think that the latter (habitually candid as he is) has duly appreciated Leibnitz's jealous caution, which breaks out even in the preface to his *Theodicée*, where he has stated, (pp. 14—19,) with great clearness and eloquence, the differences between the *fatum Mahometanum* and his scheme of moral necessity. He even goes to the verge of what some may think a self-destructive candor. "Il est faux que l'événement arrive quoiqu'on fasse; il arrivera, parcequ'on fait ce que y mène: et si l'événement est écrit, la cause qui le fera arriver est écrite aussi. Ainsi la liaison des effets et des causes, bien loin d'établir la doctrine d'une nécessité préjudiciale à la pratique, sert à la détruire." Sir James Mackintosh has made some most judicious observations on this subject, in his admirable Review, in this Journal, of Mr. Stewart's above-mentioned *Dissertation*. He concurs with us in thinking, that justice has not been done to Leibnitz on this point.—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxvi.

asserts the will to be free only when it acts absolutely without motive, and its highest prerogative to consist in its emancipation from all reason; which, in fact, makes man, as a condition of his responsibility, act in such a way, that if he could act at all, his acts would be absolutely destitute of all moral quality. Whether Jonathan Edwards ever read the *Theodicæ* we know not; but if so, he must have been under no little obligations to it.

It may be thought at first, that if we could but admit that chimera of "a liberty of indifference," it were easy to account for the origin of evil, or indeed the origin of anything else; for who could account for the acts of a will which would be a synonym for caprice; or wonder that man, poised for a moment in such a state of "unstable equilibrium," should fall? But then, alas! we fear there would be just as much difficulty in proving the existence of this nonentity, or the possibility of its existing in a sentient and intelligent creature surrounded with such enticing forms of real and apparent good, or the moral quality of the blind volitions decreed by it, or the propriety of punishing or rewarding its absurdities—as can be found in the Origin of Evil itself. It would be appealing to that "Anarch old,"

"Who, by deciding, more embroils the fray."

Thus are we reduced to inextricable difficulties on all sides. But let us be comforted. We are in no worse condition with respect to this great mystery of the "origin of evil," except that it is connected with misery, than with similar inextricable difficulties in every other field of speculation; and which, wherever we speculate, introduce us at last to two propositions, which seem almost parts of a contradiction; but of which we are assured there must be a reconciling harmony, though we cannot detect it. We are inclosed in a narrow prison, shut in with adamant bars and impassable walls; and when we gaze through the chinks which here and there let in what is after all but a mental twilight, we gaze into the depths of infinity. This every speculator finds. The chemist analyzes material substances, and analyzes again the products of his analysis, but cannot come to an end. He seems ever almost on the brink of discovering the ultimate organization of matter, which yet eludes and will probably ever elude him; he finds, as Bacon truly said, that "the subtlety of nature far surpasses the subtlety of either sense or intellect." The arguments for the infinite divisibility of matter, and for its not being infinitely divisible, are both unanswerable, and yet answer one another. That there is something we call a Cause, we believe, but cannot perceive or trace anything more than uniform antecedence and sequence. How two substances, such as mind and matter—if they be supposed essentially different—can act upon one another, is an inscrutable mystery; and yet those find themselves pressed with difficulties equally insurmountable, who, to get rid of it, annihilate matter and substitute ideas for it, or annihilate mind and make matter think. In like manner, we cannot refute the doctrine of the absolute certainty of human volitions, as dependent on motive; and can as little eradicate the consciousness which proclaims us to be free, and responsible for our freedom. We see the reasonableness of either assertion, but the *nexus* which binds them in harmony entirely baffles our perceptions.

Happy is he who, recognizing the limits im-

posed on the speculative powers of man, refuses to chafe at those narrow limits; and, instead of wearing his strength by fruitless efforts to shake the iron portals, or dashing himself against the walls of his prison, is willing to believe it possible that there are many things true which now sound like contradictions; and instead of "being wise above what is written," whether in the volume of Revelation or of Nature, (which, as Bishop Butler has shown, is inscribed with hieroglyphics equally dark,) commits himself to probabilities where demonstration deserts him, and, in the meantime, awaits that glorious dawn which shall let in, on the child of dust, the light of eternity; and either clear up the mysteries which baffle him, or leave him contented with his ignorance. Ignorant, indeed—infinately ignorant—with all his knowledge he will ever be; for it is the necessary condition of a finite intellect, that it will never comprehend those problems which demand an infinite intellect to solve; and it is possible that the full comprehension of the "origin of evil" may be of the number.

In the present scene of things, at all events, we must acquiesce in something less than demonstration; and most cordially do we concur with Leibnitz, when he says, "The harmony which is found in all the rest of the universe, forms a strong presumption that we should also find it in the government of man, and generally in that of the entire spiritual world, if all were but known to us. It becomes us to judge of the works of God not less wisely than Socrates judged of those of Heraclitus, when he said, 'What I understand pleases me well; and I believe that the rest would please me no less, if I understood it.'" Nor are even the hypotheses men may frame on this without their use, if, without pretending to remove every difficulty, they but assist us in conceiving that there may be methods of explaining this terrible mystery though we cannot perfectly comprehend them. We fully appreciate, for this reason, the sublime passage with which Leibnitz thus closes the first part of his *Theodicæ*:—"Those attempts of our reason, in which there is no necessity of absolutely confining ourselves to certain hypotheses, only serve to make us conceive that there may be a thousand ways of justifying the conduct of God; and that all the evils we see, and all the difficulties we suggest to ourselves, ought not to prevent our believing (when we cannot know by demonstration) that there is nothing so exalted as the wisdom of God, nothing so just as his judgments, nothing so pure as his holiness, and nothing more immense than his goodness."

With such lofty feelings as these, few can sympathize with the ridicule which is poured on the *Theodicæ*, by the author of *Le Candide*; even if its mocking author (Voltaire) had confined himself to what was really sophistical in that celebrated work, and had not extended his satire to the whole order of the Universe. If we are reduced to the melancholy alternative of choosing between an ennobling but illogical faith, and a logical but debasing reason, nowhere better than here could we say—It is wiser to be wrong with Leibnitz than right with Voltaire.

Fond as philosophers in general are of their favorite theories, perhaps there never was an instance of this paternal instinct more striking than Leibnitz's affection for his *Præestablished Harmony*. Of the many theories which have been invented to account for the phenomena of perception, and to

get rid of the supposed connection of mind and matter, none was ever more groundless than this; and yet to none of them have their authors attached the hundredth part of the importance which Leibnitz attached to it. The supposition that the movements of body and of mind are as totally distinct (to use his own favorite and oft-repeated illustration) as those of two timepieces exquisitely correct, and that the former, like the latter, agree only in the perfect simultaneity with which they are performed, is really one of the most monstrous and even self-destroying hypotheses ever framed. According to that theory, to adopt the illustration of Bayle, "the body of Cæsar must have performed all its acts, though it had pleased God to have annihilated Cæsar's soul the day after it was created;" or as Dr. Thomas Brown puts it, the soul of Leibnitz would, though his body had been annihilated at birth, have felt and acted as if with its bodily appendage—studying the same works, inventing the same systems, and carrying on with the same warfare of books and epistles the same long course of indefatigable controversy;—and the body of this great philosopher, though his *soul* had been annihilated at birth, would not merely have gone through the same process of growth, eating and digesting, and performing all its other ordinary functions, but would have achieved for itself the same intellectual glory, without any consciousness of the works which it was writing and correcting—would have argued with equal strenuousness for the principle of the Sufficient Reason, claimed the honors of the Differential Calculus, and labored to prove this very system of the Pre-established Harmony, of which it would certainly, in that case, have been one of the most illustrious examples."*

Now, what proof can we ever have of the existence of a material world, if we accept a theory, the precise object of which is to sever all connection between it and the percipient mind? The very machinery of that material world, and its whole series of movements, are supposed to be concealed behind an impenetrable curtain, and to be wholly independent of the world of mental phenomena. The existence of a material world, therefore, is entirely assumed by the very terms of the theory; and the theory itself is consequently far more naturally connected with a purely ideal system. Indeed, Leibnitz himself seems much more inclined to adopt some modification of that system, than to admit the real existence of the material world, in the ordinary sense of these words. Some curious statements to this effect may be found in the *Eclaircissements*, by which, not without reason, he attempts to remove objections to his theory.† We shall not insist upon

* Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind. Vol. ii., p. 116.

† "Nous concevons l'étendue en concevant un ordre dans les coexistences; mais nous ne devons pas la concevoir, non plus que l'espace, à la façon d'une substance. C'est comme le *tems*, qui ne présente à l'esprit qu'un ordre dans les changemens. Et quant au *mouvement*, ce qu'il y a de réel est la force ou la puissance, c'est-à-dire, ce qu'il y a dans l'état présent, qui porte avec soi un changement pour l'avenir."—*Opera Omnia*, vol. ii., p. 79. But he expresses himself yet more strongly towards the close of his career. In the last year of his life, in a Letter to M. Dancicourt, he says—"Je suis d'opinion qu'à parler exactement il n'y a point de substance étendue. C'est pourquoi j'appelle la matière non 'substantiam' sed 'substantiatum.' J'ai dit en quelques endroits (peut-être de la *Theodicée*, si je ne me trompe) que la matière n'est qu'un phénomène réglé et exact, qui ne trompe point quand on prend garde aux règles abstraites de la raison."

other arguments against a theory on which, though it may have found some advocates in the age of Leibnitz, certainly has not a single adherent in our day. To suppose a material world, all the movements of which, so to speak, are parallel and coincident with those of mind, but totally disconnected with them, and created to answer no assignable or imaginable purpose, is surely to impute to the Deity a clumsy, cumbrous, irrational method of procedure. Yet Leibnitz principally values himself on having excogitated a system, which opens to us the most sublime views of the Omnipotence which could thus effect an entire harmony and parallelism, in the infinitely complicated and varied functions of two perfectly heterogeneous and separate substances. And if mere intricacy and superfluous complexity of apparatus were the highest trophy of wisdom, there would be some force in this reasoning; but as long as it is true, that simplicity in the means conjoined with variety in the ends is an attribute of the works of the Supreme Being, we may well doubt whether this theory be any such notable compliment to the Deity. In this system, as well as in every other which the impatience of philosophers has suggested, for the purpose of ridding themselves of a supposed interaction of two totally different substances, our sages forget, while magnifying the sublime views which their respective theories give us of the Divine Power and Wisdom necessary to realize them, that there is a very simple way of still more effectually doing justice to that power and wisdom; namely, by supposing it possible that the Divine Being may effect a mysterious connection between two perfectly distinct substances, though the philosopher cannot conceive it possible; and in a way which may far more transcendently display the infinitude of the Divine resources, than the realization of any complicated scheme of his could do. But this would just be humbly to admit certain ordinary facts which all the world admits, and few are the philosophers who can submit to that. It is much more pleasant to them, having condescendingly decided for the Deity the question of what is possible and what is impossible, and having relieved Him from the necessity of performing the latter, to devise a scheme which will still afford ample scope for His omnipotence.—On the moral difficulties which beset this and every other theory which would get rid of a material world, we have not spoken. But we cannot help thinking that the Ideal Theory is hardly consistent with the most worthy views of the Creator. Considering the deep, universal, indelible impression of an external world of matter, we can scarcely reconcile it with the supposition of His perfect truthfulness, to imagine Him the projector of a general system of illusion. So strong is the impression of the existence of a material world, that immaterialists have acknowledged that they find it impossible to eradicate it; and we have known disciples of Bishop Berkeley who have ingenuously confessed, that, somehow, the conviction haunted them, that "the solitary Palm still exists in the desert after the traveller has passed it, and is not an ideal phenomenon, to be reproduced after a certain interval to another mind." We regard this invincible belief, like the voice of conscience in the moral world, to be a species of revelation.

Extravagant as the system of *The Preestablished Harmony* may now appear, certain it is that Newton himself would not have ventured to predicate such glorious things of his true system of the Uni-

verso, as Leibnitz does of his supposed sublime discovery. It was to be the grand reconciling principle of at least half a dozen different, and in some respects contradictory, theories; it was to bring Aristotle and Plato, Des Cartes and Malebranche into happy harmony; and at once to redound to the glory of God, and silence the controversies of man. It is thus he speaks of it under his assumed name of *Theophile*, in an amusing passage of the first chapter of his *Dialogues on Locke's Essay*. "J'ai été frappé d'un nouveau système, dont j'ai lu quelque chose dans les journaux des savans de Paris. * * * Depuis, je crois voir une nouvelle face de l'intérieur des choses. Ce système paraît allier Platon avec Democrite, Aristote avec Descartes, les scholastiques avec les modernes, la théologie et la morale avec la raison. Il semble qu'il prend le meilleur de tous côtés, et que puis après il va plus loin qu'on n'est allé encore." And so he goes on for two or three pages, with equally or more extravagant promises of this wonder-working theory. The other imaginary dialogist, *Philalethe*, may well say, "Vous m'étonnez en effet avec toutes les merveilles, dont vous me faites un récit un peu trop avantageux pour que je les puisse croire facilement."

Into the long controversy between Leibnitz and Newton, which so much embittered the latter years of both, we have already declared our intention of not entering further than is rendered necessary by the remarks of Dr. Guhrauer; who is disposed, in his zeal to do justice to the memory of his great countryman, to urge those claims not a little unwisely.

Most persons of the present day, who have investigated the subject, have pretty well made up their minds as to the following points: first, that the system of fluxions is essentially the same with that of the differential calculus—differing only in notation; secondly, that Newton possessed the secret of fluxions as early as 1665—nineteen years before Leibnitz published his discovery, and eleven before he communicated it to Newton; thirdly, that both Leibnitz and Newton discovered their methods independently of one another—and that, though the latter was the prior inventor, the former was also truly an inventor.

With regard to the *first* of the three points above mentioned—the alleged identity of the two methods—Dr. Guhrauer is disposed to demur, and contends that the claims of Newton and Leibnitz could not interfere, as they respected two *different* discoveries. Speaking of Sir David Brewster's affirmation, in his *Life of Newton*, that the latter was the *first*, and Leibnitz the *second* inventor, he says, "There is, in truth, no *first* and no *second* in the discovery of similar things." * This we cannot but think uncandid, though he endeavors to justify his views by quoting the opinion of M. Biot, that "were the discovery of Leibnitz to be made even now, it would be considered a surprising creation, and must still be acquired, supposing nothing more than the method of Newton, as it is contained in his works, existed." This is not precisely the same as saying that the two things are "dissimilar," as Dr. Guhrauer boldly affirms; neither do the assertions of Euler, Lagrange, Laplace, Poisson, also referred to by him, amount to as much.

We do not think that the advocates of Leibnitz wisely consult his fame, by advancing claims that

certainly are not tenable. To whatever point of perfection beyond Newton, Leibnitz may have carried his Calculus,* we need not hesitate to say, that a decision as to whether the two methods be *essentially* the same or not, may be regarded as a test of controversial candor or perverseness. Any one competently acquainted with both, and not afflicted with polemical *strabismus*, would as soon affirm, that German printed in the German type was a different language from German printed in the Roman type, as affirm that the method of fluxions and of differences were essentially distinct things; or he would as soon affirm that two systems of stenography, each employing the same principles of abbreviation, and differing only in the characters, were essentially different. Whether Leibnitz was truly an independent inventor of this method—in principle identical with that of fluxions—is the only question, in our judgment, that really affects his fair fame; and that he *was* so, is now, we may say, all but universally regarded as indisputable. Involved and complicated as the question has been through the passions and prejudices of contemporary controversialists, its solution really depends upon one very simple question, which we are in a much better position to answer fairly than the heated disputants of that age. It is this—Was Leibnitz capable of committing the vilest literary larceny, and persisting, to conceal it, in a detestably mean and deliberate falsehood? If not, (and there are few but will acquit him, who consider the general frankness and openness of his nature, the freedom with which he communicated his own discoveries, and the candor with which he congratulated others on theirs,) he is entitled to the honors of independent invention. If he *was* capable of such conduct, then no evidence can satisfy the doubter; for there was assuredly one period during which there was a possibility of deriving advantage from the previous discovery of Newton. The matter stands briefly thus. In the year 1666, Newton, when but twenty-four years of age, was already in possession of the system of fluxions. Either wishing to exhibit his method in a more perfect form than he had then leisure to impart to it, or desirous of reserving his discovery for his own exclusive benefit, he did not publish it—though he communicated the outlines of it to some of his friends, and, amongst the rest, to Dr. Barrow. The papers were lent by Barrow to Mr. Collins, who, unknown to Newton, took a copy of them, and who showed them to Oldenburg; and as these gentlemen, to use the language of the Royal Society, were very free in communicating to continental mathematicians what was going on at home;—as the latter was certainly in communication with Leibnitz as early as the year 1673, when he visited England; and lastly, as both of them saw him in his subsequent visit in 1676, it has been surmised that Leibnitz might thus have either obtained a glance of these papers, or some significant hints as to their contents. Now this is precisely the weak point in Leibnitz's case; but we venture to say, that it ought not to weigh against the repeated protestations with which he affirms that he had derived no such advantage; and that he was absolutely ignorant of the name, notation, and nature of Newton's system till some time after 1684, when he published his own first exposition of his

* Es giebt nemlich keinen ersten, und keinen zweiten, in der Erfindung unähnlicher Dinge. Vol. i., p. 180.

* See some excellent remarks on this subject, in Professor De Morgan's *Differential and Integral Calculus*, p. 32-34.

Calculus. He repeatedly makes this statement; and, amongst other places, in his correspondence with the Abbé Conti, who was anxious to reconcile the angry disputants. It was precisely this charge against his *honor*, implied in the statement of Dr. Keill, of which Leibnitz most bitterly complains.

There is one part of the statement just alluded to, and it is virtually justified in the well-known report of the committee of the Royal Society appointed to investigate this affair, and which compiled the celebrated collection of papers entitled *Commercium Epistolicum*, which has always appeared to us not only of little weight, as opposed to the solemn protestations above mentioned, but as palpably illogical. We are not aware that the peculiar infirmity in the argument to which we now refer, has ever been exposed, and it may therefore justify us in bestowing a few sentences upon it. As the charge of having possibly seen something explicit on the subject, in the papers, or in the communications of Newton's friends, was but vague, Keill proceeds to say, that the two well-known letters, which had *certainly* been communicated to Leibnitz through Mr. Oldenburg, contain "indications of the system of fluxions, sufficiently intelligible to an acute mind,"* from which Leibnitz derived, or at least *might* derive, the principles of his Calculus."

The first was communicated in June, 1676, and the second in October, 1676. In the first, Newton gives an expression for the expansion in serieses of binomial powers; as also expressions for the sine in terms of the arc, for the arc in terms of the sine, &c., &c.; but the letter contains not a hint of his method of fluxions. In the second, elicited by a reply from Leibnitz, which clearly showed that the German mathematician was in the track of the same discoveries, Newton details the manner in which he first arrived at his method of Series—its application in 1665 to the quadrature of the hyperbola, and the construction of logarithms; and communicates "many other remarkable things," to use the words of Montucla. But still, results only are given; no hint is afforded of the methods by which they are attained. "The method of fluxions," says the late eminent Professor Playfair, "is not communicated in these letters; nor are the principles of it in any way suggested." "Nous remarquons ici," says Montucla—in reply to the insinuation that the second letter might have given some light—"qu'après avoir lu et relu cette lettre, nous y trouvons seulement cette méthode décrite quant à ses effets et ses avantages, mais non quant à ses principes." Those principles Newton conceals in a couple of anagrams, consisting of the transposed letters of the sentences which express them.

Now we affirm that it was in the highest degree unjust and inconsequential to say that Newton had afforded, in documents thus guarded, "indications sufficiently intelligible to an acute mind, from which Leibnitz derived, or at least might derive, the principles of his Calculus." Newton, it is evident, did not think so. His very object was, whether wisely or unwisely, to keep the matter secret; and it is clear that he thought his reserve and his ciphers would effectually secure that purpose. It is really a species of impertinence, scarcely consis-

tent with the reverence due to Newton's sagacity, to say that what *he* thought sufficiently guarded was "sufficiently intelligible to an acute mind;" and that, while *he* flattered himself that he had rendered the matter sufficiently dark, he had, in the very way in which he proposed the enigma, contrived to solve it!

We may be assured he was far more likely than Keill to judge correctly as to what regarded his secret; nor do we believe there is any one, who will calmly read the letters in question, who will maintain that this great man's sagacity was here at fault. If Leibnitz had really excogitated the differential calculus out of such materials as these letters, it would have been scarcely a less illustrious trophy of his genius than the discovery of the Calculus itself; while, if he had been able to make anything at all of the hieroglyphical ciphers, he must have had no less than the skill of that philosopher in Laputa, who, as Swift tells us, was employed in extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers. In case, however, any tyro in the mathematics should think that these ciphers may have afforded some more hopeful basis of discovery, we give them below.*

In further confirmation of the claims of Leibnitz to the honor of independent discovery, it may be remarked, that though no candid man can deny the essential identity of the two methods, the very differences of terms and notation indicate that they were arrived at by distinct trains of thought, and that the subject was regarded from different points of view. The idea of the generation of magnitudes by the motion of a point, a line, or a surface, was the conception from which Newton worked; Leibnitz, from the idea of magnitudes, as consisting of infinitely small elements, and admitting increase or diminution by infinitely small increments or decrements. "Newton and Leibnitz," says a candid and competent judge, (Professor De Morgan,) "had independently come to the consideration of quantity, and each made the new step of connecting his ideas with a specific notation."

It may seem remarkable, that two different men should have made this sublime discovery at the same time, but we must remember, that the necessities of science were simultaneously turning the attention of all the mathematical genius of the age, and even of the preceding one, in the same direction; and that Newton and Leibnitz were both preëminently gifted with powers of invention and analysis. Indeed, so far had previous mathematicians paved the way for the solution of the great problem, that we may well say with Professor De Morgan, "It has, perhaps, not been sufficiently remarked, how nearly several of their predecessors approached the same ground; and it is a question worthy of discussion, whether either Newton or Leibnitz might not have found broader hints in writings accessible to both, than the latter was ever asserted to have received from the former."†

To conclude merely from the coincidence of their discoveries, that Leibnitz must have stolen from Newton, would be as little reasonable as to

* 1.)—6 a c c d æ 13 e f f 7 i 3 l 9 n 4 o 4 q r r 4 s 9 t 12 v x.

2.)—5 a c c d æ 10 e f f h 12 i 4 l 3 m 10 n 6 o q q r 7 s 11 t 10 v 3 x; 11 a b 3 c d d 10 e æ g 10 i l l 4 m 7 n 6 o 3 p 2 q 6 r 5 s 11 t 7 v x, 3 a c c 4 e g h 6 i 4 l 4 m 5 n 8 o q 4 r 3 s 6 t 4 v, a a d d e e e e e i i m m n n o o p r r s s s s s t t u u.

† *Elementary Illustrations of the Differential and Integral Calculus.*

* Keill even goes further—"His indicia atque his adjutum exemplis, ingenium vulgare methodum Newtonianum penitus discerneret."—*Commercium Epistolicum*, No. 84.

suppose that Laplace must have had access to some private sources of information, when, by a very difficult analysis, he proved some of the results which De Moivre had attained, but which, in accordance with the contracted spirit of the age, the latter simply announced, carrying his methods as a secret to the grave with him.

That Leibnitz was capable of making this discovery, is no such extravagant supposition as to render it necessary to resort to a charge of plagiarism. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that his mathematical talents were equal to anything. The masterly manner in which he expounded the principles of the differential calculus, and developed its applications, even if we were to suppose its first hints borrowed from Newton; his admirable labors on the integral calculus; the success with which he entered the lists in those intellectual *jousts*, as they may be called, in which the great mathematicians of the day were wont to engage—the difficult problems he solved, and offered for solution; even his minor achievements—his calculating machine—his binary system of arithmetic—we may add, his juvenile essay *De Arte Combinatoria*—all show the highly inventive character of his genius, and the subtlety and comprehensiveness of his analytical powers.

If anything could make us doubt the claims of Leibnitz, it would be a statement of Dr. Guhrauer himself—proving, as it would, if true, that Leibnitz was capable of trifling with truth. It is well known that, in 1704, a notice appeared, in the *Acta Eruditorum*, of Newton's *Optics*. That notice contained a paragraph, which seemed to imply that Newton had been a plagiarist from Leibnitz. The obnoxious sentence given in all accounts of the controversy was as follows:—“Pro differentiis igitur Leibnitianis D. Newtonus adhibet, semperque adhibuit, fluxiones; * * * quemadmodum et honoratus Fabrius, in sua Synopsi Geometricâ motuum progressus Cavalierianæ methodo substituit.”

Newton felt highly indignant at this paragraph, as he well might—even supposing that no charge of plagiarism was intended. Leibnitz constantly affirmed in reply, that it could be interpreted into a charge of plagiarism only by a false and malicious gloss—a gloss which the compilers of the *Commercium Epistolicum* had not disdained to avail themselves of; that the very words “adhibet semperque adhibuit” were intended to imply the difference between the case of Newton and that of Fabri, to whose practice alone the word *substituit* applied.

Now, first, Dr. Guhrauer seems to have established the fact, that Leibnitz himself was the author of the obnoxious Review—a fact not much to his credit; secondly, he affirms that Leibnitz “constantly denied any knowledge of the authorship.” If this fact were true, we should hardly know what to think of Leibnitz's regard for truth. But, in reality, there nowhere appears, in as far as we have been able to discover, any proof that Leibnitz either denied knowledge of the authorship, or disclaimed the paragraph. He constantly defends the statement it contains, merely denying that it conveyed or could be intended to convey a charge of plagiarism.* To the benefit of this interpretation we would charitably admit him, since he wishes his words to be so taken; but it is impossible not to suspect that the equivocal sentence

was framed with little care as to whether it might not be misunderstood. Indeed, so natural is the interpretation of Newton, and the English mathematicians, that Dr. Guhrauer himself adopts it; declares that Leibnitz vainly strove to explain the sentence away; and that it is a proof “von Leibnitzens wahrer eigenster Meinung und Gesinnung gegen Newton.”

“Defend me from my friends,” Leibnitz might well say on this occasion; for if we adopt this interpretation as Leibnitz's true meaning, what are we to think of his shuffling exculpations?

Dr. Guhrauer is not a little indignant with Sir David Brewster, for the supposed injustice which, in his *Life of Newton*, he has done to Leibnitz, and to which he frequently refers with much bitterness. Never was a complaint more unreasonable. Our distinguished countryman does not question Leibnitz's claim to be regarded as a true inventor of the Calculus; he merely asserts the undoubted *priority* of Newton's discovery. He expressly affirms, that there is no reason to believe Leibnitz a plagiarist; but that if there were any necessity for believing either to be so, it must be Leibnitz, and not Newton, who is open to the charge. Dr. Guhrauer angrily replies, not simply by saying, (which is true,) that there is no sufficient evidence of Leibnitz's having stolen Newton's invention, but by denying the essential identity of the two methods, and by affirming that they are so different as to be considered “unlike things;”—than which nothing can, in our judgment, be more uncandid.

There is only one statement which, as respects Leibnitz, Dr. Guhrauer could fairly find any fault with, in Sir David Brewster's work; and that is, that Keill had a “right to express his opinion” that the Letters of Newton, of 1676, gave indications from which Leibnitz “derived, or might derive,” the principles of his Calculus. For reasons already assigned, we do not think that any man had a right to say this; nor that any one could say it, without being of a different opinion from Newton himself, who undoubtedly must have thought that he had not disclosed what he had designed to conceal. With no other statements of Sir David Brewster as regards Leibnitz, are we disposed to find fault. If he has shown any undue partiality in this matter at all, it is not by excessive severity towards Leibnitz, but by undeserved leniency towards Newton; for while he has expressed strong indignation at Leibnitz's atrocious charges of plagiarism against Newton, he has very gently touched the virulent reprisals into which Newton was betrayed; who even declared, at last, that Leibnitz's method was but a plagiarism from Barrow—a charge upon which only the very blindness of polemical animosity could have ventured; for it would equally show whence his own fluxions might have been derived. It exposed him at once to Leibnitz's quiet sarcasm, “that if any could have been profited by Barrow's instructions, it must have been Newton himself.” “Siquelqu'un a profité de M. Barrow, ce sera plutôt M. Newton, qui a étudié sous lui, que moi; qui, autant que je puis m'en souvenir, n'ai vu les livres de M. Barrow qu'à mon second voyage d'Angleterre.”

As both of these illustrious men could justly claim the honor of the disputed invention, so both, in the conduct of the controversy, and in the virulence of expression to which they were carried, in their reciprocal charges and accusations, exhibit

* Dutens' Edition of his Works, vol. iii., p. 461, &c.

themselves in much the same sorry light as the philosopher in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who begins to lecture the rival masters of dancing and fencing out of Seneca, and ends by forgetting that he is a philosopher altogether. The controversy is indeed an instructive spectacle of human infirmity—showing how passion can cloud the serene intellects, and inflame the most philosophic temperaments; that its thunder-storms may be found in the highest latitudes—disturbing the frigid poles as well as the burning tropics; that there is no domain of speculation, however remote, or purely abstract, into which it cannot intrude; and that the mathematician, as well as the theologian, can exhibit all the rancor of the most vulgar controvertists. There is probably nothing parallel in history, except the controversy between the nominalists and realists, who actually began to fight for and against their shadowy universals. Yet even they first added a religious to the purely speculative element, which they at last introduced to such an extent, that they charged each the other with having committed the sin against the Holy Ghost! Newton and Leibnitz had neither the excuse nor the guilt of this superadded provocation.*

However paradoxical apparently may be the phraseology of Leibnitz, in his first expositions of the Differential Calculus, respecting his infinitesimal quantities, (as, that there are quantities infinitely less than quantities infinitely little, and that of two quantities infinitely great, one may be infinitely greater than the other,) it is plain, that he soon worked his own conceptions completely clear, and gave his abbreviated expressions their true interpretation. The explanations of Leibnitz are in fact often so perspicuous, that they ought to have satisfied every objector; and to have prevented the elegant and ingenious nonsense which Bishop Berkeley ventured upon, in regard to them, more than thirty years after, in his *Analyst*. Thus, among many other places, in an explanatory letter to M. Varignon, in 1701, Leibnitz says:—

“Je ne me souviens pas assez des expressions dont je puis m'être servi : mais mon dessein a été de marquer qu'on n'a pas besoin de faire dépendre l'analyse mathématique des controverses métaphysiques, ni d'assurer qu'il y a dans la nature des lignes infiniment petite à la rigueur, en comparaison des nôtres, ni par conséquent qu'il y a des lignes infiniment plus grandes que les nôtres. C'est pourquoi afin d'éviter ces subtilités j'ai crû que

* One other unjust statement of Dr. Guhrauer's, we cannot pass unnoticed. The unhappy controversy on the Calculus commenced, it is well known, by some slight skirmishes in the year 1699, when Fatio insinuated, that the applause which Leibnitz was receiving for his Differential Calculus, (first given to the world by him in 1684,) would be more justly bestowed on Newton—its first inventor. Dr. Guhrauer is pleased to intimate that Newton was privy to Fatio's attack, and prompted it. This is most unjust, as it is in express contradiction to Newton's assertion, that he knew nothing of Fatio's intention, and was no party to it. In several other places Dr. G. insinuates, that it is easy to see that Newton was behind the curtain in the early attacks on Leibnitz, (vol. i., p. 303,) though he did not choose to appear in the controversy himself. Whether it was wise or not in Newton to stand so long aloof—whether it was in sullen pride or real magnanimity—from confidence in his claims, or dislike of controversy—certain it is, that during all the earlier stages of the dispute he remained silent; and being so, no man has a right to charge on him, without explicit evidence, the language of his adherents, whose just pride in the reputation of their countryman is quite sufficient to account both for the rashness of their zeal, and the intemperance of their expressions.

pour rendre le raisonnement sensible à tout le monde, il suffisait d'expliquer ici l'infini par l'incomparable, c'est-à-dire, de concevoir des quantités incomparablement plus grandes ou plus petites que les nôtres; ce qui fournit autant qu'on veut de degrés d'incomparables, puisque ce qui est incomparablement plus petit, entre inutilement en ligne de compte à l'égard de celui qui est incomparablement plus grand que lui. C'est ainsi qu'une parcelle de matière magnétique, qui passe à travers du verre, n'est pas comparable avec un grain de sable, ni ce grain avec le globe de la terre, ni ce globe avec le firmament.”

Dr. Guhrauer is very severe on the “narrowness of mind” implied in Newton's concealing his fluxions under ciphers, in his correspondence with Leibnitz; and contrasts it with the frank and manly conduct of the latter, when, in his reply to Newton's second letter, he communicated the principles of his Calculus to his rival. It ought at all events to reconcile Dr. Guhrauer to Newton's procedure, that it formed in fact the safeguard of Leibnitz's claims; for had Newton disclosed his secret, it would have been impossible to establish them.

We must now conclude, though we could have wished to add a few observations on several other matters;—on Leibnitz's religious opinions,* and theological controversies—especially with Clarke, Bossuet, and Pelisson—on his political and diplomatic life, in which, with its accustomed versatility, he seems to have been as much at his ease as in literature and science—on the influence he exerted on literature as the centre of all the literary commerce of the age—an influence which Mr. Stewart has so justly appreciated, and finely illustrated in his well-known *Dissertation*. But on all these topics our space compels us to be silent, while on others we gladly content ourselves with referring to the admirable criticisms of the last

* Of Leibnitz's reputed adoption of the doctrines of Romanism, we have said nothing. It is certain that if he adopted he never avowed them, nor did he ever join the Romish communion. If the unfinished manuscript, called the *Systema Theologicum*, (not so entitled by him,) really expresses his views, it is, as Dr. Guhrauer observes, “in opposition to all his other writings, and to his whole life also.” Dr. Guhrauer's remarks on its origin and purport may be found in vol. ii., pp. 32-34. He also treats the whole question of Leibnitz's opinions on this subject very ably in vol. i., pp. 340-358. It is at the same time certain, that Leibnitz's tolerant temper, the eclecticism of his philosophy, which always disposed him to find points of reconciliation in opposing systems, whether those of Aristotle and Des Cartes, or of Rome and Luther, his reverence for antiquity, cherished by his profound historical researches—all predisposed him to regard the differences between Romanists and Protestants as far less important than they are. In the attempt to negotiate a reconciliation between them, he expended no small portion of his time and energies, and, in his controversy with Bossuet, he sometimes makes far too liberal concessions for that object.—It is not a little curious, and highly characteristic, that he always flattered himself that he was in possession of a metaphysical solution of the doctrine of transubstantiation. In this instance at least he verified a naïve assertion he was accustomed to make respecting himself—“That to him, unlike the generality of people, all difficult things were easy, and all easy things difficult.”

† Of this, a proof rendered more especially remarkable by long subsequent events, is furnished in a memorial addressed by him to Louis XIV., proposing that memorable plan for keeping some of the chief nations of Europe in check, afterwards attempted to be consummated by Bonaparte; namely, the conquest and colonization of Egypt. Of this posthumous piece, an English translation was published in London, in 1803, but which seems now entirely forgotten.

mentioned writer, and his other illustrious coadjutors, Sir James Mackintosh and Professor Playfair, in their associated Dissertations on the History of Metaphysical, Ethical, Mathematical, and Physical Science.* In each of these, Leibnitz is made, so to speak, to reënter; for while few other names appear in more than one of them, he is of sufficient importance to be subjected to a fresh examination in all. So various, indeed, are the phases of his character and genius, so numberless his accomplishments, that we may apply to him the well-known lines of Dryden, divested of the satire which was designed in their original application—

“A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome.”

From Chambers’ Journal.

UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

It is remarkable that, while the grammar of our spoken tongue is taught in untold thousands of academies, there is no institution of any kind for instruction in that equally useful language which is neither written nor spoken. There seems to be no good reason why this kind of language should not be taught in a systematic and—so to speak—grammatical manner; for, if it may be said that it comes natural to us all, so, it may be said, does the employment of our mother tongue; and yet, as everybody knows, we cannot use that correctly without training. I would therefore humbly suggest the introduction into our principal schools and colleges of departments for the various leading branches of wordless speech, all of them under competent masters and mistresses, as the case might be.

An important department would be the various means of expressing anger, indignation, contempt, and other strong passions in the wordless manner. It ought to comprise classes for individuals of various sexes and ages. For example, there might be one composed of young ladies, to teach them the proper methods of showing how much they are offended, from a sulky look for an unreasonable papa or mamma, to a contemptuous toss of disdain for a swain who has made a non-reverential remark. It would be of particular consequence to train them to the art of cutting, for which purpose it might be necessary to set up a figure like the quintal of the tournament-ground, upon which to practise the desired art. Past this they would be paraded at a proper walking pace, and taught to look at it as if they did not see it, or know what it was. Cutting, we should think, might be taught to clever pupils in from four to six lessons.

The most expressive methods of slamming doors would form the business of a general class; for this is a form of silent, though not noiseless rhetoric, for which almost all have occasion. Doors may be slammed in a great variety of ways, each having its own peculiar signification. For instance, there is the sulky slam—a heavy dull mode, yet necessary for its own particular shade of feeling. There is also the pert, contemptuous slam—a sharp snappish sound, which seems to say, “I despise you.” Then there is the thundering slam, for towering passions only, and which generally shakes the whole tenement from garret to cellar.

On all of these, and other slams, there would of course be sub-variations for various parties. For example, a servant’s angry slam against a mistress who has been so unreasonable as point out a fault; a son’s slam against his father on being refused a horse; &c. When all the varieties of the art are considered, we could not expect that, in private tuition, slamming could be well taught in less than twelve lessons.

An important department would be that for teaching the various means of expressing derogatory opinions of friends and acquaintance independently of words. The utility of the non-verbal language is here so great, that all must be sensible of it. Particular care would be necessary in the selection of teachers, particularly those who had to train young commercial men in the methods of indicating degrees of credit-worthiness; and those, again, of the female sex who gave instructions in the best modes of denoting the state of reputations. The nicest caution and delicacy being here necessary, it would be proper to engage only first-rate talent, and to pay it extremely well. We can imagine the class-rooms for this department presenting curious scenes. Nods, winks, elevations of the eyebrows, shrugs, affectedly-concerned looks, would be seen passing between teachers and pupils in a surprising manner. A master might be seen giving lessons in the laying of a finger significantly across the lips, for half an hour at a time. A spectator unacquainted with the object would be apt to suppose the class a congregation of lunatics, when, in reality, it was engaged in preparation for some of the most important duties of social life. This allusion, by the way, reminds us of one of the things to be taught in this department; namely, the proper way of referring without words to the various degrees of sanity enjoyed by one’s friends—from that movement of shoulders and eyebrows which expresses a sense of their oddity, to the pointings to, and touchings of, the forehead, by which we indicate their being hopelessly gone in madness, or what is thought the same thing, the knowledge and goodness which soar above the common world.

One good end might be in a special manner served by the proposed institutions, and one which would, in fact, make up for the shortcomings of all other seminaries, and the obstructions to all other means of acquiring knowledge. It often happens, as every one knows, that people speak of things which none but themselves understand. What are the rest to do!—to acknowledge ignorance, and profess to be willing to learn? This were such a degradation, as none possessed of a fair share of self-respect could submit to. The alternative, of course, is to listen with that appearance of intelligence usually called a “knowing look.” But this is called for in many various forms. For example, if a friend quotes from a Latin or French author, there is required an aspect which seems to say—“Right: you have it—the thing is undeniable.” Suppose, again, you are at an exhibition of pictures, and join a pair of friends who are talking learnedly of keeping—light and shade—coloring—tone—aërial perspective—scrubbling—old woman in the red cloak to give effect to the foliage—about all of which matters you feel like a child unborn, as far as the feelings of such a member of society may be guessed at—then you will require to light up your countenance with a different kind of internal lantern. A much graver, more solemn light it must be; consisting of a decided earnestness o

* Prefixed to the Seventh Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

eye, a primness of lips; a few firm, shrewd, side-long glances; two nods judiciously interspersed; and, finally, a toss up of the chin as you stalk away, without a single word, to the next picture, apparently determined on criticizing and judging for yourself. Looks for non-understood papers at scientific societies are not less needful; for at present many grown gentlemen hardly know how to conduct themselves on those occasions. Such looks would require to be duly graduated to the character of the various papers—from a trivial, half-attentive look for speculations in geology and other such readily-apprehensible matters, to one fixed, penetrating, and determined, when the black board was getting covered over with algebraic calculations. In this department it would be well to have private hours for the more special instruction of presidents, councillors, and other officials, as it becomes particularly absurd to see the gentlemen at the green table looking as if they had not the faintest idea of what the matter is all about.

There would be a large miscellaneous department, absorbing many odds and ends. Here one might be duly trained to the silent methods of maintaining an appearance of consequence—making people keep their distance, and so forth. A stare in reply to an over-familiar remark is a piece of art which would require a good deal of practice for most persons, as, to do human nature justice, we do not naturally feel jealous about dignity—witness the proceedings of children—and only acquire the sentiment in our intercourse with society. Connected with such lessons are those required for recognitions in streets and other public places—the cool nod for a friend who borrows, the *impressé* bow for the lady who gives nice parties, the mixture of nonchalance and perfect politeness to be conveyed to one whom you suppose to be an enemy or rival, so as to leave him nothing of which either to boast or complain. To chill down and battle off bores by mere mute dodging—to turn the cold shoulder in an unchallengeable manner to persons “not proper”—would also call for much study. All of these are utterances of a most refined nature, compared to which word-language is a piece of the grossest materiality. Decayed members of the upper classes would probably be found the only persons competent to teach such niceties. Here, also, the various feelings expressible by a turn or cast of the eyes, by a look, a smile, a pursing-up or a turning down of the mouth, and many other little gesticulations, would be subject of exercise. We would not willingly see instructions given in those mysterious applications of the thumb to the nose, which have of late years been so common, as an expression of incredulity, seeing that this practice is essentially a degradation of the human countenance divine. A polite skepticism is doubtless expressible by gestures or looks against which no such objection can be urged; and to discover and teach these, would be the business of some of the higher officials of the establishment.

Such is a general outline of the kind of seminaries proposed—liable of course to revision in point of detail, and with regard to their constitution and management. We throw it out to the world only as a hint, leaving it to others to make it a reality.

SUNLIGHT UPON THE WATERS.

SUNLIGHT upon the waters—or when, hushed,
The mirrored lake reflects it, beam for beam—
Or when it seems, on ripples radiance-flushed,
A rain of stars—how beautiful to seem!
When, with the cataract, it leaps and dashes
Down to the atoms-shattered spray below,
And, ere the dazzled eye can drink its flashes,
Melts to the semblance of the heavenly bow;
When, in that bow itself, serenely spread
O'er the storm-featured concave, it appears
A pathway for th' Invisible to tread;
A gorgeous arch, connecting holier spheres;
Then, sunlight on the waters is a theme
For poet's raptured gaze, and loftiest mystic dream.

Lo! on a lesser scale, 't is still the theme—
Spangling in dewdrops o'er the bladed grass;
Bright'ning the shallows of the pebbled stream,
Through which the naked-footed urchins pass;
When, in some reservoir, or large, or small,
It draws the basking inmates to the brim,
As, on their scales of gold and silver, fall
Th' exhilarating rays in which they swim;
Or when some well-oared boat, in swift advance,
Quickens the strokes from which the waters
glance;
Or when, to take her bath, th' imperial swan
Flutters, for glee, the surface in her track,
Stoops her arched neck, down diving, and, anon,
Showers liquid brilliants o'er her plumage-ruffled
back.

Treble, the theme!—when, viewed from some
great height,
At morn, it radiates skyward from the main;
Or when, at noon, insufferably bright,
The billows blaze along the wat'ry plain;
Or when, at even, in the purpling west,
The fleecy vapors catch chameleon-dyes,
While at their feet, in softened splendor dressed,
The undulating ocean, murmur'ing, lies;
Or when, by terraced lawn, or statued place,
Some cooling fountain jets translucent streams,
Which, from their crested summits to their base,
Freshen and revel in the pervious beams;—
And, in each phase, the poet will perceive
The beautiful on earth, in which his race believe.
Rural Sonnets.

A HOME-SONNET.

THE world is with me, and its many cares—
Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears
That wait on all terrestrial affairs—
The shades of former and of future years—
Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,
Quelling a spirit that was once elate.
Heavens! what a wilderness the earth appears,
Where youth, and mirth, and health, are out of
date!
But no—a laugh of innocence and joy
Resounds, like music of the fairy race,
And, gladly turning from the world's annoy,
I gaze upon a little radiant face,
And bless, internally, the merry boy
Who makes a son-shine in a shady place.
Hood's Poems.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.*

THERE are few things more striking than the analogy in civil and physical changes of the world. There have been in the history of man periods as distinctive as in the history of nations. From these periods society and nations have alike assumed new aspects, and the world has commenced a new career. The fall of the Roman empire was the demarkation between the old world and the new. It was the moral deluge, out of which a new condition of man, new laws, new forms of religion, new styles of thought, almost a totally new configuration of human society were to arise. A new settlement of the civil world took place: power absorbed by one race of mankind was to be divided among various races; and the development of principles of government and society, hitherto unknown, was to be scarcely less memorable, less unexpected, or less productive, than that voyage by which Columbus doubled the space of the habitable globe.

The Reformation was another mighty change. It introduced civil liberty into the empire of tyranny, religion into the realm of superstition, and science into the depths of national ignorance. The French Revolution was the last, and not the least powerful change within human experience. Its purpose is, like its operation, still dubious. Whether it came simply for wrath, or simply for restoration—whether, like the earthquake of Lisbon, it came only to destroy, and leave its ruins visible for a century to come; to clear the ground of incumbrances too massive for the hand of man, and open the soil for exertions nobler than the old, must be left to time to interpret. But there can be no question, that the most prominent agency, the most powerful influence, and the most dazzling lustre of a period in which all the stronger impulses of our being were in the wildest activity, centred in the character of one man, and that man—Napoleon.

It is evidently a law of Providence, that all the great changes of society shall be the work of individual minds. Yet when we recollect the difficulty of effecting any general change, embracing the infinite varieties of human interests, caprices, passions and purposes, nothing could seem more improbable. But it has always been the course of things. Without Charlemagne, the little principalities of Gothic Europe would never have been systematized into an empire;—without Luther, what could have been the progress of the Reformation!—without Napoleon, the French Revolution would have burnt itself out, vanished into air, or sunk into ashes. He alone collected its materials, combined them into a new and powerful shape, crowned this being of his own formation with the imperial robe, erected it in the centre of Europe, and called the nations to bow down before a new idol, like the gods of the Indian known only by its mysterious frown, the startling splendor of its diadem, and the swords and serpents grasped in its hands.

That the character of Napoleon was a singular compound of the highest intellectual powers with the lowest moral qualities, is evidently the true description of this extraordinary being. This combination alone accounts for the rapidity, the splendor of his career, and the sudden and terrible com-

pleteness of his fall. Nothing less than preëminent capacity could have shot him up through the clouds and tempests of the Revolution into the highest place of power. A mixture of this force of mind and desperate selfishness of heart could alone have suggested and sustained the system of the imperial wars, policy, and ambition; and the discovery of his utter faithlessness could alone have rendered all thrones hopeless of binding him by the common bonds of sovereign to sovereign, and compelled them to find their only security for the peace of Europe in consigning him to a dungeon. He was the only instance in modern history of a monarch dethroned by a universal conviction; warred against by mankind, as the sole object of the war; delivered over into captivity by the unanimous judgment of nations; and held in the same unrelaxing and judicial fetters until he died.

It is another striking feature of this catastrophe, that the whole family of Napoleon sank along with him. They neither possessed his faculties, nor were guilty of his offences. But as they had risen solely by him, they perished entirely with him. Future history will continually hover over this period of our annals, as the one which most resembles some of those fabrications of the oriental genius, in which human events are continually under the guidance of spirits of the air; in which fantastic fallacies are erected by a spell, and the treasures of the earth developed by the wave of a wand—in which the mendicant of this hour is exalted into the prince of the next; and while the wonder still glitters before the eye, another sign of the neoromancer dissolves the whole pageant into air again. Human recollection has no record of so much power, so widely distributed, and apparently so fixed above all the ordinary casualties of the world, so instantly and so irretrievably overthrown. The kings of earth are not undone at a blow; kingdoms do not change their rulers without a struggle. Great passions and great havoc have always preceded, and followed the fall of monarchies. But the four diadems of the Napoleon race fell from their wearers' brows with scarcely a touch from the hand of man. The surrender of the crown by Napoleon extinguished the crowns actually ruling over millions, and virtually influencing the whole continent. They were extinguished, too, at the moment when the imperial crown disappeared. It had no sooner been crushed at Waterloo, than they all fell into fragments, of themselves;—the whole dynasty went down with Napoleon into the dungeon, and not one of them has since returned to the world.

The name of General Count Montholon is well known to this country, as that of a brave officer, who, after acquiring distinguished rank in the French army by his sword, followed Napoleon to St. Helena; remained with him during his captivity; and upon his death was made the depositary of his papers, and his executor. But his own language, in a letter dated from the Castle of Ham in June, 1844, gives the best account of his authority and his proceedings.

“A soldier of the republic, a brigadier-general at twenty years of age, and minister-plenipotentiary in Germany in 1812 and 1813, I could, like others, have left memoirs concerning the things which I saw; but the whole is effaced from my mind in presence of a single thing, a single event, and a single man. The thing is Waterloo; the event, the fall of the empire; and the man, Napoleon.”

He then proceeds to tell us, that he shared the St. Helena captivity for six years; that for forty-

* *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena.* By GENERAL COUNT MONTHOLON. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

two nights he watched the dying bed of the ex-monarch; and that, by Napoleon's express desire, he closed his eyes. But to those duties of private friendship were affixed official services, which looked much more like tyranny than the tribute of personal regard, and which we should think must have worn out the patience, and tried the constitution, of the most devoted follower of this extraordinary captive.

Napoleon, though apparently contemptuous of the opinions of mankind, evidently felt the strongest anxiety to make out a favorable statement for himself. And all his hours, except the few devoted to exercise on horseback and to sleep, and to his meals, were employed in completing the narrative which was to clear up his character to mankind.

During the last years passed in St. Helena, Napoleon sent for the count every night at eleven o'clock, and continued dictating to him till six in the morning, when he went into the bath, dismissing the count with—"Come, my son, go and repose, and come to me again at nine o'clock. We shall have breakfast, and resume the labors of the night." At nine, he returned, and remained with him till one, when Napoleon went to bed. Between four and five, he sent for the count again, who dined with him every day, and at nine o'clock left him, to return at eleven.

The world little knew the drudgery to which these unfortunate followers of the ex-emperor were thus exposed, and they must all have rejoiced at any termination of a toil so remorseless and so uncheering.

Napoleon was fond of the Turkish doctrine of fatality. Whether so acute a mind was capable of believing a doctrine so palpably contradicted by the common circumstances of life, and so utterly repugnant to reason, can scarcely be a question; but with him, as with the Turks, it was a capital doctrine for the mighty machine which he called an army. But the count seems to have been a true believer. He, too, pronounces, that "destiny is written," and regards himself as being under the peculiar influence of a malignant star, or, in his own words: "In fact, without having sought it, my destiny brought me into contact with the emperor in the Elysée Bourbon, conducted me, without my knowing it, to the shores of Boulogne, where honor imposed upon me the necessity of not abandoning the nephew of the emperor in presence of the dangers by which he was surrounded. Irrevocably bound to the misfortunes of a family, I am now perishing in Ham; the captivity commenced in St. Helena."

Of Count Montholon, it must be acknowledged, that he was unstained by either the vices or the violences which scandalized Europe so frequently in the leaders of the French armies. He appears to have been at all times a man of honorable habits, as he certainly is of striking intelligence. But we have no faith in his doctrine of the star, and think that he would have acted much more wisely if he had left the stars to the care of themselves, avoided the blunder of mistaking the nephew of Napoleon for a hero and a genius, and stayed quietly in London, instead of risking himself with an invasion of valets to take the diadem off the most sagacious head in Europe.

The narrative commences with the return of Napoleon to Paris after his renown, his throne, and his dynasty were alike crushed by the British charge at Waterloo. He reached Paris at six in

the morning of the 21st. It is now clear that the greatest blunder of this extraordinary man was his flight from the army. If he had remained at its head, let its shattered condition be what it might, he would have been powerful, have awed the growing hostility of the capital, and have probably been able to make peace alike for himself and his nation. But by hurrying to Paris, all was lost: he stripped himself of his strength; he threw himself on the mercy of his enemies; and palpably capitulated to the men who, but the day before, were trembling under the fear of his vengeance.

Nobleness of heart is essential to all true renown; and perhaps it is not less essential to all real security. Napoleon, with talents which it is perfectly childish to question, though the attempt has been made since the close of his brilliant career, wanted this nobleness of heart, and through its want ultimately perished. Of the bravery of him who fought the splendid campaigns of Italy, and of the political sagacity of him who raised himself from being a subaltern of artillery to a sovereign of sovereigns, there can be no doubt. But his selfishness was so excessive that it occasionally made both contemptible, and gave his conduct alike the appearance of cowardice, and the appearance of infatuation. His flight from Egypt, leaving his army to be massacred or captured, disgraced him in the face of Europe. His flight from Russia, leaving the remnant of his legions to be destroyed, was a new scandal; but hitherto no evil had been produced by this gross regard of self. The penalty, however, must be paid. His flight from the army in Belgium, leaving it without counsel or direction, to be crushed by a victorious enemy, was the third instance of that ignoble preference of his own objects which had characterized and stained his Egyptian and Russian career. But retribution was now come, and he was to be undone. The slaughter of Waterloo had been tremendous, but it was not final. The loss of the French army had been computed at forty thousand men, killed, wounded, and dispersed. He had come into the field with seventy-two thousand men, independent of Grouchy. He had thus thirty thousand remaining. Grouchy's force of thirty thousand was still untouched, and was able to make its way to Paris. In addition to these sixty thousand, strong garrisons had been left in all the fortresses, which he might without difficulty have gathered upon his retreat. The Parisian national guard would have augmented this force, probably, on the whole, to one hundred thousand men. It is true that the allied Russian and Austrian forces were on the frontier. But they had not yet moved, and could not prevent the march of those reinforcements. Thus, without reckoning the provincial militia of France, or calculating on a *levée en masse*, Napoleon within a fortnight might have been at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, while the pursuing army could not have mustered half the number. He would thus have had time for negotiation; and time with him was everything. Or let the event be what it might, the common sense of the allies would have led them to avoid a direct collision with so powerful a force fighting on its own ground under the walls of the capital, and knowing that the only alternatives were complete triumph or total ruin.

Count Montholon makes a remark on the facility with which courtiers make their escape from a falling throne, which has been so often exemplified in history. But it was never more strikingly exem

plified than in the double overthrow of Napoleon. "At Fontainebleau, in 1814," says the count, "when I hastened to offer to carry him off with the troops under my command, I found no one in those vast corridors, formerly too small for the crowd of courtiers, except the Duke of Bassano and two aides-de-camp." His whole court, down to his Mameluke and valet, had run off to Paris, to look for pay and place under the Bourbons. In a similar case in the next year, at the Elysée Bourbon, he found but two counts and an equerry. It was perfectly plain to all the world but Napoleon himself that his fate was decided.

There certainly seems to have been something in his conduct at this period that can scarcely be accounted for but by infatuation. His first act, the desertion of his army, was degrading to his honor, but his conduct on his arrival was not less degrading to his sagacity. Even his brother Lucien said that he was blinded with the smoke of Waterloo. He seems to have utterly lost that distinct view and fierce decision which formerly characterized all his conduct. It was no more the cannon-shot or the thunder-clap, it was the wavering of a mind suddenly perplexed by the difficulties which he would once have solved by a sentence and overwhelmed by resistance—which he would have once swept away like a swarm of flies. The leader of armies was crushed by a conspiracy of clerks, and the sovereign of the continent was sent to the dungeon by a cabal of his own slaves.

While Napoleon was thus lingering in the Elysée Bourbon, the two chambers of the legislature were busily employed between terror and intrigue. The time was delicate, for the Bourbons and the allies were approaching. But, on the other hand, the fortunes of Napoleon might change; tardiness in recognizing the Bourbons might be fatal to their hopes of place, but the precipitancy of abandoning Napoleon might bring their heads under the knife of the guillotine. All public life is experimental, and there never was a time when the experiment was of a more tremulous description.

At length they began to act; and the first precaution of the chamber of deputies was to secure their own existence. Old Lafayette moved a resolution, that the man should be regarded as a traitor to the country who made any attempt to dissolve the chamber. This was an obvious declaration against the authority of the empire. The next motion was, that General Becker should be appointed commandant of the guard ordered to protect the legislature. This was a provision against the mob of Paris. The legislature was now safe from its two prominent perils. In the mean time, Napoleon had made another capital blunder. He had held a council of the ministers, to which he proposed the question, whether he should proceed in person to the chamber of deputies, and demand supplies, or send his brothers and ministers to make the communication. Three of the ministers approved of his going in person, but the majority disapproved of it—on the plea of its being a dangerous experiment, in the excited state of the public passions. If Napoleon had declined this counsel, which arose from either pusillanimity or perfidy, it is perfectly possible that he might have silenced all opposition. The known attachment of the troops, the superstition connected with his fortunes, the presence of the man whom they all so lately worshipped, as the Indians worship the serpent for the poison of its fang, might have pro-

duced a complete revulsion. Napoleon, too, was singularly eloquent—his language had a romantic splendor which captivates the artificial taste of the nation; and with an imperial figure before them, surrounded with more powerful incidents than the drama could ever offer, and threatening a fifth act which might involve the fate of France and Europe, the day might have finished by a new burst of national enthusiasm, and the restoration of Napoleon to the throne, with all his enemies in the legislature chained to its footstool.

But he sent his brother Joseph to the chamber of peers, and received the answer to his mission next morning, in a proposal which was equivalent to a demand for his abdication.

A council of ministers was again held on this proposal. The same three who had voted for his presence in the chamber, now voted for his rejection of the proposal. The majority, however, were against them. Napoleon yielded to the majority. He had lost his opportunity—and in politics opportunity is everything. He had now nothing more to lose. He drew up an acknowledgment of his abdication; but appended to it the condition of proclaiming his son, Napoleon Second, emperor of the French. This was an artifice, but it was unworthy even of the art of Napoleon. He must have been conscious that the allies would have regarded this appointment as a trick to ensure his own restoration. His son was yet a child; a regent must have been appointed; Napoleon would have naturally been that regent; and in six months, or on the first retreat of the allies, he would as naturally have reappointed himself emperor. The trick was too shallow for his sagacity, and it was impossible to hope that it could have been suffered by the allies. Yet it passed the chamber, and Napoleon Second was acknowledged within the walls. But the acknowledgment was laughed at without them; the allies did not condescend to notice it; and the allies proceeded to their work of restoration as if he had never existed. In fact, the dynasty was at an end; a provisional government was appointed, with Fouché at its head, and the name of Napoleon was pronounced no more.

Count Montholon gives a brief but striking description of the confusion, dismay, and despair, into which Waterloo had thrown the Bonapartists. He had hurried to the Elysée a few hours after the arrival of Bonaparte from the field. He met the Duke of Vicenza coming out, with a countenance of dejection, and asked him what was going on. "All is lost," was the answer. "You arrived to-day, as you did at Fontainebleau, only to see the emperor resign his crown. The leaders of the chambers desire his abdication. They will have it; and in a week Louis XVIII. will be in Paris. At night, on the 19th, a short note in pencil was left with my Swiss, announcing the destruction of the army. The same notice was given to Carnot. The last telegraphic dispatch had brought news of victory; we both hastened to the Duke of Otranto; he assured us with all his cadaverous coldness that he knew nothing. He knew all, however, I am well assured. Events succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning; there is no longer any possible illusion. All is lost, and the Bourbons will be here in a week."

The count remained forty-eight hours at the palace. The fallen emperor had now made up his mind to go to America, and the count promised to accompany him. A couple of regiments, formed

of the workmen of the Faubourg St. Germain, marching by the palace, now demanded that Napoleon should put himself at their head and take vengeance on his enemies. But he well knew the figure which the volunteers of the mob would make in front of the bayonets which had crushed his guard at Waterloo, and he declined the honor of this new command. A few courtiers, who adhered to him still, continued to talk of his putting himself at the head of the national force. But Waterloo had effectually cured him of the passion for soldiership, and he constantly appealed to his unwillingness to shed the blood of Frenchmen. It was at least evident that he intended to tempt the field no more, but after being the cause of shedding the blood of two millions of the people, his reserve was romantic.

The count was sent to dismiss the volunteers, and they having performed their act of heroism, and offered to challenge the whole British army, were content with the glory of the threat, and heroically marched home to their shops.

But Montholon, on returning again, addressed Napoleon on the feasibility of attacking Wellington and Blücher with the battalions of the Messrs. Calicot, upon which the ex-emperor made the following solemn speech: "To put into action the brute force of the masses, would without doubt save Paris, and ensure me the crown, without having recourse to the horrors of a civil war. But this would be also to risk the shedding of rivers of fresh blood. What is the compressive force which would be sufficiently strong to regulate the outburst of so much passion, hatred, and vengeance? No, I never can forget one thing, that I have been brought from Cannes to Paris in the midst of cries for blood, 'Down with the priests!' 'Down with the nobles!' I would rather have the regrets of France than possess its crown."

There is no country in the world, where Napoleon's own phrase, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, is more perpetually and practically realized than in France. Here was a man utterly ruined, without a soldier on the face of the earth, all but a prisoner, abandoned by every human being who could be of the slightest service to him, beaten in the field, beaten on his own ground, and now utterly separated from his remaining troops, and with a hundred thousand of the victors rushing after him, hour by hour, to Paris. Yet he talks as if he had the world still at his disposal, applauds his own magnanimity in declining the impossible combat, vaunts his own philosophy in standing still, when he could neither advance nor retreat, and gives himself credit as a philanthropist, when he was on the very point of being handed over to the enemy as a prisoner. Some unaccountable tricks of a lower description now began to be played on the goods and chattels of the Elysée Bourbon. A case containing snuff-boxes adorned with portraits set in diamonds, was laid by Bertrand on the mantel-piece. He accidentally turned to converse with General Montholon at the window. Only one person entered the room. The count does not give his name—he was evidently a person of rank. On turning to the mantel-piece again, the case was gone.

One of the ministers had brought some negotiable paper to the amount of several millions of francs into the emperor's chamber. The packet was placed under one of the cushions of the sofa. Only one person, and that one a man of rank who had served in Italy, entered the chamber. Napoleon

went to look for the money, calculated a moment, and a million and a half of francs, or about £60,000 sterling, had been taken in the interim. Those were times for thievery, and the plunderers of Europe were now on the alert, to make spoil of each other. The allies were still advancing, but they were not yet in sight; and the mob of Paris, who had been at first delighted to find that the war was at an end, having nothing else to do, and thinking that, as Wellington and Blücher had not arrived within a week, they would not arrive within a century, began to clamor *Vive l'Empereur!* Fouché and the provisional government began to feel alarm, and it was determined to keep Napoleon out of sight of the mob. Accordingly they ordered him to be taken to Malmaison; and on the 25th, towards nightfall, Napoleon submissively quitted the Elysée, and went to Malmaison. At Malmaison he remained for the greater part of the time, in evident fear of being put to death, and in fact a prisoner.—Such was the fate of the most powerful sovereign that Europe had seen since Charlemagne. Such was the humiliation of the conqueror, who, but seven years before, had summoned the continental sovereigns to bow down to his footstool at Erfurth; and who wrote to Talma the actor these words of supreme arrogance—"Come to Erfurth, and you shall play before a pit-full of kings."

From this period, day by day, a succession of measures was adopted by the government to tighten his chain. He was ordered to set out for the coast, nominally with the intention of giving him a passage to America. But we must doubt that intention. Fouché, the head of the government, had now thrown off the mask which he had worn so many years. And it was impossible for him to expect forgiveness, in case of any future return of Napoleon to power. But Napoleon, in America, would have been at all times within one-and-twenty days of Paris. And the mere probability of his return would have been enough to make many a pillow sleepless in Paris. We are to recollect also, that the English ministry must have been perfectly aware of the arrest of Napoleon; that St. Helena had been already mentioned as a place of security for his person; and that if it was essential to the safety of Europe—a matter about which Fouché probably cared but little; it was not less essential to the safety of Fouché's own neck—a matter about which he always cared very much, that the ex-emperor should never set foot in France again.

The result was, an order from the minister at war Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, couched in the following terms. We give it as a document of history.

"General, I have the honor to transmit to you the subjoined decree, which the commission of government desires you to notify the Emperor Napoleon: at the same time informing his majesty, that the circumstances are become imperative, and that it is necessary for him immediately to decide on setting out for the Isle of Aix. This decree has been passed as much for the safety of his person as for the interest of the state, which ought always to be dear to him. Should the emperor not adopt the above mentioned resolution, on your notification of this decree, it will then be your duty to exercise the strictest surveillance, both with a view of preventing his majesty from leaving Malmaison, and of guarding against any attempt upon his life. You will station guards at all the approaches to Malmaison. I have written to the inspector-gen-

et al of the gendarmerie, and to the commandant of Paris, to place such of the gendarmerie and troops as you may require at your disposal.

"I repeat to you, general, that this decree has been adopted solely for the good of the state, and the personal safety of the emperor. Its prompt execution is indispensable, as the future fate of his majesty and his family depends on it. It is unnecessary to say to you, general, that all your measures should be taken with the greatest possible secrecy.

(Signed) "PRINCE OF ECKMUHL,
"Marshal and Minister of War."

Those documents which have now appeared, we believe, for the first time authentically, will be of importance to the historian, and of still higher importance to the moralist. Who could have once believed that the most fiery of soldiers, the most subtle of statesmen, and the proudest of sovereigns, would ever be the subject of a rescript like the following! It begins with an absolute command that "Napoleon Bonaparte" (it has already dropped the emperor) "shall remain in the roads of the Isle of Aix till the arrival of passports." It then proceeds:—"It is of importance to the well-being of the state, which should not be indifferent to him, that he should remain till his fate, and that of his family, have been definitely regulated. French honor is interested in such an issue; but in the mean time every precaution should be taken for the personal safety of Napoleon, and that he must not be allowed to leave the place of his present sojourn.

(Signed) "THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.
"THE PRINCE OF ECKMUHL."

A similar document was issued to General Beker, signed by Carnot and Caulaincourt. Count Montholon remarks, with sufficient justice, on the signature of Caulaincourt to this paper, that the emperor would have been extremely astonished to see that name subscribed to a letter in which he was called Napoleon—if anything could have astonished the former exile of Elba, and the future exile of St. Helena.

This must have been a period of the deepest anxiety to the imperial prisoner. He evidently regarded his life as unsafe; thought that he discovered in the project of his journey a determination to throw him either into the hands of assassins or of the French king, and formally announced his refusal to leave Malmaison "until informed of his fate by the Duke of Wellington." He was now reduced to the lowest ebb. He acknowledged himself powerless, hopeless, and utterly dependent on the will of his conqueror. The bitterness of heart which dictated such words must have been beyond all description. He was now abandoned by the few who had followed him from the Elvée.

But time was pressing; Wellington was advancing with rapid steps, and there was a possibility that he might capture Napoleon at Malmaison. Troops were sent to burn the neighboring bridge, and precautions were taken to prevent the catastrophe. A division of the army coming from the Vendée halted before the palace, and insisted on seeing Napoleon, and on being led by him to battle. This wasrodomontade, with the advanced troops of the whole army now within sight of Paris. But it was enough to betray him into the absurdity of proposing to try another chance for his crown. Beker was sent to Paris to try the effect of this communication. Fouché gave for

answer, the simple fact that the Prussians were advancing on Versailles. The sitting of the provisional government would have been worth the hand of a great painter. Fouché, after sharply rebuking the general for bringing in his proposal from Malmaison, made him sit down at his side, while he wrote a peremptory and decided refusal. Carnot was walking gloomily up and down the room. Caulaincourt, Baron Quinette, and General Grenier, sat silently around the table. Not a word was uttered except by the Duke of Otranto. The general received his dispatch and departed. On passing through the anterooms, he found them filled with generals and high civil officers, who all expressed but one opinion on the necessity of getting rid of Napoleon. "Let him set off, let him go," was the universal cry. "We can undertake nothing for either his personal good or Paris." There was now no alternative. Napoleon must either remain and fall into the hands of Louis XVIII., who had already proclaimed him a traitor and an outlaw, or he must try to make his escape by sea. On the 29th of June, at five o'clock in the evening, he entered the carriage which was to convey him to the coast, leaving Paris behind, to which he was never to return alive, but to which his remains have returned in a posthumous triumph, twenty-six years after, on the 15th of September, 1840.

On his arrival at Rochfort, all the talent of the French for projects was immediately in full exercise. Never was there so many castles in the air built in so short a time. Proposals were made to smuggle the prisoner to the United States in a Danish merchant vessel, in which, in case of search, he was to be barrelled in a hogshead perforated with breathing holes.

Another project was, to put him on board a kind of fishing-boat manned by midshipmen, and thus escape the English. A third project proposed, that the two French frigates anchored under the guns of the Isle of Aix should put to sea together; that one of them should run alongside Captain Maitland's ship, and attack her fiercely, with the hope of distracting her attention, even with the certainty of being destroyed, while the other frigate made her escape with Napoleon on board. This is what the French would call a *grande pensée*, and quite as heroic as anything in a melodrama of the Porte St. Martin. But the captain of the leading frigate declined the distinction, and evidently thought it not necessary that he and his crew should be blown out of the water, as they certainly would have been if they came in contact with the Bellerophon; so this third project perished.

After a few days of this busy foolery, the prisoner, startled by the new reports of the success of the allies everywhere, and too sagacious not to feel that the hands of the French king might be the most dangerous into which the murderer of the Duc D'Enghien could fall; looking with evident contempt upon the foolish projects for his escape, and conscious that his day was done, resolved to throw himself into the hands of Captain Maitland, the commander of the Bellerophon, then anchored in Basque roads. On the night of the 10th, Savery and Las Cases were sent on board the English ship, to inquire whether the captain would allow a French or neutral ship, or the frigates with Napoleon on board, to pass free? Captain Maitland simply answered, that he had received no orders except those ordinarily given in case of war; but

that he should attack the frigates if they attempted to pass; that if a neutral flag came in his way, he would order it to be searched as usual. But that, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the case, he would communicate with the admiral in command.

A circumstance occurred on this occasion, which brought M. Las Cases into no small disrepute afterwards. The captain hospitably asked Las Cases and Savary to lunch with him, and, while at table, inquired whether they understood English. He was answered that they did not; and the captain, though of course relying upon the answer, made his observations in English to his officers, while he addressed the Frenchman in his own tongue. It was afterwards ascertained that Las Cases, who had been an emigrant for some years in England, understood English perfectly. Nothing could therefore be more pitiful than his conduct in suffering the captain to believe that he was ignorant on the subject, and thus obtain a confidence to which he had no right. The circumstance, as Count Montholon says—"was afterwards made a bitter reproach against Las Cases; the English charging him with a violation of honor; because, as they affirmed, he had positively declared that he was unacquainted with their language, when the question was put to him at the commencement of the conference. This, however," says Count Montholon, "is not correct." And how does he show that it is not correct? "The question," says he, "was put collectively, that is, to both alike, and Savary alone answered in the negative." Of course the answer was understood collectively, and comprised M. Las Cases as well as M. Savary. In short, the conduct was contemptible, and the excuse not much better. Las Cases, of course, should not have allowed any other person's word to be taken, when it led to a delusion. It is possible that Savary was unacquainted with his companion's knowledge of the English—though when we recollect that Savary was minister of police, and that Las Cases was about the court of Napoleon, it is difficult to conceive his ignorance on the subject. But in all instances, there could be no apology for his fellow-Frenchman's sitting to hear conversations of which he was supposed, on the credit of Savary's word, and his own silence, to comprehend nothing.

It happily turns out, however, that all this *deceit* had only the effect of blinding the parties themselves.

"This mystification and piece of diplomatic chicanery"—we use the language of the volume—"proved in fact, rather detrimental than useful; for, no doubt, the information thus gained by surprise from Captain Maitland and his officers, contributed to induce the emperor to decide on surrendering himself to the English." The captain was too honorable a man to think of practising any chicanery on the subject; but if the two *employés* overreached themselves, so much the better.

But events now thickened. On the 12th, the Paris journals arrived, announcing the entrance of the allies into Paris, and the establishment of Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries! All was renewed confusion, consternation, and projects. On the next day Joseph Bonaparte came to the Isle of Aix, to propose the escape of his fallen brother in a merchant vessel from Bordeaux, for America, and remain in his place. This offer was generous, but it could scarcely be accepted by any human being, and it was refused. But delay was becoming

doubly hazardous. It was perfectly possible that the first measure of the new government would be an order for his seizure, and the next, for his execution. On that evening he decided to accept the offer of the *chasse-marées*, to go on board before morning, and trust to the young midshipmen and chance for his passage across the Atlantic.

We know no history more instructive than these "last days" of a fugitive emperor. That he might have escaped a week before, is certain, for the harbor was not then blockaded; that he might have made his way among the channels of that very difficult and obstructed coast, even after the blockade, is possible; that he might have found his way, by a hundred roads, out of France, or reached the remnant of his armies, is clear, for all his brothers escaped by land. But that he still hesitated—and alone hesitated; that this man—the most memorable for decision, famed for promptitude, for the discovery of the true point of danger, daring to the height of rashness, when daring was demanded—should have paused at the very instant when his fate seemed to be in his own hand, more resembles a preternatural loss of faculty than the course of nature. His whole conduct on the shore of France is to be equalled only by his conduct among the ashes of Moscow—it was infatuation.

Again the man of decision hesitated; and at four in the morning General Lallemand and Las Cases were sent on board the *Bellerophon* under the pretext of waiting for the admiral's answer, but in reality to ascertain whether the captain would express *officially* any pledge or opinion relative to Napoleon's favorable reception in England; which Las Cases had conceived him to express in his conversation with his officers, and of which this M. Las Cases was supposed not to have understood a syllable.

Captain Maitland's answer was distinct and simple. It was, "that he had yet received no information, but hourly expected it; that he was authorized to receive Napoleon on board, and convey him to England, where, according to his own opinion, he would receive all the attention and respect to which he could lay any claim." But, to prevent all presumptions on the subject, adding—"I am anxious that it should be well understood, that I am expressing only my personal opinion on this subject, and have in no respect spoken in the name of the government, having received no instructions from either the admiralty or the admiral."

It is almost painful to contemplate these scenes. What agonies must have passed through the heart of such a man, so humbled! What inevitable contrasts of the throne with the dungeon! What sense of shame in the humiliation which thus placed him at the disposal of his own few followers! What sleepless anxiety in those midnight consultations, in those exposures to public shame, in this sense of utter ruin, in this terrible despair! If some great painter shall hereafter rise to vindicate the pencil by showing its power of delineating the deepest passions of our nature, or some still greater poet shall come to revive the day of Shakespeare, and exhibit the tortures of a greater Macbeth, fallen from the highest elevation of human things into a depth of self-reproach and self-abasement to which all the powers of human language might be pale—what a subject for them were here!

The theatrical habits of the French are singu-

larly unfortunate for a nation which assumes to take an influential rank in the world. They deprive them of that capacity for coping with real things which is essential to all substantial greatness. With them the business of the world must be all melodrama, and the most common-place, or the most serious actions of life, must be connected with scene-shifting, trap-doors, and the mimic thunders of the stage. Napoleon was now in a condition the most deeply calculated to force these stern realities of life on the mind. Yet even with him all was to be dramatic; he was to throw himself on the clemency of his conqueror, like one of the heroes of Corneille. England was to stand in admiration of his magnanimous devotedness. The sovereign was to receive him with astonishment and open arms, and, after an embrace of royal enthusiasm, he was to be placed in secure splendor, cheered by the acclamations of a people hastening to do him homage. In this false and high-colored view of things, he wrote the famous and absurd note, in which he pronounced himself another Themistocles, come to sit by the hearth of the British people. A manlier, because a more rational view of things, would have told him that a war, expressly begun with a determination to overthrow his dynasty, could not be suffered to conclude by giving him the power of again disturbing the world—that his utter faithlessness prohibited the possibility of relying on his pledges—the security of the Bourbon throne absolutely demanded his being finally disabled from disturbing its authority—England owed it to her allies to prevent a repetition of the numberless calamities which his reign had inflicted upon Europe, and owed it to herself to prevent all necessity for the havoc of a new Waterloo.

The national passion for a *coup de théâtre* rendered all this knowledge of no avail, and he flung himself at the feet of the prince regent, with the flattering phraseology of claiming protection "from the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies."

The step was now taken. On the 15th of July, at daybreak, he left the Isle of Aix, and entered one of the boats which was to convey him on board the *Bellerophon*. He had still a parting pang to undergo. As he looked round the shore, a white flag was flying on all the ships and batteries. All the rest of this curious narrative has been already given to the world. We have no desire to repeat the details.

Count Montholon, in his fondness for excitement, here states that a privy council was held on the question, whether the terms of the congress of Vienna prevented England from giving up Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., adding, that "the despatches of the Duke of Wellington urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations." This we utterly disbelieve; and, if we required additional reasons for our disbelief, it would be in the count's telling us that the energetic opposition of the Duke of Sussex alone prevented the delivery of the prisoner—there not being perhaps any prince, or any individual of England, less likely to have weight in the councils of the existing government.

Without presuming to trace the steps of Providence, it is natural and not unwise to follow them in those leading transactions which give a character to their times, or which complete events decisive of the fates of eminent men or nations. One of the most characteristic and abhorred acts of the

entire life of the French Emperor, was his imprisonment of the English who were travelling in his country at the commencement of his reign. The act was the most treacherous within human record—it was perfidy on the largest scale. Europe had been often scandalized by breaches of political faith, but the agents and the sufferers were sovereigns and nations. But in this instance the blow fell upon individuals with the most sudden treachery, the most causeless tyranny, and the most sweeping ruin. Twelve thousand individuals, travelling under the protection of the imperial laws, wholly incapable of being regarded by those laws as prisoners, and relying on the good faith of the government, were seized as felons, put under duress, separated from their families in England, suddenly deprived of their means of existence, stopt in the progress of their professions, plundered of their property, and kept under the most vigilant surveillance for eleven years.

The retribution now fell, and that retribution exactly in the form of the crime by which it was drawn down. We give a few extracts of the document by which Napoleon protested against his detention, as a most complete, though unconscious indictment against his own act eleven years before.

Protest at sea, on board the *Bellerophon*, August, 1815—"In the face of God and man, I solemnly protest against the injury which has been committed upon me, by the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of *my person and liberty*.

"I came freely on board the *Bellerophon*, and *am not a prisoner*—I am the *guest of England*.

"I presented myself in good faith, and came to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. As soon as I set my foot on board the *Bellerophon*, I felt myself on the soil of the British people. If the orders issued by the government to receive myself and my suite were merely intended as a snare, then they have *forfeited their bond*. If such an act were really done, it would be in vain for England in future to speak of her faith, her laws, and her liberty.

"She pretended to offer the *hand of hospitality* to an enemy, and when he had trusted to her *fidelity*, she immolated him."

If the *détenus* at Verdun, and scattered through the various fortresses of France, had drawn up a petition against the desperate act which had consigned them to captivity, they might have anticipated the language with which Napoleon went to the dungeon, that was never to send him back again amongst mankind.

There was but one preliminary to his departure now to take place. It was the execution of an order from the government to examine the baggage in the strictest manner, and to require the surrender of all money or jewels of value in the possession of Napoleon and his suite. Necessary as this act was, for the prevention of bribery, and attempts to escape from St. Helena, not for any undue seizure of private property, for a most ample allowance was already appointed by the government for the expenses of the prisoner, this duty seems to have been most imperfectly performed. As the count tells us, "the grand-marshal, gave up 4000 Napoleons, as constituting the Emperor's chest. We kept secret about 400,000 francs in gold—from three to four hundred thousand francs in valuables and diamonds, and letters of credit for more than four million of francs." Whether this immense sum was overlooked by the extraordinary

negligence of those whose duty it was to fulfil the orders of government, or whether their search was baffled, the narrative does not disclose. But there can be no question that the suite were bound to deliver up all that they possessed; and that there can be as little question that with such sums of money at his disposal, Napoleon's subsequent complaints of poverty were ridiculous, and that the subsequent sale of his plate to supply his table was merely for the purpose of exciting a clamor, and was charlatanish and contemptible.

We pass rapidly over the details of the voyage. Napoleon spent a considerable part of his time on the quarter-deck, took opportunities of conversing affably with the officers, and even with the crew. On one occasion, after some conversation with the master, he invited him to dine at the admiral's table. The master declined the invitation, as a sin against naval etiquette. "Oh! in that case," said Napoleon, "you must come and dine in my own cabin." The admiral, however, had the good sense to tell Napoleon, that any one invited by him to the honor of sitting at his table, was, by that circumstance alone, placed above all rule of etiquette, and that the master should be welcome to dinner next day. This conduct, of course, made him very popular on board; but the chief interest of these important volumes is in the conversations which he held from time to time with the officers, and especially in the long details of his military and imperial career, which he dictated at St. Helena, and which make the true novelty and value of the work. In one of those conversations which he had with them, he referred emphatically to his own efforts to make France a great naval power. "Unfortunately," said he, "I found nobody who understood me. During the expedition to Egypt, I cast my eyes on Decrès. I reckoned on him for understanding and executing my projects in regard to the navy. I was mistaken; his passion was to form a police, and to find out, by means of the smugglers, every web which your ministers, or the intriguers of Hartwell, were weaving against me. He had no enlarged ideas; always the spirit of locality and insignificant detail—paralyzing my views." He then proceeded to state the hopeless condition of the French navy when he assumed the throne. The navy of Louis XVI. was no longer in existence; the Republic possessed but four ships of the line; the taking of Toulon, the battle of the river Jenes in 1793—of Rochefort in 1794, and finally, the battle of Aboukir, had given the death-blow to the navy. "Well, notwithstanding the disaster of Trafalgar, which I owe entirely to the disobedience of Admiral Villeneuve, I left to France one hundred ships of the line, and 80,000 sailors and marines, and all this in a reign of ten years." The truth is, that the attempt to make the French navy was one of the preëminent blunders of Napoleon. France is naturally a great military power, but her people are not maritime. England is not naturally a great military power, but her people are maritime. France has an immense land frontier which can be defended only by a land force. England has no land frontier at all. The sea is her only frontier, and it, of course, can be defended only by a fleet. A fleet is not a necessary of existence to France. A fleet is a necessary of existence to England. It is therefore self-evident that France only wastes her power in dividing it between her fleet and her army; and may be a great power, without having a ship; while England is compelled

to concentrate her strength upon her fleet, and without her fleet must be undone. Thus the law of existence, which is equivalent to a law of nature, gives the naval superiority to England. There are symptoms in France, at the present day, of falling into Napoleon's blunder, and of imagining the possibility of her becoming the naval rival of England. That she may build ships is perfectly possible, and that she may crowd them with a naval conscription is equally possible. But the first collision will show her the utter folly of contending with her partial strength against the power on which England rests her defence—a struggle between a species of volunteer and adventurous aggression, and the stern and desperate defence in which the safety of a nation is supremely involved.

On crossing the Line, the triumph of Neptune was celebrated in the usual grotesque style. The Deity of the Sea requested permission to make acquaintance with Napoleon, who received him graciously, and presented him with five hundred Napoleons for himself and the crew, upon which he was rewarded with three cheers, and "Long live the Emperor Napoleon!"

On the 16th of October, 1815, the Northumberland cast anchor in the roads at St. Helena. The count remarks that the 17th, the day on which he disembarked, reminded him of a disastrous day. It was the anniversary of the last day of the battle of Leipsig. If distance from all the habitable parts of the globe were to be the merits of Napoleon's prison, nothing could have been more appropriate than the island of St. Helena. It was two thousand leagues from Europe, twelve hundred leagues from the Cape, and nine hundred from any continent. A volcanic rock in the centre of the ocean.

In the month of April, the frigate Phaeton anchored in the roads, having the new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, with his family, on board. Sir Hudson is now where neither praise nor blame can reach him, but the choice was unfortunate in the very point for which probably he had been chosen;—he had been colonel of the Corsican regiment in our service, had served much in the Mediterranean, and had already been (as far as we remember) the object of Napoleon's bitterness in some of his Italian manifestoes. There can be no doubt that the mildest of governors would have been no favorite with the prisoner of Longwood. But in the present instance Napoleon's blood boiled at the idea of being placed under the jurisdiction of the colonel of the Corsican rangers; and he, accordingly, took every opportunity of exhibiting his indignation—a sort of feeling which, in a foreigner, and especially one of southern blood, always amounts to fury.

We pass over a multitude of minor circumstances, though all characteristic, and all invaluable to the historian of the next century; but which would retard the more interesting conversations of the extraordinary captive. On the communication of the convention signed at Paris in August, 1815, declaring him the prisoner of the four allied powers, and the announcement of the commissioners under whose charge he was to be placed, Napoleon burst out into a passionate remonstrance, which, however, he addressed only to the people around him. On those occasions he always adopted that abrupt and decisive style which in a Frenchman passes for oracular.

"The expenses of my captivity will certainly

exceed ten millions of francs a year. It has not been the will of fate that my work should finish by effecting the social reorganization of Europe." He then ran into his old boasting of his probable triumph in his great collision with the British army. "At Waterloo I ought to have been victorious—the chances were a hundred to one in my favor; but Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of 42,000 Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousands of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken *flagrante delicto*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with 40,000 men, suffered Bulow and Blücher to escape from him; and finally, a heavy fall of rain had made the ground so soft that it was impossible to commence the attack at daybreak. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the defiles of the forest before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It was lost without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe, the recognition of the interests of the masses and of the democracy."

Napoleon was always fluent on this subject; but the only true matter of surprise is, that so clever a personage should have talked such nonsense. In the first place, he must have known that Ney with his 40,000 men had been soundly beaten by about half that number, and was thus unable to move a step beyond Quatre-Bras. In the next, that Grouchy, instead of suffering the Prussians to escape him, was gallantly fought by their rear-guard, was unable to make any impression whatever on them, and if he had not made his escape in the night, would unquestionably have been crushed to pieces the next day: and thirdly, as to the English armies being saved by the rain, the Duke of Wellington fought the French from eleven in the forenoon till seven in the evening without being driven an inch from the ground. If the French could not beat him in eight hours, they could not beat him in as many days. It was not until seven in the evening that the Prussian guns were heard coming into the field. Even then they were a mile and a half from Wellington's position. The British then charged, swept the French before them, Napoleon himself running away amongst the foremost, leaving 40,000 of his troops on the field or in the hands of the enemy. It would have been much wiser to have said not a syllable upon the battle, or much manlier to have acknowledged that he was more thoroughly beaten than he had ever seen an army beaten before; and that with 72,000 French veterans in the field, he had been routed and ruined by 25,000 British, three fourths of whom had never fired a shot before in their lives.

We have from time to time some curious acknowledgments of the political treacheries which formed the actual system of Napoleon's government, whether consular or imperial. On dictating a note relative to St. Domingo to Count Montholon, he elucidated this policy in the most unequivocal manner. It will be remembered that, on the peace of Amiens, he had sent out a powerful fleet and an army of thirty thousand men to the West Indies. It will also be remembered, that in reply to the remonstrance of the British government, who naturally looked on so formidable an armament with considerable suspicion, the First Consul disclaimed in the most solemn manner all sinister views; pronounced, with every appearance of sincerity, that

his sole object was the subjection of a French island then in revolt, and when this object was effected his whole purpose would be accomplished. But in St. Helena, where candor cost nothing, he amply acknowledged the treachery. "I had two plans," said he, "for St. Domingo. The first was that of acknowledging the power of the blacks, making Toussaint L'Ouverture governor, and, in fact, making St. Domingo a West Indian viceroyalty. This plan was my favorite, and why? The French flag would acquire a great development of power in the American waters, and a variety of expeditions might have been undertaken against Jamaica and all the Antilles, and against South America, with an army of thirty thousand blacks trained and disciplined by French officers."

We are to remember that at this time he was at peace with both England and Spain, whose territories he was thus about to dismember; for we cannot believe that the affairs of St. Domingo were suffered greatly to occupy his mind. In the busy days from Marengo to the loss of Egypt, and the conclusion of peace, he had intended to have raised a universal negro insurrection in our islands. Upon the colors of his negro army he was to have inscribed "Brave blacks, remember that France alone recognizes your liberty"—which would have been, in fact, a manifesto, calling upon all the negroes of the West Indies to revolt without delay. But the negroes of St. Domingo, having formed plans of liberty for themselves, dispatched one of their colonels with a demand of independence. The chance, therefore, of invading Jamaica through their means was extinguished at once, and France was punished by the loss of her greatest colony forever.

In a conversation with Colonel Wilks, the ex-governor, on taking his leave, he told him that India had been constantly an object of his policy—that he had constantly assailed it by negotiations, and would have reached it by arms, had he been able to come to an understanding with the Emperor of Russia on the partition of Turkey. He then talked of his constant wish for peace—a declaration which the colonel probably received with a smile; and next disclosed a transaction, which, on any other authority, would have been incredible, but which amounted to perhaps the boldest and broadest piece of bribery ever attempted with a distinguished minister.

While the French army was still on the right bank of the Elbe, the offer of the Austrian mediation was brought by Prince Metternich, demanding, as a preliminary, the abandonment of the great German fortresses which still remained in French hands.

"I said to Metternich with indignation," are the words of this singular conference—"Is it my father-in-law who entertains such a project? Is it he who sends you to me? How much has England *given you*, to induce you to play this game against me? Have I not done enough for your fortune? It is of no consequence—be *frank*—what is it *you wish*? If *twenty millions* will not satisfy you, say *what you wish*?"

He adds, that on this scandalous offer of corruption, Metternich's sudden sullenness and total silence recalled him to a sense of what he had just expressed, and that thenceforth he had found this great minister wholly impracticable. Who can wonder that he did so, or that the offer was regarded as the deepest injury by a man of honor? But Napoleon's conception of the matter, to the

last was evidently not that he had committed an act of bribery, but that he had "mistaken his man." "It was," as Fouché observed, "worse than a crime, it was a *blunder*."

One of the absurdities of the crowd who collected anecdotes of Napoleon, was a perpetual affectation of surprise that he should not have terminated his imprisonment by his own hand. He was conscious of the imputation, and it seems to have formed the occasional subject of his thoughts. But his powerful understanding soon saw through the sophistry of that species of dramatic heroism, by which a man escapes "with a bare bodkin" all the duties and responsibilities of his being.

"I have always regarded it," said he, "as a maxim, that a man exhibits more real courage by supporting calamities and resisting misfortunes, than by putting an end to his life. Self-destruction is the act of a gambler who has lost all, or that of a ruined spendthrift, and proves nothing but a want of courage."

The attempts to prove that Napoleon wanted personal intrepidity were at all times childish. His whole career in his Italian campaigns was one of personal exposure, and from the period when he rose into civil eminence, he had other responsibilities than those of the mere general. His life was no longer his own; it was the keystone of the government. Whether as consul or as emperor, his fall would have brought down along with it the whole fabric on which the fate of so many others immediately depended. It is, however, certain, that his courage was not chivalric, that no gallant fit of glory ever tempted him beyond the necessary degree of peril, and that he calculated the gain and loss of personal enterprise with too nice a view as to the balance of honor and advantage. A man of higher mind—an emperor who had not forgot that he was a general, would never have deserted his perishing army in Poland; an emperor who had not forgot that he was a soldier, would never have sent his imperial guard, shouting, to massacre, and stayed himself behind. But to expect this devotion of courage is to expect a spirit which Napoleon never exhibited; and which is singular among the military exploits of the south. Napoleon might have commanded at Plattea, but he would never have died at Thermopylae.

In days like ours, which begin to familiarize men with the chances of political convulsion, it may be well worth while to listen to the conceptions of one who better knew the nature of the French Revolution than perhaps any among the great actors of the time. Napoleon was sitting by his fireside, in St. Helena, on the 3d of September:—

"To-day," said he, "is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution—a bloody stain, which was the act of the commune of Paris, a rival power of the legislature, which built its strength upon the *dregs of the passions of the people*. * * * We must acknowledge, that there has been no political change without a fit of popular vengeance, as soon as, for any cause whatever, the mass of the people enter into action. * * *

General rule:—*No social revolution without terror!* Every revolution is in principle a *revolt*, which time and success ennoble and render legal; but of which terror has been one of the *inevitable phases*. How, indeed, can we understand, that one could say to those who possess fortune and public situations, 'Be gone, and leave us your fortunes and your situa-

tions,' without first intimidating them, and rendering any defence impossible! The reign of terror began, in fact, on the night of the 4th of August, when privileges, nobility, tithes, the remains of the feudal system, and the fortunes of the clergy, were done away with, and *all those remains of the old monarchy* were thrown to the people. Then only did the people understand the Revolution, because they gained something and wished to keep it, even at the expense of blood."

This language is memorable. It ought to be a lesson to England. Napoleon here pronounces, that the great stimulant of political revolution is public robbery. Privileges may be the pretence, but the real object is plunder; and the progress of reason may be alleged as the instrument, but the true weapon is terror. In England, we are preparing the way for a total change. The groundwork of a revolution is laid from hour to hour; the aristocracy, the church, the landed proprietors, are made objects of popular libel, only preparatory to their being made objects of popular assault. The League has not yet taken upon it the office of the Commune of Paris, nor have the nobles, the clergy, and the bankers, been massacred in the prisons; but when once the popular passions are kindled by the hopes of national plunder, the revolution will have begun, and then farewell to the constitution. The habits of England, we willingly allow, are opposed to public cruelty; and in the worst excesses, the France of 1793 would probably leave us behind. But the principle in every nation is the same—the possessors of property will resist, the plunderers of property will fight; conflicting banners will be raised, and, after desperate struggles, the multitude will be the masters of the land.

There can be nothing more evident, than that some of the leaders in these new movements contemplate the overthrow of the monarchy. There may be mere dupes in their ranks, the spirit of money-making may be the temper of others; but there are darker minds among them which scarcely condescend to conceal their intentions. The presidentship of a British republic would be not without its charms for the demagogue; and the bloody revolution of 1641, might rapidly find its still more sanguinary counterpart in the revolution of the nineteenth century. We have the history in the annals of France, and the commentator is the "child and champion of Jacobinism"—Napoleon.

His impression that revolution always fixed its especial object in plunder, found another authority in one of the peculiar agents of public disturbance. "Barrère," said Napoleon, "affirmed, and truly, *Le peuple bat monnaie sur la place Louis XV.*" ("The people coin money in the square of Louis XV.")—alluding to the guillotine, which enriched the treasury by the death of the nobles, whose wealth became the property of the nation.

He proceeded, with equal decision and truth: "A revolution is always, whatever some may think, one of the greatest misfortunes with which the Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the generation which brings it about; and for a long course of years, even a century, it is the misfortune of all, though it may be the advantage of individuals."

Napoleon spent the chief portion of his time in dictating the recollections of his government, and general defences of his conduct. Those dictations were sometimes written down by Montholon, and

sometimes by Las Cases. But in November, 1816, an order was issued for the arrest of Las Cases, and his dismissal from the island, in consequence of his attempting to send, without the knowledge of the governor, a letter to Prince Lucien, sowed up in the clothes of a mulatto. This arrest made a prodigious noise among the household of Napoleon, and was turned to good advantage in England, as an instance of the cruelty of his treatment. Yet it seems perfectly probable that the whole was a trick of the ex-emperor himself, and a mere contrivance for the purpose of sending to Europe Las Cases as an agent in his service.

The security of Napoleon's imprisonment was essential to the peace of Europe; and no precaution could be justly regarded as severe, which prevented an outbreak so hazardous to the quiet of the world. Among these precautions, was the strictest prohibition of carrying on any correspondence with Europe, except through the hands of the governor. The whole household were distinctly pledged to the observance of this order, and any infraction of it was to be punished by instant arrest and deportation from the island.

An order had been sent from England to reduce the number of the household by four domestics; and it seems not improbable that Napoleon's craft was suddenly awakened to the prospect of establishing a confidential intercourse with the faction whom he had left behind. But the four domestics were obviously inadequate to this object, and some person of higher condition was necessary. Las Cases some time before had attempted to send a letter to Europe by the mulatto. The fellow had been detected, and was threatened with a flogging if he repeated the experiment; yet it was to this same mulatto that Las Cases committed another letter, which the mulatto immediately carried to the governor, and Las Cases was arrested in consequence. Napoleon was instantly indignant, and vented his rage against the cruelty of the arrest, at the same time expressing his scorn at the clumsiness of Las Cases in delivering his letter to so awkward a messenger. But, whatever might be his pretended wonder at the want of dexterity in the count, it was exceeded by his indignation at the conduct of the governor. "Longwood," he writes in a long and formal protest against his detention, "is wrapped in a veil which he would fain make impenetrable, in order to hide criminal conduct. This peculiar care to conceal matters gives room to suspect the most odious intentions." This was obviously a hint that the governor's purpose was to put him secretly to death: a hint which neither Napoleon nor any other human being could have believed.

But in alluding to the arrest of the count, he touches closely on the acknowledgment of the intrigue.

"I looked through the window," he said, "and saw them taking you away. A numerous staff pranced about you. I imagined I saw some South Sea Islanders dancing round the prisoners whom they were about to devour!" After this Italian extravaganza, he returns to his object. "Your services were necessary to me. You alone could read, speak, and understand English. Nevertheless, I request you, and in case of need, command you, to require the governor to send you to the continent. He cannot refuse, because he has no power over you, except through the voluntary document which you signed. It would be great

consolation to me to know that you were on your way to more happy countries."

This letter was carried by Bertrand to the governor for Las Cases, and "the wished-for effect was produced on Sir Hudson Lowe, as soon as he saw the terms in which the emperor expressed his regret." We are fairly entitled to doubt the sincerity of the wish; for on Sir Hudson's offering to let Las Cases remain at Longwood, a new obstacle instantly arose—the count declared that "to remain was utterly impossible;" his honor was touched; he absolutely must go; or, as Count Montholon describes this happy punctilio—"Unfortunately Las Cases, influenced by extreme susceptibility of honor, thought himself bound to refuse the governor's offer. He felt himself too deeply outraged by the insult; he explained this to the grand-marshal, and we were obliged to renounce the hope of seeing him again." Then came the finale of this diplomatic farce. "It was in vain that the emperor sent Bertrand and Gourgaud to persuade him to renounce his determination; he was resolved to leave the island; and on the 20th of December, 1816, he quitted St. Helena."

We have but little doubt that the whole was a mystification. The gross folly of sending a secret dispatch by the same man of color who had been detected by the governor, and threatened with punishment for the attempt to convey a letter; the bustle made on the subject at Longwood; the refusal of Las Cases to comply with Napoleon's request to remain, which, if it had been sincere, would have been equivalent to a command; and the conduct of Las Cases immediately on his arrival in Europe, his publications and activity, amply show the object of his return. But a simple arrangement on the governor's part disconcerted the whole contrivance. Instead of transmitting Las Cases to Europe, Sir Hudson Lowe sent him to the Cape; where he was further detained, until permission was sent from England for his voyage to Europe. On his arrival Napoleon's days were already numbered, and all dexterity was in vain. We have adverted to this transaction chiefly for the credit which it reflects on the governor. It shows his vigilance to have been constantly necessary; it also shows him to have been willing to regard Napoleon's convenience when it was possible; and it further shows that he was not destitute of the sagacity which was so fully required in dealing with the *coterie* at Longwood.

Napoleon's habits of dictating his memoirs must have been formidable toil to his secretaries. He sometimes dictated for twelve or fourteen hours, with scarcely an intermission. He spoke rapidly, and it was necessary to follow him as rapidly as he spoke, and never to make him repeat the last word. His first dictation was a mere revival of his recollections, without any order. The copy of his first dictation served as notes to the second, and the copy of this second became the subject of his personal revision; but he, unfortunately for his transcribers, made his corrections almost always in pencil, as he thus avoided staining his fingers—no woman being more careful in preserving the delicacy of her hands.

Those dictations must be regarded as the studied defences of Napoleon against the heavy charges laid against his government.

We have now given a general glance at the career of the French emperor, as exhibited to us in these

Recollections. He strikingly showed, in all the details of his government, the characteristics of his own nature. Impetuous, daring, and contemptuous of the feelings of mankind, from the first hour of his public life, his government was, like himself, the model of fierceness, violence, and disregard of human laws. Whatever was to him an object of ambition, was instantly in his grasp; whatever he seized was made the instrument of a fresh seizure; and whatever he possessed he mastered in the fullest spirit of tyranny. He was to be supreme; the world was to be composed of *his* soldiery, his serfs, courtiers, and tools. The earth was to be only an incalculable population of French slaves. There was to be but one man free upon the globe, and that man Napoleon.

We find, in this romance of power, the romance of his education. It has been often said, that he was Oriental in all his habits. His plan of supremacy bore all the stamp of Orientalism—the solitary pomp, the inflexible will, the unshared power, and the inexorable revenge. The throne of the empire was as isolated as the seraglio. It was surrounded by all the strength of terror and craft, more formidable than battlements and bastions. Its interior was as mysterious as its exterior was magnificent; no man was suffered to approach it but as soldier or slave; its will was heard only by the roaring of cannon; the overthrow of a minister, the proclamation of a war, or the announcement of a dynasty crushed and a kingdom overrun, were the only notices to Europe of the doings within that central place of power.

But, with all the genius of Napoleon, he overlooked the true principles of supremacy. All power must be pyramidal to be secure. The base must not only be broad, but the gradations of the pile must be regular to the summit. With Napoleon the pyramid was inverted—it touched the earth but in one point; and the very magnitude of the mass resting upon his single fortune, exposed it to overthrow at the first change of circumstances.

Still, he was an extraordinary being. No man of Europe has played so memorable a part on the great theatre of national events for the last thousand years. The French revolution had been the palpable work of Providence, for the punishment of a long career of kingly guilt, consummated by an unparalleled act of perfidy, the partition of Poland. The passions of men had been made the means of punishing the vices of government. When the cup was full, Napoleon was sent to force it upon the startled lips of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The three conspirators were crushed in bloody encounters—the capitals of the three were captured—the provinces of the three were plundered—and the military pride of the three was humiliated by contemptuous and bitter conditions of peace.

But, when the destined work was done, the means were required no more. When the victims were broken on the wheel, the wheel and the executioner were alike hurried from the sight of man. The empire of France was extinguished by the same sovereign law which had permitted its existence. The man who had guided the empire in its track of devastation—the soul of all its strength, of its ambition, and its evil—was swept away. And as if for the final moral of human arrogance,

France was subjected to a deeper humiliation than had been known in the annals of national reverses since the fall of Rome; and the ruler of France was plunged into a depth of defeat, a bitterness of degradation, an irreparable ruin, of which the civilized world possesses no example. His army destroyed in Russia by the hand of Him who rules the storm—the last forces of his empire massacred in Belgium—his crown struck off by the British sword—his liberty fettered by British chains—the remnant of his years worn away in a British dungeon, and his whole dynasty flung along with him into the political tomb, were only the incidents of the great judicial process of our age. The world has been suffered to return to peace; while the sepulchre of this man of boundless but brief grandeur, has been suffered to stand in the midst of that nation which most requires the great lesson—that ambition always pays for its splendor by its calamities; that the strength of a nation is in the justice of its councils; and that he “who uses the sword shall perish by the sword!”

THE RAIL-ROAD TO VENICE.—Since the Fates have decreed that the modern improvement and convenience of a railroad is to introduce the sea-born goddess to all comers for the future, it is impossible that such a design could be more worthily carried out, or that anything more magnificent, surprising, or suitable to the city could have been projected than the fine range of arches which rise out of the blue waters, and span the sea for three miles in a straight line, throwing a chain of stone from one projection of land to the other. So splendid and so singular is the effect it produces, that it strikes me as appearing quite in character with the ancient reputation of Venice, when her wealth could compel the elements to obedience, and it is a comforting reflection that this beautiful aqueduct, for such it seems and indeed will answer the purpose of such, will perhaps restore the ruined commerce of the Queen of the Lagoon, and she may once more raise her diademed head amongst the cities, lofty and commanding as of yore. Probably by the time these reminiscences have passed through the press, this wondrous railroad will be completed, and Venice be made as easy of access as any other town of the north of Italy. A continuation is projected to Milan, and, if the consent of the King of Sardinia can be gained, Turin will be joined to that: how rapid then will be the route from Paris to Lyons, and from Turin to Venice. If human ingenuity could make the road across the eternal mountains of snow less perilous, Venice and Paris could shake hands in a day. I could not help looking on the stupendous bridge of three miles, which was so rapidly advancing towards completion, with admiration, from the covered boat in which we were seated, as it bounded over the waves: we were the sole passengers to Venice, except a French gentleman who appeared connected with the works, and who was merely going to the city for letters. He had, he informed us, never seen its wonders, as he only visited it on business, and should remain as short a time as possible there, as he considered it a “triste sejour!”—*Miss Costello's Italy.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE STEPSON.

FROM THE PAPERS OF G. G., SOMETIME SENIOR ASSESSOR OF THE PROVINCIAL COURT OF CIVIL AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN ZELL.

ABOUT half a mile from Zell, in a solitary house which is now uninhabited, lived, some twelve years ago, on his half-pay, and the interest of a reasonable amount of prize-money, a retired naval officer, named (or who shall here be named) Sturmgang. He was an austere and rugged-tempered man, despotic, it was said, in his house as he had been on the deck of his ship, and therefore instinctively averse to coming into contact with general society. In fact, he visited nobody, and the only visits he was known to receive were those of the Pastor Walding, sub-rector of the high-school in Zell, the brother of his deceased second wife, and a man whose severe character and chilling manners were the perfect counterpart of his own. Captain Sturmgang's domestic establishment consisted of two females—a youngish housekeeper and an oldish maid; in addition to whom his house possessed one other inmate, in the person of Christian Schein, the son of his second wife by a former marriage. The old officer had himself had no children by the mother of this young man; but his first wife had borne him a son, who, singular to tell, was now a shopkeeper in Zell, and supported himself, with his young wife and two children, in a struggling way, by the meagre profits of a retail business.

It was generally known that the two Sturmgangs, the elder and the younger, lived on a footing of great mutual exasperation, and the ground of this was believed to be a lawsuit in which they had been engaged some years before, and in which the son had cast his father, with costs. Since that time, they had neither seen nor communicated with each other; more than one attempt, on the part of common friends, to bring about a reconciliation, had been repulsed by both parties with a degree of violence that seemed greatly disproportioned to the supposed cause of the quarrel; and the elder Sturmgang had at length peremptorily forbid all mention of his son's name in his presence, which, of course, had precluded any further attempt of the kind.

Matters were in this state when an application was made, on the part of Captain Sturmgang, to the provincial court, praying that a commission might be appointed, to visit him at his house of Dornfeld, to take cognizance of his testamentary dispositions, as his health did not permit him to come to Zell, for the purpose. This business was placed in my hands, and I went out to Dornfeld the following day, accompanied by a junior assessor and the clerk of the court.

I found the old man (he was in his sixty-eighth year) sitting in an arm-chair, his feet and legs enveloped in flannel wrappers, sick in body, yet not in a state to give immediate apprehensions for his life. His stepson and his brother-in-law were with him.

We proceeded at once to business: the preamble of the testament was drawn up in the usual form, and I called on Captain Sturmgang to dictate his will.

"Well," said he, "write, in the first place, I disinherit my son, Ludwig Sturmgang, merchant in Zell, for reasons which I need not mention: he knows them."

"It is my duty, Captain Sturmgang," said I, "to make you acquainted with the law on this point. The father who disinherits his son, without grounds which the law recognizes as valid, is considered as of unsound mind, and his will, on application of the injured party, at once set aside. I am aware that you have had disagreements with your son, which unfortunately could not be settled without an appeal to a court of justice; but I must tell you that the law does not admit this as a sufficient ground for the proceeding you meditate."

"Humph! and what grounds *does* the law admit as sufficient for such a proceeding?"

"To enumerate them all would exhaust your patience, if not my own; but I will mention a few, and you will see how little likely is it that any among them should apply to the present case. For instance, then, when a son has accused his father of an offence against the state, has treated him in a way that compromises his—the father's—honor, has corporeally maltreated or assaulted him, has practised against his life, has—"

"Quite enough! I have legal grounds, and I disinherit him as I have said."

"But I must further inform you," proceeded I, "that the grounds of disinheritance must be expressly stated in the instrument, and must be sustainable by proof; otherwise the act is null and void."

"Does the law require that?"

"It does."

"In the devil's name, then, write—I disinherit my son Ludwig, because he has practised against my life."

I was mute for a moment with surprise and horror, and could only gaze blankly on the old man.

"And this accusation," said I at length, "is true?"

"That's my affair. Let Ludwig Sturmgang contest the truth of it, if he has the courage. The proofs will not die with me."

"The proofs? Let me remind you, Captain Sturmgang, that in a matter so improbable in itself proof should be of no common cogency."

"I have proof sufficient—proof conclusive—proof that would satisfy any jury in Europe."

"May I ask how long ago it is that your son committed this great crime?"

"Three years ago."

"I wish, Captain Sturmgang, you would reconsider this matter. In the space of time you mention, what changes may have taken place in the character of your son. Will you not try what he is *now*, before you punish him for what he was *then*? Come, my dear sir, we have all of us need of forgiveness, and I do trust you will not carry your resentment against your son into another world."

"The learned assessor," interrupted the sub-rector in his grating voice, the driest that ever fell upon mortal ear, "seems inclined to dabble in *our* craft, and to preach instead of minding his protocols."

I looked at the man with astonishment. A sneer that I could not help thinking infernal, wreathed his thin lips, and his grey eyes looked hemlock at me from under their shaggy and overhanging brows. Behind him stood his nephew, with cheeks white as paper, and drops of sweat standing visibly on his forehead.

"Sir," said I, addressing the clergyman with

looks, I believe, expressive of all the indignation I felt, "I know, if you do not, what belongs to my office. I am ignorant neither of its rights nor of its duties; and, to make you acquainted with one of the former, of which you are, perhaps, not aware—let me inform you that I am empowered to direct the removal of persons who thrust themselves, uncalled, into the business I am engaged in. Should you think proper a second time to interrupt me, I shall exercise this right, and insist on your quitting the room. You will be good enough to bear that in mind."

The sub-rector replied to this threat only by a glance, which would have made a believer in the "evil eye" go home and take to his bed. The stepson could not control his agitation; he trembled from head to foot, and seemed to grow positively sick with terror. These two persons made a singularly unpleasant impression on me, and I only wished that the uncle had indulged in another effusion of bile, to give me an excuse for getting rid of him. The old captain fidgeted in his arm-chair; his brow portended storm; however, he put constraint on himself, and said coldly,

"I beg that what I have dictated to the clerk of the court may now be written. I disinherit my son, Ludwig Sturmgang, because of his having practised against my life."

"It is written," said I with equal coldness.

He proceeded—

"I appoint my stepson, Christian Schein, here present, my sole heir, and bequeath to him all the property, real and personal, which I shall die possessed of."

The uncle and nephew exchanged a rapid glance. The young man's eyes blazed with triumph, and the blood, which had forsaken his very lips, flowed in a full tide back to his cheek and brow.

The invalid proceeded—

"To my housekeeper, Theresa Froberg, I bequeath thirty *louis d'or*, and to my maid Margareta Reuter the bed on which I shall die, with all its appurtenances."

After some other unimportant dispositions, he said he had nothing more to add. The clerk jumped up to call for a light to seal the instrument, and opened the door hastily, when a loud scream was heard from the antechamber: the Demoiselle Froberg's ear had, it seems, been *rather* near the keyhole, and the door and her head had come into somewhat ungente contact. The captain was furious at this discovery, and it required the intercessions of both his stepson and the sub-rector to withhold him from adding a postscript to his will, revoking the legacy bestowed on the fair inquisitive.

The testament was signed and sealed, the captain invited us to lunch, but we declined, and returned to Zell, in no cheerful mood. As for me, I could not get the events of the morning out of my head: I read stories by the dozen, in which one brother juggled the other out of his inheritance by diabolical machinations; I had seen plays, in which similar treason furnished the materials of the plot. Schiller's Franz Moor and this sneaking Christian Schein were blended by a curious association of ideas in my thoughts. Who knows, thought I, what devilry may be here at work! The reverend sub-rector seemed to me quite capable of playing the Mephistopheles of the drama, and the eves-dropping housekeeper—a comely person, though not in the first bloom of youth—might fill the part of one of his ministering fallen

angels. I determined to look farther into the matter.

My first step was to get information respecting the person and circumstances of Ludwig Sturmgang, and all that I heard told in his favor: he was known in the town for an upright, industrious and well-conducted man, but had, it seemed, inherited the fiery, impetuous temper of his father. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and was the father of two children—a boy of eighteen months and an infant in the cradle: his wife was described to me as a good and gentle creature, devoted to her husband and her little ones; his business was not flourishing; he was able to live by it, but in a very straitened way.

My next step was to go to him, to see what light he could or would afford me on the affair. I found him in his shop, and requested to be permitted to speak a few words with him in private. Telling his shop-boy to attend to the business, he led me into his sitting-parlor, which looked very orderly and neat. An open door gave me a momentary glimpse into the bed-room, where I discovered the young wife, her foot rocking the cradle, her fingers occupied in needle-work.

Sturmgang closed the door, and begged me to sit down.

"I don't know," said I, "whether I have to tell you who I am?"

"Oh! no, Mr. Assessor," cried he, "I know you very well. I have stood before now as a plaintiff at your green table."

"I will tell you, without preface, Mr. Sturmgang, what brings me here. I have got, without my seeking it, a peep into your family secrets."

"I know: you have been with my father about his will. Ay, ay, I have been expecting that; I was prepared for it, quite."

"You know the tenor of the will?"

"I can guess it."

"Mr. Sturmgang, I have a great desire to reconcile you with your father."

"That is impossible, Mr. Assessor; that is out of the question. After what has passed between us, I will never stretch out the hand of reconciliation, nor would he accept it if I did. When I say," added he, "I will never stretch out the hand, I mean unless——"

"Well: unless?"

"Unless he acknowledge the wrong he has done me, and ask my forgiveness."

"The father ask forgiveness of the son! And do you, then, feel yourself so free from all blame! Have you contributed nothing to the rise or the increase of this mutual hatred?"

"Who says I hate my father! God forbid I were so abandoned! But I don't love him: how could I, when he never loved me! And to humble myself before him, when I am the injured party! To own myself in the wrong, when I am not! And that for money! I would beg first—I would starve first."

"Well then, Mr. Sturmgang, do you not believe that your father would speak exactly as you do?—that he too would cry, 'What, humble myself where I have been injured—own myself wrong where I am right!' Where a quarrel is, my dear sir, there are two parties, and the cases are rare indeed in which the blame lies entirely on one side. But—suppose the present to be one of those rare cases—what does it come to? A father has offended his son; is it too much to ask the son to forgive his father?"

"I would forgive with all my heart, if—in fact,

let him take the first step, and there is no one readier for a reconciliation than I."

"If you and he were brothers, I should have no ground to urge you further, but you are the child, he the parent, and I must press it on you, my dear Sturmgang, I must indeed, to be yourself the first to make overtures of peace."

"Never! I have been too deeply offended, wounded, outraged, and without provocation—yes, I will say it—without provocation on my part. Sir, he has cursed me! Do you feel the weight of that word? I see you do. Love! reconciliation! peace!—what is the meaning of such phrases between people whom the bottomless gulf of—a curse—divides!"

The young man was silent for some moments, and then resumed with more composure—

"And you don't know my father, Mr. Assessor: he is a far more positive man than you suppose, and as violent as he is positive. Even if I could bring myself to make the first advance he would reject it, and the breach would only be widened—though wider it could hardly be."

"Well," said I, "suppose I make the attempt with him, as I have done with you, and he were to speak just as you have done—were to say, 'I will not take the first step, but I will not repulse my son if he takes it,' what would you do then?"

Sturmgang wavered—he seemed to struggle with himself; at last he said—

"I would take the step, if I had reason to believe it would not be taken in vain."

"You would go to your father?"

"I would."

"You would ask him to—forgive and forget?"

"Yes."

I shook him heartily by the hand, and declared my determination to make the attempt upon his father without delay.

The same day, in the afternoon, I went out to Dornfeld, praying on the way that I might find the old sailor alone, for I confess that I trembled at the thought that the stepson with his cattish sleekness, or the sub-rector, with his bearish roughness, might bar my access to him. Neither of these monsters, however, guarded the way, and the entrance to the enchanted castle lay free to my tread. I met nobody either in the court or the hall; the house door stood open and I was obliged to walk in unannounced.

Proceeding to the room in which I had found the captain on a former occasion, I knocked at the door, and was answered by a "come in," that made me jump. The old gentleman had certainly been dreaming of a sea-fight, and spoke as if he had had broad-sides to out-thunder. As I entered, he rose from his arm-chair, in which, no doubt, he had been enjoying an after-dinner nap, and asked in an angry growl, as he jerked off his night-cap, what I wanted, and why I had not sent up my name. Before I could reply, however, he had got better awake, recognized me, became more civil, and begged me to take a seat. Without ceremony I told him that, having been obliged to decline the lunch he had offered me a few days before, I was now come to drink a cup of coffee with him. He seemed pleased at this, went out of the room, and presently I heard an awful bellowing through the house, now in the hall, now in the garret, now in the cellar. After some time he came back in a sea passion, imprecat-

ing every mischance that can befall a ship on the housekeeper and on his stepson, neither of whom was to be found; the maid, he said, had got leave to go to church, and so he was not able to give me a cup of coffee.

I assured him that it was not of the slightest consequence, and expressed my pleasure at finding his health so much improved. In fact, he had recruited completely, and walked up and down the room with a vigorous tread. This room was recognizable at the first glance for the retreat of a seaman. The walls were hung with maps and prints of naval engagements, and a rude drawing of a man-of-war occupied a conspicuous place, flanked on one side by a sickle-shaped dirk, and on the other by the triangular gold-laced hat, diminutive and formal, that had distinguished the service in his younger days.

I asked him if that, pointing to the drawing, was the ship he had commanded—a more politic opening of a conversation was never made. It brought him on his favorite theme, and he began to tell me, with visible pleasure, of the voyages he had made in that very corvette, "the Dolphin," finishing with a grumble at having seen men leap over his head, one after another—fellows he would not have trusted with the command of a jolly-boat; that was what had made him retire from the service, and live in that lubberly place on his half-pay. I now inquired after his family, listened patiently to his somewhat prolix accounts of what I knew before, and took the opportunity to tell him that his son Ludwig bore an excellent character in the town.

He was silent.

"I am the more astonished," continued I, "when I think of your having disinherited him. I will not conceal from you that I have conceived a lively interest both for you and for him, and, in short, that the motive of my present visit is to do you both a great service."

His face darkened, but he still continued silent, pacing up and down the room with a somewhat quickened step; at last he said—

"My son has been with you?"

"No," replied I, "I went to his house yesterday."

"Humph. What for?"

"For the same purpose for which I came to you to-day—to prepare him for a reconciliation."

"Oh ho! my good sir, we are not got quite so far yet. Allow me to say, once for all, that you will do me a pleasure by speaking no more on this subject."

"I hope to do you, not perhaps a pleasure, but, as I said before, a great service, Captain Sturmgang, by not complying with your wish."

He was going to interrupt me, but I spoke on without pausing.

"I am already half and half initiated into the secrets of your family, and I beg you to hear the dispassionate word of a dispassionate man—a man whose position renders him impartial. You are old, my dear sir, and you are alone; you have a son, and yet you are alone. Why should this be? Nay, hear me, I entreat you. Nature tolerates nothing unnatural, and what can be more unnatural than enmity between parent and child? Depend upon it, nature will revenge herself—is revenging herself upon you both for this outrage upon her. You are and will be, both sufferers, more deeply than you perhaps think. Let what

will have taken place, no offence of a child can be so monstrous as to justify the parent in perpetual resentment."

"It won't do, sir; it won't do. My son and I are done with each other. A child that attempts his father's life, sir, has no forgiveness to hope for."

"Not if he reform—if he repent?"

"I would not give much for a repentance that comes only when the attempt has failed, when the tables are turned, and the assassin finds himself at the mercy of his intended victim. If he repents—which is likely enough, it is not of having meant to kill me, but of having gone about it in such a lubberly way. He repents, sir, of having left it in my power to disinherit him."

"Fie, Captain Sturmgang! These are thoughts unworthy of a father. Your son is not to have your property—well, he submits to the loss. But is that a reason that he should have your curse? It is not what you withhold from him that he complains of, but what you bequeath him; and I tell you in the name of God and humanity that you *must* revoke your curse: that horrible word must not continue to the hour of death, to ring in the ear of your son."

"My curse! bequeath him my curse! What's all that? I know of no curse."

"Have not you cursed your son? He told me you had."

"Is that possible? Cursed him—I don't believe it. When I break out in a fury, no doubt I say here and there something I don't mean. No, no, I don't curse him—God forbid."

"You make me very happy, Captain Sturmgang. May I tell your son what you say?"

"No need, sir—no need. I send him no message; I want no communication with him, and I beg I may now hear no more of him."

"Very well. It is then your determination that he shall live and die in the belief that his father's curse lies upon him."

"The devil! No, it is n't. I told you I did n't curse him."

"You told *me*. Well, then, tell *him* so."

"Him! I tell *him*! My good sir, you forget that you talk to an old officer, who would rather blow himself and the enemy up together than strike his colors."

"Ay, but you are not blowing up yourself and your son together. You are blowing him up alone. You are wilfully leaving him under the false impression that he has your curse."

"Confound it! I can't bandy words with you. I am no match for a lawyer in talk. There! tell him, then, for aught I care; and now, no more about it or him, I beg of you."

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir; but one moment more I must beg you to hear me patiently. You will not forgive your son his offence against you?"

"No."

"Never! Not even on your death-bed—not even on his?"

"Come, come, we are not on our death-beds, he or I, nor likely to be so soon, I hope."

"Did you think so a fortnight ago, when you were making your will? But I crave an answer to my question. Will you not forgive him even on your death-bed, or on his, should he be the first to die?"

"Humph! Well, perhaps I might—I think I

would. Yes, I will forgive him on my death-bed."

"Good. How long will you live?"

"How can I tell?"

"Not easily, I confess. Well, then, suppose you were to die next week—suppose you were to die to-morrow? Or, what security have you that a stroke of apoplexy may not end your life this day—this hour?"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Not at all. You are near your 'threescore-and-ten.' You are, perhaps, *very* near your death. Don't lose the precious moments. Do, to-day, what in a few days will no longer be in your power. Show mercy whilst you have time, lest you should find none when you need it."

"By —! I was not so hard pressed by the English frigate in the North Sea!"

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." I am sure, Captain Sturmgang, you make that petition every day."

He wavered visibly, grumbled something about having been all his life better at giving blow for blow than word for word, and then said aloud—

"Well, I'll talk about it with my brother-in-law."

At the name of Mephistopheles, a chill ran through all my veins.

"He will undo all my work," thought I; and the image of the smooth stepson, associating itself with his, reduced my hopes to a still lower ebb. I was opening my lips, however, for a last attempt, when the door opened, and the latter worthy made his appearance.

The old gentleman received him with a broadside of oaths, and asked where he had been so long. He answered, with great humility, that he had taken a little walk while his father enjoyed his usual afternoon's nap, not dreaming of his being exposed to intrusion. This he said with a side-glance at me.

"Where's Theresa?" demanded the captain, roughly. "Is she gone to walk, too?"

The young man, I thought, colored a little; and it was with some confusion that he replied, he had not seen the housekeeper since dinner.

"Look for her," said old Sturmgang, "and tell her to make coffee presently."

"Not for me, I hope," interrupted I, for I had lost all appetite for the stimulating beverage. "It is almost time I were on my way back to town. I must request you, sir," I added, addressing Schein, "not to give yourself the trouble."

He complied readily enough with my request, being, no doubt, glad of an excuse to stay in the room, and prevent the continuance of a *tête-à-tête* between me and his stepfather. I had now an opportunity of observing him with more leisure than at our first meeting. He was dressed in the antique style affected by our students, his hair divided in the middle, and flowing down in long locks on both sides, after the manner of the ancient Teutones, and wore a moustache and a little peaked beard. This affectation of the picturesque has always had the effect of disgusting me, and it strengthened the prejudice I had already conceived against Master Schein. The honeyed tone in which he spoke, his exaggerated attentions towards his stepfather, the insinuating smile that never disappeared from his lips, except when he shot a furtive and sinister glance towards me—all these added to the unfavorable impression he made on me, though

I strove to think I was doing him injustice. However, to continue in his neighborhood was really too much for my nerves, especially when he began to talk of filial duty, gratitude, and the pain it gave him to have even seemed for a moment to neglect his benefactor and second parent. I had, therefore, caught up my hat, and was on the point of taking leave, when Mephistopheles entered the room.

He looked at me with distended eyes, as if saying inwardly, "What in the devil's name brings you here?" A kind of inclination to defy him, which I could not resist, kept me from immediately fulfilling my intention of going; I did not like to seem driven away by him. With a brief greeting, he passed me by, went up to his brother-in-law, asked how he was, and began to talk of the weather, the roads, and some other equally interesting subjects, taking no further notice of me. I was angry, and the more so, that I felt that was what he wanted: to give him the completest triumph, I very wisely suffered his rudeness to make me rude—"Captain Sturmgang," said I, not, I fear, in the calmest tone, "I wish you a good evening;" and so I walked to the door without bestowing a look on either the sub-rector or his hopeful nephew. As I was leaving the room, the old gentleman, in a constrained manner, and, as it seemed to me, more for ceremony's sake than that he really desired it, begged I would shortly repeat my visit: hurriedly promising to do so, I withdrew.

Next day I went again to Ludwig Sturmgang's; for I was now resolved, were it but to spite Mephistopheles and his subordinate unclean spirit with the St. John's head, not to withdraw from the enterprise of reconciliation. The young man was glad to see me; he could not but guess that I had spoken with his father, and his looks expressed impatience to know the result. I began by informing him that he was not under his father's curse, and I never saw a man more thankful than he was, for the assurance. To prove his gratitude, he told me all his history, and the circumstances which had led to the state of things subsisting between himself and his father. At the age of four years he had lost his mother; a short interval had been followed by his father's second marriage, and that event, very speedily, by his stepmother's death. Captain Sturmgang had brought up his son, from the tenderest years, with the severity to which his opinions, no less than his natural temper, inclined him; and the boy had never known what it was to receive a caress from his father, never experienced an indulgence, never heard himself addressed but in the tones of harsh command, nor seen one encouraging smile relax the rigid earnestness of the features whose gloom overshadowed all his childhood. The fruit of this education was, that the young Ludwig, on his part, conceived little love for his father, and acquired a stubborn, headstrong, and daring character, cared neither for blows nor hard words, took his own way, and at an early age was come to regard no one's judgment, and consult no one's will but his own. Between his stepbrother and himself there had never been any harmony. Christian was a boy that never got into scrapes, Ludwig was never out of them; and Ludwig's scrapes were, conscientiously, and on principle, regularly reported by Christian to their father. The captain petted and praised his stepson, and held him up as a pattern to Ludwig, who showed his sense of the virtues proposed to him

for imitation, by drubbing the possessor of them soundly, whenever he could catch him in a suitable place for the operation, for which he was quite sure to be as soundly drubbed in his turn by papa.

In his sixteenth year Ludwig Sturmgang was placed by his father in a mercantile house, where, after the expiry of his apprenticeship, he continued some years in the capacity of foreman. During this period he formed an engagement with the daughter of his employer, and henceforth directed all his endeavors to the establishing himself as soon as possible in an independent business, that he might be in a position to marry. To this end he rode to Dornfeld, (he was at this time residing in a town about fifteen miles from Zell,) and requested his father to put him in possession of his mother's fortune, which by the marriage deed had been settled on her children. By the help of this sum he hoped to be able to furnish a shop in Zell. The captain, however, showed himself no ways inclined to further the views of his son, told him he should not have a penny of his inheritance till he knew how to make a better use of it, and upbraided him with great harshness for having entered into a matrimonial engagement at so early an age. The old spirit of defiance, which had long slept, now awoke in young Sturmgang, and bitter words passed between father and son. Ludwig would have left Dornfeld immediately, but he was obliged to defer his journey in consequence of a sickness of his horse. The approved remedy for this sickness was washing the part affected with a solution of arsenic in hot water, and Ludwig went to the apothecary in Zell, and procured a small portion of this poison, which he locked up in his desk. The next day Christian Schein had to drive to the town with corn, and on this account had his dinner an hour earlier than the rest of the family; scarcely five minutes after finishing his meal, he was taken ill, had repeated vomitings, complained of violent pains in the stomach, and cried out that he was poisoned. The whole house was alarmed; a carriage was immediately sent into Zell for the doctor, and in the mean time the food of which Christian Schein had partaken was examined. In the saucepan in which the soup had been made, and which was still on the fire, a white substance was found, which the old captain carefully took up, and put into a vessel. He cast looks of suspicion and rage upon his son, but spoke not a word on the subject with him. The doctor came, found Schein very much exhausted, but without further symptoms of illness; the hurtful matter seemed to have been brought away by the vomiting; the medical gentleman, therefore, merely ordered him some camomile tea, and drove back to Zell, accompanied by the captain, who after some hours returned.

The storm that now broke over Ludwig's head was terrific. Captain Sturmgang called his son a murderer, a parricide, a monster, who, in his accursed greed for money, had attempted to poison his father and his brother; nay, who had not scrupled to involve in the same destruction the lives of the innocent servants and laborers, who, as he must have known, would all have partaken of the deadly meal. "Serpent, devil, I renounce you!" shrieked the old man again and again, in accents which rage rendered almost inarticulate; and as his son stood astonished, bewildered, stupefied before him, not hearing, or not comprehending his furious commands to begone, and to leave

that house forever, he at length snatched up his pistols, and would certainly have committed an irreparable crime, had not the housekeeper and the maid thrown themselves screaming between the two, and forced the young man, confounded and incapable of resistance, out of the room. At length, out of his father's presence, he found words to ask, "What have I done?" But the only answer of the women was to entreat him to leave the house as speedily as possible. At the same time they hurried him to the stable, and Theresa, calling to an out-door servant to lead out the young master's horse without delay, hastened back to the captain, in order, as she said, to prevent him following his son, and murdering him in the yard.

Meanwhile, between Margareta and the out-door servant, the horse was got saddled, his master looking on passively, and as one stunned, till the maid, who cried bitterly all the time, with many prayers for his welfare, exhorted him to mount and begone. But he now suddenly recovered his recollection, and peremptorily declared that he would not go forth under such accusations as his father brought against him, that he would go back and know with what he was charged, and on what grounds. He would have done so, had not Christian Schein at this moment issued from the house, and, with terror in his looks, cried—

"Brother! Ludwig! for God's sake no delay! Your father has pronounced his malediction upon you, and is at this moment sending orders to the farm servants to drag you through the horse pound."

"Liar!" said Ludwig, "you shall not prevent me from going to my father."

"Believe him," cried the house-keeper, who followed the stepson out of the house; "he tells you the truth. Your father has given you his curse, and, if you stay a moment longer, you will experience ignominious treatment."

"I call everything sacred to witness," said Christian Schein, "that he was giving orders, when I left his presence, to have you dragged through the horsepond, and driven off the grounds with cart-whips."

"He was, indeed," said Theresa, wringing her hands. "Oh, for pity's sake—for your mother's sake—go at once."

Silently Ludwig Sturmgang mounted his horse, and left, without a farewell, a house endeared to him by no one recollection of happiness. From X. he wrote to his father, begging only to know what the crime was by which he had deserved a father's malediction, and such abominable outrage as had been threatened him, but the letter was returned unopened. Deeply hurt and embittered against his father, he now put the business of the inheritance into the hands of a lawyer. The law was clearly on his side, and he won his suit with costs. The little capital thus obtained enabled him to establish himself in business, and to marry. Since the circumstances above related, he had spoken neither with his father, the sub-rector, nor Christian Schein. All essays towards reconciliation had failed, and the persons just mentioned and himself had, when they casually met, met as strangers.

"What you have told me," said I, when Ludwig Sturmgang had finished his narration, "is a most curious and suspicious story, and, if some strange error be not at the bottom of the whole, it is clear that a great crime was contemplated by some

one. Appearances are certainly against you, and I wish you would answer me a few questions, which, I need not say, I do not put to you officially, but as a friend. Tell me sincerely, are you conscious of no negligence, of no thoughtlessness, of no fault in this matter?"

"Good God! Mr. Assessor, do you hold me capable of such?"

"Every one is capable of an oversight."

"In this matter, I am conscious of none."

"Do you believe that the substance in the saucepan was poison?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Did you carefully lock up the poison you had bought?"

"Carefully—and put the key in my pocket."

"Why did not you use the poison at once, for the purpose you got it for?"

"I did use about the half of it?"

"Ay! You did not tell me that before. When did you use it—and how?"

"About nine o'clock the same day that the whole disturbance happened, I boiled the solution in the kitchen, and washed my horse with it immediately after."

"Did you leave the kitchen while it was on the fire?"

"Not a moment."

"Did Christian Schein know that you had bought the poison?"

"I have no doubt he did—the whole house knew it."

"Had he gone to the town that morning, or the day before?"

"Not to my knowledge. But I begin to see that you have conceived the same suspicion that I entertain myself."

"What is that?"

"That Schein himself put the poison into the soup."

"What! You suppose that he meant to poison you, and fell into his own snare? I confess that does not seem to me very likely."

"Nay, I do not look on him as capable of such a deed, though I will not deny that I think him a bad fellow: God knows."

"Christian Schein makes no favorable impression upon me, but to practise against the lives of his stepfather and stepbrother, and even of the servants, against whom he could have no cause of enmity—to contemplate such wholesale murder is a stretch of wickedness which I will not impute to him."

"Nor I, though all that is less than the crime my own father imputes to me."

"Then, supposing he had meditated this crime, how very improbable that he should have blundered so as to eat of the poisoned food himself. But I will see you again in a few days, and I hope we shall be able to get some light on the subject. Good bye."

I proceeded from Sturmgang's to the apothecary, and demanded a sight of his poison book. It appeared that, in the month of August, 18—, by virtue of a police certificate, two ounces of arsenic had been sold to Ludwig Sturmgang. Neither Captain Sturmgang, nor Schein, nor any one else in the house, had bought poison that year, nor the year before. After a few days, I went out to Dornfeld again, requested a private conversation with the captain, told him that his son had communicated to me all the circumstances of their disagreement, so far as they were known to him,

and begged him, if he thought me worthy of his confidence, to give me his version of the occurrences. He related them pretty nearly as Ludwig had done, and at the end asked me if I now found his conduct towards his son any way unnatural or inexplicable.

"But, my dear captain," said I, "are you then convinced beyond all doubt that the substance in the pot was arsenic?"

"I know it, sir," replied he; "for I drove into town, as I have told you, with the doctor, and had the stuff examined by the apothecary, who at once pronounced it arsenic."

"But how can you tell that your son, Ludwig, threw this poison intentionally into the pot?"

"I am certain of it. Not only the maid can testify that he was the whole morning prowling about the kitchen, but Theresa—my housekeeper—saw him, from her storeroom, go to the fire and put something into the pot."

"No doubt, into the pot in which he was making the wash for his horse."

"Not at all! he was done with that by nine o'clock, and went into the stable, as he pretended, to wash his horse. It was half past ten when the housekeeper saw him at her pot."

"If that be true, I cannot deny that there are good grounds for your suspicion—at the same time suspicion is not proof."

"Not proof! By —, sir, you are proof against proof, I think! Look here! My son and I quarrel—a son, mark you, that never loved me; I don't say whose fault that is—mine, perhaps—but such is the fact; there never was love between us. Well, we quarrel, he wants his money, he can't marry without it; I refuse to give it him. The easiest way for him to get this money, and the rest of my property into the bargain, is, to put me out of the way. He was, from childhood up, quick in his determinations: he buys arsenic, for his horse he says, but my stepson is near being poisoned next day with his dinner; arsenic is found in the soup-kettle; the housekeeper has seen my son at that very soup-kettle. By —, sir, I say there's proof there to hang a man: I have knotted a man to the yard-arm myself on less proof: an English jury would send a man to the gallows on a quarter as much."

"I will not say that appearances are in your son's favor, and yet I cannot resist the conviction I have of his innocence. I acknowledge that he would have a bad chance with a jury, even *out* of England: still his frank, honest face, I think, could not but have its effect even in that suspicious nation, where, in direct contradiction to what they boast of the spirit of their law, every man is held guilty till he can prove himself innocent. To my mind, Captain Sturmang, there is that in your son's countenance and manner which totally forbids the belief of his being capable of the crime you attribute to him. And then the unblemished life he has now, for several years, led in our town—that will weigh in his favor with all reflecting men. Believe me, there is some sad mistake at the bottom of all this business—perhaps something worse."

"Aye, truly, is there something worse, and no persuasion will make me think otherwise."

"Well, suppose your suspicions just, your son has suffered for his crime—has proved himself a reformed man by his conduct ever since. Do not be implacable: if he had not sinned you would have nothing to forgive; if he has, forgive him."

"My good sir, I have thought upon that point, and made up my mind. I forgive him what he has done, but I do not and cannot forget it. You may tell him that; I forgive him, but I will not have him come into my sight. As for my fortune, a stiver of it he shall never touch, if he were to go to law with me ten times over."

"Have you spoken with the sub-rector on the subject?"

"I have; he is just such another sentimental blockhead as—I was near saying something uncivil—and would have persuaded me to a complete reconciliation."

"The sub-rector?"—cried I, in astonishment.

"Aye, aye, the sub-rector—what do you see so wonderful in that? That's just like him. But I have told him roundly that that's out of the question; to be friendly to my son is not in my power; I can't answer for myself, but I might say something disagreeable to him—it is better we keep separate, give one another as wide a berth as possible. And now, my good sir, if you do not want to make me angry, talk to me no more on this subject."

My mouth was closed by the last words. However, I had got a step further, and, although I took good care not to quit the ground I had gained, I was far from intending to stop there. I now did my best to put the old sailor in a good humor with himself and me, led the conversation to his voyages, got him into a discussion about the comparative merits of carronades and cannons, in which—Heaven forgive me! I took up (knowing nothing of the matter) the side I saw he was opposed to, merely for the purpose of letting him beat me, which I must say he did in a very effectual manner. This gave him great pleasure, and when I was going away he begged me, with real heartiness, often to come and see him, squeezed my hand, and declared that he considered me an honest man. I asked him to come see me, and said my wife would be much gratified to make his acquaintance; to which he replied that he did not like going out of his own four walls, but would call me a real good fellow if I would bring my wife with me the next time I came, though, he added, it was scarcely a place for a lady, and she would find little to repay her for the trouble of the visit.

This was exactly what I wanted: for my plan was to make an attack upon him with the help of his daughter-in-law, an unassuming and amiable young creature, whom, I thought, it was impossible he should hate, although she had been the immediate unhappy cause of the family dissension. Should he conceive a liking for her—or should she inspire him with ever so slight an interest, it might be hoped that he would at least not suffer her and her children to want, and would perhaps even find an excuse for his son, in the matter of the unfortunate law-suit, in the eagerness of the latter to possess himself of such a treasure as this lovely young woman.

I communicated this plan to my wife, and got her to go to Madam Sturmang for the purpose of inducing the latter to come into it. It was not without hesitation and fear that Madam Sturmang consented to the project; she had heard too much of the blunt manners, stern temper, and rooted prejudices of her father-in-law, not to tremble at the thought of presenting herself to him; the uncertainty of the result, and the dread of being rudely and savagely treated by the old merman, balanced the hope of rendering her husband a ser-

vice beyond price. The sense of duty, however, triumphed over that of fear, and a day was fixed for our visit to the old gentleman.

Accordingly, it might be three weeks after my last interview with Captain Sturmgang, my wife and I, with Madam Sturmgang and her eldest boy, took our places in a carriage, and drove out to Dornfeld. The young wife was to be presented to our host as a friend of my wife's, and the rest was to be left to the chapter of accidents. I believe there was not one of us whose heart did not palpitate as the carriage drove up to the door: Even the little boy had an agitated look, caught perhaps from the reflection of his mamma's. The captain, who had had notice of our visit, was on the steps to receive us. All right, but—O mercy! there stood our evil genius, the sub-rector, behind him! "I wish you were where the pepper grows," thought I, "or in a hotter place." I had reason for the wish: in the moment that we halted, received and returned the captain's greetings, and were preparing to get out of the carriage, the harsh voice of Mephistopheles cried—

"Eh! what's all this! You here, Madam Sturmgang!"

The captain started back, as if he had seen a Gorgon:—

"Where is Madam Sturmgang!" cried he.

Without speaking, the sub-rector lifted his arm, pointed with his fore-finger at the unhappy and trembling young wife, now half-choked with her tears, and stood in this position so long that he gave one the impression of a hand-post, only that he pointed the way old Sturmgang's compassion and kind feelings were *not* to go.

My wife and I, who had already stood up from our places, sank back into them with fright; this saved us a trouble, for the captain, whose astonishment had given place to indignation, called out to me with the iciest politeness—

"Mr. Assessor, you have mistaken the house. This is not the inn; you will find it about half a mile further on, in the village."

"One word, captain."

He turned on his heel, went into the house, and shut the door behind him; the ill-omened hand-post was no longer in view—it had done its work. "Home," said I to the coachman.

"*Oleum et operam peridi*," muttered I to myself, and did all in my power to tranquillize the young wife, who was near fainting, and could relieve herself only by tears. When we stopped at young Sturmgang's, I had no need to tell him how my attempt had sped; the short time we had been away, and the disconsolate air of his wife, gave him but too sure evidence of its unhappy issue. The pain his features expressed, showed that he had sincerely wished and hoped for peace with his father, and it was most reluctantly that I was compelled to add to his grief, by declaring that I could interfere no further in the matter. Half a year passed after this, without my seeing either the young merchant or old Ironskull again.

The president of the provincial court had obtained leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting the baths of P—, and the direction of affairs devolved upon me; this confined me almost the whole day to my office, which was contiguous to the sitting-room of my wife. One day the bell rang, my wife went out to see who was there, I heard eager talking in the hall, and presently after the cry of an infant in the next room. What the deuce,

thought I, does she bring such an animal here for! To my no small alarm the music came nearer, and by-and-bye my wife entered the office, with a carefully wrapped-up baby in her arms!

"Look, love!" said she, "what a darling little cherub!"

"O Lord!" cried I, "no nearer, there's a good soul! Take the darling little cherub away!"

"Yes, but I have to tell you something first," rejoined my wife; "the poor little dear has just been found in the fields."

"In the fields! Aye, aye! Who found it?"

"The people are there in the hall."

"Capital! I had too little business on my hands as it was. Well, call them in—call them in."

Four countrywomen and three children were now ushered in, and I glanced involuntarily at the three chairs which the office contained.

"If the whole village these good women belong to is coming," said I to my wife, "I must beg you to get the drawing-room in readiness, and to put all the chairs in the house into it, for we must have places for Assessor R— and the clerk of the court, whom I will thank you to send for immediately."

The examination was begun, and the story told by young and old was this. The three children had gone into the fields to glean, heard a faint cry, and found on a crossway, near a farm house, the child lying. They ran into the house, into the village, spread the news, the four women came about the same time to the spot where the deserted creature lay, and forthwith commenced a procession to town, and to my office. I asked if any of them had given the child drink. Not one—the compassionate souls had been afraid, one and all, to take it into their houses, lest they should have to keep it. They were all agreed that no girl out of their village could be the mother of the child, as there were not the slightest grounds for supposing that a secret *accouchement* had taken place there. As soon as I had dismissed them, I called in my wife, whom I asked if she had any baby-linen by her. She blushed to the eyes at this question in the presence of the assessor and the clerk, for it was visible enough that she would very soon want baby-linen herself; however, this was quite *à propos*, and I said—

"There's no help for it; you must act as child's maid; strip the little thing to the last thread, and dress it in whatever you have got, for we must take the clothes it has on *ad acta*—but for Heaven's sake, get it something first to stop its roaring."

The little one's clothes were of rather finer materials than ordinary; but there was no mark to be discovered, which might serve as a clue to the mother. The child was given to a woman to take care of, and the tip-staff was sent the same evening to all the shopkeepers in the town, to show them its little coat, and to ask them if they remembered having sold any of that description of calico, and to whom: two shopkeepers had had this calico, and named different maid-servants in Zell who had bought some of it; but the inquiries set on foot gave no grounds of suspicion against any of these. The next day the tipstaff was sent with the cloth to the neighboring villages, to show it to as many women as possible, in the hope of obtaining in this way a clue to the delinquent. This measure succeeded: before midday he came back with intelligence that several women of a village

near Dornfeld declared they had seen Captain Sturmgang's housekeeper, Theresa Froberg, wear a gown of this stuff three years before, which they remembered by this token, that they had censured her at the time among themselves, for wearing garments above her degree, and prophesied there would no good come of it. The tipstaff, before returning to X., had asked an outdoor servant of Captain Sturmgang's how were all at Dornfeld, and received for answer that all there were well, except Madame Theresa, who was ill in bed.

My next step was to send the district physician to visit this woman, and from his report I learned that she had been delivered of a child within a few days, but was now in a state which admitted of her being judicially interrogated. I repaired accordingly to Dornfeld without delay, and had no difficulty in obtaining from her, in her first alarm, the confession that she had, three days before, given birth to a child, the father of which was Christian Schein, her master's stepson; that she had concealed her condition, had delivered herself in secret, and, according to previous concert, given the babe to Schein, who left it in the neighborhood of human habitations, that it might be the sooner found, and not perish. She acknowledged that this was the second child she had borne to Christian Schein, but the former was still-born, and had been buried by its father in the garden.

To arrest Schein was now the most pressing concern, but, on taking steps for that purpose, we discovered that that bird was flown, having first broken open the captain's desk, and taken out of the same three hundred dollars in gold. The housekeeper, however, I had removed to Zell, (on the doctor's certifying that this might be done without danger,) and placed in the prison infirmary, under the charge of a careful nurse.

The next morning the sub-rector entered my office, with a face rigid as that of the statue in Don Juan.

"Mr. Assessor," said he, in a hollow voice, "I come to you on a distressing occasion."

I requested—in no very sympathizing manner, I am afraid—to know how I could serve him.

"You are conducting the investigation of this affair of my brother's housekeeper?"

I bowed.

"And my nephew is implicated?"

"Sir," answered I, "you should be aware that a magistrate engaged in a criminal investigation does not take every casual inquirer into his confidence."

"As you please: I know, however, that he is implicated."

"Then, sir, as a magistrate, I must ask you *how* you know it?"

"From common report, and from my brother-in-law."

"Humph!"

"I come to make a request of you. My unfortunate nephew has absconded, and the tribunal will of course do its utmost to trace and arrest him. But it would be a bitter disgrace for me to see the name of my sister, of my nephew, in the hue and cry. Can you, and will you, not do something to prevent this scandal?"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sub-rector, if I say that I have no very urgent motive to interfere with the cause of justice, for the sake of sparing you a mortification."

"I see you are prejudiced against me—misunderstandings!"

"Ah!—misunderstandings."

"I am convinced, Mr. Assessor, that you are judging me unjustly. It is true that I have suffered myself to be imposed on by that unhappy young man—that I have had a better opinion of him than he deserved. He has deceived me, brought shame and grief upon his family, made our honest name a town-talk. I confess I expected, for all this, rather compassion than insult from you."

"Mr. Sub-rector; I should be sorry to insult misfortune; but I will acknowledge that I do not feel very strongly moved to compassion for you, because I have seen how little you showed for that poor young fellow, Ludwig Sturmgang, who nevertheless had nearer claims on you than you have on me."

"Did he deserve compassion! God pity my poor brother-in-law, betrayed by those who are nearest to him! The hand of a stranger will close his eyes, for one son after another shows himself unworthy to do it!"

"That is not so certain. I believe young Sturmgang fully worthy to perform that pious office, and should be sorry, Mr. Sub-rector, to be the wall of partition that separates father and son."

"There is no one but my brother-in-law himself that can remove the wall of partition, as you call it. I have often enough tried to bring them together, to move my brother-in-law to forgiveness. But Ludwig is to the full as impracticable as his father, and after he had so contumaciously rejected my mediation, I don't see how I should have gone on pressing it on him. No, I look on that young man as doubly unworthy, without sense of filial love or of common gratitude."

"And have you, Mr. Sub-rector—have *you* endeavored to mediate in this unhappy quarrel?"

"To be sure I have: who should, if I did not?"

"Who, indeed! And may I entreat you to tell me in what manner the young man, as you have expressed it, contumaciously rejected your mediation?"

"My nephew Christian, who wished as much as I do to see the good understanding between his father and his brother restored, went several times to Ludwig, to induce him, if possible, to abandon the law suit. On these occasions, Ludwig expressed himself, regarding me, in a way that made me highly indignant—asserted that I belied him with his father with a view to get a share in his inheritance myself. Such aspersions, I confess, had the effect of greatly embittering my feeling towards him, and I felt in no way called upon to make him a personal visit—which otherwise I should have done. However, about two years ago, I had got my brother-in-law a good deal softened, sent my nephew to Ludwig, and bid him use the moment, as I was convinced that if he would now beg his father's pardon, a complete reconciliation would be brought about. How was my good will requited! Ludwig answered my nephew, 'Tell your uncle, he may tan the hides of his scholars as much as he pleases, but that I am a little too old to have the fifth commandment flogged into me.'"

"Your nephew brought you that message from Ludwig?"

"He did—and a still more impertinent message than that: 'And tell him, moreover,' added this graceless young man, 'that he may bless his stars that he has *not* me for a scholar, for I would get up a revolution in the school-room, and by—I need not repeat his oaths—we'd flog the flogger.'"

"Very disrespectful, indeed."

"That was not the worst. 'And as for my father,' he went on, 'you may tell him from me that the state showed its judgment in not promoting him, and that it was a fortunate day for the navy when he left it. And tell him he did well when he planted me behind a counter instead of taking me to sea, for by—more oaths—I'd have had the crew in a mutiny in three days, and we'd have hung the old tiger at the yard arm.' I should like to know, Mr. Assessor, what you think of that?"

"And your nephew delivered that message to Captain Sturmgang?"

"He did, with fear and trembling."

"Well, Mr. Sub-rector, I begin to think we have all of us fallen into some errors of judgment. But no more on the subject at present—leave the rest to me. I have now to attend the court, and must pray you to excuse me."

When a culprit has once made a confession of his main offence, it is generally not very difficult to bring him to acknowledge his minor ones. This reflection induced me to examine the housekeeper with respect to the poisoning affair. To my surprise and vexation she stuck to her old story, that she had, from the store-room, seen Ludwig Sturmgang spill something out of a paper bag into the soup-kettle, and at every subsequent examination she repeated this without variation. I had the young man summoned, and asked him (though not on his oath, as it was possible that he might, in the course of the inquiry, have to appear before the tribunal as an accused person) when he had last spoken with Christian Schein. He answered, on the day he left his father's house. I admonished him that it was probable this question might be put to him on his oath within a few days. He replied that he could give no other answer to it than he had now done. In reply to further questions he distinctly denied that he had ever had a conversation with his stepbrother respecting the sub-rector or a reconciliation. I asked him (without mentioning the assertion of the housekeeper) had he gone at all to the soup-kettle on the day of the alleged attempt to poison. He answered most decidedly in the negative; there was nothing to take him to the soup-kettle on that or any other day. The whole business seemed to me a tangled yarn, and I dismissed Ludwig Sturmgang without coming to any conclusion.

"After all," thought I, "he may be guilty, and that a jury would pronounce him so is almost certain. Theresa Frohberg's intrigue with Schein, to be sure, throws suspicion on her testimony; and yet her persisting in it now, after the flight of her lover, and when she can have no conceivable interest in blackening young Sturmgang, is, to say the least, very embarrassing. In my heart I'm convinced of his innocence—but, thank Heaven, I'm not on his jury."

An event occurred the next day which solved the riddle. A letter addressed to the housekeeper, and bearing the Bremen post-mark, was handed to the court; it was from her seducer, and ran thus:—

"DEAREST THERESA:

"Before I leave my country forever, I cannot resist the impulse which bids me send you a last—an eternal farewell. I am, you will be glad to hear, safely arrived in Bremen, and sail an hour hence for New Orleans. Ere you receive this, the shores of Europe will have disappeared from my view. We shall meet no more. Forget me, Theresa; but be assured that you will never be forgotten by

"Your sincerely broken-hearted

"CHRISTIAN SCHEIN."

On reading this letter, the unfortunate creature broke into bitter tears, and cursed the author of her misery. She now confessed that she had been the tool of this miscreant in her inculpation of Ludwig Sturmgang. Schein had promised her marriage, but there were two hindrances to the fulfilment of the promise—the life of Captain Sturmgang, and Ludwig's claims as his heir. The captain was old, and breaking down; they could reckon on his being soon out of the way, but the heir was a more serious obstacle. Schein, however, had long profited by the absence of the younger Sturmgang, to ingratiate himself with the old man, and insure himself, at least, a legacy; nor had he neglected his many opportunities to blacken Ludwig in his father's eyes. Ludwig's betrothal, and the pecuniary disagreement between him and his father, enlivened the hopes of the abandoned pair to make their harvest at his expense, and the accidental circumstance that his horse fell sick at Dornfeld, and that he got arsenic to wash it, inspired them with the hellish plan, which was as hastily carried out, as it was conceived, of making the old man believe that his son intended to poison him. By the prospect of being now shortly able to marry, Schein induced the housekeeper to aid him in this work. She went in the evening into the town, and bought a sufficient quantity of tartar emetic; this she gave to Schein, who placed in her hands the arsenic, which he had got, by means of a false key, out of his brother's desk. Theresa put the poison into the soup, after she had served her lover with his own portion, and this, having mixed the emetic in it, he immediately took. It was not long down before he was seized with vomiting; he cried out that he was poisoned; the housekeeper pretended to recollect having seen the captain's son put something into the pot; it was examined, and the arsenic was found. This plan succeeded: the father and son were irreconcilably disunited; the latter hardly knowing why, for Theresa's testimony against him had never come to his ears, and he was not aware of his father's grounds either for believing that the matter found in the pot *was* arsenic, or for concluding that he had put it in.

To exasperate both parties the more against each other, and to render any danger of a reconciliation more unlikely, Christian Schein had fabricated the malediction and threat of ignominious treatment, which he announced to Ludwig on the part of his father, and had afterwards brought to the captain and the sub-rector accounts equally mendacious, of his having visited young Sturmgang on errands of peace, and of the insulting messages, to both the old gentlemen, by which the rebellious son had met these overtures.

Theresa Frohberg had been the faithful ally of Schein in all these measures; and, even when their intrigue came to light, and the seducer absconded, she continued to keep the secret of their

alliance, believing that Schein, once beyond the reach of pursuit, would not fail to provide her with the means of rejoining him, or would even, perhaps, return, when the scandal was blown over, and sit as fast as ever in his stepfather's favor; for she had not been informed of the act of the theft which had preceded his flight. Now, however, he had cast her off, and all motive for concealment of the truth was at an end. The two rogues had fallen out, and honest men, according to the proverb, came by their own.

No sooner had I received the above confession, than I despatched the tip-staff to summon the captain and the sub-rector to give evidence before the court. After asking them some questions about Christian Schein's amour with the housekeeper, I said to the captain—

"Sir, the tribunal has been compelled to intrude into your domestic secrets, because, as I need not tell you, it is instituted to the end of discovering and punishing criminals. It is known to you that arsenic was brought into your house for a certain alleged purpose, and was there used as the means of an intended crime."

"It is but too well known to me."

"You yourself have named your housekeeper to me as a witness; it has become necessary that you should hear her testimony before the court."

"Pray, spare me the humiliation of hearing the crime of my son deposed to before a public tribunal."

"I am sorry to say it cannot be."

I rang, and directed that Theresa Froberg should be brought in. She appeared pale and dejected. I bid her repeat her deposition of yesterday.

It was done. The two old men stood as if turned into stone, as the story of the prisoner removed the scales from their eyes.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, "be so good as to walk into the waiting-room till these depositions are signed and sealed. I will be with you in a few minutes."

They did so, and I shortly followed them.

"Now," said I, "I must request you to accompany me a short distance."

I said this with so official a look, and in so civilly peremptory a tone of voice, that they thought I had authority to take them wherever I pleased, and followed me without a word. Both looked like men suddenly awakened, and not knowing rightly whether they were in the body or out of the body. Need I tell the reader that I led them to Ludwig Sturmgang's?

As we were at the door, and I was going in, the captain grasped my arm, and asked—

"Sir, what does this mean?—where are you bringing me?"

"Go with him," said the sub-rector, soothingly. "Let the assessor have his way, he means your good."

With these words, he pressed my hand.

We went in. The shop-boy was behind the counter; the young wife sat in the parlor, rocking the cradle, and sewing. At the sight of the old captain, she sprang up with a cry of terror, and darted out of the room.

"What's the matter?" said Ludwig, coming in; but, as he saw his father and his uncle, his arms fell as if paralyzed at his sides. Father and son stood at the two opposite doors of the room.

It was an even chance whether they were to advance towards each other or to draw back.

"Sturmgang," said I to the young man, "it was I that brought your father and your uncle hither; they did not know my purpose, though I dare say they guessed it. The moment is come—the quarrel is at an end—all is explained. Sturmgang, throw yourself into your father's arms."

Sturmgang stood as if his shoes were part of the floor.

"Captain, then, embrace your son."

He stood like his son's counterpart.

"Mr. Sub-rector," appealed I—but he was crying.

"Good folks," said I, "do you mean to put me in a passion? Ludwig Sturmgang, will you be friends with your father?"

"I will," answered he, quickly.

"Captain, has your enmity no end?"

"It is past," was his equally quick reply.

"Well, then, when two people that have fallen out mean to be good friends again, why, either one of them *must* take the first step, or both must step out together. Come—together be it."

"No," said Ludwig Sturmgang, stepping forward, "I am the son—the first step belongs to me. Father, there is my hand—forgive me!"

"Stop!" shouted the old man, "stand back! Mine must be the first step: it is I that have to say 'forgive!' I alone am guilty of all this misery. My poor, poor Ludwig, I have done thee bitter, ay, bitter and crying wrong. God forgive me!"

"Hurra!" cried I, and with a spring was in the kitchen. "In with you, Madame Sturmgang," said I to the trembling young wife; "you'll find none but friends in the parlor."

The following Sunday my wife and I, in compliance with a formal invitation, sent two days before, dined at Dornfeld. The company was not large; there were only ourselves, the Sturmgangs, and the sub-rector. After dinner, the captain presented us pipes, and bid Margareta bring a light, which she did, sobbing violently, as she had done, to the great peril of the captain's equanimity, all dinner time.

"I have got no matches," said the old gentleman; "but here is some paper. Good Mr. Assessor, will you tear it neatly into strips: we can light our pipes with it very well."

The *will* was in a very few minutes torn up, and helped to light the "calumet of peace."

"I want a purchaser for Dornfeld," said the captain to me. "I am going to live with the children in town. It's so dull out here."

I puffed.

By and by, the sub-rector drew me to a window.

"When is your office open?" asked he.

"Day after to-morrow." Puff, puff.

"I wish to make my will," said he.

"I can guess." Puff, puff, puff.

"What? Who my heir is to be?"

Puff, puff, puff.

He pressed my hand.

"Are you still angry with me?"

"Ye watchful stars," thought I, "and I have called this man *Manhistopheles*! 'Wise judges are we of each other!' " Puff, puff, puff-f-f-f-f.

THE BEAR-CHASE.

[From the French.]

ONE evening, a short time after the battle of Fontenoy, (1745,) a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

"Refuse a duel after a public affront!" exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by a thick red mustache: "it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away."

"I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour," replied the other in a calm, polite tone, "that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy, or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them! Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing, is esteemed as worth nothing."

"A marvel! Monsieur d'Argentré, I would advise, if ever the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraven on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment—'*Thou shalt do no murder.*'"

"And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem so much incensed: has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking, with his own hands, an enemy's colors, while your knaves most likely formed a prudent reserve behind the baggage?"

"Cowards themselves have their moments of courage."

"And the brave also their moments of fear."

"The expression is not that of a gentleman."

"It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equalled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Everybody has heard of his conduct to a braggadocio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion."

"None but a marshal of France had dared to try such a pleasantry. To our subject, sir. I maintain that your friend is a coward, and you—"

"And I——" repeated D'Argentré, his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed.

"Holla, gentlemen!" exclaimed a third party, who, owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. "This is my affair," said he to Monsieur d'Argentré, holding his arm; then turning to his adversary, added—"Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your orders."

"In that case, after you, if necessary," said D'Argentré, with his usual calmness.

"By my honor you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new comer, who, young as he was, wore the cross of St. Louis.

"No remarks. Gentlemen, hasten."

"Too great haste in such cases evidences less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom."

"I listen, sir!"

"Monsieur d'Argentré just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add that, with the exception of the difference that exists between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duellist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love peace, if not for the sake of other, at least for himself. Do you wish me to prove it?"

"Enough, sir: we are not here to listen to a sermon."

"Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: we are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence: I invite you, then, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather amongst the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malatour—you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small-sword. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed—I do not even say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely in firing upon him—I shall submit immediately after to meet you face to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion."

"Are you playing a comedy, sir?"

"Quite the contrary. And I even repeat that this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than of the true courage arising from principle."

"What guarantee have I, should I accept your proposition, that you will not again endeavor to evade me?"

"My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honor."

There ran through his auditory such a buzz of approbation, that De Malatour, though with a bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that, on the 1st of September, all present should assemble at the Chateau du Clat.

Whilst the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which had not branded him with any mark of disgrace among a class of men so punctilious on the point of honor.

The young Baron de Villette, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him principles which remained uncorrupted amidst all the frivolities of one of the most licentious courts in Europe. Such, however, is the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and the friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself. One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malatour, took umbrage at this general favor, and, on the occasion of some trifling expression or gesture, publicly insulted him. Villette refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that this seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duellist, should be redeemed by some action of *éclat* during the campaign just commenced. That moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colors at the battle of Fontenoy, he received the cross of

St. Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the eulogium of Marshal Saxe, and a redoubled enmity on the part of De Malatour.

The first care of the young baron on arriving at his estate was to call his major-domo, an old and faithful servant.

"I have business of thee, my master," said he cordially shaking him by the hand.

"Speak, monseigneur," replied the pareur, who was deeply attached to his young lord: "you know the old hunter is yours to his last drop of blood."

"I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?"

"Yes, sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have some work before them."

"Are there bears already on the heights then?" asked Villetreton, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun.

"Five in all—a complete *ménage*—father, mother, and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards had driven to this side."

"In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, pareur, some of my comrades are rather rough sportsmen: there is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces."

"Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four," replied the old man laughing.

"That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same post—at the bridge of Maure, for instance."

"Hum!" said the pareur, scratching his ear; "it would better please me to have you elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Because, to guard this post, a man ought to be in a state of grace, for he will be between two deaths—the bears and the precipice."

"I know the one, and do not fear the other; thanks to your lessons."

"I am sure of that. But, with your leave, I should like to guard the bridge myself."

"You are sure, then, that the bears will pass that way?"

"Sure—yes; but quite sure—no. Recollect that they are sullen and prudent beasts, which never confide their plan of route to any one."

"It is agreed on. I shall guard the bridge with my comrade. Now, go and have the trackers ready."

"Very well, very well," murmured the pareur as he retired; "I shall have my eye on him."

Eight days afterwards, all those invited, not excepting Monsieur de Malatour—who, despite the delicate attentions of the host, preserved a cold reserve—were assembled at the chateau. The magnificent grandeur of the Pyrenees, their shining summits relieved against the blue sky of Spain, was an unlooked-for pleasure to the greater number of the guests, who for the most part belonged to the rich and fertile plains of the interior.

The morning following their arrival, a body of trackers and scouts, provided with all manner of discordant instruments—trumpets, saucapans, drums, &c., &c.—were assembled under the walls of the chateau, with the pareur at their head; while by his side stood the mandrin, who proudly

guarded a dozen large mastiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helpers. The young baron and his friends, armed with carabines and hunting-knives, had scarcely appeared, when, by a sign from the pareur, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement; and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blending with the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them, the foaming waters of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the piles of granite at each side being joined by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place; and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the pareur, had ever been posted at the bridge of Maure without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the pareur was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice: he attributed the fatality to its real cause—the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made his aim unsteady, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the pareur rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the first bark of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the pareur and his dog, followed by the mandrin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms; the instruments sounded; and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

"Attention, sir," said he in a low voice. "The bears are not far from us: let your aim be true, or else——"

"Keep your counsels for yourself, sir!"

"Attention!" repeated Villetteyron, without seeming to notice the surly response—"he approaches!"

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, "Look out, look out, Villetteyron!" But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animal's near approach. Malatour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carbine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he would fain struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun—he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

"Fire! fire! he is on you!" cried the pareur, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter, perceiving his agitation, turned round: it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carbine of his petrified companion, and lodged its contents in the animal's breast ere he could reach them. He rolled, in the death-struggle, to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The knees of the hardy

old pareur shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malatour, his livid paleness, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carbine; "here are our comrades—they must not see you unarmed; and, pareur, not a word of all this."

"Look!" said he to his companions as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beasts—"one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villetteyron cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argentré, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming—"To the sole vanquisher of the day!—to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one—the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villetteyron is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet," said Monsieur d'Argentré.

"There's a brave young man!" cried the pareur, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavored to conceal a furtive tear. "Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy."

DIAMOND DUST.—The demand for diamond dust within a few years has increased very materially, on account of the increased demand for all articles that are wrought by it, such as cameos, intaglios, &c. Recently there has been a discovery made of the peculiar power of diamond dust upon steel: it gives the finest edge to all kinds of cutlery, and threatens to displace the hone of Hungary. It is well known that in cutting a diamond (the hardest substance in nature) the dust is placed on the teeth of the saw—to which it adheres, and thus permits the instrument to make its way through the gem. To this dust, too, is to be attributed solely the power of man to make brilliants from rough diamonds; from the dust is obtained the perfection of the geometrical symmetry which is one of the chief beauties of the mineral, and also that adamantine polish which nothing can injure or affect, save a substance of its own nature. The power of the diamond upon steel is remarkable: it is known to paralyze the magnet in some instances—and may there not be some peculiar operation upon steel with which philosophers have not yet taught us to be familiar! How is it that a diamond cast into a crucible of melted iron converts the latter into steel? Whatever may be said, it is evident that the diamond dust for sharpening razors, knives, and cutlery, is a novelty which is likely to command the attention of the public, whether or not it is agreed that there is anything beyond the superior

hardness of the dust over the steel to give that keenness of edge that has surprised all who have used it.—*Church and State Gazette.*

SIR ROBERT PEEL has, it is said, recommended Mr. McCulloch to the queen for a pension of £200, in recognition of the services which he has rendered to political economy:—and we may mention, too, while speaking of the rewards conferred on such merit as comes within the purview of the *Athenæum*, by the retiring minister, that we find the name of Sir Moses Montefiore in the batch of baronets just gazetted—the well-earned reward of his labors in the cause of humanity; not the least conspicuous (and we trust effectual) of which has been his late generous expedition to the foot of the Russian autocrat's very throne, in behalf of his oppressed coreligionists.—*Athenæum.*

At a late meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, an extraordinary communication was made by a Greek physiologist, M. Eseltja—who asserts that, by the assistance of electric light, he has been enabled to see through the human body, and thus to detect the existence of deep-seated visceral disease. He has followed the operations of digestion and of circulation—and has seen the nerves in motion. M. Eseltja has given the name of "Anthroposcope" to his remarkable discovery.—*Athenæum.*

From the Athenæum.

Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Printing of Tissues.—[*Traité Pratique et Théorique, &c.*]
By J. PERSOZ. 4 vols. Paris.

THIS work we consider to be one of the most remarkable that has issued from the Parisian press during the present year. Some time since, the French "Society for the encouragement of National Industry," established in 1802, offered a prize for the best essay on bleaching and printing calicoes. None of the papers sent in were deemed worthy of the prize; but, in the mean time, the author of the above work, who is Professor in the School of Pharmacy at Strasburg, though unable to complete his work by the specified day, persevered—and finally laid before the Society the result of his labors. That body fully appreciated the great value of M. Persoz's MS.; and published it, under their patronage—at the same time, presenting the author with a medal, of the value of 3,000 francs. M. Persoz was born and brought up in a calico printing manufactory; and spent a considerable portion of his life at Alsace, in the midst of print works—where he taught chemistry.

The first two volumes of the work are devoted to the description of the various coloring matters, and the means employed in printing—embracing the different kinds of machinery used in manufactories. The latter volumes contain the receipts for the colors actually used in printing on cotton and woollen cloths. To each receipt is annexed a pattern of the cloth so printed; by which means the reader is put in possession of the effect produced. The illustrations to the work amount to not less than 105 designs and 429 patterns—printed in with the text—besides a quarto atlas, of twenty plates. The patterns have been contributed by the principal calico printers in Alsace, Switzerland, Normandy, Paris, England, and Scotland; and it is pleasant to find the author alluding gratefully to the liberality evinced by the different manufacturers—who, rising above all petty national jealousies, were happy to have an opportunity of advancing chemical science, by placing the products of their manufactories at the disposal of M. Persoz.

Some of the patterns are of great beauty—displaying a brilliancy of color which we have never seen excelled; and, altogether, the work gives abundant evidence that the art of calico-printing has attained to extraordinary perfection. It is worthy of mention, that the English legislature enacted, in 1720, an absurd sumptuary law, prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, either of foreign or domestic origin. This act remained in force during a period of ten years; and then, was repealed by an only half-enlightened body of senators—who permitted what were called British calicoes, if made of linen warp, with weft of cotton only, to be printed and worn, upon payment of a duty of sixpence on the square yard. These acts had the effect of nearly extinguishing, amongst us, the rising industry in this ingenious department of the arts: and it was only after 1774, when that part of the act of 1730 which required the warp to be made of linen yarn was repealed, that calico-printing engaged the serious attention of English manufacturers.

The dread of encouraging the importation of cotton, and throwing flax (a native product) out of cultivation, had a similar effect in France;—although that country had the good sense to perceive its error at an earlier period than Great Britain. It is well known that the principles of calico-printing are now profoundly studied by the

French manufacturers; who generally keep a chemist constantly at work, making experiments upon colors in a well-mounted laboratory.

The work of M. Persoz—to which we earnestly invite the attention of our Lancashire manufacturing friends—shows the pains-taking manner in which one of our most important and pleasing arts is studied. We observe that the Society under whose patronage these volumes are published, announces its intention to give copies of the work, as prizes, to overseers and foremen who may produce new inventions in design or printing.

CAUSE OF DOUBLE FLOWERS.

THE cause of double flowers has lately been explained in the *Revue Horticole*, on a rather curious and interesting principle. It is impossible for any inquiring mind not to attempt an explanation of the fact, that many plants which, in a state of nature, never present more than a single row of petals, begin to assume several rows under continued cultivation. The effects of a richer soil, and other genial circumstances, or the mere accident of double petals in one plant transmitted with improvement through its progeny, are the common explanations; and these are generally received as satisfactory, without reflecting that what we call accident is itself a result of some cause, and that change of condition must attack some physiological principle before it can have any effect in modifying the character of a plant. Nothing is now so common as double flowers; and "to explain the phenomenon," says the *Revue*, "we must make practice agree with theory. Every gardener who sows seed wishes to obtain plants with double flowers, so as to have blossoms which produce the greatest effect. Every double plant is a monstrous vegetable. To produce this anomaly, we must attack the principle of its creation; that is to say, the seed. This being granted, let us examine in what way these seeds ought to be treated. If, after having gathered the seeds of ten weeks' stock, for example, we sow them immediately, the greater number of the seedlings will produce single flowers; whilst, on the contrary, if we preserve these same seeds for three or four years, and sow them, we shall find double flowers upon nearly all the plants. To explain this phenomenon, we say that, in keeping a seed for several years, we fatigue and weaken it so, that the energy which would otherwise have been expended in producing stamens, produces petals. Then, when we place it in a suitable soil, we change its natural state, and from a wild plant make it a cultivated one. What proves our position is, that plants in their wild state, shedding their seeds naturally, and sowing them as soon as they fall to the ground, yet in a long succession of time scarcely ever produce plants with double flowers. We think, then, after what we have said, that whenever a gardener wishes to obtain double flowers, he ought not to sow the seeds till after having kept them for as long a time as possible. These principles are equally applicable to melons, and all plants of that family. We admit, like many other observers, that melon plants obtained from seeds the preceding year ought to produce, and do produce, really very vigorous shoots, with much foliage; but very few fruitful flowers appear on such plants; whilst, on the other hand, when we sow old seeds, we obtain an abundance of very large fruit. In fact, in all varieties of the melon, the seeds should always be kept from three to eight years before being sown, if we would obtain fine fruit, and plenty of it."

NEW BOOKS AND RE-PRINTS.

The Bible, The Koran and the Talmud; or Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans. Compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish Traditions. By Dr. G. Weil. Translated from the German. Vol. 15 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

The Modern British Plutarch; or Lives of Men distinguished in the recent history of England for their Talents, Virtues, or Achievements. By W. C. Taylor, LL. D. Vol. 17 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy: with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak (now agent for the British government in Borneo.) By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R. N. Vol. 18 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

Temper and Temperament; or Varieties of Character. By Mrs. Ellis. Published by Harper & Brothers.

The Wandering Jew is now completed.—Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine has reached the letter O in Part 16.—Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakespeare has reached No. 100.

Pictorial History of England. This book it is pleasant to look at: so well is it printed, and so good is it for the family.

Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England; with a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History. By John Forster. Edited by J. O. Chowles. Sir John Eliot, the Earl of Strafford, and John Pym, are the lives in Nos. 1 and 2. To be completed in five numbers.

WILEY & PUTNAM have issued several good books:

Ecclesiastical Reminiscences of the United States. By the Rev. Edward Waylen, late Rector of Christ Church, Rockville, Maryland. Eleven years resident in America.

[Whether it arise from the longer residence here, or a better temper, or a clearer head than many other English travellers have had—it is pleasant to see an Englishman writing of us without arrogance or pertness. And when we recollect the high praise we received from Mr. Lyell, who differs so much from Mr. Waylen in his religious opinions, we may perhaps, diffident as we are, be convinced that there is really some good among us. We copy a few passages from his preface, dated Queen Square, Westminster.]

"That he has spoken favorably of the Americans as a people, arises from his long and intimate acquaintance with them; during which he has associated with almost every class in that community. He cannot lend himself to a falsehood to make his book sell; though it has to be proved whether defamation or grotesque caricature, applied to the people of a country, whose glory and greatness are our own, furnish the only staple commodities in this department of authorship. The Americans, as a race of people, inherit most of the good, and are free from many of the bad qualities which distinguish the nation from whence they have sprung; nor has the free intermixture of continental blood effected any deterioration in their mental or physical qualities. The defects of character (arising solely from education) which

distinguish a portion of them before the world, and the exhibitions of popular license which the country occasionally presents, originate in a combination of religious and political influences, in which the former has decidedly the largest share; as in the following pages is attempted to be shown.

"The author's own experience has satisfactorily proved to him, that even amongst the demagogue political capitalists, the arrogance and conceit which is erroneously charged upon the whole nation is, in fact, only a 'defensive' weapon, resulting from the contempt which it was fashionable for English writers and public speakers to express for America and her institutions long after the war which made her independent of the mother country.

"The people of the United States—the author's experience and intimate knowledge of them enable him to affirm it—those who form the mind of the nation, and who, it is hoped, will yet recover their legitimate control over the action of the country—are ready and desirous to join with us in securing a lasting alliance, and in all the schemes for more enlarged benevolence to which such alliance must naturally lead."

[Mr. Waylen is of the Episcopal church, and it may require a "catholic spirit" on the part of readers of other denominations to enjoy the book. We have not had time to read it, but look for much pleasure therefrom.]

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster: edited by J. E. Ryland. [Mr. Foster is so well known as the Author of the Essay on Decision of Character, that American readers will take up these volumes with much interest.]

Responses on the Use of Tobacco. By the Rev. Benjamin Ingersoll Lane, Author of the *Mysteries of Tobacco*. [This book consists principally of letters to the author from twenty-five well-known persons who carry on the war against tobacco with much zeal. We remember to have heard a man of many bad qualities, among which a want of politeness was evident, say to an old lady who offered him a pinch of snuff—"I never snuff, smoke, chew, swear, or drink rum." She threatened to throw her snuff-box into his eyes, for his classification, and perhaps that mode of disposing of it would have been useful to him, as it certainly would have been to her. We do not use tobacco, except for the purpose of disgusting the moth, but nevertheless are candid enough to see that there must be something *strong* in it, for else the many high-spirited young men about town would not submit to the labor of decocting it; and there must be something *good* in it, or its use would not be indulged in by so many clergymen and other wise men. Many distinguished "temperance" men, appear to find help in it. There must be great good, to make up in the minds of such men as we have spoken of, for the offences to delicacy and cleanliness which are inseparable from the use of this "great medicine."]

GREELEY & McELRATH have added to their stock of good books, Incentives to the Cultivation of the Science of Geology. Designed for the use of the Young. By S. S. Randall, Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York, Editor of Common School Journal, &c.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

De la Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue.
Par M. Ch. LABITTE. 8vo. Paris: 1841.

FROM about the year 1576 to 1594, a period not far short of twenty years, the fair realm of France, bound down with the iron fetters of that cruel, turbulent, implacable "Ligue" which has obtained a place in history not less conspicuous than the "Directorat" or the "Consulat" of later times, was prostrated at the feet of its clergy. Perhaps no period of history has ever presented a state of things so extraordinary in all its relations, or so replete with warning for future ages. None has been so generally misunderstood and misrepresented by modern historians, who, judging only from a superficial and partial view of the outward face of events, have tried to give it a variety of physiognomies at their own pleasure, and have left it at last a sort of incomprehensible mystery.

It is the duty of the historian to dive beneath the surface of the stream of events; he should seek out the cause which moves the waters; it is not enough to watch merely the apparent actions of those who, perhaps, in spite of their outward importance to the view, are in reality only the arms which execute, while a moving principle far less splendid and less imposing sets them to work.

Such was the case in an especial degree with this redoubtable "Ligue." Writer after writer has traced the intrigues of the princes, has admired the persevering constancy and bravery of the King of Navarre, has spoken reproachfully of the political pretensions of the pope, and of the selfish designs of the Spaniard; but few or none have withdrawn their eyes from these more dazzling spectacles, to trace the progress of a band of preachers who kept these actors in motion, who used religion as a means of gratifying their ambition or their appetite, and who raised a storm which, as we have just remarked, it took nearly twenty years to allay. These formed the true body and soul of the "Ligue," and they furnish a political lesson which it would be well to remember. A French writer of good promise, who was recently cut off in the prime of his life, attempted, in the volume of which we give the title above, to compile their history from a class of documents too seldom consulted—the political sermons and satirical tracts, which, under circumstances like these, never fail to issue from the press in profusion. A few pages will not be thrown away in laying before our readers some portion of the result of his researches, which are very little known in this country. We take his volume as a collection of materials; for in some of his general views we entirely disagree. In many things M. Labitte appears to us to partake too much of the character of a historian, who flatters himself that he is viewing history from a neutral and impartial position, because he treats the principles of both parties with equal contempt; and, in so doing, he further runs into a fault too common in French writers of this class—that of generalizing facts which are simply accidental, and of giving as general principles what are merely the evident result of sudden political excitement.

Let us, before we proceed, glance for a moment at the events that preceded those which more especially belong to our subject. It is not our intention to dwell upon those sanguinary persecutions of the Protestants which disgraced the reign of Charles IX., and seemed to have turned this part of Europe into one wide unchanging field of murder, rape, and pillage. The monks and Catholic preachers acted a prominent part in these fearful scenes; they waded literally through blood to the pulpit, from which there seemed to issue but one continuous cry of, "Slay! slay! rob! rob!" a cry which had, indeed, been heard long before it was put in execution. As early as the year 1554, ten years before the execution of Anne Dubourg, and eighteen before the fatal St. Barthélemy, the dean of St. Germaine l'Auxerrois at Paris, father Le Picart, had the effrontery to preach from his pulpit, when speaking of the Protestants, that, "the king ought for a time to counterfeit the Lutheran amongst them, so that thus alluring them into his power, they might fall upon them all, and purge the kingdom of them at once." As the support of the clergy became more and more necessary to the ambitious designs of the Guises, their influence increased to such a point that even the royal will was no longer a bridle to it, and they undisguisedly and unequivocally urged on the populace to rise and destroy the Huguenots. There was soon a general insurrection of the clergy against the moderate and peaceful policy of the king, whose weakness only increased their audacity. For several years priests and monks were everywhere busily engaged in preaching to the people that they should take up arms; they hesitated not to point out to the assassin men of wealth and influence who favored the reformers; they even went so far as to proclaim in their sermons that, "if the king showed too much reluctance to massacre the Calvinists, he ought to be dethroned, and shut up in a convent;" and, at the beginning of the memorable year 1572, a bishop, Arnaud Sorbin of Nevers, *faisait rage* (to use the expression of contemporary historians) against the king for not killing them, and publicly excited the Duke of Anjou to do the work himself, "not without giving him some hope of the primogeniture, as Jacob had received that of his brother Esau." The pulpit became a power superior to the laws; the king was no longer able to resist, and the result was the catastrophe of the 24th of August, 1572, which is still remembered with horror as the massacre of St. Barthélemy. From this moment the French clergy, in the persons of its preachers, a number of turbulent, seditious, unruly men, took the field undisguisedly, and continued to overawe the crown by constantly stirring up the passions of the mob. These preachers soon became the masters of the kingdom.

Such was the state of France when, in 1574, Henri III. ascended the throne. A powerful insurrection against the crown already existed, which was excited by men who above all others had the entry to every hearth and access to every ear, and who made no scruple of enlisting to their purposes every wild passion and revolutionary feeling under the specious pretence of the safety of the church.

All they wanted was organization, and a banner under which to fight. The latter was furnished by the popularity of the Guises, whom, for more than one generation, the Catholic preachers had been pointing out to the devotion of their hearers by the most extravagant eulogies of which they were capable; scarcely a distinguished member of the family had died within memory who had not been held forth from the pulpit as a saint or a martyr.* On all these occasions, the preachers hardly concealed their wish to set up the House of Lorraine in opposition to the reigning family; and they constantly dwelt on the theme, that a king who shows favor to heretics ought to be torn from his throne by his subjects, and one more orthodox substituted in his place. The organization, which the earlier opposition to the crown had wanted, was found in the "Ligue."

This Ligue, of which the first serious symptoms showed themselves in 1576, was only the realization on a large scale of what had already been attempted partially by the Cardinal de Lorraine. When once formed, the association increased rapidly, and as it became stronger, its aim was directed proportionably higher. One of the articles of its programme was "The Defence of the King;" but as that was only a secondary object, it was soon forgotten. In fact, it was covenanted from the first, that those of the "Holy Union," as it was termed, had a right to sustain their cause by force of arms against whoever it might be. The remissness which they thought Henri III. showed in persecuting heretics, and the defection of the heir-presumptive (the Duke of Alençon) to the united party of the Huguenots and discontented Catholics, irritated the violent Catholics to that degree, that it was resolved to overthrow the house of Valois. A messenger sent to the court of Rome represented, that the benedictions bestowed by the Holy See on the race of Charlemagne had not passed to the family of Hugh Capet, and a genealogy was drawn up by which the Guises were made to be the descendants of the Carolingians. The first volume of the "*Mémoires de la Ligue*" contains a note of the secret council held at Rome for the destruction of the house of Valois, and the transmission of the crown to that of Guise, in which the preachers were to act a very important part. They are brought forward even in the first article, which directs, "that in the pulpit and at the confessional the clergy shall exert themselves against the privileges granted to the sectarians, and excite the populace to hinder them from enjoying them."†

* The unscrupulous political violence of the Catholic preachers was as remarkable in their eulogies as in their personal attacks, and many really amusing examples might be given. M. Labitte takes the following anecdote from De Thou. Pierre du Chartel, in his funeral sermon on François I., proclaimed to his hearers that the soul of the great monarch was already in heaven. The faculty of theology was singularly scandalized by this assertion, which they considered as a denial of purgatory. A deputation of theologians was sent to the new king, Henri II., to expostulate; but Jean de Mendoza, who was to introduce them, said to them, "Je sais pourquoi vous venez ici; je connaissais notre bon maître mieux que vous, et s'il a été en purgatoire il n'aura fait qu'y goûter le vin; il n'était pas homme à rester longtemps en place." The Sorbonne appears to have been satisfied with this explanation.

† "Qu'en chaire et au confessional ceux du clergé s'élevaient contre les privilèges accordés aux sectaires et excitent le peuple à empêcher qu'ils n'en jouissent." We have seen a similar political use made of the confessional in France in our own days; so certain is it that the bad principles of the Romish church are inherent to the system, and that they remain unchanged.

The curés were enjoined to act the part of men in condition to bear arms, and it was resolved that the king should be deposed and shut up in a monastery. This was an attempt to force society back to the barbarism of the first ages of the monarchy.

When Henri convoked the first states at Blois, he hoped that moderate men would have been elected; but the preachers had caused so much excitement among the Catholics, that the Protestants did not dare to offer themselves, and the deputies present were all liguers. The king felt the difficulty of his position, and attempted to recover his influence by suddenly placing himself at the head of the Ligue; but his weakness of character hindered him from profiting by this step. The projects of the Guises were for a moment only disconcerted; and the edict of Poitiers strengthened their party, which now openly encouraged and invoked the democratic passions of the mob as a weapon against the throne. The violent attacks upon the king from the pulpit, and the eulogies of the Guises, increased daily. Every vice and even every weakness of Henri III. was raked up and dwelt upon with malicious acrimony; his very acts of devotion, which in another monarch would have been lauded to the skies, were turned into crimes; and when he founded a monastic order of penitents, one of the most distinguished and active preachers of the day, the benedictine Maurice Poncet applied to them in his sermon the title of "*la confrérie des hypocrites et athéistes*." In fact, the Catholics would not allow the king to save his soul even in an orthodox manner.

Under these circumstances, the principles of the Ligue rapidly spread themselves through every part of the kingdom. "In the north, as in the south, the Union found its adepts as well amongst the turbulent as among the moderate. At Nîmes, it was established by massacres and rapes; at Laon, it was adopted in the name of reason and legality. In the pulpits of the provinces, the same principles and the same invectives resounded as in the pulpits of Paris; at Lyons, there was the Jacobin monk Bolo, and more especially the Jesuit Claude Mathias, *the courier of the Ligue*, as he was called, an indefatigable traveller who, under the least pretext, ran from one end of Europe to the other for the interests of his party; at Soissons, there was Launay, who in the sequel became one of the chiefs; at Rouen, the cordelier Gilles Blouin; at Orleans, the learned but violent theologian Burlat; and above all, there was at Toul the archdeacon of the cathedral, François de Rosières, who declaimed against his king amid the applauding shouts of the mob, "*con plausibile e popolare eloquenza*," as Davila says. This François de Rosières had in 1581 published a book in favor of the title of the house of Lorraine, for which he was thrown into the Bastille; the credit of the Guises procured his release; but Rosières showed no gratitude to Henri III. for his clemency, or rather for his incredible apathy. At Châtillon, the sermons of the preachers appear to have been thought insufficient; to excite more effectually the populace, the clergy caused to be represented, in a mystery or theatrical exhibition, the combat of David against the giant Goliath. David, as might easily be guessed, was the symbol of Henri de Guise." The result of this extraordinary activity of the Catholics was, that Henri III. was universally abandoned. The state of things became still more alarming, when the death of the Duke of Alençon made Henri de Navarre, the Huguenot leader, heir-apparent to the throne. His claims

were at once set aside by a bull of excommunication, and the court of Rome openly put forward the titles of Henri de Guise, the eager adviser and promoter of the massacre of the Saint Barthélemy, to the crown of France, which the preachers were directed to set forth zealously in their sermons.

At first the higher clergy had shown some degree of reluctance to take part in these gross and indecent attacks upon royalty. It was the religious orders, the curés, the *maîtres des arts crottés*, (as they were termed in derision by the other party,) the doctors of the Sorbonne, fed with Spanish money, publicly encouraged by the Guises, paid and excited, and even prompted by the Duchess of Montpensier, to whom the king was an object of furious hatred; in fact it was the whole body of the secondary clergy, who, assisted by the intrigues of the Jesuits, the support of the pope's nuncio, and the discontent of two or three ambitious and turbulent prelates, threw themselves into the foremost ranks of the disaffected, and acted upon the masses by the unbridled brutality of their declamations. An example or two will show the unscrupulous manner in which they propagated misrepresentation and falsehood. In August, 1587, Jean Boucher, (one of the most violent of the curés of Paris,) preaching in the church of St. Barthélemy, told his auditors with the greatest assurance, that the king intended to hinder all the preachers from speaking the truth, and that he had already put to death Burlat, the incendiary preacher of Orleans. Henri III., informed of this calumny, sent for several of the rebellious doctors of the Sorbonne, and in their presence asked Boucher why he had accused him of murdering Burlat? Boucher said that it had been told him for truth. The king reproached him for believing what was evil rather than what was good, and then caused Burlat to be introduced, alive and well, to Boucher's no small confusion, who, however, escaped without punishment. It is even said that Burlat had been all the time living in intercourse with Boucher and the other preachers. In the same year, when the German Reiters were entirely defeated at the battle of Auneau, at which the king was present, the preachers could scarcely give him a small share in the victory, a few of them only condescending to compare him with Saul, who had slain his thousand, while David, *i. e.*, Henri de Guise, had killed his ten thousand; but every pulpit rang with the marvellous valors of this "new Gideon sent for the salvation of France." The king is said to have been extremely offended at these demonstrations of partiality; but he was still more alarmed in the December following, when in the Sorbonne the faculty of theology decided that it was lawful to take the government out of the hands of princes, who did not fully perform the duties expected from them.

We are now arrived at the eventful year 1588. In spite of the successful efforts of the preachers, in spite of the approbation and encouragement of the pope, and the active support of Philip II., of Spain, the Guises seem to have shown some reluctance to put themselves openly at the head of the insurrection, till the uncontrollable zeal of a self-formed committee, behind which they concealed themselves, obliged them to throw off the mask. This committee consisted chiefly of the more intemperate of the preachers, with two or three *bourgeois*, equally distinguished by their violence,

who on entering were made to swear to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to the cause, and who met for some time in the chamber of Boucher, in the Sorbonne. They were especially supported by the Duke of Mayenne, and were directly countenanced by the pope. It was, indeed, with them, that the latter communicated most confidentially. They began by demanding of the king the establishment of an inquisition, like that of Spain, in every town in France, which was of course refused; and then they sent agents into every part of the kingdom, to agitate the populace. At Paris, the seditious acrimony of the sermons increased to such a degree, that the king was obliged to send for one of the preachers, who, at the beginning of May, had held forth against him with more than ordinary intemperance in the pulpit of St. Séverin. A report was instantly set abroad by the clergy, that the king designed to seize all the preachers; whereupon the curé of St. Séverin raised his parishioners, and refused to deliver the offender. Boucher simultaneously sounded the tocsin in his parish of St. Benoit; their confederate, Bussy-le-Clerc, one of the most violent of the lay members of the committee, came with his company in arms, and established himself in the immediate neighborhood of the church; and the king's archers, who came to seek the preacher, were driven away. The die was irrecoverably thrown by this open act of rebellion; and only a few days after, on the 12th of May, 1588, the "barricades" compelled Henri III. to make a hasty retreat from his capital by one of its most private entrances, followed by the musket-shots of his own subjects. This event had been long in preparation by the revolutionary council of the preachers, who, in the moment of action, showed themselves in the foremost ranks. They marched at the head of an army of 400 monks, and 800 scholars of the university, shouting out "That they must go and seize 'brother' Henry de Valois, in his Louvre." After the king's escape, they established a kind of municipal government in the capital.

Influenced by this success, for the king by his flight had given them an undoubted advantage, the clergy of Paris seemed to be worked up to a sort of madness, and the king, in his retreat, was exposed daily to new insults and humiliations. Many of the vacant curés of the churches of the capital were given to violent liguers, to the injury of those who were legitimately entitled to them; and two priests, who afterwards made themselves peculiarly conspicuous, Guincestre and Pigenat, were thus forced into the churches of St. Nicolas des Champs, and St. Gervais. The latter preacher was especially popular with the Parisian mob, and he carried his zeal so far as to march in their fanatical processions stark naked, with nothing but a little apron of white linen before him. Henri III., driven to desperation, had the weakness to attempt to deliver himself by a crime; he ordered the murder of the two Guises, Henri and his brother, the cardinal, which was executed on the 23d of December, 1588.

The preachers of Paris were struck dumb with astonishment at the first intelligence of this unlooked-for tragedy, and for two or three days their violence seemed to have ceased. But it was only the silence which often precedes a great explosion. Guincestre was the first to break it; on the 29th of December he mounted the pulpit of the church of St. Barthélemy, and pronounced a violent philippic against the king, whom he called a *villain*

Herodes (the anagram of Henri de Valois,) and after applying to him every kind of opprobrious epithet, declared to his audience that they owed him no further obedience. The latter, after the sermon, rushed to the door, where they tore down the king's arms, and trampled them under foot. On the 1st of January, the same Guincestre called out to his audience to hold up their hands and swear that they would revenge the deaths of the princes with the last farthing in their purses, and with the last drop of their blood. The president, De Harlay, a man distinguished for his moderation, was sitting in face of the pulpit; and the preacher addressed him more pointedly than the rest—"Raise your hand, Monsieur le President, raise it very high, in order that everybody may see you." Had the president dared to disobey, he would probably have fallen a sacrifice to the mob. Not many weeks afterwards, he was thrown into prison by the liguers. Pigenat preached the apotheosis of the Guises at Nôtre Dame; and, in the midst of a torrent of eulogistic eloquence, he stopped suddenly to ask his auditors if there was not a man among them zealous enough to avenge the martyrs "in the blood of the tyrant who had ordered their death." This was a direct incitement to regicide. In Paris, the clergy got up a procession of 100,000 persons carrying tapers in their hands, and shouting, "God, extinguish the race of the Valois!" Some of the priests placed on their altars wax images of Henri III., and during the service of the mass stabbed them several times to the heart.

The murder of the princes forms a marked epoch in the history of the Ligue. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, left the king and repaired to Paris, where he gave the Ligue, by his presence, the authority of the name of Philip II. The Duke of Mayenne, the brother of the Guises, had also thrown himself into Paris; and under his presidency was constituted the "council of forty," afterwards increased to the number of fifty-four, which included seven of the most intemperate preachers, Rose, Boucher, Prévost, Aubry, Pelletier, Pigenat, and Launay. The members of this council, which had virtually seized upon the government of the country, received each a salary of a hundred écus every month. The object of the Essay of M. Labitte, which we are following in our narrative, is to show the democratic tendency of the sermons of these preachers; and it is evident throughout, that they encouraged republican principles, with the object of securing to themselves the exercise of power unchecked by a superior hand. They were never unmindful of their own interests, for they took care to appropriate to themselves a large portion of the plunder of the houses of suspected royalists, and some of them were known to be living in shameful profligacy. A writer of the time tells us that men who a few years before stood amongst the lowest of the clergy, and possessed little more than what was necessary for their existence, were now grasping, one at a rich benefice, another at an abbey, another at a bishopric, and were hardly satisfied even with these.

The hundred écus a month had certainly a powerful effect in stimulating the zeal of those who received them, who were, if possible, less scrupulous than ever in their calumnious statements. They began, as M. Labitte observes, to deal in the marvellous. Boucher, speaking of the king, in a sermon, on the 15th of February, 1589, said,

"This scurvy-pate (*ce teigneur*) always wears a turban like a Turk, which he has never been seen to take off, even at the sacrament. And when this wretched hypocrite pretended to go against the Reiters he wore a furred German coat with silver hooks, which signified the good intelligence and agreement which were between him and *ces diables noirs empistolés*." These were all gratuitous falsehoods. Guincestre, though not a member of the council, went still further. On Ash-Wednesday he announced that that Lent he would not preach the gospel, because it was "too common and everybody knew it," but that he would relate to his congregation, "The life, actions, and abominable deeds of that perfidious tyrant Henri de Valois," in the course of which he deliberately accused him of offering worship to devils; and drawing out of his pocket an ornamental candlestick, supported by figures of satyrs, which he pretended had belonged to the king—"Lo!" said he, "these are the king's demons; these are the gods whom he adores, and whose enchantments he uses!" Guincestre and Feuardent, a preacher as violent as himself, with the influence of others of the fraternity, now obtained from the faculty of theology a decree, which declared that Henri III. was dethroned, and authorized his subjects to take arms against him. The personalities employed in the sermons became daily more frequent; the moderate inhabitants of Paris were obliged to attend the preachings, and join in acts of intemperate zeal, or they ran the risk of being pointed out from the pulpit to the vengeance of the mob. Women were not spared. On one occasion, a preacher having pointed out two ladies of quality, named Barthélemy and Feudeau, as being somewhat remiss in their zeal, it was not without the greatest difficulty that their persons were saved from outrage, and their houses from pillage. Murder, when committed upon a partisan of the king, was a subject of public exultation. One day a liguier slew a royalist, in a frivolous duel; his valor was in an instant the subject of a sermon in every church. "The young David," it was said, "has slain the Philistine Goliath!"

A new tragedy was now preparing, which was to lead to a further complication of events. The king had strengthened himself by joining with the King of Navarre, who came to his assistance with a Protestant army, and they advanced upon Paris. The populace began to be discouraged; an exhibition of strength might still revive the latent respect for the crown, and in that case the influence of the preachers was at an end. The latter, aware of this, were indefatigable in their exertions, both at Paris and in the provinces, to keep up people's zeal; they said that the capital was strong enough and rich enough to set at defiance four kings; that France was sick, and could only be relieved by a "potion of blood;" and they announced officially that they knew it was intended that, in every town which surrendered to the king, the preachers were to be massacred, the magistrates hung, and the women abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers. The not over-scrupulous writers of the time refuse to report the gross indecency of the terms in which the king was spoken of in the pulpit. The end of July was approaching, and Paris was suffering so much from the siege, that people already began to speak of surrendering. The preachers begged them to wait patiently seven or eight days, and assured them that they would see before the end of the week "some great thing," (*quelque grande chose*), which would effect their deliverance. We

are told that the same announcement was made by the preachers at Rouen, Orleans, Amiens, and other great towns. Within the time specified, on the 1st of August, 1589, Henri III. was assassinated by the Jacobin monk, Jacques Clement, who had been urged to this crime by the exhortations of the preachers, by the favors (as it was said) of the Duchess of Montpensier, and by the promises of the chiefs of the Ligue. One only of the clergy of France, the superior of a Cistercian convent, distinguished by his virtues, ventured to celebrate in public the funeral service for the unfortunate monarch; his monks rebelled against him, he was driven from his office, and was long afterwards an object of persecution in the church.

As we stated at the beginning of our article, France now lay absolutely at the mercy of its preachers. M. Labitte has given brief notices of some of the most prominently seditious. Jean Boucher, the most remarkable of them all for the part he acted, and for the number and violence of his writings, was a native of Paris, born in 1551, distinguished for his learning and eloquence, but ambitious in the extreme, and possessed of a ferocity of character which the historians of the time describe as amounting almost to madness. Next to him comes Guillaume Rose, a fit companion for him, equally learned, and even more eloquent, but characterized by Bayle as *le plus enragé ligueur qui fût en France*: he was two or three years older than Boucher, had received innumerable benefits from the king whom he deserted, and had been made Bishop of Senlis in 1584. He was believed by some to be liable to temporary attacks of insanity. Mathieu de Launay was a native of Sens, had been a convert from Calvinism, and was subsequently a canon of Soissons, where he was the grand supporter of the cause of the Ligue, until he was called by his brethren to Paris; he was accused of irregularity of morals, and there were those who did not hesitate to characterize him by the appellation of *un scélérat*. Génébrard, a Benedictine, born at Riom, in 1537, was also distinguished by his learning, and by his fanatical violence—Lestoile compares his eloquence to that of a fish-woman in a passion. The cordelier, François Feuardent, born at Coutances, in 1539, was also considered as one of the pillars of the Ligue; his name appears to have been characteristic of his temper. A contemporary writer, speaking of his eloquence, tells us that *verbum sicut facula ardebat*. Such were the men who in a manner wielded the destinies of their country. After these in importance come the names of Pigenat, Pelletier, Prévoist, and Guincestre, the latter a Gascon, whose name would seem to show that he was descended from an English family. Jean Hamilton, the curé of St. Cosme, was a Scot, who had left his native country in his youth, on account of his religion. These were imitated in their zeal in a greater or less degree by the numerous muster of names, most of them obscure, which formed the army of this extraordinary church militant. There were but three churches in all Paris which were not occupied by violent liguers; all the others had become veritable nests of sedition, and there was not a place of worship in which a sermon for the success of the "Holy Union" was not preached twice every day.

The murder of the king threw everything into momentary confusion. The preachers were far from wishing to avoid the odium of the deed. A circular was sent round to the clergy of Paris,

containing three points which they were to sustain in their next sermons—to justify the act of the Jacobin by comparing him to Judith—to prove that "the Béarnois" (Henri de Navarre, who had at once assumed the title of Henry IV.) could not succeed to Henry de Valois, and to show that all those who ventured to support his claims ought to be excommunicated. Guincestre celebrated first the apotheosis of Jacques Clement, who was proclaimed in every pulpit as "the blessed child of St. Dominic," "the holy martyr of Christ." Those who dared to apply the title of regicide to the hero who had delivered his country "from that dog Henri de Valois," were marked by the preachers for popular vengeance, under the coarsely expressive but untranslatable epithet of *garnements*. Tapers burnt in the churches around the statue of Jacques Clement, whose mother came to Paris to receive the reward of his act. The people were invited in special sermons to go and reverence "the blessed mother of the martyr," who, on her return, was accompanied to the distance of a league from the capital by a cortège of forty monks. The pope in his joy, on receiving intelligence of the murder, exclaimed that the deed was as useful to the church as the incarnation of the Saviour, and compared the heroism of the assassin to the actions of Judith and Eleazar.

The siege of Paris had been relinquished after the murder of Henri III., and the liguers, whose hopes were suddenly raised to the highest pitch, proclaimed the Cardinal de Bourbon (then a prisoner) his successor, under the title of Charles X., a mere shadow of a king, as M. Labitte observes, which adjourned the settlement of the question among the real pretenders, and allowed them to unite for the destruction of the rightful monarch, Henri IV. The latter appeared to have no resource left but his own tried genius and courage. The Duke of Mayenne had pursued him to the neighborhood of Dieppe, in the confidence of there putting an end to the war, and the windows of the houses in Paris were already let to those who wished to see the Huguenot king led a captive through the streets, when the victory of Arques, in the month of October, completely changed the face of events. The preachers were thunderstruck at the news of this disaster; but they had recourse to their old tricks, and kept people in ignorance as long as they could, by reading from the pulpit pretended letters of their general, announcing triumph after triumph. A sudden and vigorous attack on the faubourgs of the capital revealed the truth to the astonished Parisians.* Another circumstance alarmed the preachers: Pope Sixtus V. had hitherto given the Ligue his entire support, but, perhaps seeing more advantage to be derived from the expected conversion of Henri IV. than from the success of his rebellious subjects, he began to show a certain degree of irresolution, which irritated them so much that they actually began to

*A circumstance told by Lestoile on this occasion shows the tyranny exercised by the preachers and lower bourgeoisie at this time, and their jealousy of the civil magistracy. "Le Lundy sixième de Novembre quelques zélés ayant remarqué que pendant que le roi estoit maître des faubourgs, le président Blancmenin, président au parlement, avoit son visage plus riant que de coutume, le prirent prisonnier, et commencerent de lui faire son procès, comme homme suspect et attaché au Béarnois. Cependant il n'en mourut pas par les soins de son frère, seigneur de Gevre et Secrétaire d'Estat." People were daily murdered in the streets or drowned in the river for offences of no greater magnitude.

speak openly against the head of the church, and the news of his death, which happened soon afterwards, was received with expressions of joy.—“God,” said Aubry, in announcing this event from the pulpit, “has delivered us from a wicked and ‘politic’ pope. If he had lived longer, people would have been surprised to hear the pope preached against in Paris, but it would have been necessary to do it.” The Duke of Mayenne and other great leaders of the Ligue began also to nourish more moderate feelings, for they were tired of the intemperate violence of the churchmen. But the latter were supported by the gold of Philip II., who had his own private views; and they endeavored to keep up the political agitation by a multitude of libellous and seditious pamphlets, among the writers of which Jean Boucher stood preëminent. A party, however, had risen, known under the title given them by the preachers, of “the politics,” advocates of moderate measures, and willing to give the crown to Henri of Navarre, on his conversion to the Catholic faith, who were increasing daily, though in secret, and who exerted a considerable influence on events in the sequel. For the present, the preachers had obtained entire command over the minds of the people, as well in the provinces as in the capital. “Fanaticism,” as M. Labitte observes, “reasons not, and, until the exasperation subsided of itself, the efforts of the royalists to plead their cause were vain. They, therefore, returned to the means of conquest, while the liguers redoubled new methods of exciting the populations. Decrees of the Sorbonne, protestations of the pope’s legate, (who, by the way, paid little attention to the directions of his master, when contrary to the party in which he had joined heart and soul,) processions, threats of damnation, promises of felicity in heaven, sermons more frequent than ever, everything was employed with a new eagerness, all means were accumulated, so to say, to render the insurrection general.” Every town in the north of France, and several cities of the south, especially in Provence, were by such means as these secured under the domination of these turbulent monks.

In March, 1590, the Ligue received a still more serious check in the battle of Ivry. The council of government alone knew this fatal intelligence, which had been brought by a prisoner released on parole; and they knew not how to communicate it to the people. After a long deliberation, the monk Christin was charged with this difficult mission. On the 16th of March, the second day after the battle, he mounted the pulpit, and in the course of his sermon introduced, as if by chance, the words of the Scripture: “Quos ego amo, arguo et castigo.” This offered a theme upon which he dwelt at some length, and in the course of his argument he went on to say that God, without doubt, would not fail thus to try the devotion of his Parisians. He pretended to have done with this part of the subject, and was proceeding to another division of his sermon as a courier hastily entered the church, and placed a letter in his hand. Christin looked at it, and then raising himself suddenly in the pulpit with the letter in his hand, he cried out with an affected air of consternation, that doubtless Heaven had inspired him, and had made him that day a prophet rather than a preacher. He then related to them the disaster they had experienced at Ivry, and with all the force of his eloquence, burst into such pathetic exhortations, that the crowd, which at first had listened in silence and

sadness, passed from terror to enthusiasm, and showed a disposition to suffer anything for the holy cause of the Union. Another siege of Paris was imminent, and the wiser heads began to talk of conciliation; but the violent councils of Boucher, Pelletier, Aubry, Hamilton, &c., carried the day. Henri IV. established the blockade of Paris on the 8th of May, 1590, and nearly at the same time the death of the so-called Charles X. left the liguers without even the shadow of a king.

At the beginning of the siege, the ecclesiastics of Paris made a grand procession, which took place on the 3d of June. About 1300 monks, priests, and scholars, all dressed in the habits of their order, and bearing arms of different descriptions, with their robes tucked up, marched in grotesque military order through the streets of Paris, with the Pope’s legate, the bishop of Asti, (Panigerolle,) Bellarmine, (not yet a cardinal,) and Bishop Rose at their head. Even buffoonery like this was not thrown away on the excitable minds of the Parisians; and it helped to encourage them in sustaining the miseries of the siege, which were increasing daily in the total absence of supplies from without. The violence of the preachers had created a sort of terror; the man who dared to speak of peace or of surrender was pointed out as a “politic,” and instantly sacrificed; people were everywhere dying of hunger, yet they were satisfied with popish indulgences and promises of Paradise. However, as a historian of the time informs us, “the chiefs took care that the convents and presbyteries were well stored with victuals, for fear that if they felt hunger themselves, the clergy might not show so much inclination to preach patience to others.” From day to day the preachers promised relief before the end of the week; yet weeks passed, one after another, and the capital was gradually reduced to the last extremity. A few herbs boiled in water were an enviable repast—every kind of animal was eaten with avidity—then even scraps of leather boiled were sold as a dainty—a dead dog was devoured in the street without waiting to be cooked—and lastly it was proposed to make bread of dead men’s bones, taken from the church-yards, and ground to powder; and a mother ate her own infant. In the course of three months 30,000 persons died of hunger. Yet still the preachers ceased not to urge people to patience and endurance. Whole quarters of the city were deserted, and even venomous reptiles were seen in some of the unfrequented streets. The bishop of Asti said that “this was the effect of magic, and an illusion of the devil to discourage the good Catholics.” Things had proceeded to that point, that even the preachers were likely to be no longer listened to, when the Duke of Parma, who had entered France with an army of Italians, formed a junction with the Duke of Mayenne, and very opportunely raised the siege, forcing the king to remain comparatively inactive, with the exception of taking two or three provincial towns, for some months. The clamorous exultations of the preachers knew no bounds; it was a miracle from heaven, sent as a reward for their persevering constancy in the good cause, that had delivered the Parisians; and the populace in their joy forgot their past sufferings, and put more confidence than ever in their clerical leaders.

In the moment of success dissension began to show itself among the all-powerful curés of the parishes of the capital. Some leaned towards

Spain, others towards the Duke of Mayenne, and others towards the young Duke of Guise, who had escaped from his prison at Tours. The greater number wanted a popular government of their own fashion, to be composed of a certain number of theologians and bourgeois, who, to use the words of our author, "would in the first place have established their authority by proscriptions, and then strengthened it by a new Barthélemy of the moderate party." Many of them changed, according to circumstances, from one side to another, and they all joined when their own power was to be exercised or defended. During the earlier months of the year 1591, the sermons of the clergy were entirely devoted to two objects, to abuse the person of Henri IV., and to call down the vengeance of the people upon the detested "politics." The king laid siege to Chartres, the second city of the Ligue, which enjoyed the special sympathy of the Parisians, and every church in Paris immediately resounded with vows and prayers. These were interspersed with announcements of fictitious intelligence, invented for the purpose of buoying up the hopes of the faint-hearted, and conveyed in coarse terms calculated to arrest the attention of the mob. One day Commolet, preaching from the pulpit, stated (though he knew it to be false) that succors had been thrown into the besieged city; and he cried out, amid extraordinary gesticulations for which he was famous: "Va te pendre, va te pendre, va te pendre, te dy-je encore un coup, Politique! Ton Béarnois est bien peneu; il est entré du secours, malgré sa moustache et ses dents!" When the necessity of surrender could no longer be concealed, the preachers declared that the city had been sold by the "politics," (as they constantly termed the advocates of moderation,) and that the only hope remaining was that the true Catholics of Chartres might "rise up against their 'politic' fellow-citizens, and bury their daggers in their bodies." The declamations against the "politics," who were increasing in number, and consisted chiefly of the more respectable part of the community, now became perfectly fearful. Boucher, preaching Lent at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, said: "Qu'il fallait tout tuer," and that "it was quite time to put the hand to the sickle and exterminate those of the parliament and others." The Duke of Mayenne, terrified and unable to resist the blind fury of the clergy, sent letters of *cachet* to several of the magistrates, ordering them to quit Paris as a measure of precaution. The preachers, supposing it was a measure of vengeance, openly praised the duke, but at the same time they excited the populace to continue these insufficient proscriptions. After the surrender of Chartres, Bishop Rose declared from the pulpit that *une saignée de Saint Barthélemy* was necessary, and that they must cut the throat of the disease. Commolet declared that "the death of the 'politics' was the life of the Catholics." Aubry proclaimed, equally from the pulpit, that he was ready to march first to the slaughter. Cueilly said he wished they would lay violent hands on every one they saw laugh. And Guincestre expressed the wish that they would throw into the river all who inquired after news. These atrocities showed that the moderate party was gaining strength; but, although many were disgusted with such excesses, they were more than ever obliged to attend at the sermons, for their absence was taken as a proof of their being "politics," and

they were in danger of being marked out for murder and pillage.

The magistracy of Paris became next the object of attack, because they presented a powerful impediment to the sanguinary designs of the preachers. Boucher, Rose, and Aubry, were the most intemperate in their abuse of this body. The court of parliament acquitted a gentleman named Brigard, who held the office of *procureur du roi de l'Hôtel de Ville*, unjustly accused of treason. The preachers set up a universal cry from their pulpits that the whole court ought to be thrown into prison. Aubry went so far as to point out one of them named Tardif, who dwelt in his parish, as a traitor, and said that under pretence of playing at bowls, he held in his garden secret meetings for the subversion of their cause. Pelletier exclaimed from the pulpit, that as they could not have justice from the court, it was time to make use of their knives. The preachers and others of the council of the Union met, and chose a secret council of ten, which, after several preliminary consultations, met in the night of the 14th of November, at the house of Pelletier, who, as we have just seen, had spoken of knives, and was curé of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, and it was there resolved that the president Brisson, though a zealous liguier, with the counsellors Tardif and Larcher, should be put to death. At seven o'clock in the morning, the preachers and their satellites were up in arms, and Brisson and Larcher were seized at once, carried to the Châtelet, and there slaughtered without any form of judgment. Hamilton, the curé of St. Comme, with a party of priests, went to the house of Tardif, and finding him ill they dragged him from his bed of sickness, carried him to the place where the others had just been killed, and hanged him without even the intervention of the ordinary executioner. The preachers then proceeded to seize upon the governing power, expelled all they disliked from their offices, and made out a list of forty-four persons to compose a *chambre ardente*, or court of inquisition, a sort of revolutionary tribunal which was to have power of life and death over the persons of the Parisians. Next, preparations were made for a general proscription; and each in his own quarter drew up lists, which they called *papiers rouges*, containing the names of all the "politics," marked with the letters C, D, or P, which signified the fate to which each was destined, *chassé*, *dagué*, or *pendu*. This horrible design was only adjourned because the Spanish and Italian troops, which formed the garrison of Paris, refused to lend their hands to it, and it was entirely quashed by the vigorous and timely interference of the Duke of Mayenne, who, hearing that the preachers were determined to brave his authority, hastened to Paris with his army, where he dissolved the council of the union, gave the municipal offices to "politics," and condemned to death nine of the council which had procured the death of Brisson. Four only were executed, and even this might have served as a salutary check upon the sanguinary disposition of the clergy, had not Mayenne relapsed almost immediately into his ordinary weakness of character. Boucher was the leader of the seditious attacks which were now made upon Mayenne from the pulpit, and by his extraordinary violence earned for himself the popular title of the King of the Ligue. The four victims of Mayenne's just anger were cried up as martyrs, and during the whole of

the year 1592, the pulpits groaned with maledictions against every authority which offered any impediment to the designs of those who had possession of them.

The preachers, mortified at the ill success of their attempt to establish a sacerdotal democracy in the place of a king, turned more and more towards the king of Spain, who coveted the throne of France for one of his own family, and who paid them liberally for their support. The period which intervened between this and the calling together of the States for the election of a king, in 1593, offers only a sickening repetition of the same scenes which we have already described. The preachers feared more and more the "politics," as the expectations of the conversion of Henri IV. to the Catholic faith became more substantial, and they were proportionately intemperate in their declamations. They had now long acted the part of masters, and they were furious at the slightest prospect of losing ground which they could only retain during the absence of a power to control them; and they had compromised themselves far too much to hope for indulgence, unless from a king who should owe his crown entirely to their efforts. In fact, they feared more from the king as a Catholic, than they did while he remained a Huguenot. Pelletier publicly excommunicated all his parishioners who should speak of peace, or of "receiving the Béarnois returning to mass;" and he declared that he would refuse Christian burial to any one who should hold the least communication, even in trade, with the "politics" "whose blood," he said, "ought to stain the pavement." Feuardent told his congregation that he was sure that Henri IV. would be struck with thunder from heaven, and that they need not be uneasy about him. Boucher said that the king's successes had been procured through magic, and when Henri was slightly wounded in the battle or skirmish of Aumale, he had the assurance to tell his hearers that "his flesh, or rather his carrion, had been entered, but not deeply, on account of the charms which had been discovered upon his person." The absurdity of accusations like these, after they had been repeated so often, gradually weakened the influence of the oratorical dictature they had so long exercised, and their sermons began evidently to have less effect. This was seen on many occasions. One day, Commelet, seeing three persons leave the church while he was preaching, cried out to the people to go after those "politics" and see who they were; a few months before, this would have been the signal for a massacre, whereas now the auditors laughed and remained in their places. Aubry declared that all the "politics" were irrevocably damned, yet he avowed with sorrow that he believed if any one would rip open many in his parish, they would find a great Béarnois in their bellies." The same preacher, in his sermon on the ninth of August, 1592, declared that he abandoned the houses of all the "politics" in his parish to the mob for pillage; but the mob not only did not pillage them, but satirical answers to his threats were placarded on the walls. In the same manner, when he pointed to them the master of requests, Tronson and his family, then present at his sermon, as worthy to be all thrown into the river, they remained quietly in their places, and no one touched them. But it was impossible to say how long such forbearance might last; and personalities like these, which were now more common

than ever, obliged people from fear to make an outward show of zeal by being regular attendants at the sermons. The time was not yet arrived when it would be safe to offer the preachers any open resistance.

As the time fixed for the meeting of the States approached, this event, which was never very palatable to the preachers, but looked upon only as a thing which could not be avoided, added new fuel to the flame. Several of them, hitherto distinguished by their violence, began to think it safest to moderate their language; but others, as their apprehensions increased, only became the more intemperate. The doctrine of royalty set up at this time and under these circumstances, by the clergy of France, is expressed in the following words of a treatise of Pigenat: "The power of reigning, in spite of all claim of succession, comes from God, who, by the clamors of the people, declares the person who it is his will shall command as king. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*" The "clamors of the people" were at this time regulated by the voice of the preachers, who now attempted to influence the deputies by their menacing language, in the same manner that a short time before they had overawed the magistrates. Commelet, discoursing on the words of the gospel, "the boat agitated by the tempest," quoted St. Ambrose as an authority for stating that Judas was in that boat, which led him to observe, that among the deputies there was not one Judas, but twenty, nay, thirty—"you will know them by their votes!" he cried, "and now, my friends, rush boldly upon them, strangle them for me, for they are all bad." The declamations against Henri IV. continued unabated. Commelet and others celebrated anew the praises of Jacques Clement the regicide, and called aloud for some one to follow his "blessed" example, declaring that it was indifferent whether it should be a monk or a layman, for even one of the very scum of the people would in such a case be sure of Paradise. Not long after this, Pierre Barrière attempted to assassinate the king. Before he started on this mission, he went to consult the curé Aubry, who received him in the most friendly manner, embraced him, gave him to drink, and then, speaking to a Jesuit who was present with him, he said, "It would be a good deed, and without doubt he would gain a great glory in Paradise."

The venality of the preachers became more apparent as the end of their reign approached. All their chiefs received pensions from Spain, and some of them had even the effrontery to boast of it in the pulpit; but they often turned and varied, as the chances of success leaned towards this pretender or the other. M. Labitte justly observes, that "the language of the preachers responded to the vehemence and violence of ambitions. The abrupt turnings about of parties, opinions relinquished and then suddenly taken up again, the inextricable complications of intrigues, translate themselves in the pulpit. How are we to explain the useless violence of many of these paid orators? To understand the diversity of their words, would require to know the diversity of their little interests of every day. We might imagine ourselves in the clubs of 1793; we find here already the same grossness of language. When one party gains the chances, when its influence increases, it is absolved. Glory to the faction which can triumph, shame to it if it is vanquished. It is a melancholy page in the history of the French clergy,

a melancholy spectacle in the history of human morality." At the very time the States were aiming at peace, the more violent preachers still continued to urge the people to take up arms. Aubry shouted vehemently from his pulpit, "La paix ! hé ! pauvre peuple, pensez-y ; ne l'endurons point, mes amis ! plutôt mourir. Prenons les armes ce sont armes de Dieu. * * * Un bon Ligueur (et je vous déclare que je le suis et que je y marcherai le premier) vainera toujours trois et quatre politiques. * * * Qui frappe le premier a l'avantage." Such fanatical exhortations as this still kept the populace in the interests of the clergy. On the 12th of May, 1593, the anniversary of the Barricades, when Henri III. was driven out of Paris, Boucher, preaching on the occasion, praised that day's work as *La plus belle qui fut jamais au monde*, and speaking of Henri IV. he said, "ce n'est pas à tel boueux, bon à jeter au tombereau, que le trône appartient, quoi qu'en puissent dire les larrons, paillards, et boulgres." These expressions were aimed at the deputies of the States—at the whole body of the hated and feared "politics." Aubry, on another occasion, said in his sermon, "if our princes agree to a peace, let them take care of themselves. They are but men. There are still some good friars in Paris who will fight against it, and all the good Catholics would die rather than endure it. I would let them drag me to the river and throw me in a sack into the water before I would ever consent to it. If they come to that, there will be plenty of blood shed ;" he added, "we must poignard the 'politics' * * * if I had as much force as I have courage, I would kill them myself * * * I offer myself to be your standard-bearer * * * The pope's legate has promised to die with us." Such was the language of the preachers amid the deliberations of the States, and the intrigues of the parties who hoped to influence them.

The sudden and unaccountable falling off of Bishop Rose from the interests of the King of Spain did much towards ruining the projects of that monarch, and joined with the other differences of opinion which arose in the assembly, caused it to be dissolved without coming to an election. Several of the preachers, among whom was the too celebrated Guincestre, deserted their party, and went over to Henri IV. The public announcement of Henri's conversion to the Catholic faith gave the final blow to the Ligue. But the preachers held out to the last ; and the pulpits of Paris became more than ever the arena of political strife. Boucher preached a series of sermons on the *simulée conversion* of the king, which were afterwards printed and spread abroad, and were admirably well calculated to sustain the drooping hopes of his party. They consist chiefly of a mass of calumnious declamations against the king and his friends, and their aim is to prove not only his unworthiness of the throne, but the nullity of his conversion. Another intemperate priest, named Porthaise, preached against the *simulée conversion* in the church of Poitiers, and he imitated Boucher in committing his sermon to print. In other parts of the country, as at Amiens, at Lyons, at Dijon, similar doctrines were preached, and with equal violence. At the latter place, on the 20th of March, 1594, a Jesuit named Christophe having wearied his audience with his "atrocious" calumnies against the king, a peasant called out to him, that he would be better employed in preaching the gospel. This interruption was the signal

for a violent uproar, the congregation thrust the preacher out of the church, and he was only saved from worse treatment by the promise of one of the magistrates to commit him to prison. It was clear that a reaction in favor of the royalists was beginning to show itself.

As they saw the chances that Henri of Navarre would succeed to the crown become greater, the preachers began anew to talk of murder and slaughter, as the only means by which the Holy Union could be effectively supported, and as things perfectly justifiable when approved by the church. Their notions of justice were indeed sufficiently pliable, when questions arose between them and those who were not of their party. A cutler, named Gaillardin, a fanatical ligueur, struck a poor cobbler with his dagger, and wounded him severely, because he had uttered some words which savored of royalism. The Jesuit Commelet, as well as the curé Garin, preached in favor of the assailant, and declared that the only thing to be regretted was, that his victim had escaped alive. When the assassin received encouragement like this, the injured man, as a matter of course, received no kind of satisfaction. The Duke of Mayenne, who was fat and somewhat indolent, disgusted with the conduct of the clergy, had complained to the pope's legate of the unbearable license of the preachers ; so far from their being effectually checked, Commelin in his next sermon marked him out as an object for the knife, exclaiming, "There wants an Aod for the pig, for the effeminate man with the great belly (you understand whom I mean !)" The doctrine of canonical murder had truly made strange progress. Aubry sustained that the king's conversion was of no avail, for the pope himself could not absolve him. Cueilley declared that the pope had sworn he would never receive into the church "that goat of a Béarnois," and he asserted that there was an army of 30,000 men ready to come to the assistance of the Union. The prior of the Carmelites, Simon Fillieul, assured his audience that if the Béarnois, "had drunk all the blessed water of our lady" (!) there would still be room to doubt the sincerity of his conversion : he compared him to Judas betraying his Lord with a kiss ; and said it was to be hoped that some *good lady Judith* would shortly save France by a *coup du ciel*. This was the expression which had before been applied by the preachers to the murder of Henri III. by Jacques Clement ; the allusion, on the present occasion, was to attempts made by some of the more unscrupulous of their party to persuade Henri's mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, to murder her lover. At the end of August, 1598, a Jesuit in one of the pulpits of Paris, exclaimed, "It is a blasphemy to think that the pope will absolve the Béarnois ; if an angel should descend from heaven and say to me, receive him, I should look upon the message with suspicion." Five months after, a monk proclaimed "that people should sharpen their poignards, for there was need of a circumcision." Indeed, they all began to be convinced that a murder only could keep Henri IV. from the throne ; and in the chance that some one, excited by their clamors, would commit this murder, they placed their last hopes.

The monk Garin was now the most violent and the most indefatigable of the preachers. He was the boldest apologist of the tyrannical anarchy of the old council, which had governed in the more flourishing days of the Ligue, and in his fury

against the Duke of Mayenne, for suppressing that body, and overthrowing Boucher's project of a *chambre ardente* and its attendant proscriptions, he vomited against the general of the Ligue every description of abuse and imprecation, going so far as to say that "A spindle would be more suitable to this fat pig than a sword." Garin attacked with equal license of language the parliament and the magistrates; and there was no power now in Paris to restrain or punish him. Once, addressing the judges, he said, "He who would give you your due, would cause you all to be hanged; there is not one among you who does not well deserve it. * * * * You shall have the rope one of these days, and shall all be dragged to Montfaucon." When people first talked of the king's conversion, Garin made his congregation recite a prayer to God begging that he would not permit the pope to give absolution to the Béarnois. When this conversion was made public, he cried out from his pulpit, "We must not be down-hearted * * * * perhaps there will soon be found some honest man to kill the Béarnois. We have already been delivered once by the hand of *un pauvre petit innocent*." The sermons of Garin sometimes lasted three hours and a half. Few, comparatively, of his auditors were present at them by free choice, but they were intimidated by his tone and language, and did not yet dare to keep away.

It was evident now that Paris could not long remain in its present condition. The better classes of society, throughout the kingdom, were becoming royalists, and the clergy and the mob were left to support one another. The Duke of Nemours, governor of the city, left his post and retired into the Lyonnais, where he fell into the power of the royalists. Mayenne himself hurried to Soissons, to join the Spanish army, which was to assemble there; but before his departure, perceiving well that no legitimate and reasonable authority could at present be sustained in the capital, and that a revolutionary organization alone could there hold up the cause of the Ligue, he restored the old council of clergy and bourgeois, and Brissac, the willing slave of the preachers in all their deeds of violence, was appointed commander of the garrison of Paris. This was, in fact, leaving the preachers to take care of themselves; and when Mayenne quitted the city, on the 6th of March, 1594, they again assumed their old characters, and, finding themselves masters, appointed Boucher president of their council, who at once declared that the pope had not the power to absolve the Béarnois, and revived the courage and appetite of his brethren, by his extensive dreams of proscriptions. In Paris, the church was now literally militant. The curés Hamilton and Pelletier, not only carried large quantities of arms and munitions into their own houses, but they also placed large stores in the convent of the Cordeliers. Hamilton never went out of his house without being accompanied by a troop of rabble, who brandished their pikes and arquebusses as they went along the streets; he performed the service of the mass armed in a cuirass, and he even baptized a child in full congregation, without troubling himself to take off his armor. Garin also armed his convent, and he boasted to the populace, that he had 2000 monks under his orders. On the 10th of March, he recommended from the pulpit, that the gates of the city should be closed, and that the populace should run to their arms and slay all the "politics." The effect of this avowed project of a new St. Barthélemy was

to put the royalists on their guard. The Governor Brissac, who had ever figured among the most intemperate of his party, had many sins to pardon, and he was consulting his own interests, and providing for his own safety, by treating secretly with the king for the delivery of Paris. The preachers had some intimation or suspicion of what was going on, and they denounced him from the pulpit; which rendered it still more necessary for his safety, that he should lose no time in completing his treason. Garin again encouraged his friends to hope that some one might be induced to deliver them by a murder. On the 13th of March, he declared in a sermon, that they ought to ennoble the family of Jacques Clement, and, in alluding to the king, he made one last despairing exclamation that "they must make away with this man also; it would be a very holy, heroic, and praiseworthy deed, which would assure Paradise to the perpetrator, and would merit for him the place nearest to the person of God." Bishop Rose also acted his part to the last. On the 20th of March, he announced from the pulpit of the Church of St. André-des-Arcs, that he was going to preach a whole week "to complete the process of the Béarnois." On the morrow, the 21st of March, he began this series of sermons, in presence of the Cardinal of Plaisance, and promised to prove, in his sermon the next day, "that the Prince of Navarre was a bastard, and unworthy to succeed to the crown of France." This sermon was not preached, for in the morning (the 22d of March, 1594) Henri IV. was in possession of Paris.

It is hardly necessary for us to follow M. Labitte, in tracing the subsequent history of the various preachers who cut so melancholy a figure in the extraordinary events we have been very briefly narrating. When the king entered Paris, the inhabitants showed clearly by their joy, that latterly their submission to their masters had been only the effect of fear, and that the popularity of the turbulent clergy was at an end. The preachers were in general terror-struck; but some of the more fanatical retired in arms to the *quartier Latin*, the district of the university, and there joining with the captain of the parish of St. Jacques, an obstinate liguier, resolved to hold out to the last. Hamilton, with a perruque in his hand, went to assist them, but it was too late. Forty of the more violent curés, among whom was Boucher, saved themselves by accompanying the soldiers of the Spanish garrison in their retreat. Garin also attempted to make his escape with the garrison, in the disguise of a Spaniard, but not succeeding, he was found a day or two afterwards concealed in the garret of a house in the Rue St. Denis; he threw himself at the feet of the men who discovered him, begged them in the most suppliant manner not to kill him, and swore, that if need were, he was ready to preach the eulogy of the king. Henri IV. had pity on his cowardice, and merely banished him from Paris, and his name does not appear again in history. Aubry and Cueilley showed more courage, and had the audacity to preach against the king a day or two after he was master of his capital; yet the royal clemency was extended even to them, and they, with Hamilton, Rose, Pelletier, the prior of the Carmelites—Simon Fillicul, and a considerable number of others, were banished from Paris. Of most of them we hear no more—they appear to have passed their days in obscurity, perhaps in poverty. A few devoted the remainder of their lives to literary pursuits. Fil-

lieul, after a short absence, received his pardon, and returned to Paris. Pelletier showed his gratitude for the leniency he had experienced, by a farewell sermon to his parishioners, in which he praised with warmth the clemency and generosity of their king. Boucher, and some of those who escaped with the Spaniards, retired to Flanders, and there continued to publish incendiary writings against Henri IV. Boucher was subsequently made Canon of Tournay; besides a host of other pamphlets, he published, in 1595, a treatise in justification of the new attempt at regicide by Jean Châtel; he declaimed bitterly against the edict of Nantes; and continued to publish opinions long after Henri of Navarre had quitted the scene, for he died at a very advanced age, so late as 1646, fifty-five years after the entry of Henri into Paris. Rose fled from Paris to the abbey of Val de Beaumont sur Oise; but, although the king extended his generosity to him so far as to allow him to retain his bishopric of Senlis, he was perpetually involved in one seditious practice or another, and remained all his life an object of suspicion to the government. The general agitation, however, gradually subsided, and the sermons of the clergy lost their political character. But Henri never secured the attachment of the church; his moderation was not agreeable to the taste of the Catholics of that age, whose vengeance was persevering and implacable; after escaping from the murderous arm of Jean Châtel, and being exposed to several other attempts, the king fell at last, in 1611, by that of the Jesuit Ravallac. The fanaticism of the Ligue lived only after the Ligue itself was extinct.

Such is the melancholy picture of a country conquered by its clergy; and it is no more than may at any time happen with a priesthood which lays claim to infallibility and political superiority over the laity, like that of the church of Rome. It is a history worthy of serious contemplation even in our own times. But let us not forget, above all, that our forefathers were watching with painful anxiety every phase of this, to them, fearfully tragic story. Their faith and peace were equally at stake. Spanish money was as actively employed against Elizabeth, as against Henri III. or Henri IV. The knife of the assassin had doubtless been more than once prepared for her. Hundreds of cunning Jesuits and wily preachers, educated expressly for the purpose, were sent into this country in disguise, and were busily engaged in sowing, in private, the same seditious principles. A Ligue was prepared for England, if it had succeeded in France. Let us not, then, judge too rashly the statesmen, who, in condemning Mary of Scotland, thought that the death of an ambitious woman, a Guise by her mother's blood, a ready instrument in the hands of her family, was necessary for the safety of their country. The designs in which she partook were those of the Spaniard, the pope, and the house of Lorraine; and when she manifested her zeal for the establishment of the Catholic church and the overthrow of heretics, it was to be done by means such as those employed on the continent by Spain, and the pope, and the Guises.* It is thus that, at

* It is somewhat singular that the Ambassador of Scotland—without doubt, Mary's old ambassador, the Bishop of Glasgow—appears as an active liguier. We learn from Lestoile that at the beginning of the siege, in 1590, he was in Paris, and he is mentioned among the *seigneurs* of the Ligue. "Le Mercredi douzieme de May, les seigneurs se rendirent chez M. le Duc de Nemours, sça-

certain periods, to understand our own history, it is necessary that we should have something more than a superficial knowledge of that of the surrounding nations.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND THE THREE THOUSAND PIECES.

AN intense commotion has been excited among the Scottish community, by the publicity given to the fact that the Deputation from the Free Church, which went over to America to promote the cause of the voluntaries and their secession, has not scrupled to solicit and receive contributions in aid of its funds from the slave-holders of America. Virtuous men of plain common sense insist that the reception of offerings from such a source was, in the first instance, thoughtless and barely pardonable—but, with a vehemence which will never abate, till the polluted tribute be disgorged, they insist, that the retention of it, after expostulation, and opportunity to weigh well the principles and consequences involved in such a procedure, is *an unmitigated abomination*. They are right—the 30 pieces of Judas Iscariot were not more polluted in their origin than the 3,000*l.* of the slave-holders—and buyers—and sellers—and scourgers—and executioners—of America. Just let Drs. Candlish and Cunningham read the account of the appalling murder, done upon the slave *Pauline*, for the crime of *ill-treating—only ill-treating—her mistress!*—or, of the *ripping open* (further south) of the victims in the Brazilian mines, to ascertain if they had swallowed any of the diamonds, and then let them, if they can, persist in their detestable casuistry and special pleadings, with which they are fain to defend the retention of the 3,000 pieces of money, coined from the blood and groans of the miserable slave—their brother and fellow man!—(*From Hood's Magazine, July, 1846.*)

VIEWS AND REVIEWS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, HISTORY AND FICTION. By the author of "The Yemassee."—A collection of miscellanies contributed to the American reviews and magazines, by a popular author. Though repelled from time to time, by a certain aridity of style, there is a fairness of tone in the better critical literature of America which we have always recognized as excellent;—and it characterizes these papers. A large portion of them, too, attracts us by its nationality. Mr. Simms seeks to make his countrymen American in their literature—not copyists at second-hand of the fashions of England, the follies of France, the philosophies of Germany, or the enthusiasms of Italy. In his page, they appear a grave, self-respecting people; who own a past, and a picturesque, and a poetry of their own; and have around them a life rich in character and adventure. In these days, when reverence and revival are unnaturally confounded, and imitation assumes the honors of invention—efforts like those made by Mr. Simms are too healthy, too manly, too sensible, and too poetical, (in the largest sense of the word,) not to merit praise—even though the execution fall short of the intention.—*Athenæum*.

voir, le Legat, l'Ambassadeur d'Espagne, celui d'Ecosse, le Cardinal de Gondy, l'Archevêque de Lyon, et plusieurs du corps du Parlement, déliberèrent de donner volontairement de l'argent pour payer les soldats et autres."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE CADET OF COLOBRIÈRES.

IN the five successive numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," beginning on the 15th of November last, there appeared, under the title of "Le Cadet de Colobrières," the first of a promised series of tales about the old convents of Paris, from the pen of Madame Charles Reybaud. Though we are diligent, and generally prompt readers of our clever Parisian contemporary, yet it was not until a considerable time after all the five *livraisons*, containing this story, had been in our possession, that we sat down unwillingly and despondently to its perusal. Much unpleasant experience had taught us, in fact, to look with aversion on all French fictions published bit by bit in periodicals—a prejudice which those who are best acquainted with *feuilleton* literature will perhaps excuse, as one to which they would themselves have been apt to yield on a like occasion. If any of our readers have done so with regard to "Le Cadet de Colobrières," and passed unheeded that beautiful creation of a woman's genius, we entreat them to correct their mistake without delay; for an egregious mistake it certainly is to put Madame Reybaud in the same category with the very best of the *feuilletonists*. Judging her from the work before us, she is as much superior to the cleverest of them all, Dumas, as Miss Austin's novels are to Mrs. Gore's, or in other words, as the truth and simplicity of genius are to the most ingenious artifices of mere talent. Of all modern French writers Mérimée appears to us the one with whom Madame Reybaud may be best compared. Both of them are distinguished for admirable skill in the choice and coördination of their materials, and for that consummate graphic art which produces the most distinct and life-like effects within the narrowest canvass;—we rest with complete satisfaction on their delineations; we feel that they are adequate and true, free from all false glare and distortion, and that there is in them not one superfluous line, not one touch but is fitly subservient to the general effect of the picture. In the use of dialogue, Madame Reybaud is scarcely equal to Mérimée, who, indeed, surpasses most writers of the age in the dramatic exposition of character, besides which his style in general is recognized by French critics as a model of purity and grace. Madame Reybaud, on the other hand, has an immense advantage over him in the depth and tenderness of her womanly feelings. The brilliant author of "Colomba," "Charles IX.," and "Carmen," seems to us to put forth his keen powers of observation simply for the pleasure of the exercise. His critical dissection of human impulses is exquisitely subtle and exact, yet there is something in the coolness of the operator, with which in secret we are not quite content. Such masterly knowledge of his subject, combined with so much apparent indifference to it, except as a matter of curiosity, affects us with a disagreeable sense of irony; and while we admire, our hearts do not warm towards the shrewd, cold observer of the passions, frailties, follies, and sufferings of his fellow-men. An impression directly the reverse of this results from the perusal of the "Cadet of Colobrières," a work which in every line bears token that it is the offspring of a spirit as quick and genial in its sympathies, as in judgment it is calm, large, and discerning.

Instead of laying before our readers the mere

dry bones of the story, in the way of an epitome, we think it better to give them a specimen of its general tone in one long unbroken extract. Fortunately we find one exactly suited to our purpose in the very beginning of the tale, which contains not only the germ of all the rest, but likewise an episode complete within itself, and of singular beauty:—

"A short league from the French frontier, on the high-road to Italy, and near the point where the Var divides Provence from the county of Nice, are seen the ruins of an old castle, surrounded by a landscape of stern and rugged aspect. The façade is yet standing, and seems as if backed against the deep blue sky that shines through its large windows. A massive tower, of more ancient architecture than the rest of the building, rises above the other remains; and from its embattled summit, which time has but slightly breached, protrudes a blackish point, not unlike an ordinary lightning conductor; this is the iron socket of the flag-staff that formerly sustained the seignorial banner. The hill, crowned by these ruins, is scantily clad with an aromatic vegetation that would gladden the heart of a botanist; for the rare species of plants, whose drowsy odors the wind often spreads over the whole country-side and for many leagues out to sea, thrive well on the rocky soil that would not nurture a grain of wheat.

"It is now some three quarters of a century since this castle and the lands around it belonged to a worthy nobleman, the Baron de Colobrières, descended on the female side from an old Italian house that reckoned in its genealogy twenty cardinals and one pope. His paternal ancestry was not less illustrious, and went back to what might be called the fabulous ages of Provençal aristocracy. Notwithstanding this high descent, Baron Mathieu de Colobrières was anything but an opulent lord. His armorial bearings were a thistle, vert, springing from a tower, fenestrate and masoned, sables—a truly expressive cognizance, for the sterility of the baronial lands was proverbial, and it was a common saying in the country, 'Colobrières' husbandry, sheaves of thistles and fields of stones.' The baron's ancestors having, by little and little, bartered away all their seignorial rights, there remained to their descendant nothing but the manor and the adjacent lands, which yielded an exceedingly slender revenue. There was not one among the clowns, who doffed their hats as they passed the lordly escutcheon carved above the castle-gate, who would have consented to farm the barony.

"The poor lord of Colobrières had espoused a young lady as noble, and still poorer than himself, who brought him for her whole fortune some hundred crowns' worth of jewels and trinkets. Heaven superabundantly blessed their union. Fourteen children issued from it, and waxed in stature and comeliness almost by the bounty of the sky alone, like the wild plants of their rocky domain. The revenues of the fief of Colobrières barely provided the family's daily bread; for everything else they had to make up by dint of industry and frugality. The baroness had never had any newer gown than her bridal robe, but dressed herself and her children in garments made out of the antique bed-furniture of the castle. The hereditary tapestries were converted to the young gentlemen's use; and the young ladies wore, in the shape of petticoats and bodices, the curtains embroidered by ancestral hands.

"The castle of Colobrières was like a hive that every year threw off the swarms it could no longer feed or shelter. As the elder children grew up, they departed successively to seek their sustenance elsewhere. The baron was too thoroughly penetrated with a sense of what was due to his rank, to suffer any of his children to derogate from their birth. Notwithstanding the penury to which they were reduced, not one of them forgot what be-seemed his blood: seven sons became monks, or entered the king's service, and five daughters put on the robe of the order of Notre Dame de la Misericorde, into which young ladies of quality were received without dowery. Of so numerous a progeny there at last remained in the castle only the two youngest, a son and a daughter, whom the baron used to call with a sigh the props of his age.

"Gaston de Colobrières, or, as he was called by the people of the country, the cadet of Colobrières, was a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, an intrepid sportsman, high-spirited, but shy withal, so that he would look another way if he chanced to meet a country-girl on his path. This rustic Hippolytus was continually roaming, with his gun on his shoulder, over the lands of the barony, which were fertile only in game. In this way he turned the estate to the best account, for were it not for the game he brought home every day, the inhabitants of the castle would have been reduced almost to dry bread for their four meals.

"The baron's youngest daughter, Mademoiselle Anastasie, was a handsome brunette, with a pale and pensive cast of countenance. She had magnificent black hair, and eyes whose dark pupils shone with a changeful light through their long fringes. Her hands were small and delicate; and teeth of pearly lustre were seen with the least smile that parted her rosy lips. And yet it had never entered the head of any one in her little world to think her pretty. On Sunday, when she went to hear mass in a neighboring village, the bumpkins used to look at her as she passed without the least admiration. Her father, indeed, admitted that she had about her a certain air that betokened the young lady of quality; but her mother remarked with sorrow the pale gipsy complexion that tarnished her, as it were, and would rather have seen her cheeks glowing with red and white. She herself had no suspicion of her own beauty, and had never been instigated by her mirror to harbor the least thought of pride or coquetry.

"The life led in the castle of Colobrières was one of the narrowest and most monotonous routine. The gentry of the neighborhood did not seek the society of the baron, who, for his part, had no wish that they should be witnesses of his proud poverty; and the only intercourse kept up by the family consisted in the weekly visits of a good priest, who had been for thirty years curé of a village not far from Colobrières. Of yore the lords of Colobrières had had pages and squires, and there was even among the apartments in the castle one which was still called the hall of the guards; but in the period of its decay, of which we are here speaking, the whole retinue consisted of an old laquais, who entirely neglected the duties of the pantry and the ante-chamber to devote himself to the culture of the kitchen-garden, and of a servant-girl, named Madeleine Panozon, and surnamed La Roussee, whose business would have been light enough, if

it embraced only the cooking department in the mansion of M. le Baron; but, besides this, the stout girl did all the work of the household, and assisted Madame la Baronne to spin the thread for the family linen.

"The architecture of the château de Colobrières belonged to various periods. The large tower that formed, as it were, the nucleus of the whole, was in the Roman style, massive, square, and with circularly arched openings; the buildings round it dated from the *renaissance*. A Colobrières, captain of a company of adventurers, having served with success in the great Italian wars, and been present at the sack of Rome, returned home from his campaigns with a large booty. He renovated his ancestral manor, held high court in it with a number of boon companions, and died, bequeathing to his heirs nothing but the handsome mansion he had erected, and its valuable pictures and furniture. At the period of our story, the modern structures round the old keep were already greatly dilapidated; the furniture was sadly worn, and had, in a great measure, disappeared in passing through the hands of five or six generations; and there actually remained of the antique splendor of the Colobrières only a few waifs and strays, now looked on as relics, such as a trunk inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, in which the baron kept his archives, a clock with musical bells, and six silver spoons and forks engraved with the Colobrières arms. No repairs had been made for some fifty years in the roof or in the outer wood-work; so that the windows were for the most part unglazed and without shutters, and the rain had rotted the floors. The rooms on the first floor were no longer inhabitable, and the family resided in the arched rooms of the ground-floor, the temperature of which was nearly that of a cellar, warm in winter, and cool in the height of summer.

"The chapel was in a state of utter dilapidation, and for many a year the Colobrières family had gone to a neighboring village to hear mass. This was a great mortification to the baroness, who had never indulged more than one ambitious dream in her life, viz., that of possessing some fifty crowns with which she might repair the chapel, and have mass celebrated in it on Sundays and holidays by some Minorite friar, whom she would afterwards invite to dinner; but there was no likelihood that the baron's finances could ever suffice for such an outlay, and the good lady submitted with as much resignation as she could to this hard privation. Every Sunday, whether it rained or shone, the family set out on foot in a certain costume that varied little with the change of seasons. The baron wore an old reddish-brown coat, still decent, but bearing proofs of its long service in the equivocal lustre of the seams. His stockings of rockspun silk, drawn without a wrinkle over a leg that must once have been shapely enough, descended into large shoes with buckles, and his napless three-cornered hat greatly needed to be handled with extreme caution. Madame de Colobrières accompanied him in a skirt of gros-de-Tour, somewhat faded, with a taffety mantle that dated from her marriage. Their children had no other adornment than their good looks. The young man wore a serge-coat, and a coarse felt hat like the peasants; the young lady had a brown cotton frock, a kerchief of sprigged muslin, and a little hat set on the crown of her head, and under which her hair was

gathered back from her face. The only change made at long intervals in this costume was, that the hat had sometimes a new riband. Hard as it must have been to feel the constant pinching of such narrow means—a hundred times more difficult to endure than naked and avowed poverty—still a sort of permanent serenity prevailed in the Colobrières family, and their mutual concord was never disturbed. The young people especially led a life unruffled by vain longings and anxious forethought, contenting themselves with the little they had, and never repining over the decay of their fortune and their house.

"One Whitmonday, after mass, whilst the baroness and her children were returning to the castle, the baron loitered awhile in the village market-place, where some itinerant merchants had set up their booths. It was the grand holiday time of that part of the country, and the merchants were doing a brisk business with their latten rings, pinchbeck crosses, and glass chaplets. The baron bought an ell of riband for his daughter, cheapened a *chifarcani* gown, sighed, and did not buy it. After dinner that day he did not leave the table immediately, as was his custom, to take his siesta, but remained in his chair, leaning back with his eyes fixed in deep reflection. Gaston and his sister had stolen out noiselessly, thinking that their parents were dozing on either side of the table.

"Instead of sleeping the baron was half-whistling between his teeth, which in him was a token of deep cogitation, and tapping alternately his plate and his empty glass. The baroness soon yielded to the influence of this music; her eyes closed, and she fell asleep in the effort to guess what it could be that her husband was thinking of so intensely. After half an hour's silence the baron heaved an explosive sigh, looked up at the ceiling, and said,

"I heard news to-day of Agathe de Colobrières."

"Eh—what—I beg your pardon: did you speak?" ejaculated the baroness jumping up in her chair, and staring at her husband in bewildered surprise.

"I say," replied the baron, coldly, "that a pedlar in the fair told me news of Agathe de Colobrières."

"Holy Virgin! and what did he tell you?"

"Things I was far from expecting, certainly. Agathe has had more good luck than she deserved. In the first place that man, her husband, that Maragnon is dead."

"The old lady crossed herself."

"Next," continued the baron, "he has left a very large fortune."

"Are there children?" inquired the baroness, trembling with emotion.

"There have been several; but of all that hopeful lineage of the Maragnons there remains but one girl."

"And the merchant that told you this saw Agathe, perhaps?"

"He did; and she told him that if she dared she would send her compliments to me."

"Poor woman!" murmured Madame de Colobrières.

"Send me her compliments, indeed; I would not have received them!" cried the baron, striking the table with his fist. "Wretch that she is! she dares still to utter the name of Colobrières! She! Madame Maragnon!"

"She thinks of us! She loves us still," murmured the baroness.

"What does that matter to you, madam?" replied the baron, indignantly. "What is there in common at present between us and that woman? I am really vexed with myself that I mentioned the subject to you."

"With these words he rose and hurried from the room as if to cut short the conversation. The baroness remained alone in deep thought. For thirty years the name of Agathe de Colobrières had not been breathed in her presence. It was forbidden to speak of her in that castle where she was born, and neither Gaston nor his young sister was aware even of her existence. And yet she was near akin to them; she was the Baron de Colobrières' own sister—his only sister.

"Thirty years before, Mademoiselle de Colobrières was residing in the paternal mansion, which she had never quitted. She was approaching the mature age of maidenhood. She was no longer a delicate bud sheltering timidly beneath the foliage, but a splendid, full-blown rose, whose fragrant petals would be scattered by the first breath of wind. This beautiful girl belonged to a house too poor, too noble, and too proud to make it feasible, even in thought, to find a husband for her. It was decided that she should enter a convent; but as she had no vocation for the monastic life, she temporized and remained in the castle even after the death of her parents and her brother's marriage.

"Still it was a settled thing that she was to be a nun, and she never conceived the thought of saying no, perhaps because she could see no chance of escaping her lot; only she would fall at times into fits of deep dejection, and weep in the baroness' presence without ever divulging the cause of her tears. The family was augmenting every year. The castellan of Colobrières had already six children, and poor Agathe felt plainly she must depart and make room for those little ones. Neither the baron nor his wife pressed her to fulfil her resolution; but her entrance into the convent was considered as near at hand, and was talked of every day.

"While things were in this state, it happened that some itinerant merchants presented themselves one evening at the gate of the castle. The weather was frightful; the rain, which had fallen in torrents, had broken up the roads, and the poor travellers could not reach the village, where they would have found shelter and a place to lie down. The baron generously opened his door to them, which was really all the kindness he was able to bestow upon them. They took up their quarters in an empty hall not far from the stable, where they sheltered their baggage mules, and made their arrangements for passing the night there. The baroness had seen their arrival from her window, and said soon after to her sister-in-law:

"I should like to lay out five or six francs with these merchants. The children's things are made up for the season; but you and I—it is mortifying to be obliged to go to mass with our plain hats and our *fichus de lisard*. You in particular, my dear, are sadly in want of a new kerchief."

"What would be the good of it, sister?" replied Mademoiselle de Colobrières with a sigh, "I should not have long to wear it; I shall soon have no more need of such things."

"Never mind," said the baroness; and casting

a stealthy glance at her husband, who was dozing at the table with his nose on an old book of noble families of which he every evening read a few lines, she added in a lower tone, 'I have saved a few fifteen sous pieces, and will put them into your hands; but be sure your brother does not know anything of the matter. By and by, when we are gone to our bed-room, do you go to these merchants and buy what you think best.'

"So saying she went to the cupboard in which she kept her most valuable hoards, fetched from it a rather limp-looking little purse of leather, and gave it to Mademoiselle de Colobrières.

"There are six livres fifteen sous in it,' she said. 'Mind you go cleverly to work with these people. Besides your kerchief and our ribands try to get two ells of Italian gauze, to make us *capelines*, and some green taffety to cover our *parasols*. You will very likely have to do with Jews, so be on your guard. In short, I rely on you to lay out the money discreetly.'

"Make your mind easy, sister,' said Agathe, taking the purse with a faint smile. 'Look, there's my brother opening his eyes and turning over a page of his book; take him away if you wish me to go quickly and make your purchases.'

"The baron and his wife soon retired to their large chamber, the broken windows of which let in a sharp little breeze that put out the lights. Mademoiselle de Colobrières likewise withdrew to her little bedroom. It lay at the extremity of a suite of very large rooms, and had formerly been the oratory of the ladies of the castle. The ceiling was adorned with cherubims' heads encompassed with garlands, and with their outspread wings meeting one another, and the shield, with the thistle, vert, springing from a tower, masoned, sable, figured proudly in every direction. A cross of exquisite workmanship, but with its delicate inlaying much impaired, was fixed over a worm-eaten prayer-desk, from the angles of which protruded broken-nosed visages of saints. The scanty bed, laid on tressels, and covered with a huge counterpane of faded silk, stood opposite a table, the only drawer of which contained all the worldly possessions of Agathe de Colobrières, that is to say, her slender ward-robe, some devotional books, and a little enamelled gold cross that had been her mother's. The poor young lady had hardly ever in her life handled coined metal, and she could not have added a farthing to the store amassed by the baroness. As she entered the room she threw the purse on the table, sat down pensively, and thought of all things that money procures, and of the omnipotence of that vile and precious form of matter. For her, money was the realization of all her longings and her chimeras; it was happiness, liberty! She took up the purse and shook it, whispering to herself with a long-drawn sigh, 'If I had twenty or thirty thousand of these little pieces how happy should all be here! I would have the castle repaired; we should all have new dresses every season. The store-rooms should be well stocked—there should never be any uneasy thought for the morrow; there would be something to give to the poor, and I should not enter the convent. But I have nothing—nothing—and I cannot work to earn my bread. I must go where the good God in his mercy will provide me with food and raiment.'

"She opened the purse and turned out its contents on her palm; then after looking on them for a moment she closed her hand upon the coin, and

said bitterly, 'What is this in comparison with the wants of this house! It is a drop of water on a burnt soil. If this money were mine I would not spend it, but cast it to the first poor creature that stopped at the castle gate.' The clock struck nine at this moment, Agathe thought it was time to discharge her commission. Too proud and well bred to think even for a moment of going down alone to the itinerant merchants, she went into the children's room, and gently awakened the eldest girl, who was her god-daughter and her favorite. The little girl was soon ready; her aunt took her by the hand, and both went away together with noiseless steps.

"The hall in which the merchants were quartered was a very large room, that still retained some traces of its original state. Many a gay and splendid banquet it had doubtless witnessed of yore; here and there on the panels was still to be seen a cornucopiæ entwined with garlands of roses; and heads of satyrs, laughing from ear to ear, projected from each corner of the tall chimney-piece, the casing of which was adorned with a figure of Bacchus, sculptured in high relief, and surrounded by all the attributes of the jolly god. But all trace of furniture had vanished from this banquet hall, where no revels had been held for more than a century; the carpets had given place to the green moss, that invested the marble slabs of the floor, and spiders had woven filmy curtains before the half-broken windows. The temporary occupants of this dismantled hall had arranged themselves in it with the peculiar adroitness of men accustomed to long travelling and scant accommodation. They had contrived to make an extemporaneous suite of furniture out of their goods; two chests, placed together and covered with a green cloth, served for a table: some bales did service for chairs, and a tolerable light was afforded by one of those large canvass lanterns which wagoners hang by night from the pole of the wagon.

"Agathe de Colobrières tapped at the door, and entered, holding her niece with one hand, whilst the other was plunged into the depths of the pocket in which she carried the baroness' savings. Had she been about to present herself thus far before persons of her own quality, she would have experienced an insurmountable embarrassment, and would have been very awkward and confused; but she felt no difficulty in accosting these low people; and slightly bending her head she said merely, 'Good evening. May I trouble you to let me see your goods?'

"The itinerant merchant rose from his seat in some surprise at the appearance of the handsome young lady, who had paused in the middle of the room, and stood waiting with an air of quiet self-possession and modest dignity until he should display his stock. Though dressed in a shabby drug-get gown she had the bearing of a princess, and the pride of her race was legible on her broad open front. The merchant bowed respectfully, and said, as he pushed forward one of the bales that served instead of chairs, 'Be pleased to take a seat, madame. Had you sent for me I should have obeyed your orders. I will instantly unpack the laces and silks, the best things in my assortment.' —'Show me your kerchiefs and ribands,' said Agathe, seating herself and taking the child on her lap, who was beginning to gaze curiously around her. Mademoiselle de Colobrières herself, too, began to observe with some surprise the various

objects in the room. The bales of merchandise were regularly piled up at one end, and behind the screen made by them, lay the sleeping figure of a man rolled up in his travelling cloak. His silver spurs shone in the faint light, and his gun rested against the wall within reach of his hand. This measure of precaution was probably occasioned by the bad state of the locks and the fastenings in the castle, and by the important amount of specie and negotiable paper in a valise that stood on the table. The merchant had, apparently, been arranging his accounts at the moment that Agathe entered. A morocco leather portfolio, the pages of which were full of figures, lay open beside the valise, and from the latter there had escaped handfuls of six-livre pieces mingled with louis d'or. The owner of this wealth was a man still young and of pleasing appearance; he did not appear superior to his condition in language and manners, but there was a certain intelligence and decision in his countenance that stood him instead of high breeding. With an indifferent air he thrust back into the valise all that fine coin, the sight of which astonished Agathe, and began to unfold his handkerchiefs and ribands. Never had Mademoiselle Colobrières seen such magnificent fabrics; there were Smyrna crapes, and Indian satins brocaded with flowers, butterflies and birds, and ribands of all colors interwoven with gold and silver. The little girl cried out in ecstasy at the sight of all these fine things; while Agathe looked on them in silence with a bewildered eye, and was rather embarrassed how to declare that they were all too handsome for her. The merchant apparently did not guess the cause of her hesitation, for he said, pushing aside the boxes he had opened, "I think I can show you something still better."

"Pray do not trouble yourself to search further," said Agathe, with a sigh, as she took out her little purse; "I only want a very plain handkerchief; something simple and cheap. All these things are too elegant."

"Pardon me, madame la baronne, nothing can be elegant enough for you," replied the merchant politely.

"I am not Madame Colobrières," said Agathe, blushing, "I am her sister-in-law. It would not be becoming for a young lady to wear such sumptuous things."

"Oh, do, do, aunt, dress yourself out fine for once!" exclaimed the child; "you have never done so, nor we either."

"People who live all the year round in the country have no need of so much dress," interposed Mademoiselle de Colobrières, hastily, in hopes to put a stop to the child's prattle; but the little creature was too much excited by the splendid things the merchant continued to place before her, and she went on with unchecked volubility:

"But indeed, indeed we ought to buy all these things, and then Nanon, the exciseman's daughter, would not give herself such airs at mass when she struts before our bench with her gingham frock and her *coiffe à papillon*. We should have new clothes like her, instead of being obliged to mend our Sunday clothes every Saturday."

Agathe colored deeply, and with much confusion of manner rebuked the little girl's loquacity; but almost instantly overcoming the natural weakness of her pride, she put aside the glistening silks with one hand, and with the other she laid her light purse on the table, saying in a tone of

melancholy dignity: "We are not rich; here is all I can lay out with you at present."

"Never mind, mademoiselle," was the merchant's eager reply; "do me the honor to choose whatever you may please to require; you will pay me another time."

Agathe shook her head; but the merchant persisted: "You can discharge this little debt in a year, if convenient to you, mademoiselle: I shall be here again by that time."

"When that time comes I shall not be here," said Mademoiselle de Colobrières, sadly. "No finery is needed where I am going, but a black woollen gown to be worn all the year, and a veil that is never changed."

"You are going into a convent, mademoiselle?" said the merchant with a guarded expression of surprise and interest.

"Yes, ere long; and really," she continued in the same sad and resigned tone, "I have no need of such things as you have shown me. Oblige me by letting me see the plainest goods you have."

The merchant went to a bale at the end of the room to comply with her wishes, and while he was unpacking it, Agathe amused herself with looking over the goods strewed before her. Among them lay a portfolio of tolerably good engravings, which she began to examine with some curiosity. Most of them represented polite pastoral scenes, in which plump cupids and enamored deities sported with dainty shepherdesses and innocent swains bedizened with pink ribands; but among these idyllic compositions there was one that made a deep impression on Mademoiselle de Colobrières. The artist, seized with a tragic inspiration, had depicted a scene of monastic life in all its horrors. In a damp vault, scarcely lighted by an expiring lamp, a nun lay stretched on her bed of straw. She was dying immured in the *in pace*, and her wasted hands and dim eyes were raised to heaven with an indescribable expression. Like the prophet king she seemed crying out from those depths in a hopeless appeal to the divine mercy.

Agathe gazed in dismay on this dismal image. All the latent repugnance of her soul for the monastic life, all her loathing for the vows she was about to pronounce, were suddenly and violently aroused; she let the engraving fall on her lap and burst into tears. Just at that moment the merchant came back from the other end of the room. A glance at the engraving explained to him the cause of this outbreak of grief, and he said with evident emotion, "You are going into a convent, mademoiselle? It is a terrible step, if you are not led to it by a strong vocation. Pardon me if I venture to offer an opinion on what concerns you, but I cannot help thinking you will commit a crime against yourself in thus entering the grave alive. The time will come, perhaps, when you will bitterly regret such a step."

"Regret it! I do so already!" cried Mademoiselle de Colobrières, whose long pent feelings now broke forth uncontrollably; "I loathe a convent life, and look forward with dread to the future; but I must submit to my fate."

"You have a father or a mother who insists on this sacrifice?"

"No, my parents are dead."

"Indeed! Then who constrains you?"

"Necessity," replied Agathe bitterly. "A nunnery is the only asylum on earth for a poor maiden of noble blood, and in such an asylum most of the females of our family have been immured in

the prime of life. It has long been the custom of the Colobrières to sacrifice us thus, since their fortune has ceased to be adequate to the maintenance of their rank. Oh, why does not God, to whom we are devoted in spite of ourselves, why does he not take us from the cradle, when our innocent hearts are as yet bound by no ties to this world?"

"Whilst Agathe spoke thus, looking up to heaven with her beautiful eyes filled with tears, the merchant gazed on her with a singular expression of countenance. The man was really superior to his vulgar condition; his was one of those prompt and decisive natures, which by dint of resolute will and daring shrewdness, carry themselves triumphantly through the most difficult circumstances. Such were the qualities to which Pierre Maragnon already owed a fortune acquired in hazardous speculations. As he gazed on the beautiful and high-born lady who now bent her tearful eyes to the ground, and seemed abashed at having suffered a stranger to be the witness of her unguarded emotion and the confidant of her secret sorrows, Pierre Maragnon felt the moment might be decisive of the future destiny of them both. A thought, extravagant almost to wildness, flashed upon his mind. With the same quick tact that he exercised in all his dealings, he calculated the chances of the matter before him; they appeared favorable, and he dared to conceive a hope, a project; viz., that he would carry off Mademoiselle de Colobrières, and marry her, he Pierre Maragnon! To any one who could have seen into the mind of Agathe at that moment, such an idea would have seemed the height of presumption and folly. The poor young lady did not even take any notice of him who was gazing with such deep scrutiny upon her beautiful downcast countenance. In the eyes of the indigent daughter of the barons of Colobrières, a merchant, a *roturier*, was not a man; and the good will with which she deigned to regard Pierre Maragnon was of a kind, perhaps, more mortifying to its object than would have been mere indifference. The first necessary step was to bring down that instinctive pride of hers, and annihilate her inveterate prejudice by a direct and undisguised attack; and this Pierre Maragnon resolved to do, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of Agathe upon the first word he uttered.

"You will think me very forward, mademoiselle," he said, in a grave, respectful tone; "but as I have spoken my mind as to your situation, I think it my duty also to give you this advice. Make up your mind to endure anything rather than enter a convent. You cannot remain with your family; they are too poor to keep you; well, then, leave them and go live elsewhere. Work, if it be necessary; it is neither a disgrace, nor even a misfortune. Is not constant toil, with freedom, better than a life of sloth, cloistered within four walls, whence you can never come out, alive or dead?"

"That is true," replied Mademoiselle de Colobrières, surprised, but not offended at such language. "If I could only renounce my nobility and my name, my course would be taken to-morrow—at once. I would go and live no matter where, by the labor of my hands, rather than become a nun!"

"And what prevents you, mademoiselle?" said Pierre Maragnon, boldly. "It needs only a slight effort of courage, and you may descend from that rank which imposes so terrible a sacrifice upon

you, and become a *petite bourgeoisie*. You have no other refuge than the convent, because you are too poor to marry a man of your own quality; but a *roturier* would think himself fortunate to wed you without a dower."

"A man of no birth would never dare to ask me in marriage," replied Agathe, naïvely.

"The situation in which you are placed may prompt some one to make so bold," said the merchant in a tone of peculiar meaning, and looking her steadily in the face.

"She understood him. The blood rushed into her cheeks: her eyes flashed with pride, perhaps with indignation; but this involuntary movement of the blood subsided immediately; she made no answer, and remained thoughtful. Pierre Maragnon deemed his triumph certain when he saw her ponder thus. Concealing his joy, and the very strong feeling that was already taking possession of his soul, he began again to descant on the fate of those who become nuns without any special vocation. Though his youth and his good looks might have inspired him with a certain degree of confidence, he had the good sense not to make trial of any vulgar means of seduction; he said not a word of what was passing in his heart, but keeping within due control the admiration, mingled with respect and tenderness, with which the beauty of Agathe had at once impressed him, he applied himself to discussing the possibility of a marriage between a wealthy *roturier* and the descendant of an illustrious and utterly ruined family. He set forth his own position in precise terms; it was prosperous. An orphan from his childhood, he owed to his own active exertions a fortune ten times the fee-simple value of the castle and estates of Colobrières. Agathe hearkened, confused, and tempted, not by her heart, but by her reason, which told her that after all it would be better to become the wife of a merchant, than to be shut up for the rest of her days in a nunnery.

"The little girl had fallen asleep on the lap of her young aunt. All was hushed in the old manor. The castellan of Colobrières, far from suspecting the affront with which he was threatened, was fast asleep beside his wife, and dreamed of finding under the head of his bed a fine bag of crowns, with which he had the castle repaired, and bought himself a new coat. Mademoiselle de Colobrières and Pierre Maragnon had full leisure to confer together, and when the clock struck midnight, their interview was not yet ended. Agathe nevertheless had not made up her mind. The longer she reflected, the more she felt the importance of the consent or refusal she was about to pronounce. Pale, oppressed, and trembling, she kept silence, or replied only in monosyllables mingled with sighs, to the pressing arguments with which Pierre Maragnon strove to fix her wavering purpose. But in the course of this long conference he had made immense progress. Mademoiselle de Colobrières was insensibly coming to treat him as an equal, and more than once she called him monsieur. At last, unable as yet to decide, she said:

"In the perturbation into which all this has thrown me, monsieur, I cannot come to any decision. I want to be alone, to collect my thoughts, and pray to God before I give you an answer. It is now late in the night, and you go away in the morning: well then, as soon as the first streak of dawn appears yonder, behind the hills, my resolu-

tion will have been taken. If I do not return to meet you, quit this castle immediately, for I shall have resigned myself to my lot."

"She rose, and Pierre Maragnon replied submissively, but with deep feeling, 'Your weal or woe are in your own hands, mademoiselle; may Heaven inspire you, and bring you hither again to-morrow morning.'

"Agathe took the sleeping child in her arms and slowly left the room. She had to traverse part of the castle to reach her chamber. The silence of night, and the pale moonbeams falling on the disjointed floors, imparted to those vast and long uninhabited halls a sad and desolate aspect that sank with a chill weight on her spirits. She gazed long around her, as if to confirm to herself the total ruin of her house, and passed onwards, pondering on the haughty penury of her family, and the painful contrast between such pinching indigence and the high nobility of descent, which was her sole and woful dower. On entering her little chamber, she laid the child on the bed, and sat down pensively before the prayer-desk. Her lamp, which she had left burning, shed but a flickering light on the blackened wood carvings that projected from the sombre face of the walls. The ticking of the invisible death-watch was heard loudly amid the deep stillness, as the creature pursued its slow work of destruction on the elaborately sculptured oak and walnut. Other slight sounds occasionally interrupted the noise made by the insect, as the hungry mice, running about behind the wainscot, brought down the damp crumbling mortar of the old walls. It was near the end of October; the approach of winter already made itself felt, and as the night advanced, a chiller air entered through the dilapidated windows, and made Agathe shiver. The poor girl had sunk on her knees and wished to pray; but whilst her heart sought to lift itself up towards God, her mind was lost in an endless maze of thought. Like all persons who are hurried along by no passion or intense feeling, she vacillated in fear and doubt between the two alternatives before her, and dreaded that whatever her choice might be she should repent of it on the morrow. Had she found more sympathy and tenderness in those around her, family affection would have prevailed in that hour of crisis, and she would have be-thought her of the affliction and shame which a *mésalliance* would cast on her house. But the baron took no great interest in her fate, all his stock of affectionate feelings being engrossed by the little prattlers whose numbers grew with every year. When all his pretty brood was gainbolting about him, he used to fall into a reverie, like the woolman in the tale of Little Poucet, and calculate how much more easily he should rear his bantlings when he should have got rid of poor Agathe. The baroness was a good soul, but her distressed condition rendered her selfish, and forced her upon a system of ways and means, which, in any one of a less kindly nature, would have degenerated into sordid scheming. Mademoiselle de Colobrières plainly felt all this, and it was this humiliating and painful certainty, that made her contemplate without dread the rage and indignation of her kindred, when they should have received the astounding intelligence of her marriage. Still, however, she wavered; and as often happens in the most important circumstances of life, it was a trifling incident that fixed her decision. Whilst she was immersed in her distracting thoughts, and was observing with alarm the faint twilight that already began to steal

upon the horizon, the child moved uneasily on the bed and sighed in some unpleasant dream. Agathe went to her, raised her gently on the pillow, and kissed her soft cheeks, bathing them with tears. This woke the child, who instinctively put her arm round her aunt's neck, muttering, 'Show me all you bought last night of the merchant, aunt.'

"'I did not buy anything,' said Agathe. 'Come, my dear, go to sleep. Or shall I take you back to the other room, to your brothers and sisters?'

"'No, I will stay where I am,' said the child, looking round her; 'mamma promised me this room should be mine, because I am the eldest.'

"'Ha! and she told you you should have it soon?'

"'Immediately, when you are gone to the nunnery,' said the child, with the naïf selfishness which children carry into all their little schemes.

"'To the nunnery!—I will not go!—and I leave you my chamber, Euphémie,' said Mademoiselle de Colobrières, starting up.

"The child sank back on the pillow and was asleep again in a moment. Agathe took from the drawer, that contained her all, her little enamelled cross and her prayer book, opened her door softly, traversed the castle with firm and rapid steps, and went down into the courtyard. Pierre Maragnon had been waiting since the first glimpse of daybreak with his eyes bent on the great door. Doubtless he had trembled in his soul at the thought that it would not open again, for his pale and haggard looks told of an anxious night. At the sight of Mademoiselle de Colobrières he grew still paler, and then the blood rushed from his heart to his head with a revulsion of pride and joy; but instantly overcoming his violent emotion he advanced and said quietly with as much respect as though he were addressing a queen, 'Mademoiselle, we are just about to start if you please; in four hours you will be in Antibes, and you will then let me know your further commands.'

"'I am ready, monsieur,' said Agathe, in a low voice, modestly but firmly; 'but instead of going direct to Antibes, we must pass through the village of St. Peyre, and stop there an hour.'

"The mules were already laden, and the two men who had charge of them had drawn them up in line outside the castle yard. A tall young man, the same whom Agathe had seen asleep, with his gun in reach of his hand, on the preceding evening, was in the saddle keeping discreetly out of earshot; his likeness to Pierre Maragnon told plainly that they were of the same blood and bore the same name. At a sign from the merchant the little caravan began to march. Agathe was still in the hall, looking at a heap of silks, laces, and other goods, neatly arranged on the sill in the deep recess of a window. Over all these fine things, and placed in a manner to strike the eye at once, was a paper, on which was written: From Mademoiselle de Colobrières. The little purse containing the six livres fifteen sous, the baroness' savings, lay under the paper. 'It is your wedding present, mademoiselle; I have taken the liberty of making it in your name,' said the merchant.

"'The poor children will have new clothes for once in their lives!' murmured Agathe, thanking Pierre Maragnon with a look. Then she said, hurriedly, 'Let us begone.'

"The merchant led up his saddle horse, a powerful animal, fit to carry the four sons of Aymon,

placed Mademoiselle Colobrières on the croupe, mounted, and set off at a round trot. The caravan was already out of sight beyond a turn of the road, but the tramp of the mules and the tinkling of their bells were audible.

"When they reached the foot of the hill, and before they entered the tortuous road leading away from Colobrières, Agathe turned back and looked her last on the castle of her fathers. It was a look full of sorrow and fondness that poignantly bespoke all the feelings of her soul. 'Farewell!' she mentally ejaculated, 'farewell, noble abode, whence poverty expels me! Had I been allowed to pass my cheerless existence within the shelter of those ruined walls—had I been left a little place by my father's hearth, and a right to sit at the scanty table where I should not, perhaps, have always found my daily bread, I would not have forsaken my family and renounced my name.'

"Her tears flowed silently as she thought thus; she wiped them away with one hand, whilst the other instinctively clung to Pierre Maragnon's arm, with a close and timorous grasp. The merchant, proud as a monarch, rode with head erect and a glad heart, thinking of the happiness and the honor that awaited him. Once out of sight of the castle of Colobrières he put his horse to a walk, and took the liberty to ask Agathe if she had any particular purpose in going to St. Peyre.

"The purpose of being married to you this very day,' was her reply.

"The heart of Pierre Maragnon thrilled at the words. In his ecstasy he was near raising to his lips the small hand that grasped his green ratteen sleeve; but checking himself, he only replied in the most respectful tone: 'I durst not have taken it upon me to press you on this subject, mademoiselle; and yet I felt that the most proper course you could take was not to postpone the honor you intend to do me; your determination delights me. If you please, we will allow my people to proceed slowly, and we will ride on before them.'

"Yes,' said Agathe, 'that is well thought of; we should be at St. Peyre before the hour of mass.'

"The merchant set spurs to his horse, and turning off from the road, rode across the fields, by which means he had soon outstripped the caravan, which was proceeding steadily in a sunken way, so deep that ill-disposed persons might have lain there in ambush. Agathe, frightened a little by the brisk pace of the horse, drew up her small feet under her petticoat, and clung with both arms to her companion, who at that moment looked not unlike Pierre of Provence carrying off the fair Maguelone.

"It was about seven in the morning when the young couple arrived in front of the church of St. Peyre. The sacristan had already rung the first matin bell, but the village population were in the fields, and there were only two or three old men about the church, basking in the sun. The merchant fastened his horse to the palings of the priest's little garden, and accompanied Mademoiselle de Colobrières into the church, where both knelt down at the entrance of the lonely nave. Agathe then making a sign to Pierre Maragnon to wait for her, went into the sacristy, where she found the curé putting on his robes, assisted by the lad who was to aid in the performance of the mass. He was a young priest, tolerably well-read; a man of tolerant piety and great virtue. Occasionally, in visiting his parishioners, he had called at the

castle of Colobrières, and Agathe was well known to him.

"The blessing of Heaven be on you, mademoiselle,' he exclaimed, as Agathe advanced to him pale and trembling. 'Has anything untoward happened at Colobrières!'

"No, Monsieur le Curé,' she replied, 'it is myself the matter concerns, and I am come to beg you will hear my confession immediately.'

"The curé, much astonished, motioned to his little clerk to retire, and sat down, after having closed the door of the sacristy. Mademoiselle de Colobrières then knelt down, and after relating what had occurred on the preceding night, she told him the resolution she had taken, and the purpose for which she was come. The case was novel and embarrassing. Mademoiselle de Colobrières was an orphan, and had attained her majority, so that she could dispose of her own hand; nevertheless, her family was legally empowered to resist such a *mésalliance* as she was about to make. Besides this, it was necessary to fulfil the previous formalities required by the ecclesiastical laws in all but extraordinary cases. The good priest refused at first, hoping, perhaps, that Agathe would abandon her intention, and allow him to convey her back quietly and without scandal to Colobrières. But upon the first word he uttered to that effect, she rose and said, resolutely, 'No, Monsieur le Curé, I did not take this step with the intention of afterwards receding. I will go with Pierre Maragnon wherever he chooses to take me, and he will marry me when it shall so please him; but it is for you matter of conscience to let me depart thus. Since I am resolved to go with him, were it not better he should take me away as his wife and not as his mistress? Alas! if we both commit such a fault, it will be sorely against our will.'

"This way of putting the case alarmed the curé. He was a truly religious man, of a timorous conscience, but of an upright and decided character. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, after some reflection; 'I consent to marry you; God in his mercy grant that you may live afterwards without regret and remorse! After the ceremony, I will go and see M. le Baron de Colobrières. No doubt they are searching for you at this moment, and any surmise will have been adopted by your family rather than a suspicion of what is actually occurring. I will intercede for you, but I fear it will be without avail. For the last time, I intreat you to reflect: are you fully resolved thus to forever separate from your family, who will never think of you, perhaps, without anger and shame?'

"My greatest desire is that they may forgive me,' replied Agathe, with mournful determination; 'but I do not hope they will, Monsieur le Curé; and when I left Colobrières, I knew well that it was forever.'

"The curé motioned to her to kneel down again, and after praying with her and duly accomplishing all that should precede the religious ceremony, he told her to go and wait for him in the church, and meanwhile to send Pierre Maragnon to him. The little clerk went by the priest's desire and fetched two of the old men who were sitting in the porch, to act as witnesses; and a quarter of an hour afterwards Pierre Maragnon and Agathe de Colobrières were married. On coming out of church they met the whole caravan which had just arrived, and Pierre, going up to the young man we have seen before, said to him, with a face beaming with

proud joy as he pointed to Agathe, 'Take her hand, Jacques; she is your sister.'

"That same afternoon, whilst the new married couple were on their road for Marseilles, the curé proceeded to Colobrières. The baron and his wife were still busy with conjectures: they had found Agathe's wedding presents on the window-ledge, but could not tell what to make of them, and their wits were perplexed with a host of conjectures, none of which approached the truth. When the curé had given a plain statement of the facts, the baron burst in paroxysms of rage and indignation, and the baroness shed tears. In spite of her natural gentleness and indulgent disposition, the good lady was also incensed against her sister-in-law, and cried out in a comical transport of anger and distress: 'Mademoiselle de Colobrières the wife of Pierre Maragnon! That she should have been guilty of the weakness of loving him is what I might, perhaps, conceive; but marry him—never!'

"The Baron de Colobrières renounced his sister Agathe, cursed her, and expressly forbade that her name should ever be uttered in his presence. After this solemn declaration he had a bonfire made of

brushwood in the great court, and when it was well lighted, he sternly flung Agathe's presents into the blaze. The baroness sighed piteously when she saw the brave tissues vanishing in the flames, and mentally computed the number of new dresses that might have been made out of what was soon but a handful of ashes. But she knew her husband too well to venture on the least remonstrance; she knew that the worthy man would rather have seen his children clad in lambskins, like the pictures of little St. John, than decked in garments made of Pierre Maragnon's wedding presents. With a heavy heart she locked up the six livres fifteen sous which had been found untouched in the purse; and considering that all this disaster had come of the unlucky wish to spend her savings, she made a vow that she would be wiser in future. Agathe's example, moreover, was a warning to her respecting her daughters. None of the first five saw their eighteenth year under the paternal roof, but were shut up in a nunnery, and had made the last vows long before the age when their aunt had chosen to marry a roturier rather than take the veil."

FLOGGING AT HOUNSLOW.

A JURY was impanelled on Wednesday evening at the George the Fourth Inn, Hounslow-heath, before Mr. Wakley, to inquire into the death of Frederick White, aged twenty-six, late a private in the 7th Hussars, who died subsequent to, and it was alleged in consequence of, having received severe corporal punishment. After the jury had viewed the body the inquiry was adjourned for a week, to allow an examination of the deceased by a surgeon not connected with the army, and for the summoning of several material witnesses. The coroner also ordered that the deceased man's family should be requested to attend. The following statement has appeared in a morning paper, but it must be regarded as altogether *ex parte*. It will probably be satisfactory to all parties that the investigation could not be in better hands than Mr. Wakley's for the discovery of the whole truth:—"The deceased has been in the regiment seven years and a half, and had never before been subjected to corporal punishment; but, being given to drink, he had been subjected to extra drills, &c., as a punishment. While laboring under the effects of liquor, an altercation took place between him and Sergeant Daly, when he struck the latter on the breast with a poker. For his conduct on that occasion two charges were preferred against him, one for assaulting a non-commissioned officer, and the other for using abusive language towards him. Under a warrant issued by the commander-in-chief, a court-martial assembled at Hampton Court barracks, consisting of seven officers, the president being Captain Arthur Shirley, of the 7th Hussars, who found the deceased guilty of both charges, and sentenced him to receive 150 lashes. That sentence was confirmed at head-quarters, and carried out on the 15th ult., at Hounslow barracks, in the presence of the regiment, of Colonel White, the commanding officer, and of Dr. Warren, the head surgeon. The triangles were not used on the occasion, but 'the jadder,' and the whole number of lashes was given. The deceased walked into the hospital himself, after the flogging, and subsequently kept his bed for fourteen days. His wounds were first treated with fomentations, and afterwards with dressings.

Some days after, the skin of his back being healed, he would have left the hospital had he not complained of his left side. The pain subsequently shifted to his bowels, and on Saturday last, about three o'clock, he became insensible, and died in the evening of the same day. He was seen on that day by Mr. Hall, one of the staff surgeons, by request of Dr. Warren. On Monday last that gentleman assisted Dr. Reid, also a military surgeon from town, in making the *post mortem* examination. Deceased, who was a healthy man, was visited while in the hospital by some of the officers, and never made any complaint, but while there was not visited by any of his relatives, neither were they made acquainted with either his punishment or illness. It is said that at the infliction of the punishment ten of the privates present fainted. The deceased was a tall, fine grown, intelligent young man, bore the infliction with stoical indifference, uttering not a word beyond requesting that the lash might not fall so frequently upon his neck. There is a young man named Mathewson, now in the hospital, suffering under the effects of a flogging. He had not joined the regiment more than seven or eight weeks before he was punished. He was one day standing in his room stooping with his head to the ground, when he heard his name suddenly called. He answered, 'Heigho;' and on looking up found he had been called by one of the sergeants. The latter demanded why he made such an answer! to which the former replied that he did not know it was the sergeant who called him. The sergeant still pursued the subject, until at length Mathewson exclaimed, 'Do you want me to go down on my knees to you?' for which expression the sergeant put him under arrest. Mathewson was subsequently taken before the commanding officer, who, after severely reprimanding him, was asked by Mathewson to tell him how he ought to have answered the sergeant, which was construed into disrespectful conduct towards his commanding officer, for which the young soldier was tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes, from the effects of which he is now in the hospital."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs, embellished with One hundred and twenty carefully colored Portraits, etc. etc. By T. L. MCKENNEY, Esq., and JAMES HALL, Esq. Philadelphia: Rice and Clarke. London: C. Gilpin.

IN turning over the leaves of the magnificent picture-book before us, we rejoice at the opportunity it affords us for departing from the tone of censure in which we have too often felt compelled to speak of the works and deeds of our kinsmen across the Atlantic. For once, at least, they cannot accuse us of scornful disrespect, or of insular prejudice, when, according to our best ability, we recommend nationality in art, as the one thing beautiful, desirable, and needful for its permanent existence. Towards this point we would have our American friends strain every nerve. They have already proved themselves steady and enthusiastic pilgrims along the world's highways. We may mention the names of West, Washington Allston, Leslie, Sully, in proof that they can take rank among the most admirable Europeans, when they deign to paint in the European fashion; nor can the Londoners or the Florentines forget, that in his "Greek Slave," W. Hiram Powers has put in a very strong claim for the championship of modern sculpture, one to which the Rauchs, and the Gibsons, and the Schwanthalers, and the Baily's would find it hard to offer a rejoinder. In all revivals and adaptations, however—in all workings after this antique, or the other tradition, there is an unsoundness, and a want of satisfaction, the end of which can be but mediocrity. It needs but to walk the rounds of the churches, galleries, and studios of Munich, to ascertain the limits of modern, when imitating ancient art. There has been no want of earnest study, no want of unselfish devotion to a purpose, no want of sympathy and patronage: and here and there industry, ingenuity, and sincerity have "tossed and turned" themselves, have accumulated and wrought, till the result is all but a creation—all but a work of genius. Yet the impression, on ourselves at least, of these vaunted works is saddening. It is painful to see that sympathy will not keep pace with effort; painful to be compelled to admit, (as one is compelled to do, a score of times every hour, by some flash of recollection of the glories of the ancients,) that we are only looking at an elaborate mistake; painful to anticipate a not very distant period, when Glyptothek and Basilica, *Fest-bau*, and *Aller Heiligen Kapelle* will be reviewed by the connoisseurs, as so many monuments of respectable pedantry, and school exercise; more praiseworthy for intent, but little more so in fact of artistic merit, than the follies of Louis Quinze, or than the library built after the fashion of a chest of drawers with which the great Frederick of Prussia chose to diversify the main street of his show capital!

We have dwelt upon Munich because the name of this city is in every one's mouth; but it is only an illustration of the spirit of the times; not a solitary instance. The worthy personages, who imagine they are advancing the cause of devotion and authority, by attempting to bring back church music to the barbarianism of the Gregorian chant, offer another. Why are these things? Does that old superstitious fear yet linger on the earth, which mistrusted creation and discovery as irrever-

ent? Is Orthodoxy maintained by not a few, because it saves the trouble and cost of original thought? These questions sound almost monstrous: yet, much of the artistic criticism, and the motives held out for artistic effort in the present day, when stripped of the verbiage in which canters of all classes love to involve them, have no wiser principles for kernel. Yet, digressing for a moment, let us thankfully remark how—in spite of all this laziness and pedantry, this appeal to a spurious devotional spirit, which overlooks the glorification of God in the present, no less than in the past—genius is vindicating itself: how the necessities, the materials, and the social arrangements of the world are unconsciously calling forth and shaping productions, which posterity may admire as models. Those whose connoisseurship and enthusiasm, being merely an affair of precedents and synods, can see nothing of the poetry which belongs to every effort of human ambition, of the beauty which bears company with every step of civilization, will deride us as utilitarian, or denounce us as at once visionary and materialist, if, by way of illustration, we venture to assert, that in the magnificent structures which steam conveyance has originated, we have more chance of a new order of architecture, than in all the porings and prying of the Pugin school of artists, who sanction every anachronism and inconsistency of past, half-instructed ages, on the score of a mystical sanctity, and demands the sacrifice of criticism at the altar of faith. Let all memorials of the past be reverently preserved, but preserved as memorials, not models. It should be our task, as it is our privilege, to go forward.

Viewed under their two-fold aspect, especially, seeing that anything entirely new stands, for the present, at so heavy a disadvantage, whatsoever the enchantment of distance may do for posterity—all collections with regard to the aboriginal inhabitants of America have a value, which every year will only increase. Perhaps never has savage life worn a form so inviting and poetical, as in the annals of the Indian tribes. Though hardly disposed, with the *prospectus* of Messrs. McKenney and Hall's work, to admit the Red-jackets and Mohongos as "Ciceros and Cæsars, Hectors and Helens;" though human conservatism, or human simplicity, could never, in their most stiff or sickly vagaries, dream of a revival of wigwags, of an extension of the picturesque birch-bark and quill manufactures; of encouraging, after the fashion of "Young England," the dances and the ball-plays, with all their distinctive forms of full-dress and un-dress, (the latter, as a lady tourist has told us on some festive occasions, a mere simple osprey's wing)—though it would exceed the boldness of any Benedict to speak even leniently of *squaw-dom*, as an "honorable condition," in days like these, when The Schoolmistress is abroad arousing and inspiring the "womenkind,"—there is still, under every point of view, for the studious or for the sympathetic, for the antiquarian or for the artist, for the wild sportsman or the closet philosopher, a dignity, a charm, and a poetry about the Red Man, to which, not the whole library of trumpery of which he has been made the subject can render us indifferent. The Americans, then, are justified in calling attention to this, as a great national work. Few rate more highly than ourselves the magnificence of Audubon's collections; the artistic power, which he has thrown into his drawings, giving his ornithological sub-

jects the attractiveness of some professed picture by Snyders or Landseer, (distancing, let us add, Hondeköeter, the court painter of poultry, by many a rifle's length)—few have enjoyed more heartily the admirable pages which detail his wanderings, and describe his specimens; entertaining (to quote Johnson's anticipation of Goldsmith's *Natural History*) "as a Persian tale," and poetical as one of Christopher North's most eloquent rhapsodies when "*Ebony*" was young; yet, in right of subject, we must give the handsome volumes on our table a yet more distinguished place. Nor can we attempt to glance at their contents, without a word or two on a less important point, in which the Americans may legitimately take pride. Their manner of production and publication is most praiseworthy. Mr. Wittingham of Chiswick, it is true, might suggest that the type was too heavy for the paper; and it would strike Mr. Hullmandel's experienced eye, we doubt not, that in some half-dozen specimens, among the lithographs, the grain of the chalk is too coarse and woolly to pass muster in these perfected days of the art. But the above objections are trifling:—hinted, peradventure, merely to keep up our character as just critics, whose habit it has been, from time immemorial, to indulge their spleen by declaring "that the picture would have been better painted, if the painter would have taken more trouble."

It seems an Irish beginning to open the third volume first; but the reason is ready in the "History of the Indian Tribes" contained therein, and our visit is merely a passing one. For if the physiologists, philologists, and other "cunning men" of science, have failed to ascertain, past contest, whether the American Indians were or were not of the Tartar stock—if the signification of the great coincidence between the word "*ha, ha,*" as a definition of an English park ditch, and the same appellation given by the Sioux to the falls of St. Anthony, is still far from being duly appreciated:—if antiquarians are not precisely agreed how far the hieroglyphical paintings of the Mexicans, and the uncouth symbols and effigies which emboss the Yucatan temples, "coincide" with the patterns rather than drawings on the buffalo-skins of the Western Indians—if, to quote the author of the Introductory Essay before us, nothing can be more uncertain, and more unworthy, we will not say of credit, but of consideration, than their earlier traditions, and probably there is not a single fact, in all their history, supported by satisfactory evidence, which occurred half a century previously to the establishment of the Europeans:—wherefore should we vex our readers with splitting theories, and spinning disquisitions? Again, to touch the modern history of the Indians—were it ever so sketchily—would lead us into a review of Mr. Schoolcraft's interesting collections, and Mr. Stone's spirited and elaborate histories and biographies:—into glancing over such memoirs of the war-time as the Mrs. Grants and Mrs. Bleekers contributed (since woman's testimony has always its special value, as embracing points which her lordly master disdains to observe.) We should have to *crystallize* into the smallest solid space the amount of facts and features to be got out of the writings of Fenimore Cooper, the Irvings, and Bird. A more romantic library still remains to be ransacked, that of missionary enterprise, somewhat sentimentally opened, some fourteen years since, by Mr. Carne; but containing, we apprehend, abundance

of matter, for the thinker, or the painter, or the philanthropist. Enough, on the present occasion, then to say, that the variety of materials seems in some degree to have puzzled the writers of the Prefatory Essay, as well as ourselves. The days of laborious concentration are gone, and perhaps it were too extreme to expect that they should be revived for this occasion only, when the task to be done was merely to make up a handsome introduction to a picture-book. If, as we believe Sir Harris Nicholas would tell us, our lodges have sometimes "forced their facts," in writing the biographies of our illustrious personages—if Corneys poke their heads out of remote corners to prove that our D'Israelis are somewhat given to the Japanese fashion of *mermaid-making*, when busy over their "Curiosities of Literature"—far be it from us, on peaceful thoughts intent, to do more than hint, that here or there is a flimsiness or an inaccuracy, or a want of that grasp of the whole subject, for which the memory of a ripe scholar, and the hand of a finished artist, are alike demanded. Better than picking of notes, than complaining of facts carelessly collected, or of style left in the unweeded state of nature, will it be to offer the reader a sample of the introductory matter to the volume. The following, however, is not so much a part of the history, as one among the *pièces justificatives* upon which it has been founded. We have rarely met with a more touching and complete illustration of the strength and weakness of savage life:—

"Certain murders were committed at Prairie du Chien on the Upper Mississippi, in 1827, by a party of Indians, headed by the famous Winnebago chief, Red Bird. Measures were taken to capture the offenders, and secure the peace of the frontier. * * * Information of these movements was given to the Indians, at a council then holding at the Butte des Morts, on Fox River, and of the determination of the United States government to punish those who had shed the blood of our people at Prairie du Chien. The Indians were faithfully warned of the impending danger, and told, that if the murderers were not surrendered, war would be carried in among them, and a way cut through their country, not with axes, but guns. They were advised to procure a surrender of the guilty persons, and, by so doing, save the innocent from suffering. Runners were dispatched, bearing the intelligence of this information among their bands. Our troops were put in motion. The Indians saw, in the movement of these troops, the storm that was hanging over them. On arriving at the portage, distant about one hundred and forty miles from the Butte des Morts, we found ourselves within nine miles of a village, at which, we were informed, were two of the murderers, Red Bird, the principal, and We-kaw, together with a large party of warriors. The Indians, apprehending an attack, sent a messenger to our encampment. He arrived, and seated himself at our tent door. On inquiring what he wanted, he answered, '*Do not strike. When the sun gets up there*' (pointing to a certain part of the heavens) '*they will come in.*' To the question '*who will come in?*' he answered, '*Red Bird and We-kaw.*' Having thus delivered his message, he rose, wrapped his blanket about him, and returned. This was about noon. At three o'clock another Indian came, seated himself in the same place, and being questioned, gave the same answer. At sun-down, another came, and repeated what the others had said."

We must proceed with this romance of savage life, as told by Mr. McKenney, in a private letter to Mr. Barbour, the then secretary of war. The wildness of the incident acquires an additional local color from the prosy and florid style of American narration, which we would not destroy or lessen. The reader, then, must excuse something of prolixity, for the sake of character.

"You are already informed of our arrival at this place on the 31st ultimo, and that no movement was made to capture the two murderers, who were reported to us to be at the village nine miles above, on account of an order received by Major Whistler from General Atkinson, directing him to wait his arrival, and meantime to make no movement of any kind. We were, therefore, after the necessary arrangements for defence, and security, &c., idly, but anxiously, waiting his arrival, when, at about one o'clock to-day, we descried, coming in the direction of the encampment, and across the portage, a body of Indians, some mounted, and some on foot. They were first, when discovered, on a mound, and descending it, and by the aid of a glass we could discern three flags, two appeared to be American, and one white; * * * and in half an hour they were near the river, and at the crossing-place, when we heard singing; it was announced by those who knew the notes, to be a *death-song*, when presently the river being only about a hundred yards across, and the Indians approaching it, those who knew him said, 'It is the *Red Bird* singing his *death-song*.' On the moment of their arriving at the landing, two *scalp-yells* were given, and these were also by the *Red Bird*. The Menominites who had accompanied us were lying, in Indian fashion, in different directions all over the hill, eying, with a careless indifference, this scene; but the moment the yells were given, they bounded from the ground, as if they had been shot out of it, and running in every direction, each to his gun, seized it, and throwing back the pan, picked the touch-hole, and rallied. They knew well that the yells were *scalp-yells*, but they did not know whether they indicated two to be taken, or two to be given, but inferred the first. Barges were sent across where they came over, the *Red Bird* carrying the white flag, and *We-kaw* by his side. While they were embarking, I passed a few yards from my tent, when a rattle-snake ran across the path: he was struck by Captain Dickeson with his sword, which in part disabled him, when I ran mine, it being of the sabre form, several times through the body, and finally through his head, and holding it up, it was cut off by a Menominitie Indian with his knife. The body of the snake falling, was caught up by an Indian, whilst I went towards one of the fires to burn the head, that its fangs might be innoxious, when another Indian came running, and begged me for it; I gave it to him. The object of both was to make *medicine of the reptile*. This was interpreted to be a good omen, as had a previous killing of one a few mornings before on Fox River, and of a bear. * * *

"By this time the murderers were landed, accompanied by one hundred and fourteen of their principal men. They were preceded and represented by *Caraminie*, a chief, who earnestly begged that the prisoners might receive good treatment, and under no circumstances be put in irons. He appeared to dread the military, and wished to surrender them to the sub-agent, Mr. Marsh. His address being made to me, I told him it was

proper he should go to the great chief (Major Whistler,) and that so far as Mr. Marsh's presence might be agreeable to them, they should have it there. He appeared content, and moved on, followed by the men of his bands: the *Red Bird* being in the centre, with his white flag; whilst two other flags, American, were borne by two chiefs, in the front and rear of the line. The military had previously been drawn out in line. The Menominitie and Wabanocky Indians squatting about in groups (looking curious enough) on the left flank, the band of music on the right, a little in advance of the line. The murderers were marched up in front of the centre of the line, some ten or fifteen paces from which seats were arranged, and in front of which, at about ten paces, the *Red Bird* was halted, with his miserable looking companion *We-kaw*, by his side, while his band formed a semicircle to their right and left. All eyes were fixed upon the *Red Bird*, and well they might be; for, of all the Indians I ever saw, he is decidedly the most perfect in form, in face, and in motion. In height he is about six feet, and in proportion, exact and perfect. * * * His head too—nothing was ever so well formed. There was no ornamenting of the hair after the Indian fashion: no clubbing it up in blocks and rollers of lead or silver; no loose or straggling parts, but it was cut after the best fashion of the most refined civilized taste. His face was painted, one side red, the other a little intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, sewn on a piece of cloth, and covering it, of about two inches width, whilst the claws of the panther, or large wild cat, were fastened to the upper rim, and about a quarter of an inch from each other, their points downward and inward, and resting upon the lower rim of the collar; and around his neck, in strands of various lengths, enlarging as they descended, he wears a profusion of the same kind of wampum as had been worked so tastefully into his collar. He is clothed in a *Yankton dress*, new, rich, and beautiful. It is of beautifully dressed elk or deer skin; pure in its color, almost to a clear white, and consists of a jacket, (with nothing beneath it,) the sleeves of which are sewn so neatly, as to fit his finely turned arms, leaving two or three inches of the skin outside of the sewing, and then again three or four inches more, which is cut into strips, as we cut paper to wrap round and ornament a candle. All this made a deep and rich fringe, whilst the same kind of ornament or trimming continued down the seams of his leggings. These were of the same material, and were additionally set off with blue beads. On his feet he wore moccasins. A piece of scarlet cloth, about a quarter of a yard wide, and half a yard long, by means of a strip cut through its middle, so as to admit the passage through of his head, rested, one half upon his breast, and the other on his back. On one shoulder, and near his breast, was a large and beautifully-ornamented feather, nearly white: and on the other, and opposite, was one nearly black, with two pieces of wood in the form of compasses when a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped round with porcupine quills, dyed yellow, red and blue, and on the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of red dyed horse-hair, curled in part, and mixed up with other ornaments. Across his breast, in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was his war-pipe, at least three feet long, richly ornamented with

feathers and horse hair, dyed red, and the bills of birds, &c., whilst in one hand he held the white flag, and in the other the pipe of peace."

We hope our readers have catholicity enough to excuse this Grandisonian minuteness, marvellous in a people so given to *going a-head* as the Americans. But if such is the taste of their Congress orations, how shall their national literature escape? The sentimental touches in the passage which follows (little needed, let us observe, by a scene intrinsically poetic and pathetic) are as oddly characteristic of the most utilitarian nation under the sun, as the above anxious enumeration of the poor Red Bird's toilette trumperies.

"There he stood. He moved not a muscle, nor once changed the expression of his face. They were told to sit down. He sat down with a grace not less *captivating than he walked and stood* (!!) At this moment the band on our right struck up Pleyel's hymn * * * when the hymn was played, he took up his pouch, and taking from it some *kinnakanie* or tobacco, cut the latter after the Indian fashion, then rubbed the two together, filled the bowl of his beautiful peace pipe, struck fire with his steel and flint into a bit of spunk, and lighted it and smoked. * * *

"I could not but speculate a little on his dress. His white jacket, with one piece of red upon it, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, stained with but a single crime; for all agree that the Red Bird had never before soiled his fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His war-pipe, bound close to his heart, appeared to indicate his love of war, which was now no longer to be gratified. Perhaps the red or scarlet cloth may have been indicative of his name, the *Red Bird*."

The above receives a last touch of whimsicality little meditated, as being subscribed by one who "writes in haste."

"All sat, except the speakers, whose addresses I took down. * * They were in substance that they had been required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any except two, and these had voluntarily agreed to come and give themselves up. As their friends they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to receive the horses, (they had with them twenty, perhaps,) meaning, that if accepted, it should be in commutation for the lives of their two friends. They asked kind treatment for them, earnestly begged that they might not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke. We advised them to warn their people against killing ours, and endeavoring also to impress them with a proper conception of the extent of our power, and of their weakness, &c."

"Having heard this, the Red Bird stood up; the commanding officer, Major Whistler, a few paces in advance of the centre of his line, facing him. After a pause of a minute, and a rapid survey of the troops, and a firm composed observation of his people, the Red Bird said, looking at Major Whistler, '*I am ready*.' Then, advancing a step or two, he paused and added, 'I do not wish to be put in irons, let me be free. I have given my life, it is gone,' (stooping down and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away,) like this * * * I would not have it back. It is gone.' He threw his hands behind him, to indicate that he was braving all things behind him, and marched up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled back-

ward from the centre of the line, when Major Whistler stepping aside, the Red Bird and We-kaw marched through the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided in the rear, over which a guard was set. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advice, and a supply of meat and flour. (!!!)

"* * * The Red Bird does not appear to be thirty, yet he is said to be over forty * * *"
—Vol. iii., pp. 36 to 39.

The Red Bird died in prison. We-kaw, as generally happens to the confidant, *alias* the shabbier fellow, and greater rascal of the two, was let off: and comes in, moreover, for a reputation. There are desperate difficulties, we know, inherent in the subject. The uniform of "Major Whistler and his men" are sad stumbling-blocks in any painter's way, as Horace Vernet could tell us; and it would require consummate tact to rescue the heroic Red Bird and the sneaking degraded We-kaw if drawn out in all their bravery as described, from certain May-day and masquerade associations, which no sane artist would care to conjure up. Still we hold that an Allston would have been more honorably and profitably employed, as concerns Art, in trying to harmonize such objects as these, and thus to add to the world's stores of beauty—than in measuring himself against the ancients by once again painting "Jacob's Dream," or entering the lists against the beauty-painters, who, like "most women, have no character at all," by devoting time, pains—aye, and poetical thought, too—to his "Rosalie listening to Music," or to the thousandth presentiment of "Lorenzo and Jessica," the best how infinitely below Shakespeare!

Let us now turn to the portraits, and the anecdote which accompanies them. The first is properly enough that of "Red Jacket," as the white men chose to call the "Keeper Awake" of the Senecas. Is there not "an acted bull" in this portrait—an inconsistency which ought not to have escaped the projectors of a national work? "Red Jacket" was a professed hater of the white men—a contemner, we are expressly told, of their institutions—the point of "disdaining to use any language save his own." Yet here is this stickler for his nationality handed down to posterity, in the blue coat and Washington medal of those he abominated! It is true that all over the world we could find other portraits of the uncompromising, in like apparel, were we to seek! "Kishkalwa," the second subject in the gallery—nominally and legally head of the Shawanoe nation, is a far more genuine-looking personage, at least in a picture:—his nose garnished with a crescent-shaped ring; his ears with cruel-looking appendages; his head with a comb or top-knot of scarlet feathers (with a few civilized "odds and ends" of riband,) as bristling with defiance as Chanticleer Bantam's own! This fiery personage seems to have understood a joke* as little as the editor of "My Grand-

*The "Book of Offences" (a work which, by the way, we beg to commend to some comic moralist in search of a subject) would receive some of its most curious pages from the history of *savage* life. It is intelligible enough that the loss of a virile garment should be a sore subject among people particularly touchy in point of valor; but while the crotchet passes through our brains, we cannot resist a far less serious anecdote of Indian offence, which has always struck us as alike whimsical and inexplicable. When the Ojibbeway party was in London, a party was made (after the fashion of Mrs. Leo Hunter's) for

mother's Review," in the days of Byron. Being jeered on the laying aside of his one garment during certain warlike operations, as though he had been a coward who had dropped his "ineffables" while running away, he undertook a foray or *razzia*, to wipe away this stain on his character:—and it was one of the express conditions of the peace which followed his victorious arms, sealed by the present of a beautiful young lady, that Kishkalwa's "vestment" (to quote the precise noun which transatlantic scrupulosity enjoins) should, indeed, be henceforth remembered among the "unmentionables." "Shingaba W'Ossin; or, Image Stone," a Chippewa Indian, has, also, a fine unsophisticated head; though, unlike "Red Jacket," he was so far in advance of his tribe, as to encourage investigation with regard to a *Manitou* or object sanctified by superstition—the huge mass of virgin copper, known to all mineralogists and American tourists as existing on the Outanogon River, Lake Superior. A famous subject, too, for the painter, though in a transition state between the "osprey wing" style of dress and the adoption of the militia uniform, is Tenskautawaw—"The Open Door." Though described as a person of slender intellects, weak, cruel, and sensual; despite, too, the loss of an eye, this personage had a bland and agreeable presence. Brother to the well known Chief Tecumthe, "The Open Door" enjoys an almost equal renown as a prophet. When we read in these Indian annals of a hit so lucky as his fixing the precise day for an earthquake, and recollect how on no stronger grounds our gentry believed in Murphy, (not to recall the more humiliating trust of their tenantry in the Canterbury fanatic,) we must not appropriate "The Open Door's" success as a trait of savage life, so much as of universal credulous humanity. We only protest against the "slenderness" allotted to his wits. The biographers, however, attribute the contrivance of the juggle to Tecumthe, who, among his other schemes of assisting Indian rights and regenerating Indian morals, including even a temperance movement, perceived that supernatural influences would make an important figure. Even a puppet, however, must be in some degree stoutly and symmetrically framed to answer to the jerk of the master's hand. And we can hardly reconcile such an assertion as that the prophet was pronounced by General Harrison to have been the most graceful and accomplished orator he had seen amongst the Indians, with the following paragraph, in which we are told that "he seems to have exhibited neither honesty nor dignity of character in any relation of life." The tale of Tecumthe, however, is one of the best in the collection—full of subject.

The portrait of Waapashaw, chief the Dacotah nation, a sagacious looking man, in an European

dress, like the prophet *minus* an eye, gives his biographers occasion to relieve his tribe from the stigma which has been laid upon it, of a vice no less loathsome than cannibalism. The name of the Keoxa tribe, to which he belongs, meaning "relationship overlooked," implies marriages forbidden in the last leaf of the prayer-book; and one admitted practice of questionable reputation (for even among savages it is curious to observe how constantly the dawns of moral perception touch the same points) may have led to false accusations of another. The Twighees and the Kickapoos (*vide* vol. iii., p. 26) will hardly come out from under the accusation so easily. We are assured that they had a society expressly ordained for the maintenance of the practice: possibly—who knows!—their Hieroglyphic Human Cookery Book! Nathless, let us charitably point out, that exact information on subjects like these—where credulous horror and cunning ignorance meet, the one as willing to be mystified as the other is anxious to mystify—comprehends precisely that branch of testimony which is to be least relied upon. Ferocity or revenge may drive untutored people into exceptional crimes; and the extreme reluctance to admit the fact, which all savages have ever shown, would argue a sort of instinctive averseness, which warrants our generally receiving tales of the systematized practice *cum grano*.

As we advance in the volume, we get deeper and deeper into the wilderness, as it were—among wilder people. Some of the heads are very fierce, initiating us into the mysteries of Indian paint. Wash Cubb, "The Sweet,"—whose son was seized with the vagary of fancying himself a woman, and devoting himself to the degradation of feminine employments—has a most becoming crescent of green spots upon his cheeks:—Caatou-see, or "Creeping out of the Water," a square patch of yet brighter verdigris, in which one cruel eye is set as cleanly as a bead in a patch of enamel. Peah-Mus-Ka, a Fox chief (whose *barbette à la Pischek* makes a whimsical disturbance of our visions of prairies, portages, and other features of wild life in the West,) has his black handkerchief cap *tied on*, as it were, by a streak of vermilion under the chin, by which also his ear is dyed. While we are on the subject of aboriginal "paint and patches," commend us to No-way-ke-sug-ga, the Otoc chief, whose portrait is to be found early in volume the third, and whose citron green chin, with a Vandyke pattern of the same piquant *nuance* across his forehead, "composes" with the superb cherry-colored plume of horse-hair or feathers upon his head, so as to form an arrangement of color of which a Parisian designer of fancies might be proud. There is somewhat of caprice, we are told, in these decorations—a caprice, it seems, constant in the avoidance of "the stars and stripes," though not seldom awkwardly emulating the lines of "the Union Jack;"—but we take it for granted, something of symbolism also. And in these days, when reds and blues are mere matters of faith and orthodoxy, when the cut of an aureole, or the frilling and flouncing of an initial letter, becomes subjects concerning which homilies are preached, and libraries written—we must not be thought absurd in recommending to American *savans*, "the nature and significance of Indian paint," as a mystery worth looking into, for the use of historians and artists yet unborn. Out of accidents little less freakish, we take it, did the whole school of what is by some called Christian

"Tobacco," the "Driving Cloud," and the rest of the company: not forgetting the ladies. Their behavior was pronounced to be most discreet and easy; it seemed, too, that they enjoyed themselves. But in an evil hour arrived Mr. —, the piano forte player, and by way of ascertaining what amount of musical ear the distinguished strangers possessed, he was requested to perform a fantasia. He complied; the Indians sat, all attention, to the very end. But, then, rising up very gravely and with some ceremony, they left the room; went down stairs to the parlor on the ground floor, resisting all entreaties; and there seating themselves on the floor, waited in dignity the appointed hour of departure. They had been affronted:—nothing further, we believe, was ever explained.

art, originally construct itself. At all events, there is now some possibility of obtaining information on these important matters—though at the risk of depriving controversialists in embryo of their life-breath; to wit, matter for controversy. To speak, meanwhile, of a matter of detail, in its order, important—we are surprised that in a work like this, so carefully and expensively produced, greater descriptive minuteness was not thought necessary. There are many accessories and objects introduced into these portraits, which we neither know how to describe or to name. This ought not to have been.

The portrait of a Rant-che-wai-me, "Female flying Pigeon," also called "the beautiful female eagle who flies in the air," reminds us that we have been somewhat remiss in paying our dues to the gentle sex. But this is true forest fashion. The lady before us is mild and gracious looking. We were told she was free-handed to an excess: as her widowed husband phrased it, "when the poor came, it was like a strainer full of holes, letting all she had pass through." She was extreme, moreover, in her tenderness of her conscience, "often feared that her acts were displeasing to the Great Spirit, when she would blacken her face and retire to some lone place, and fast and pray." But we take it that so far as any grace which free-will gives can go, "the Female flying Pigeon" was rather an exceptional than an average woman. It is true that, in her charming "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," Mrs. Jameson, whose honorable desire to improve the condition of her sex, sometimes leads her into odd puzzles and paradoxes, does her best for the squaw; trying to prove her condition in some essential points far better than that of the *conventionalized* white woman, (as the jargon of the day runs.) And we suppose that social philosophers on the other side of the argument—the power-theorists to wit—would declare that man's ministering angel was in her right place, when hewing wood and drawing water, drudging in the fields, and dragging burdens, leaving "her master" undisturbed in the nobler occupations of fighting and foraging. But we confess that we are a trifle hard to convince as to the supreme felicity of the Indian woman's lot. The utmost her race has done has been to produce, not a Boadicea, but a Pocahontas. Of this last, "the heroine of the tribes," we have somewhat too niggardly a notice. There is a portrait of her, however, in her civilized condition, which an appendical series of documents assure us is authentic; the features wearing an expression of grave and womanly sweetness, befitting one whose name was somewhat prophetically "a rivulet of peace between two nations."

But this is not the time or place for us to argue out the great question of the lady and the lord, to determine how far (as *Cherub* says) nature never meant that a Griseldis should be put to the test by her Sir Perceval, or *vice versâ*. Ample opportunities to hear new wisdom against old prejudices are sure to present themselves! The mention of "authentication" and its accompanying assertion that all these portraits are warrantable, recalls to us yet another of the curious peculiarities of savage life: namely, great solicitude and touchiness in the delicate matter of resemblances painted. Queen Elizabeth herself, with her royal command of "garden lights," and similar devices which excluded shadows, and other such unpleasing accidents—*Lady Pentwistle*, when big with the pur-

pose of "calling up a look," which should take mankind by storm—were gentle and easily-contented customers compared with the braves and the medicine men, whom the founders of the school of American art have been called upon to immortalize. Mr. Catlin, in his "Letters and Notes," gave us some whimsical and touching details of the "relations" which the court painter of the Indians has to hold with his sitters. Who has forgotten the anecdote of the chief who came to the artist's tent, with an offer of six horses, and as much treasure besides as the magician chose to exact, so he might bear away the portrait of his dead daughter! The portraying of a Sioux chief, Mah-to-cheeja, "the Little Bear"—in profile, led to yet more serious results. Mr. Catlin had to pack up his brushes and run to save his scalp; since Shonka, "the Dog," found out that the "Little Bear," thus presented, was "only half a man!" The Red Men, as we have seen, do not love jests. The Dog's taunt bred an affray which cost the Little Bear his life. The volumes before us afford us an addition to the above store of anecdotes: which, ere we part from them, we shall extract:—though conscious that it makes against us, and for those who consider the squaw a less suffering woman than the Mrs. Caudles, Mrs. Grundys, and Mrs. Partingtons of our streets and squares, and village-greens.

"It happened," says the memorialist of Young Mahaskah, the son of the Female flying Pigeon, "when Mahaskah was at Washington, that the agent of this work was there also. * * * As he turned over the leaves bearing the likenesses of many of those Indians of the Far West, who were known to the party, Mahaskah would pronounce their names with the same promptitude as if the originals were alive and before him. Among these was the likeness of his father. He looked at it with a composure bordering on indifference. On being asked if he did not know his father, he answered, pointing to the portrait, 'That is my father.' He was asked if he was not glad to see him. He replied, 'It was enough for me to know that my father was a brave man, and had a big heart, and died an honorable death in doing the will of my Great Father.'"

* * * * The portrait of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekussee, the Ottoo chief, was then shown to him. 'That,' he said, 'is my mother.' The agent assured him he was mistaken. He became indignant, and seemed mortified that his mother, as he believed her to be, should be arranged in the work as the wife of another, and especially of a chief over whom his father had held and exercised authority. The colloquy became interesting, until, at last, some excitement, on the part of Mahaskah, grew out of it. On hearing it repeated by the agent that he must be mistaken, Mahaskah turned and looked him in the face, saying, 'Did you ever know the child that loved its mother, and had seen her, that forgot the board on which he was strapped, and the back on which he had been carried, or the knee on which he had been nursed, or the breast which had given him life?' So firmly convinced was he that this was the picture of his mother, and so resolved that she should not remain by the side of Shaumonekussee, that he said, 'I will not leave this room, until my mother's name, Rantchewaime, is marked over the name of 'Eagle of Delight.' The agent of the work complied with this demand, when his agitation, which had become great, sub-

aided, and he appeared contented. Looking once more at the painting, he turned from it, saying, 'If it had not been for Waucondamony (the name he gave to the agent of the work, which means *walking god*, so called, because he attributed the taking of these likenesses to him,) I would have kissed her, but Waucondamony made me ashamed.'

"Soon after this interview, the party went to King's Gallery, where are copies of many of these likenesses, and among them are both the 'Eagle of Delight' and the Female flying Pigeon. The moment Mahaskah's eye caught the portrait of the 'Flying Pigeon,' he exclaimed, 'That is my mother, that is her face, I know her now, I am ashamed again.' He immediately asked to have a copy of it, as also of the 'Eagle of Delight,' wife of Shaumonekuse, saying of the last, 'The Ottoo chief will be so glad to see his squaw, that he will give me one hundred horses for it.'"

There are others, more competent judges of art than simple Mahaskah, will occur to every reader with whom (no offence to their connoisseurships) "the fan" makes the likeness.

It will be easily gathered, from the above hasty notes and illustrations, that to comment upon the entire contents of these volumes would lead the critic beyond all reasonable limits. Having given a fair sample, we must here pause. A parting word is, perhaps, required to assure certain excellent persons, that because we have treated this work crotchety-wise, rather than in the cut and dry "Encyclopedia" fashion; no disrespect to it has been meant. On the contrary, there are certain subjects more vividly brought home to us by familiar treatment and comparison, than by dissertations *ex cathedra*: and this is among them. The book is a most interesting collection of raw materials, out of which a school of imaginative art might be constructed; but to lecture upon them, appealing the while to "the principle of the pyramid," would be to impugn our own common sense, and not to assist either teachers or people. We regard it as a valuable addition to the American's library:—and as full of suggestion to all persons who love to look around and forward as well as to linger with fond reverence among the traditions of the past.

THE POETRY OF STEAM.

"MR. PUNCH,

"SIR,—Being a stoker, it is natural I should feel enthusiastic on the subject of steam. It appears to me, sir, that Mr. Wordsworth makes a great mistake when he talks of steamers and railways as—

Motions and means on land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling.'

For my own part, I think there's a deal more poetry in steam-engines than in anything else, except men and women. I have tried my hand at a description of the Seven Ages of Steam, after Shakespeare, and venture to send it to you to show the world and my brother stokers that there is some poetry about us.

"Yours respectfully, JOHN COKE."

"The world's ruled by steam,
And all the men and women are its subjects:
It guides their movements and their whereabouts;

And this steam, in its time, plays many parts,
Its acts being Seven Ages. At first, the kettle,
Hissing and sputtering on a kitchen hob,
And then Newcomen's engine, to its piston,
By atmospheric pressure, giving force
Imperfectly to pump: Then Watt's condenser,
More economic, with its stuffing-box
And double-acting movement: Then a steam-boat,
Full of strange smells, and crammed like Noah's ark,

(It, on high pressure, sudden and quick to explode,)

Raising up Fulton's reputation

In everybody's mouth: Then the steam-horse,
By Stephenson devised, on Wall's End fed,
With boiler grimed and—wheels of clumsy cut,
Spurning brass knobs and copper ornaments—
And so he plays his part: The Sixth Age shifts
Into the war of broad and narrow gauge;
Brunel on one, Hudson on t'other side—

Their several lines stretching a world too wide
For the Committee's and Steam's manly voice
That in the kettle's childish treble piped,
Now whistles o'er the world: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is general brotherhood, and mere oblivion
Of troops, of wars, of blood, and all such things."

Punch.

THE AGGRIEVED PROFESSORS.

To the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and to the learned Corporations and Societies of England at large,

The Humble Petition of us, the undersigned respectable Scientific Men and Philosophers Natural and Moral;

SHEWETH. That your Petitioners belong to a class of persons from whom, at Colleges and Institutions for the advancement of Science and Literature, Lecturers and other Teachers are selected:

That such individuals, in their official capacity, are commonly styled Professors:

That certain other individuals, in divers advertisements, and in sundry bills, placards, and posters, have of late assumed and added to their names the title or appellation of Professor; and that by the said appellation or title of Professor they have procured themselves to be commonly called and known:

That of these individuals, some are teachers of dancing, others fiddlers, and others posture-masters, not to say mountebanks; that others of them, again, are Professors of pills and ointment, and that one of them hath lately announced himself to the world as Professor of a ventilating peruke:

That, from thus serving to denote dancing-masters, and fiddlers, and players of monkeys' tricks, and quack-salvers, and barbers, the name of Professor hath acquired a significance which rendereth it anything but a creditable one.

Your Petitioners, therefore, have humbly to request that you will find some other title for your Lecturers and Teachers than this same denomination of Professor; which your said Petitioners do object to share with the kind of persons above mentioned.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, &c.

(Here follow the signatures.)

Punch.

From Punch.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER IV.

WALKING ON, I raised my eyes, and what was my astonishment, my delight, to behold the ship—the *Ramo Samee*—reclining as upon a sofa, on a bank of sand about two miles distant! My heart fluttered. After all, I might not be alone upon a desolate island. The captain might be spared; if not the captain, at least the boatswain. Again, when I looked upon the vessel, soft thoughts stole into my bosom; hope stirred within me, and all about my plum-colored silk and my crimson velvet—and the band-boxes, every one with a love of a bonnet, and the night-caps, (I was always particular in my night-caps,) with their beautiful lace borders, chosen with an eye to the hopeful future. These thoughts forced tears from my eyes; and I resolved to save my wardrobe; or, as I once heard a gentleman in blue silk and spangles exclaim, “perish in the attempt.”

I satiated my hunger with raw periwinkles—for I found they strewed the lower part of the beach—which I was enabled to do, having several pins in my dress. I had never thought of it before; but how beautifully has Nature or Fashion, or whatever it may be, ordained that woman should never be without pins! Even as Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins; a sharp truth not all unknown to the giddy and frolicsome.

Though dreading to approach my boxes, lest I should discover that the salt water had spoilt all my things, I nevertheless determined to visit the ship, and preserve what I could of my beautiful outfit. A pang shot through my heart when I thought of a certain white satin, made up—for I had provided against being married unawares in case of the officer coming off in the yam-boat. Allowing it to be preserved from the wrathful billows, of what avail would it be in such a place! Of what avail, indeed, any of my clothes, for who could see them! And when I thought of this, my tears flowed anew.

As I proceeded, my eyes beheld what, at the distance, they believed to be a monstrous eel. It is a fish I am prodigiously fond of; and I will own it, for the moment I forgot the horrors of my situation in the thought of my gratified palate. I ran to seize the prize, when, to my passing disappointment I discovered that what I thought to be an eel was nothing more than an india-rubber life-preserver, that had floated from the vessel. My better feelings were aroused, and I will not repeat what thanks I uttered for the accident.

Taking off my gown—for the flounces were very full, and therefore would hold much water, I put on the life-preserver, and made for the ship. It is true I was a good swimmer, and could have gained the vessel without any foreign aid; but I husbanded my strength, for I knew not what trials awaited me. Now and then I shivered as a flying-fish rose before me; for where flying-fishes were found, there, I had heard, were sharks; and my feet were wholly unprotected, the Adelaide boot being at that time wholly unknown. How strangely doth fear magnify circumstances! More than once I screamed at what I believed I felt to be an alligator—at the very greatest, perhaps, it was a shrimp. I

swam round and round the ship, looking for an easy place to get up. At length, I saw a bit of rope hanging out of the captain's window, and—always being a good climber—I was speedily in his cabin. The silence—the solitude appalled me. His pipe—relinquished when the breeze began to freshen—still lay upon the table. There was something about that pipe that—I know not why—affected me.

I crept from cabin to cabin: all was still. I sat down upon a bench, and was buried in reflection. Now my thoughts dwelt upon my sad condition, and now they wandered to the wardrobe and jewels of the female passengers: poor things! all removed from the toil and trouble of such vanities. Whilst thus occupied, I felt something rub against my knee. The thought electrically shot through me—“I am not alone, then. Is it the captain: is it the boatswain?” This, I say, was the thought of a second, and ere I could look about me. Then, casting my eyes downwards, I beheld a cat—the ship cat. Now, cats I had always treated with very distinguished contempt; believing them, in my maidenly superstition, the inevitable companions of single wretchedness. And as the animal continued to rub against me, and stare at me with—as somebody somewhere says of melancholy—its “green and yellow eyes,” and mew and mew, that its voice thrilled my heart-strings, I thought the creature cried, “Welcome, Miss Robinson, to old-maidhood; welcome forever to celibacy.” The idea was too much for me. I rose, and running and stumbling, reached my own cabin. There I found some water, and a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*. Equally mixing the liquids in a horn, I drank the beverage, and was revived considerably. Another and another libation put new heart into me, and I continued my search from place to place. My own boxes were safe, and—shall I ever forget the emotion that swelled my heart—dry. A canary-colored satin slip was, however, utterly ruined by the salt-water; though I thought that probably the surrounding country might furnish me with materials to dye it for common.

It was with some natural feelings of curiosity that I rummaged all the boxes of my late female companions. Could I choose my readers, I would not hesitate to name the many artifices of millinery that I discovered; the many falsehoods made of buckram, and wool, and wadding—and—but no; far be it from me to put a weapon in the hands of the male malignant. In every box I found a large supply of French slippers and shoes; but, of course, they were all much too big for me.

By dint of great exertion I got all these boxes upon deck. Had their weight been of anything else than beautiful dresses, I do not think I could have lifted it. But I know not what it was that put a mysterious power within me. I carried up trunk upon trunk as though it had been no more than a Tunbridge Wells work-box. “How happy,” thought I, “could I be with such a wardrobe, if anybody could see me wear it!”

In the steward's cabin there were all sorts of pickles and preserves, guava jelly, and preserved ginger. All these, and fifty other kinds of pleasant eatables, with—what could have prompted me to take it, I know not—one bottle of gin, I brought and set down upon the deck. My next thought was—and for a long time it puzzled me—how to get them ashore. But this I managed, as the reader shall learn.

CHAPTER V.

By rummaging with all the earnestness and intelligence of my sex—and who, when she likes, can rummage like a woman?—I discovered, in the steward's store cabin, a crate full of life-preservers; a sufficient number to have saved the lives of the crew of what I think on the voyage I once heard called a three-decker. How they came to be forgotten in the hour of our peril, is only to be accounted for by the frequent truth, that we can rarely put our hands upon anything when we are in a hurry for it. (The reader who has ever mislaid her scissors, or any particular ball of cotton, will at once understand me.) Now, the life-preservers were exactly of the same sort as the one I found upon the beach. It immediately occurred to me, that by filling some fifty or more of them with air, and tying them together with tight string, I might make what is called a raft, upon which I might safely deposit the trunks, the band-boxes, and other valuables. With this thought I set to work; beginning with all my power to blow up every single article. Exhausted as I had been by the terrors of the previous night, this was no easy task. But perseverance was always my motto—as it should be that of every young woman setting out in life for a husband—and though I had had but a poor breakfast, I succeeded in perfectly well blowing up every one of the articles, and then flung every one of them overboard. Recruiting myself with another horn of *eau-de-cologne* and water, and some potted anchovies, found in the captain's cupboard, I again set to work to finish my task. I descended the ship's side, and with my preserver still about my waist, with some tight string bound every piece of buoyant India-rubber close together. Returning to the ship I threw overboard a patent water-bed, which subsequently I laid upon the life-preservers, and very snug and comfortable it looked. I then moved trunk by trunk and box by box from the ship upon the raft: and who can know, who can understand, my delight, when I perceived that every box, though trusted to uncertain Neptune, remained as dry as a bone! For the sea was like glass; there was not spray enough to straighten the curls of a mermaid.

Whilst thus employed, securing my own boxes, and the boxes of the other lady passengers, I cast my eyes towards the shore. The tide, I perceived, had risen, and was carrying away my gown, with all its flounces. I felt a momentary pang; but, looking at the boxes on the raft, permitted myself to be comforted. Having first secured all the articles of wearing apparel, my next thought was to provide myself with a sufficient store of food. A few sides of bacon—stowed away in the steward's cabin—half-a-dozen hams, and all the pickles and preserves, with twenty packages of Embden Groats (for how, I thought, could I bear existence without, now and then, my gruel!) were, with much pain and labor, discovered, and safely placed upon the raft. A very beautiful mahogany case of surgical instruments—the *Ramo Samee* had advertised to carry a surgeon—providentially attracted my notice. This I also secured; and happy was it that I did so.

My next thought was to secure some weapons to protect me against the bears and lions that might already be in the island, or the savages that might visit it. The captain's pistols were in his cabin; and as nobody saw me, I took them down,

without even attempting to scream—which, I have no doubt, I should have done had anybody been present. A canister of powder, and a bag of shot about as big as pins' heads, next rewarded my scrutinizing vigilance. I will not stay to number all the things secured, (many of them will immediately arise to the recollection of every housewife,) but state, that as I thought my raft pretty well furnished, I had nothing more to do than—as I have heard the sailors observe—shove off.

I again descended from the vessel, and was about to cut the string that secured the raft to the ship's side, when—the thought flashed upon me, and as I may say, with its brightness illuminated the very depths of my being—when I remembered that I had no looking-glass!

A woman, nursed in the lap, and dandled upon the knees of luxury, without a looking-glass! Imagine it—dwell upon it—is it possible for fate, in its worst malignity, more cruelly to punish her! When at home, with every blessing about me, I thought nothing of the chief delight, the happiness of sitting two or three hours before my mirror, trying here a patch and there a patch. Now limiting the furtive wanderings of an eyebrow—and now making pretty experiments with my hair, for all the world as they practise in Woolwich marshes—for more certain killing. I had heard something about “painting the rose, and giving a perfume to the violet,” and every morning, for two hours at least, determined to try if it could not be done. I shall not, at this lapse of time, be accused of vanity when I declare that very often, as I then believed, I succeeded to a miracle.

To think of the looking-glass, and again to be on the ship's deck was, I may say, the same thing! As the poet says, “Like the darting swallow” I fled into the ladies' cabin, for there, I recollected, was a large gilt-framed mirror, nailed to the wall, with lions' claws (doves, not lions, ought to support looking-glasses; for what, in her innocence, knows woman of claws!) standing upon nothing. How to detach it, for it seemed to have been nailed up by a giant! Rummaging about, I found a chisel, with which—I know not how long—I labored, I shall never forget the various expression of my features in that looking-glass, as I worked and toiled. I looked red, and black, and angry, and savage; and still, in the very height and depth of my despair, I could not help pausing and asking if it could be possible that it was the same Miss Robinson reflected in the crystal, the very same that had so often “painted the rose, and perfumed the violet.” Again and again I thought I must leave the glass to the mermaids. And then the thought of breaking the glass, and at least rescuing the fragments, rose within me. And then I shuddered.

Nerved by a thimble full of *eau-de-cologne*, I resumed my task. How shall I describe my emotions, when I felt the first nail yield to the chisel! My face—I caught a look of myself—seemed to go off as it were in one tremendous smile, (often as I have since practised for the same look, I never could touch it.) Nail followed nail; and, not to weary the reader—for such person may be of the male sex—I folded the liberated mirror to my breast, as I released it from the wall. Had it not been a mirror I should have considered its weight quite insupportable; as it was, I felt it light—light, as somebody says who knew nothing about it—as vanity.

My next care was to place the glass upon the

raft. Very thick, and very violent, were the beatings of my woman's heart as I brought the mirror over the ship's side. No words, though bright as rainbows, can paint my feelings when I saw the glass safely lowered among my other goods. I sank upon the deck, and grateful tears ran, like rain-drops on cottage casements, down my cheeks. Finally recruiting myself for my great effort—to land my goods—I descended upon the raft—it bore me beautifully; and it was not without some pride that I gazed upon my valuables, so safely stowed, my looking-glass included.

Taking an oar in my hand—I had once, in an hour of childish hilarity, rowed a boat upon a lake, somewhere near Hornsey, so was not altogether unskilful in the management of skulls—I paddled, as some one once said to me (oh, memory! and oh, fate!) “like a little duck as I was.”

I steered towards a slit—a creek, I think it's called—in the shore: to avoid the billows that,

big as feather beds, were rolling over the rocks. Then I trembled for my raft; felt cold and hot, and hot and cold for my mirror. However, all went smoothly enough for a mile; and the more I paddled, the greater confidence I felt in my powers. Keeping—pardon the unfeminine expression—a sharp look out, I steered and paddled on; but knowing nothing of flats and shoals, my raft suddenly run aground on the edge of a rock or something. I merely shifted my oar; and, summoning all the energies of my soul, endeavored to shove off. And I did so. But judge of my despair—think of my horror! The raft violently moved, gave a sort of lurch: it communicated motion to one article—then to the next—then to the next—until, striking against my mirror, it sent it headlong (if I may use the word) headlong into the sea! After this loss, consider if you can, what were my reflections!

From Punch.

ON WHIPPING.

NOTHING can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will, which has been exhibited by the Pekins of the public press, and a great body of civilian snobs in the country, towards the most beloved of our institutions; that institution, the health of which is always drank after the church at public dinners—the British army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon military snobs—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the war-like clubs, in messes, and other soldatesque societies: but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linen-drapery line should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter their shrill cries of horror at the account of the floggings at Hounslow—to suppose, I say, that society should make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much—the audacity of civilian snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the Pekins, and am authorized to say, after a conversation with *Mr. Punch*, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that *the army must be protected*.

The answer which is always to be made to the civilian snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable.—He knows nothing about it.—How the deuce can *you* speculate about the army Pekin, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusée?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the military papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite, before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of En-

sign and Lieutenant Grigg, of the Guards, Captain Famish, of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their time is passed in laborious military studies; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age? By the time Grigg is a colonel (and, to be sure knowledge grows much more rapidly in the guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a colonel at five-and-twenty,) and Famish has reached the same rank—these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the army; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they? These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent—snobish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier, as Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington? If the great captain of the age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have *you* to object? *You're* not flogged. You are a Pekin. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds, may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice; to submit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you; but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the great captain of the age would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the chiefs of the army, and the cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon in the tower, along with the boots and the thumb-screws of the Spanish Armada. But, say you, very likely the great captain of *his* age, the Duke of Alva, might have considered thumb-screws and boots just as necessary for discipline as the cat is supposed to be now. Pekin! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the articles of war, and remember that the majority of officers of the British army, from his grace down to Ensign Grigg, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane.

When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the cat over him, not only men, but officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature: yes! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural: put a bayonet into a man's hand, he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman: very few men, of their own natural choice, would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as Colonel Whyte and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving-brush stuck by way of ornament in front: the whole system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran: we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way Ensign Grigg, just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five-and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men! There is as much social difference between Ensign Grigg and the big gladiator, as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of thousands of men eat, march, sleep, and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—Grigg and his clan riding by and superintending; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it: they are told to strip, and they do it: or to flog, and they do it: to murder or be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and two-pence a day for beer and tobacco. For nothing more:—no hope—no ambition—nor chance for old days, but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men, in time of war, when their labor is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed, that to cross it is next to a miracle. There was one Mameluke escaped when Mehemet Ali ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them; so certainly a stray officer or two may have come from the ranks, but he is a wonder. No: such an institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionably great. When the tipsy young lieutenant of the 4th dragoons cut at his adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well: when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the great captain of the age, who pardoned the gentleman offender. There

must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilian, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, *Mr. Punch* declares, to be said to other great commanders, and field-marshal besides the historic conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven! a field-marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august family field-marshal, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak:—

"Your royal highness," we say, "your royal highness, (who has the ear of the head of the army,) pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we entreat and implore that no English Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the cat. Say, that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier; and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if your royal highness, Prince Albert, will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say, that you will be the most beloved of field-marshals, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people and the British army, than ever was rendered by any field-marshal since the days of Malbrook."

A CASE FOR FEMALE SYMPATHY.

REALLY the ladies should get up an agitation in favor of the Queen of Spain. She has about twenty lovers, and is not allowed to marry one. France offers a husband whom she must not have for fear of displeasing Narvaez. Narvaez introduces a young Prince whom England does not like. England sends a member of that fine matrimonial country, Coburg, where princes are taught at school to sit upon thrones, and wield sceptres; but Louis Philippe says "No: the queen can't have a Bourbon, and she shan't have a Coburg." Portugal even recommends its candidate, whilst Carlos, Miguel, and Queen Christina have each a miserable *protégé*, who are continually proposing to Isabella, and being married regularly once a week—in the newspapers. But amidst all this confusion of opposition husbands, the poor queen is likely to die an old maid. She is not allowed to marry any one she likes, and every state is wishing her to marry some one she does not like. We propose, therefore, in order to end these differences, that there should be a royal election. Let all the princes go to the poll, and he who gets the greatest number of votes be returned husband of the Queen of Spain. We think, in a matter of this delicate nature, the ladies only should vote. What an animated scene it would be! We can imagine all the placards! "Keine Bourbon." "A bas le Cobourg." "Vote for Prince Widdicomb, and a real moustache." "Don Henrique and Spanish Liquorice." "Le Duc de Montpensier, et beaucoup de Champagne." "Le Prince des Asturies. Tous ses châteaux sont en Espagne."

Seriously, we hope some scheme will yet be devised to put an end to these petty squabbles about choosing a husband. One would really think that the queen had no voice in the matter. Considering she is the party the most interested, she ought to be allowed to do as she likes! Ladies, rally round the Queen of Spain and assert your rights!

Punch.

THE HYDE PARK CORNER CLOCK.

To the nocturnal pilgrim passing out of the Great Metropolis, the clock over the Curds and Whey House used to be a sort of shrine—a species of minor Mecca, produced by mechanism. It was consoling to see the hour, and companionable to see the face of a friend, especially when that friend was continually extending both his hands in amiable amity. Lately, however, for some reason or other, which is of course no reason at all, the clock has not

“Smiled as it was wont to smile,”

for it has been impossible to see its face, or recognize its figure. The clock, which, under the influence of enlightenment, may be said to have

“Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,”

has latterly been exceedingly dingy after dark, and it is impossible to ascertain its meaning. For the sake, therefore, of the travellers to the “far west,” we earnestly call upon the gasman to light that clock, in the same spirit as the woodman was requested to spare that tree:—

Gasman, light that clock,
The time I cannot see;
It can't be more than twelve,
And yet it looks like three!
Its hands are all confused,
Its numbers none can trace:
Say, is that humble clock
Ashamed to show its face?

It can't be very late:
True—I've been out to sup;
But, ho! what says the clock?
Come, gasman, light it up.
Say, can the mist be caused
By fumes of generous wine?
Is it three quarters past eleven,
Or is it only nine?

Is it half-after twelve,
Or six, or eight, or two?
That dismal rushlight kept inside
No good on earth can do.
When I go home to bed
I'm quite afraid to knock
If I've no notion of the hour—
So, gasman, light that clock.

THIS dismal dial continues in the same state of hopeless want of enlightenment. If the clock is incapable of managing the works with which it is entrusted, let extra hands be put on immediately. It is, however, only at night that the clock shows symptoms of indisposition, for then an eruption breaks out all over the face, which exhibits such confusion that even Lavater would be puzzled to read its expression. Who may be the illumer of this illuminated clock we do not know, but it is enough to excite our ill-humor to see the dingy condition of this once bright and happy-looking dial. It has, however, lost the smile that once shed brilliance over its countenance.

Such were our reflections as we passed by Hyde Park Corner a night or two ago, when our feelings naturally took the form of the following ballad:—

Oh! smile as thou wert wont to smile
Before the London air
Had black'd thy face, and for a while
Left only darkness there.

Some gas, perchance, 't were best to add—
One little extra jet;
With which—should some one wash your face—
You may be useful yet.

Oh! do not name departed clocks,
That were as bad as you:
Though the Horse-Guard's the public mocks,
With pale and sickly hue.
Perchance, by sitting up all night,
Weary and dull you get;
But, with a little stronger light,
You may be useful yet.

A NEW ROMAN ROAD.

Ancient Romans, ancient Romans—
Cato, Scipio Africanus,
Ye whose fame's eclipsed by no man's,
Publius Æmilianus,
Sylla, Marius, Pompey, Cæsar,
Fabius, dilatory teaser,
Coriolanus, and ye Gracchi,
Who gave so many a foe a black-eye,
Antony, Lepidus, and Crassus;
And you, ye votaries of Parnassus,
Virgil, and Horace, and Tibullus,
Terence and Juvenal, Catullus,
Martial, and all ye wits beside,
On Pegasus expert to ride;
Numa, good king, surnamed Pompilius,
And Tullus, eke 'yclept Hostilius—
Kings, consuls, imperators, lictors,
Prætors, the whole world's former victors,
Who sleep by yellow Tiber's brink;
Ye mighty manes—what d' ye think?
The pope has sanctioned railway bills!
And so the lofty Aventine,
And your six other famous hills
Will soon look down upon a “line.”
Oh! if so be that hills could turn
Their noses up, with gesture antic,
Thus would the seven deride and spurn
A Roman work so unromantic:—
“Was this the ancient Roman way,
With tickets taken, fares to pay,
Stokers and engineers, perhaps—
Nothing more likely—English chaps
Bawling away, ‘Go on!’ for *Ito*,
And ‘Cut along!’ instead of *Citò*;
The engine letting off its steam,
With puff and whistle, snort and scream;
A smell, meanwhile, like burning clothes,
Flouting the angry Roman nose!
Is it not, conscript fathers, shocking?
Does it not seem your memory mocking?
The Roman and the railway station—
What an incongruous combination!
How odd, with no one to adore him,
A Terminus—and in the Forum!”

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO SOLDIERS.—Meetings are held, and petitions presented, from time to time, against flogging in the army; in the mean while, soldiers are whipped to death. The costermonger is limited in the application of the lash; surely the commanding officer might be restrained a little. The donkey is a brute not so very much nobler than the private. Now if a costermonger were to take his donkey, tie it to a ladder nailed to a wall, and deliberately whip the skin off the creature's back, the miscreant

would be fined, or sent to the treadmill, amid the execrations of the mob. Yet thus may a court-martial treat a fellow-creature. But the one man is a costermonger and a blackguard; the others are officers and gentlemen. Still even officers, and gentlemen to boot, should not be allowed to behave exactly like fiends incarnate.

The law should not suffer them to torture poor soldiers to death. There really is required a Martin's act for the military. It is with the view of procuring some such an enactment that we recommend the formation of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soldiers. The Animals' Friend Society protects even the cat from man, but we want a society for protecting man from the cat.

SLAVES IN SMOCK FROCKS.

"MEASTER PUNCH:

"Plaze zur, I zee my likeness, or zomebody else's, the imidge o' me, draad 'tother day in your peeaper, a poundun zummut in a doctor's pessul and martur. I be glad to vind you teaks zum account o' we poor country fellers, and if you 'll only goo on draaun true picturs on us, I 'll warrand you 'll do 's good. In the mane time, zur, I 'll meak so bold as to ax 'ees for a word of advice; hopun you wun't be 'fended at the liberty I be a takun of. I be a varmer's laborer. My wagis is in generl zevn shilluns a wake; zumtims I med git aight or nine; but precious seldum. I 've got a wife—moor fool I—and a kit o' children, wuss luck! What we lives upon is mostly taters and zalt. We han't had a taste o' bhaacon for I dwoount know how long, nor a drap o' beer since last harvust whooam. We bides in a crazy ramshackle consarn of a cottidge, nare a mossle better than a cowus—nit so good. How much longer we can keep out o' the Union is moor than I can tell; it must come to that, I spose, in the end. This here 's a dull look out Measter Punch, baint it! Now, I 've heerd a good deal o' late 'bout nigger slavery; what a sin and a sheam 't is, and how the poor slaves be to be pitied. Here 's a lot o' fellers, wi' Lard Brougham at the head on 'em, as wun't buy their sugar cheap, nor, what's wuss, let me buy mine cheap neither; all 'cause they should n't encurridge the slave trade.

"What there is in a nigger to meak 'em take sitch a fancy to 'un, I dwoount know. I only wishes as how I was one; 'cause then praps they 'd take a fancy to me. Thof I be white, baint I a man and a brother too! What I wants your opinyun about, zur, is this here. Dwoant'ee think, now, if I was to black my veace and goo hollern and bawlung my greevunces about street, I should stand moor chance o' beeun 'tended to! Or d'ye think I 'd better bide as I be, and git zum o' they good gennulmen as calls theyselves Poor Man's Friends to make a stir agin white slavery. I wish, Measter Punch, you 'd spake to zum on 'em vor me; your favourat, Ben Disrally, for instance. Could n't 'ee persuaid un to spoort a broadbrimm'd hat, and a quoot wi' a square taail, to gie un the cut o' the jib of a sart o' pantiler like, so as to git the Exeter Hall folks to listen to un! Thof 't would make un look a bit of a Gy, that are ood be just the trim for un to spake a good word in, for

"Your obajunt Zarvunt,
"MATHER WAY."

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THE BALM OF SPEECH.

THE hum of insects, as they throng
The summer sunbeam's glorious way;
The soaring sky-lark's early song;
The nightingale's mellifluous lay;—

The murmur of the peaceful wave;
The valley-breezes gently sighing;
The wind's wild voice in mountain cave;
And Echo from her cell replying;—

The soft Æolian lyre, whose notes
Upon the lonely musier rise;
The church-bells' hallowed tone, that floats
Like music from the distant skies;—

Could never make my spirit feel
So rapt above this lower sphere,
As when affection's accents steal,
All musical, upon mine ear.

The harmonies of mortal art,
And e'en of nature's varied strain,
Ne'er touch, as when another's heart
Reveals in words our own again.

Oh! may the melody of speech
Sing to me, while on earth I rove;
And may the last faint tones that reach
My dying ear be those of love!

Poetical Remains of a Clergyman's Wife.

NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came:
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect, stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Blanco White.

'Tis but degree
That marks the storm from the propitious gale—
The torrent, from the fertilizing stream—
This justice overurg'd grows tyranny.

Now, they stand
Like frightened cattle that, beneath an oak,
Had sought protection from the threatening storm,
And find the forked lightning's earliest flash
Strike even there where they had made their shelter.

There is a sadness of no kin to sorrow,
And such, alone, is mine. Is it not sad,
And yet how sweet, to sit in some close nook
And hear the big rain patter on the trees?
Or, listlessly, in some cool dell's recess,
To mark the babbling of the tiny brook?
Or, from the casement, watch the fading day
Tinge, with its changeeful pencil, the gray clouds?
When, if we chance to sigh, 'tis but to ease
The heart o'erburthened with its sweet sensations.

Lovell's Provost of Bruges.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE country girl, alone in the Brown Bear, had some slight twitchings of remorse. She felt it; she had very much slandered London and the Londoners. She had been taught—she had heard the story in fields and at fire-sides, seated in the shade of haystacks, and in winter chimney-corners—that London was a fiery furnace; that all its inhabitants, especially the males, were the pet pupils of the Evil One, and did his work with wonderful docility. And now, how much ignorance had departed from her! In an hour or two, how large her stock of experience! She was alone—alone in a London tavern; and yet she felt as comfortable, as secure of herself as though perched upon a Kent haycock. She had seen thousands of people; she had walked among a swarm of men and women, and nobody had even so much as attempted to pick her pocket; nobody had even snatched a kiss from her. With the generosity of a kind nature, she felt doubly trustful that she had unjustly doubted. She was in a London hotel (poor hawthorn innocence!) and felt not a bit afraid; on the contrary, she rather liked it. She looked about the room: carefully, up and down its walls. No; there was not an inch of looking-glass to be seen. Otherwise she thought she might have liked to take a peep at herself; for she knew she must be a fright; and the young man would be back soon; and though she cared not a pin about him—how could she!—still, still she should have liked one look.

"What, my little girl, all alone?" asked a newcomer—as the young woman thought, a very rude, and ugly, and somewhat old man. "Got nobody with you, eh? Where's your parents?"

"I'm not alone, and that's enough," said the girl, and she fervently clutched her little bundle.

"Very well, my dear; would n't offend you, my lass; would n't?"

"I'm not your dear; and I don't want at all to be talked to by you." Saying this, the girl continued to grasp her property, and looked with very determined eyes in the harsh, ugly face of the old intruder. The fact is, the girl felt that the time was come to test her energy and caution. She had too soon thought too well of the doings of London. The place swarmed with wicked people, there was no doubt of it; and the man before her was one of them. He looked particularly like a thief as he looked at her bundle.

"That's right; quite right, my little wench. This is a place in which you can't be too particular," and saying this, Bright Jem—for it was the uncommon honesty of that good fellow's face that had alarmed the spinster—Bright Jem, with his mild, benevolent look, nodded, and passing to the further end of the room, seated himself in one of the boxes. And the girl felt more assured of his wickedness; and anxiously wished the return of that very nice young footman—that honest, sweet-spoken young man—so long engaged in converse with his aunt. Would he never come back? It was odd, but every moment of his absence endowed him, in the girl's mind, with a new charm. Bright Jem was all unconsciously despoiled of every good quality, that his graceless relative, Ralph Gum, might be invested with the foreign excellence.

Hark! a footstep. No; it is not the footman: he still tarries with his aunt. It is Jerry Whistle, the Bow-street officer, with his daily flower between his lips; his happy face streaked like an

apple; and his cold, keen, twinkling eye that seemed continually employed as a search-warrant, looking clean through the bosoms of all men. He paused before the girl, taking an inventory of her qualities. And she, to repel the boldness of the fellow, tried to arm herself with one of those thunderbolt looks that woman in her dignity will sometimes cast about her, striking giants off their legs and laying them in the dust forever. Poor thing! it was indignation all in vain. She might as well have frowned at Newgate stones, expecting to see them tumble, as think to move one nerve of Jerry Whistle. Medusa, staring at that officer, would have had the worst of it, and bashfully, hopelessly let drop her eyelids. And so it was with the country maiden. Jerry still stared: leaving the girl nothing to do but to wonder at his impudence. At length, however, Mr. Gum enters the room; and Jerry, glancing at him, and, as the girl thought, very much awed by his presence, instantly moves away.

"Well, I'm so glad you're come!" cried the girl, and her eyes sparkled, not unnoticed by the footman.

"Sorry, my daffydil, to keep you waiting; but aunt is such a 'oman for tongue. A good cretur though; what I call a reg'lar custard of a 'oman; made o' nothing but milk and spice and sugar."

"What! and no eggs! Pretty custards they'd be" cried the girl, with a smile of pity for the detected ignorance.

"That's like you women," said Mr. Gum, playfully twitching the girl's bonnet-string; "you can't allow for a bit of fancy: always taking a man up, and tying him to particulars. Well, you are a rose-bud, though!"

"Never mind: I know that: let us go to Mary Axe, and the girl vigorously retied her bonnet-strings, and stood bolt up.

"In a minute. Just half-a-mouthful of brandy and water between us; just no more than would fill the eye of a little needle. You can't think what a lot of morals my aunt always talks: and you can't think how dry they always make me. Now, don't shake your dear little head as if it was of no use to you: I tell you, we must have a little drop, and here it is." (And Mr. Gum spoke the truth.) "I ordered it as I came in."

"Not a blessed drop—I won't, that I won't, as I'm a sinner," cried the girl with feminine emphasis.

"A sinner! There never was a cherub on a tombstone like you. I should like to hear anybody call you a sinner—it would be a bad day's work for 'em, I can tell you. Now, just a drop. Well, if you won't drink, put your lips to the edge of the glass, just to sugar it."

"Well, what a cretur you are!" said the girl; and with cheeks a little flushed, she took a bird's one sip of the liquor.

"Ha! now it's worth drinking," cried Ralph; and he backed his opinion by taking a long draught. "And now," said he, staring full in the girl's face, and taking her hand, "and now, as a particular favor, I want you to tell me one thing. Just one private question I have to put. Look in my eyes, and tell me what you think of love."

"Go along with your rubbish!" exclaimed the girl; at once cutting the difficulty of a definition. Love! Rubbish! She knew it not; but the wench spoke with the tongue of old philosophy. She gave a homely expression to the thoughts of sages, anchorites and nuns. The shirt of hair; the iron

girdle; the flagellating thong, all declare the worthlessness of love. "Love is rubbish" chants the shaven monk: and the like treason breathes the white-lipped sister, and sometimes thinks it truth. The words are writ on monastery, convent walls, though dull and dim-eyed folks without do not believe them; and—perverse is man!—turn from the silver music of the syllables for jangling marriage-bells

"Ain't you atead the roof will tumble on you! Love rubbish! Why, it's what I call the gold band about natur's hat"—for liquor made the footman metaphorical. "Love, my slip of lavender, love is"—

"I don't want to know nothing about it, and I won't stay a minute longer from Mary Axe." And again the girl stood up, and began to push her way from the box, Mr. Ralph Gum refusing to give place, at the same time lifting the teaspoon from the glass, and vainly menacing her with it in the very prettiest manner.

"Well, my peppermint, you shall go; to be sure you shall. There now!"—And with determined swallow, Mr. Gum emptied the glass to prove his devotedness to her will. "We'll pay at the bar, my poppy. Don't forget your bundle. Got your best things in it, eh? Don't forget it, then."

A smile, with something of contempt in it, played about the maiden's lip. Forget it!—as if any woman ever forgot a bundle, the more especially when it contained any of those vestments that, looked upon with thoughtful, melancholy eyes, are only flowing, shining proofs of a fallen state, though the perverse ingenuity of the sex contrives to give a prettiness to the livery of sin, to the badges of our lapsed condition. When we remember that both sorts of millinery, male and female, are the consequences of original wickedness, ought not the manly heart to shrink, and feel a frog-like coldness at an embroidered waistcoat? Ought not woman, smitten with the recollection of the treason of her great mother, to scream even at the rustling of a pompadour, as at the moving scales of a gliding snake? She ought; but we fear she seldom does. Nay, sometimes she actually loves—determinedly loves—fine clothes, as though she had first waked in Paradise, like a queen from a siesta, in velvet and brocade, with jewels in her hair, and court plaster stars upon her cheek. With heart-breaking perverseness, she refuses to admit the naked truth to her soul, that the milliner came into the world with death. Otherwise, could philosophy with its diamond point engrave this truth upon the crystal heart of woman, it would very much serve to lessen pin-money. We have heard it said—of course we immediately wrapt our countenance in our cloak, and ran from the slanderer—that woman fell for no other purpose than to wear fine clothes. In the prescience which she shared with man she saw the looms of the future world at work, and lost herself for a shot sarsenet. It is just as possible, too, that some of her daughters may have tripped at the window of a mercer.

We cannot at this moment put our finger upon the passage, but surely it is somewhere written in the Talmud, that Eve, on leaving Eden, already took with her a choice and very various wardrobe. We have entirely forgotten the name of the writer who gives a very precise account of the moving. Nevertheless, many of the details are engraved—as with pen of iron upon rock—on our heart. First

came a score of elephants; they, marching with slow pace, carried our first mother's gowns bestowed in wicker-work. To a hundred and fifty camels were consigned the caps and kerchiefs. And our author, we remember, compassionately dwells upon a poor dromedary—one of two hundred—that, overladen with bonnet-boxes, refused to get upon his legs until the load was lightened by half, and another hunchbacked beast appointed to share the burden. Whole droves of ponies, that have since made their way to Wales and Shetland, carried shoes and silk stockings, (with the zodiac gold-worked for clocks,) and ruffs and wimples, and farthingales and hoods, and all the various artillery that, down to our day, from masked batteries aim at the heart of heedless, unsuspecting, ingenuous man—weapons that, all unseen, do sometimes overthrow him! And in this way, according to the Talmudist, did Eve move her wardrobe into the plain country; and in so very short a time—so active is woman, with her heart like a silkworm, working for fine clothes—did our first mother get about her, what she, with natural meekness called, only a few things, but which Adam—and at only the nine thousandth package, with an impatient sulkiness that we fear has descended to some of his sons—denominated a pack of trumpery. If women, then, are sensitive in the matter of bundles, they inherit their tenderness from their first rosy mother. And our country wench, though we think she had never read the Talmud, had an instinctive love for the fine clothes she carried with her.—An instinct given her by the same beneficent law that teaches parrots and cockatoos to preen their feathers.

Whilst, with profane fingers—like an allowed shopman—we have twiddled with the legendary silks and muslins, and other webs the property of Eve; whilst we have counted the robe-laden elephants, and felt our heart melt a little at the crying, eloquent pathos of the bonnet-crushed dromedary, Mr. Ralph Gum has paid for his liquor, and, his heart generous with alcohol, has stepped into Bow-street. Glowing with brandy and benevolence, he heroically observed—"Never mind the bundle. I don't care if any of our folks do see me. So, my heart's honeysuckle, take my arm." And, with little hesitation—for now they could not be very far from St. Mary Axe—the girl linked herself to that meek footman. "Don't know what place this is, of course? Covent-garden market, my bluebell. This is where we give ten guineas a pint for green peas, and"—

"Don't they choke you?" cried the wench, astounded at what she thought a sinfulness of stomach.

"Go down all the sweeter," answered the epicurean vassal. "When they get to ten shillings a peck, they're out of our square altogether; only fit for pigs. Noble place, isn't it? Will you have a nosegay? Not but what you're all a nosegay yourself; nevertheless, you shall have something to sweeten you; for that Mary Axe—well, I wouldn't set you against it—but for you to live there; you, a sweet little cretur that smells of nothing but cow's breath and new-mown hay;—why, it's just murder in a slow manner. So do have a nosegay;" and Mr. Gum insisted upon disbursing threepence for a bunch of wallflowers, which, against his wish and intention—she herself placed in her bosom. Then he said: "I do pity you, going to Mary Axe."

"But I'm not a going to stay there," said the

girl: "no—I'm only going to see master, and he's to take me into the country, to live with such a sweet young lady."

"Well, there'll be a couple of you," said Ralph, "I'm blessed if there wont. And whereabouts?"

"That's telling," replied the girl; as though she stored up a profound secret in her heart, that it would take at least five minutes for Ralph's pick-lock tongue to come at. This Ralph felt, so said no more about it.

"And here, in this place, we make our members for Westminster—things for parliament, you know."

"How droll! What should they bring 'em like turnips to market for?" inquired the wench, wondering.

"Don't you know! Because they may be all the nearer the bad 'tatoes and the cabbage stumps. That 's what our porter tells me is one of the rights of the constitution; to pelt everybody as puts himself up to go into parliament. Well, I've been done out of a nice chance, I have," said the footman, with sudden melancholy.

"What do you mean? Not lost anything?" and the girl looked sweetly anxious.

"Ain't I, though? You see, his lordship, my young master, went and stood in the country; and I could n't go down with him. Now, if he'd only put up for Westminster, I'd just have come here in plain clothes, and dressing myself as if I was a blackguard, should n't he have known what bad 'tatoes was?"

"Why, you wicked cretur! you would n't have thrown 'em at him!"

"Oh, would n't I though!" cried Mr. Gum, and he passed his tongue round his lips, enjoyingly.

"What for? Is he sich a wicked master—sich a very bad man?" inquired the girl.

"Don't know that he is. Only you can't think what a pleasure it is to get the upper hand of high folks for a little while; and 'tatoes and cabbage stumps do it. It's a satisfaction, that's all," said the footman.

"I won't walk with you—not another step," and the wench angrily withdrew her arm.

"There you go, now; there you go. Just like all you women; if a man makes a harmless joke—and that's all I meant—you scream as if it was a flash of lightning. Bless you! I'd go to the world's end for my master, even if I never was to see him again. That I would, my sprig of parsley."

"Is this the way to Mary Axe? If I'm not there directly, I'll ask somebody else."

"Just round this turning, and it's no way at all." And Mr. Gum went through the market, and through street after street, and threaded two or three courts, the girl looking now impatient, now distrustful. At length Ralph paused. "My dear, if I have n't left something at my aunt's! In that house, there; just step in a minute, while I call for it."

"No, I shan't," answered the wench, with a determination that somewhat startled Mr. Gum. "I shan't go into any house at all, afore I come to Mary Axe. And if you don't show me the way directly, I'll scream."

"Why, what a little sweet-briar you are! Don't I tell you, my aunt lives there? A nice, good old soul, as would be glad to see you—glad to see anybody I brought to her. I tell you what, now,

if I must say the truth, I told her what a nice girl you was; and how you was waiting for me; and the good old 'oman began to scold me; and asked me why I did n't bring you here. I shan't stop a minute—not a minute."

The girl looked up in Ralph's face; looked up so trustingly, and again so innocently placed her arm in his, that that great-hearted footman must have felt subdued and honored by the confidence of his companion. And so he was about to hand her across his aunt's threshold—he was about to bring her face to face with that venerable, experienced, yet most mild woman—when, suddenly, he felt his right ear seized as by a pair of iron pincers, and the next moment he felt himself spinning round and round; and the very next moment he lay tumbled in a heap upon the pavement. His heart bursting with indignation, he looked up, and—somehow, again he felt another tumble, for he saw in his assailant Bright Jem, his mother's brother-in-law; the meddlesome, low fellow, that had always taken it upon himself to talk to him. A few paces distant, too, was Mr. Whistle, Bow-street officer, serenely turning his flower between his lips; and with both his hands in his pockets, looking down upon the footman as though he was of no more account than a toadstool. Of course, the girl screamed as the assault was committed; of course, for a few moments her rage against the ruffian—the ugly man who had, and so like his impudence, spoken to her at the Brown Bear—was deep and womanly. But suddenly the face of Mr. Gum grew even a little darker; and the wench, though no scholar, read treason in every black line. Hence, with growing calmness she beheld Mr. Gum elaborately rub himself, as he slowly rose from the pavement.

"Who spoke to you? What did you do that for?" Such was the poor platitude that the smitten footman uttered: for guilt was at his heart; detection weighed upon him, and he could not crow.

"Does n't his aunt live here?" cried the girl. "He said it was his aunt that wanted to see me?"

"The only aunt he ever had," said Bright Jem, "is in heaven; and—I know it—she's a blushing for him this very minute. I say, Whistle, could n't we help him to a little Bridewell for all this?"

Mr. Whistle, shifting his flower to the corner of his mouth, was about to say something; but it was clear that Mr. Gum had not at the moment either taste or leisure to attend to legal opinions. He therefore took to his heels; and he never ran so fast, because, perhaps, he never felt so little as he ran.

"Now, was n't I right, Whistle? And did n't I say that there was mischief in him? And was n't it lucky we followed him from the Bear? Well, he has a nice crop of early wickedness, has n't he?" Thus spoke Bright Jem, with a face of wonder. Mr. Whistle, however, was in no way disconcerted or astonished. He was one of those unfortunate people—though he himself considered his happy superiority to arise from the circumstance—who had seen so much wickedness, that any amount or eccentricity of evil failed to surprise him. He therefore twirled the flower in his mouth, and remarked a little plaintively—"Why was you so quick? If you'd only had patience, we might have sent him to Bridewell; and now, you've spoilt it all—spoilt it all." With these

words, and a brief shadow of disappointment on his brow, the officer departed.

"Poor little soul!" cried Jem, taking the girl's hand, and looking paternally in her face—"where did you come from—and where are you going to? Come, you'll answer me, now, wont you?"

"I come from Kent, and I'm going to Mary Axe. That young man, I thought, was taking me the way!"

"Poor little lamb! You would n't think he was old enough for so big a villain; but somehow, he's been reared in a hot-bed, and has spindled up 'astonishingly. He's my wife's sister's child, and I will say this for his father; he was as good and as honest a nigger as ever a Christian white man stole to turn a penny with. But we can't send goodness down from father to son; it can't be willed away, like the family spoons. 'Virtue,' as Mr. Capstick says, 'like vice, does n't always descend in a right line; but often goes in a zig-zag.'"

The girl was an attentive listener; but we fear did not very perfectly understand the uttered philosophy. She, however, felt that she had been snatched from peril by the interference of the odd and ugly-looking man before her, and gratitude and confidence stirred in her woman's heart. "Bless you, sir; I was very uncivil, but I thought that is—I'm in such a tremble—can you take me to Mary Axe? I'm going to a place. Perhaps you know the gentleman—Mr. Snipeton? I mean Mrs. Snipeton, his beautiful young wife!"

Jem stared, and marvelled at the strangeness of the accident. He, however, owned to no acquaintance with the fortunate owner of the lady. "Take my arm," he said, "and I'll leave you at the very door." With this Jem proceeded onward, and at length turned into Long Acre. Passing the door of Capstick—for we believe we have already informed the reader that the member for Liquorish had taken humble lodgings in that district—the door opened, and the senator himself, with no less a person than Mr. Tangle, attorney-at-law, advanced to the threshold.

"Eh, Jem! What's this? A thing from the buttercups! Where did you pick it up?" cried Capstick. Now the wench was no grammarian, yet she seemed to have a born knowledge that "it" applied to one of the female gender was alike a violation of grammar and good-breeding. Therefore she echoed "it" between her teeth, with of course a significant tossing of the head.

Jem observed the working of the feminine mind, and immediately whispered to the girl—"He's my master and a member of parliament; but the best cretur in the world." Jem then in a bold voice informed the senator that "the young 'oman was come up from the country to go to service at Mr. Snipeton's."

"Bless me! what a very strange accident! Come to Mr. Snipeton's, eh? How very odd!" cried Tangle, feeling that he ought to speak.

In the mean time Bright Jem, with commendable brevity, whispered to Capstick the history of his meeting with the gentle wayfarer. "Well, and she looks an innocent thing," said Capstick, his face scarlet with indignation at Jem's story. "She looks innocent; but after all, she's a woman, Jem; and women can look whatever they like. They've a wonderful way of passing pocket-

pieces for virgin gold. I don't believe any of 'em; nevertheless, Jem, run for a coach; and as Mr. Tangle and myself are going to Snipeton's, we can all go together. I dare say, young woman, you're tired of walking! You look so; if, as I say, looks are anything! Jem, run for the coach. Come up stairs." And with this invitation, Capstick gently clasped the arm of the maiden—a little awe-struck that she felt the pressure of that mysterious, solemn creature, a live member of parliament—and led her, ascending, to his room. Mr. Tangle followed, much scandalized at the familiarity of the legislator; and fortifying himself with the determination, not, without a vehement remonstrance, to ride in the same hackney-coach with a maid-of-all-work.

Mr. Capstick had, he was accustomed to declare, furnished his room with a vigilant eye to his duties as a member of parliament. Over his mantel-piece was *Magna Charta*, framed and glazed. "A fine historic fiction," he would say; "a beautiful legend; a nice sing-song to send men to sleep, like the true and tragical history of Cock Robin chanted to children." He was wont to chuckle mightily at the passage—a fine stretch of fancy he would call it—about "selling or deferring justice," and vow it ought to be written in blood-red letters in the court of chancery. "There is fine, grave comedy, in this sheet, sir; an irony that strengthens the nerves like a steel draught. They ought to hang it up on board the *Tower Tender*; 't would make pretty reading for the free-born Englishman, kidnapped from wife and children to fight, and to be cut into a hero to vomit songs about, by the grace of the cat." And in this irreverent, rebellious fashion would the member for Liquorish talk of *Magna Charta*. He called it a great national romance; and never failed to allude to it as evidence of the value of fine fiction upon a people. "Because it ought to be true," he would say, "they think it is."

And the misanthrope member had odd nickname toys; and all, as he said, to continually remind him of his duties as a senator and a citizen. He had a model of George the Third's new drop in mahogany. "One of the institutions of my country," he would say, "improved under the reign of my gracious sovereign. Some folks hang up the royal portrait. Now I prefer the works of a man to his looks. Every ordinary morning I bow once to that engine as a type of the wisdom and philanthropy of a Christian land; once on common occasions, and three times on hanging-days." Besides this, he had a toy pillory; with a dead mouse fixed, and twirling in it. "And when I want an unbending of the immortal mind within me—by the way," Capstick once said to Tangle, "what a bow we do sometimes make of the immortal mind, the better to shoot at one another with—when I want to unbend a little, I place the pillory before me, and pelt the mouse with cherry-stones and crumbs. And you would n't believe it, but it does me quite as much good—quite as much—as if the dead mouse was a living man, and the stones and crumbs were mud and eggs."

There were other fantastic movables which, for the present, we must pass. Mr. Capstick, to the astonishment of Tangle, approached a corner cupboard, taking therefrom a decanter of wine and a glass. "You are tired, young woman; and sometimes a little of this—just a little—is medicine to the weary." He then poured out the wine; which the wench obediently swallowed. Had it

been the most nauseous drug, there was such a mixture of kindness and authority in the manner of the member of parliament—the physis must have gone down.

“Mr. Capstick, one word,” said Tangle, and he drew the senator to a corner of the room. “Doubtless, I made a mistake. But you know we have important business to transact: and no, you never intend to go to Mr. Snipeton’s in the same coach with that gentleman’s maid-of-all-work?”

“She won’t bite, will she?” asked Capstick.

“Bite!” echoed Tangle.

“Coach is at the door, sir,” said Bright Jem, entering the room.

“Go you first,” said Capstick to Tangle in a tone not to be mistaken; “I’ll bring the young woman.” And if Tangle had been really a four-footed dog, he would, as he went down stairs, have felt a great depression of the caudal member, whilst the senatorial muffin-maker tript after him with the ignominious maid-of-all-work.

CHAPTER XXXI.

For some days Snipeton had half resolved to surprise his wife with a present; a dear and touching gift—the miniature of her father. Again and again he had determined upon the graceful act; and as often put the expensive thought aside—trod the weakness down as an extravagant folly. And then it would occur to his benevolence, that he might make a bargain with himself, and at the same time impart a pleasure to his spouse. The miniature was enriched with diamonds; first-water gems, he knew, for he had lent gold upon them; though his wife—at the time of the loan she was yet unmanacled—was unconscious of the ready money kindness. Her father had withered, died, in the clutch of the usurer; who still cherished the portrait of the dead man—it was so very dear to him. The picture had been a bridal present to Clarissa’s mother; it had lain warm in her wedded bosom; though Snipeton, when he grasped the precious security, knew nothing of its history. Well, he would certainly delight Clarissa with this sweet remembrance of her father. She knew not of its existence, and would bless and love her husband for his sudden goodness. He would give the wife the miniature; it was settled: he would do it. “What! with the diamonds?” cried Snipeton’s careful genius, twitching his heartstrings, to pull him up in his headlong course. “With the diamonds, Ebenezer Snipeton! Are you grown lunatic—doting? Diamonds, eternal diamonds—diamonds everlasting as the sun—the spiritualized essence of Plutus—diamonds for one flickering look; for one sick smile from withering lips! Have you forgotten the worth of wealth? Lost man! are you suddenly dead to arithmetic? Give diamonds to your wife? Pooh! pooh! As women love anything that glitters—and as moreover they love Jack-o’-lanthorns just as well as heaven’s own stars—don’t throw away the real treasure; but mock it; sham it; pass off a jeweller’s lie, and let the picture blaze with the best and brightest paste. He’s a fool who throws pearls to pigs, and thinks the pork will eat the richer for the treasure. He’s no less a fool who showers diamonds upon his wife when, knowing no better, paste will make her just as grateful.” And Snipeton gave all his ears to this scoundrel genius, that lived in his heart like a maggot in a nut, consuming and rotting it. There were times,

though, when the genius slept; and then Snipeton—ignorant, unadvised man—was determined to be honest, generous. He would not countenance the fraud of false setting. No; his bird of Paradise; his lamb; his darling Clarissa; the queen flower in his life’s garden—for she was this and all of these—should have the diamonds. Besides, if given to her, they were still his own; for according to the sweet rights of a husband, property so bestowed—with no parchment to bind it—might at any time be reclaimed by the lawful lord. After all, it was but lending his wife the diamonds; though—gentle simpleton!—she might still be tickled with the thought that they were wholly hers.

It was the morning after the visit of Crossbone; and Snipeton, seated betimes at his cottage window—his eye first wandering among some flowers—his wife’s only children as he once bitterly called them—and at length fixed upon the labors of a bee that toiled among the blossoms, taking sweet percentage for its honey bank: it was at such a time that Snipeton again pondered on the diamonds. Again he revolved the special pleading of his thrifty genius; again attended to the counter-reasoning of his affections; allowing that he had them, and again allowing that affections do reason. He watched the bee—conscientious porter!—load itself to its utmost strength, and then buzz heavily through the casement. The insect had taken all it could carry. Wise, frugal, man-teaching insect. No: Snipeton would not give the diamonds. He would keep all he could: in his own grasp. All. And the determination, like a cordial, mightily comforted him.

At this moment Clarissa entered the room from her chamber. Snipeton suddenly rose as to an angelic visitor. His wife looked so beautiful—so very beautiful. With such new sweetness in her face; such beaming mildness in her eyes; there was such grace in her motion, that love and vanity swelled in the old man’s heart; and his hand strangely trembled as it greeted her. His prudent genius was on a sudden paralyzed and dumb. Clarissa looked at her husband, as he thought, never before so lovingly—and for the moment, the miser glowed with the prodigal.

“Why, you are better, love; much better. Even Crossbone’s talk has revived you. Ha! and we’ll have this horse, and straightway: and—the rose of my life will bloom again. Look here, my love.” It was done: even at the last one spasm of the heart it cost, but it was over. The miniature—that diamond-circled piece of ivory and paint—was in Clarissa’s hand. Astonished, happy, she said no word, but kissed the sudden gift; again and again kissed it, and her tears flowed. “I have often thought—indeed, have long determined to give it you,” cried Snipeton.

“Thank—thank you, dear sir. Indeed, you have made me very happy,” answered his wife.

His wife! Did she answer like his wife! Was it the voice of his twin soul—did the flesh of his flesh move with her lips! Was it his other incorporate self that spoke! Did he listen to the echoes of his own heart; or to the voice of an alien! When the devil jealousy begins to question, how rapid his interrogations!

“I tell you,” said Snipeton, “I repeat—I have all along determined that you should have it; in good season, have it. Your father’s picture, who with so great a right to it! He told me ‘twas once your mother’s. She wore it, till her death.

Poor thing! He must have loved her very dearly. When he spoke of her, and never willingly, he would tremble as with the ague." Clarissa bowed her head; was silent; and again kissed the picture. "This fondness—these tears, Clarissa, must—if spirits know such matters—be precious to your father, now once more joined with your mother in heaven. Why, what's the matter? So pale—so lily white; what is it, love?"

"Nothing, sir; nothing but the surprise—the joy at this gift," faintly answered Clarissa.

"Well, I see it has delighted you. I hoped so. Much delighted you: very much. You have kissed the picture fifty times, Clarissa. Is it not fifty—or have I falsely counted? Tell me. Fifty—is it not?"

"I cannot tell, sir"—replied the wife, timidly. "Can they—ought they to be counted?"

"Why—but then, I am a cold arithmetician—I can count them; at least, all that fall to my lips. Can you not tell the number vouchsafed to the gift? Strange! I can count, aye, every one, bestowed upon the giver." Mournfully, and with some bitterness did Snipeton speak. His wife, with a slight tremor—suppressed by strong, sudden will—approached him. Pale, shuddering victim! with mixed emotions fighting in her face, she bowed her head, and placing her cold arms about the old man's neck, she closed her eyes, and kissed his lips.

"Indeed, sir, I thank you. Pardon me; indeed I thank you for this and all your goodness." She felt relieved: she had paid the demanded debt.

And Snipeton—poor old man!—was he made happy by that caress! How much real love was in it! How much truth! How much hypocrisy? Or at the best, enforced obedience? It came not from the heart: no; it wanted blood and soul. It was not the fiery eloquence of love, telling a life's devotion with a touch. It was not that sweet communing of common thoughts, and common affections; that deep, that earnest, and yet placid interchange of wedded soul with soul. In his heart, as in a crucible, the old man sought to test that kiss. Was it truth or falsehood? And as he pondered—how mysteriously are we fashioned!—a thing of forty years ago rose freshly to his mind. What brought it there?—yet, there it was. The figure, the face of one who with proved perjury at his lips kissed the book, swearing the oath was true.

Clarissa saw her husband suddenly dash with gloomy thoughts. They reproached her; and, instinctively, she returned to the old man's side, and laying her hand upon his brow—had the hand been a sunbeam, it had not lighted the face more suddenly, brightly—she spoke to him very tenderly: "Are you not well, sir?"

"Quite well; always well, Clarissa, with you at my side—with you as even now." And she looked so cheerful, yes, so affectionate—he had wronged her. He was a fool—an exacting fool—with no allowance for the natural reserve, the unconquerable timidity, of so gentle a creature. "And, as I was saying, you are better; much better; and we'll have this horse; and—but, Clary, love, we have forgotten breakfast." Resolved upon a full meal, Snipeton moved to the table; and whilst he strove to eat, he talked quite carelessly, and, by the way, of a matter that a little disturbed him. "And how do you find Mrs. Wilton, eh, dearest?"

Clarissa, with troubled looks, answered—"Find her, sir? Is she not all we could wish?"

"Oh, honest, quiet, and an excellent housekeeper, no doubt. Do you know her story?"

"Story, sir?" and Clarissa trembled as she spoke. "What story?"

"Her story! Has she not one? Everybody, it's my opinion, has; but here's the rub: everybody won't tell it, can't tell it, musn't tell it. Is it not so?"

"It is never my thought, sir; my wish to question your experience. You know the world, you say. For my part, I never wish to know it. My hope is, to die in my ignorance."

"True; you are right; I would have it so. For it is a knowledge that—but no matter. My learning shall serve for both. Well, she never told you her story?" With this, Snipeton looked piercingly at his wife, who at first answered not. At length she asked, "Do you know it, sir?"

"No: but it is plain she has a story. I am firm in the faith."

"Some grief—some sacred sorrow, perhaps," said Clarissa. "We should respect it: should we not?"

"Why, grief and sorrow are convenient words, and often do duty for sin and shame," cried Snipeton.

"Sin and shame are grief and sorrow, or should be so," replied Clarissa, mournfully.

"Humph! Well, perhaps they are. However, Mrs. Wilton's story is no affair of ours," said Snipeton.

"Assuredly not," cried Clarissa, quickly.

"But her melancholy is. 'Tis catching; and infects you. Her bad spirits, her gloom, seem to touch all about her with mildew. A bad conscience—or a great grief—'t is no matter which, throws a black shadow about it; and to come at once to my meaning, Clarissa, I think Mrs. Wilton had better quit."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Clarissa. "'T would break her heart—it would, indeed, sir."

"It's wonderful how long people live, aye, and enjoy themselves, too, with broken hearts, Clarissa. I've often thought broken hearts were like broken china: to be put nicely together again, and—but for the look of the thing—to be quite as useful for all house-work as before. Now Mrs. Wilton's heart—"

"Do not speak of it. If—if you have any love for me, sir"—cried Clarissa.

"If I have love! Well, what think you? Have I not—even a few minutes since—given good proof?" It was somewhat distasteful to the old man, that after the gift of such diamonds, his love could be doubted. He had better have listened to his good, his wise, his profitable genius, and presented paste. How many wives—however badly used and industriously neglected—would still bestow their love! Now he, even with diamonds, could not buy it. For his wife to doubt his love, was to refuse her own. This his philosophy made certain. And this, after the diamonds!

"Nay, I am sure of your love, sir; certain; most confident," said Clarissa, very calm in such assurance. "And therefore you will refuse me nothing. Eh, dear sir?"

Again Snipeton's heartstrings relaxed again, listening to the music of the enchantress, his darker thoughts began to pass away, and his soul enjoyed new sunlight. "Nothing—nothing," he said, "that is healthful."

"Then promise me that Mrs. Wilton shall remain. Indeed, you know not how much I have—"

learned of her; how much she loves me; how much she respects you."

"Respect is a cold virtue, I know, *Clariassa*; very cold. Now, with her 'tis freezing. I sometimes think she looks at me, as though—but I'll say no more. She blights your spirits; darkens your thoughts with her sorrow or her sin, or whatever it may be; and in a word, she shall stay no longer. I am resolved."

"Blights me! Darkens my thoughts! Oh, sir, I would you heard her talk. I would you knew the pains she takes to make me happy; to make me cheerful; to place all things in the happiest light, shedding, as she does, the beauty of her spirit over all. Doubtless, she has suffered, but"—

"But—but she goes. I am resolved, *Clariassa*; she goes. Resolved, I say."

And *Ebenezer Snipeton* struck the table with his fist; and threw himself back in his chair, as, he believed, a statue of humanity, hardened by resolution into flint. And very proud he felt of the petrefaction. Nor lightnings, nor thunderbolts should melt nor move him.

Clariassa—her suit was for a mother—rose from her chair, and stood beside her husband's. She threw her arms about his neck. Flint as he was, he felt they were not so lumpish, clay-like as when last they lay there. "Dear sir; you'll not refuse me this! You'll not refuse me!" And *Clariassa* for once looked full in the eyes of her husband.

"Resolved," said *Snipeton*, thickly; and something rose in his throat. "Resolved."

"No; no. You must promise me—you shall not leave me without," and the arms pressed closer; and the flint they embraced became soft as any whetstone. "You will not deprive me of her solicitude—her affection!" *Snipeton* answered not; when *Clariassa*—in such a cause, what cared she for the sacrifice!—stooping, kissed her husband with a deep and fervent affection for her mother. And the statue was suddenly turned to thrilling flesh; had the old man's heart been stuck with thorns, his wife's lips would have drawn them all away, and made it beat with burning blood. The man was kissed for an old woman; but he set the rapture to his own account, and was directly rich with imaginary wealth. Need we say the man consented? What otherwise could strong resolution do?

A new man, with a newer, brighter world beaming about him, *Snipeton* that day departed from his rustic home to *St. Mary Axe*. His wife seemed to travel with him, he was so haunted by her looks of new-born love. And now he hummed some ancient, thoughtless song; and now he smacked his lips, as with freshened recollection of the touch that had enriched them. The mist and cloud of doubt that had hung about his life had passed away, and he saw peacefulness and beauty clearly to the end. And these thoughts went with him to his dark and dismal city nook, and imparted deeper pleasures even to the bliss of money-making.

This once, at least, *St. Giles* was in luck. A few minutes only after *Snipeton's* arrival, with his new happiness fresh upon him, the young man presented himself with a letter from *Crossbone*. "He looks an honest fellow; a very honest fellow," thought *Snipeton*, eyeing him. "'Tis a bad world; a wicked world; yet, when all's said, there are some honest people; yes, there must be some." And this charitable thought enhanced for

the nonce *St. Giles*. He could not have come in happier season. "Hamp! and you have known *Mr. Crossbone* some time? To be sure, he told me, from a child. And your father was killed, trying to do good! That's hard; plaguy hard; for people arn't often killed in that humor. And you've been kind—very kind to your mother! Well, that's something; I think I may trust you. Yes: you may consider yourself engaged. When can you come?"

"Directly, sir," said *St. Giles*; who had been duly impressed by *Crossbone* with the necessity of obtaining *Snipeton's* patronage; it was so very essential to the happiness of his lordship. "Be vigilant, be careful,"—thus had run the apothecary's counsel, "and his lordship will make a man of you!" What a golden prospect for one who, with the hopes and worthy desires of a man, knew himself to be a social wolf in the human fold; a thing to be destroyed, hung up; a wholesome example to runaway vagabonds. To be made a man of, what a load must he lay down! What a joy, a blessing, to stand erect in the world—and be allowed to meet the eyes of men with confiding looks. Now, he crept and crawled; and felt that his soul went upon all-fours. Now, he at times shrunk from a sudden gaze, as from a drawn knife. And his lordship would make a man of him! Glorious labor, this; divine handiwork! And there is plenty of such labor, too, in this broad world, if we had but the earnest-hearted workers to grapple with it. How many thousand thousands of human animals; creatures of outward humanity; beings on two legs, are yet to be made men of! Again, what is a man? You, reader, may possibly have a pretty correct notion of what he is, or ought to be: now, *Mr. Crossbone's* ideal of a perfect man was but of a perfect rascal. He would make a man as he would have made a gin, a trap; the more perfect the snare, the nobler the humanity. And in this sense was *St. Giles* to be elevated into a man for the direct advantage of the young lord, and the supplementary benefit of the apothecary. And *St. Giles* himself—it must not be forgotten—had some misgivings of the model-excellence after which he was to be fashioned. It just passed through his brain that the man he was to be made, might be a man, if not nearer to the gallows than himself, at least a man more deserving (if any deserved it) the elevation. There seemed to him new peril to be made a man of. Yet, what could he do? Nothing. He must wait; watch; and take the chances as they fell.

Snipeton read the letter. Nothing could have fallen out so luckily. A friend of *Crossbone's*—a man of honor though he dealt in horseflesh—had a beautiful thing to sell; a thing of lamb-like gentleness and beauty. The very thing for *Mrs. Snipeton*. A mare that might be reined with a thread of silk. Moreover, *Mr. Snipeton* might have the beast at his own price; and that, of course, would be next to no price at all.

"Do you understand horses, my man?" asked *Snipeton*, as he finished the letter.

"Why, yes, sir," answered *St. Giles*; and he must have answered yes, had the question been unicorns.

"Well, then"—but at this moment, *Snipeton's* man brought in the names of *Capstick* and *Tangle*. To the great relief of *St. Giles*, he was ordered into an adjoining room, there to wait. He withdrew as the new visitors entered.

"Mr. Snipeton, this—this"—why did Capstick pause!—"this gentleman is Mr. Tangle, attorney"—

"Solicitor," was Mr. Tangle's meek correction. "It's of no consequence, but—solicitor."

"Pooh, pooh! It is n't my way, sir. I always say 'attorney,' and then we know the worst," said Capstick.

"I have heard of Mr. Tangle. We never met before—but his reputation has reached me," sneered Snipeton.

"Reputation, sir," observed Capstick, "is sometimes like a polecat; dead or alive, its odor will spread."

"Very true; it is; it has," was the corroboration of Snipeton; and Tangle, though he tried to smile, fidgetted uneasily.

"You are, perhaps, not aware, Mr. Snipeton, that a petition is to be presented to the house of commons—my house—for the purpose of turning out its present patriotic member for Liquorish," said Capstick.

"Indeed! Upon what ground?" inquired Snipeton.

"Bribery. Would you imagine it! Could you think it! Charge me with bribery!" said the member.

"Pardon me. Not you; oh, by no means! We never do that. We're not so ill-bred. No, sir, the crime—that is, the statutable crime—for morals and statutes, sir, are sometimes very different things—the crime of bribery is laid at the door of Mr. Capstick's agents. His agents, sir," said Tangle.

"I had none: none whatever. It is my pride—if, indeed, a man should be proud of anything in this dirty, iniquitous world—a world of flip-flaps and sumersets—my pride, that I was returned purely upon my own merits; if, indeed, I have merits; a matter I am sometimes inclined to doubt, when I wake up from my first sleep. I go into parliament upon bribery! I should think myself one big blotch—a human boil. No; I can lay my hand upon my breast—just where I carry my pocket-book—and answer it, before the world—except the price of the hackney coach that carried me to the house, my seat did n't cost me sixpence."

"Ha, Mr. Capstick!" cried Tangle, half closing his eyes; "you don't know what friends you had."

"Yes, sir, I do; for I've been intimate with them all my life. Integrity, honor, out-speaking"—Capstick paused; and the next moment blushed, as though detected in some gross fault. The truth is, he was ashamed of himself for the vain-boasting. Integrity and honor! Supposing that he had them—what then? Was it a matter to make a noise about? Capstick blushed; then hurriedly said—"I beg your pardon. Go on with the bribery."

"And so they want to turn you out, eh?" cried Snipeton. "The house of St. James can't swal-

low the muffin-maker. Ha! ha! I can only wish you had been a chimney-sweeper. 'T would have been a sweeter triumph."

"I am quite contented, Mr. Snipeton," said Capstick, majestically, "as it is. Not that, as one of the social arts, I despise chimney-sweeping. By no means. For there may be cases in which it would not be such dirty work to clean folk's chimneys, as to sweep their pockets."

"True; very true," said Snipeton, who never selfishly took a sarcasm to himself, when, as he thought, so many of his fellow-creatures equally well deserved it. "And so to the bribery. We must meet this petition."

"I thought so; and therefore waited upon Mr. Capstick to offer my professional services. You see, sir, I have peculiar advantages—very peculiar. For although, by that unfortunate and most mysterious robbery of the gold, the bribery—on the part of his lordship—was limited, rather limited; nevertheless, I have here, sir—here"—and Tangle tapped at his breast—"such facts, that!"

"I see," said Snipeton; "and you'll turn yourself inside out to oblige us!"

"I am a free agent; quite free. Being no longer his lordship's legal adviser—you wouldn't think that that paltry box of gold could have parted us; but so it is—there is no gratitude in the great;—being, as I say, free, sir; and in the possession of secrets!"

"If you want a cheap pennyworth of dirt, you can buy it, you can buy it," said Capstick.

"Mr. Capstick!" exclaimed Tangle with a darkly solemn face, "Mr. Capstick"—but the attorney thought it not profitable to be indignant; therefore he suffered a smile to overflow his cheek, as he said—"Mr. Capstick, you're a wag." But Tangle had in this a secret consolation: for in his legal opinion he had as good as called the muffin-maker "thief and housebreaker." Tangle then proceeded. "What I shall do, I shall do for justice. And public justice, with her scales!"

"Bless my soul! I'd quite forgot the girl. Mr. Snipeton, your maid-of-all-work from Kent is below. A droll business. Quite an escape, poor thing! But she'll tell your wife all about it," said Capstick.

"Your pardon. Just one minute;" whereupon Snipeton repaired to St. Giles. "You know my house! Mind, I don't want all the world to know it. Well, make the best of your way there, and—stop. Come down stairs." And Snipeton left the room, St. Giles following him. St. Giles—so Snipeton determined—should at once escort the wench to Hampstead. Another minute, and to the joy and ill-concealed astonishment of the pair, the girl saw in St. Giles the wanderer and vagrant to whom she had given the shelter of a barn—and he beheld in his new fellow-servant, Becky, the soft-hearted maiden of the Lamb and Star.

From the Spectator.

MR. LANE'S LIFE AT THE WATER CURE.

MR. LANE, the eminent lithographic artist, was bled within an ace of his life, at the age of nineteen, by some "active practitioner;" and his habits ever since appear to have been ill-adapted to the acquirement of robust health. As an invalid, he was often under the doctor's hands; and besides the perpetual physic of a valetudinarian, he had several attacks of acute disease. As an artist in request and loving his profession, he sacrificed too much to it. He rose early—often at five, and worked till nine, on some chocolate and toast. After breakfast he continued his labors without intermission till three or four. He then rapidly fulfilled his engagements by making calls "upon the run;" and returned home excited and exhausted, "generally too late for the late dinner." After dinner he again worked, and frequently passed the evenings "in heated rooms or theatres." In addition to these physical ills, he suffered mentally from family affliction and bereavement. By the time he had reached forty or thereabout, both mind and body exhibited signs of severe derangement. His sight began to fail; he was troubled with severe neuralgic pains; a slow intermittent fever wasted him; there were symptoms which threatened palsy; and his powers of attention and exertion broke down. Change of air and scene had often been prescribed without any permanent benefit; drugs ceased to relieve him; and in fine, he was persuaded to try the cold-water cure at Dr. Wilson's. He went to Malvern, and on the very first day felt that exhilaration which we have all experienced when the mind has cast its cares behind it and the worn spirit is taking a holiday. The treatment was gradual, no doubt judicious, and it agreed with Mr. Lane. This first stimulus was supported by change of scene, good air, and the agreeable company he found at the establishment, as well as the hope which his improvement by these aids excited—though we do not mean to deny the benefit to be derived from a judicious use of water. The upshot was, that after a month Mr. Lane returned home a new man with a new lease; not indeed quite cured, but, by the advice of Dr. Wilson, his own ingenuity and skill in fitting up a cold-water apparatus in his house, and above all by resolutely persisting in morning exercise in all weathers, he is now a perfect cure. His neuralgic and all other pains have left him; his appetite is capital; he has discarded under-clothing and top-coats; he rarely has occasion to use glasses at his work; and he seems confident that he shall contradict the prophecy of the last medico he consulted, and "make old bones."

Life at the Water Cure consists of Mr. Lane's experience, observations, and outpourings during his month at Malvern, mingled with sketches of the company and doings of the place. He tells how he felt on waking in the morning, and what sensations he experienced under the different water processes from the "shallow bath" to the douche. His walks, his water-drinkings, his rides, the aspects of nature, and the incidents of the road, are all chronicled, along with the sayings and doings of his fellow-patients at Malvern; the persons, excepting Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, being concealed under fictitious names. These topics Mr. Lane varies by reminiscences and remarks connected with different subjects in literature and art.

What he calls the sequel, or the story of his case till the time of publication, contains a similar freedom in the choice of topics, but with less range, as he has not in the Regent's Park the variety of Malvern's walks or patients.

With many, perhaps with most men, such a book would have been insufferably tedious, or offensive from its flimsiness, levity, pertness, or artifice. None of these failings are felt in Mr. Lane's *Life at the Water Cure*; everything is so obviously natural, and full of good feeling and animal spirits. Mr. Lane must have been the very kind of patient that any medical man would have chosen for an experiment, where it was sought by change of air and the stimulus of novelties to tone a relaxed system, renovate shattered nerves, and give a fillip to the constitutional springs, whatever and wherever they may be. With his cheerfulness, his bonhomie, his disposition to be pleased with everything and everybody, his eye for natural beauties, his facility in depicting to the eye the various operations of the Cold Water House, and such incidents or effects as struck him during the morning-walks, he must have been as great an acquisition to the patients as to the physician. Even the distant reader cannot altogether resist the heartiness which imparts a freshness and charm to the manner of the book; its matter, as may be inferred, is not of a very solid kind; and the style is somewhat diffuse.

The sketches of life at Malvern are best read as a whole, when we are gradually introduced to the persons, and feel an interest in their characters and discourse. Some of their doings admit of separate presentation; and we will take one of the most important, for those who may contemplate a trip thither. The supplies are not so much amiss for patients "given over by the faculty," and who are under regimen.

BREAKFAST AND DINNER AT THE COLD WATER CURE.

"Another glass of this exquisite water, and home to breakfast at nine. Several sorts of bread, all in perfection, and excellent butter; bottles of the brightest water and tumblers, duly arranged on the table; jugs of milk for those who like it, and to whom it is allowed. One jug *smokes*, and the well-known fragrant flavor soon suggests to the nose tea! Surely this is irregular, or why the disguise! Why not a teapot!"

"At the head of the table, where the Doctor presides, was the leg of mutton, which, I believe, is every day's head dish. I forget what Mrs. Wilson dispensed, but it was something savory, of fish. I saw veal cutlets—with bacon, and a companion dish, maccaroni—with gravy (a very delicate concoction;) potatoes, plain boiled, or mashed and browned; spinach, and other green vegetables. Then followed rice-pudding, tapioca, or some other farinaceous ditto, rhubarb tarts, &c. So much for what I have heard of the miserable diet of water patients. The cooking of all is perfection, and something beyond, in Neddy's [his son's] opinion, for he eats fat!"

"After dinner the ladies did not immediately retire, but made up groups for conversation, both in the dining and withdrawing room. A most happy arrangement this, which admits the refreshing influence of the society of ladies in such a house."

There is something sadly pleasing in the fatal termination of the following case, and the good feeling which attended it.

"A sad page in my diary—a *death* has occurred in the house.

"Mr. ——— arrived ten days ago, without notice, having journeyed from Norfolk to London to consult the first physicians. He had cancerous tumors, pronounced by all *incurable*. As a last resort, he performed with difficulty the journey to Malvern, and arrived at the house in a state which rendered it dangerous to move him to lodgings. The doctor instantly pronounced his state beyond the reach of human aid, except in *palliating* suffering, and soothing his few remaining days. He told Mrs. B—— that he could not survive ten days. After four days, Mr. B—— came to the drawing-room, and cordially shaking hands with all his fellow-patients, thanked God that he was *safe*, and getting well—he was 'sure of it.' His appetite good—he slept well, and was free from all pain. The doctor was obliged to tell his afflicted wife that this happy change showed no amelioration of the actual disease, which was surely proceeding to its fatal termination. When, some days after this, it was deemed right to tell the patient of his state, he was with difficulty made to believe it. He had been buoyant with high spirits, and perfectly at ease. His relatives then came around him; and about the tenth day, (or, as I believe, on the very day predicted,) he has died. The brothers proposed to remove the remains, but the considerate patients would not hear of it. They asked if he would have the funeral at early morning; Dr. W. would not allow secrecy, and it is to take place in the afternoon."

For the writer's main end, a proof of the efficacy of the cold-water cure, Mr. Lane's book is of slender value. His own case, we must be permitted to think, proves little or nothing. The main evil was evidently on the nervous system or "the spirits." The best proof of this is, that as soon as his trifling anxiety about the cold-water process was over, Mr. Lane felt comparatively well in himself; a result which could not have followed and been maintained in the case of organic derangement—unless upon the principle of Goldsmith's quack, whose patients felt an improvement even while the pills were going down the throat. From his obvious unacquaintance with medicine, Mr. Lane's other instances prove nothing; he uses terms so generally that they convey no precise meaning; so that his conclusions are not warranted by his premises. He speaks of some old man of eighty, with "disease of the heart," who was greatly improved. Before such a case is worth a rush, we must know in what way the "heart" of the old gentleman was affected, and how its disorder was inferred; even then, the case, considering the age and the uncertainty of medical inference in obscure diseases, is too near a modern miracle for implicit credit.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY THAT MIGHT SUCCEED.

FREE trade in sugar must at first act as an encouragement of the slave-trade—there is no doubt of it. The opening of so important a market as that of Great Britain will enhance the value of slave-grown sugar; the higher value of the article will enhance the value of the producers; and that will enhance the profits of the slave-trade. Our armed efforts at suppressing the trade, therefore, will be rendered more ridiculous than ever, by the crowning inconsistency, that we shall do our best

to intercept the slave on his way from Africa to America, and to disappoint his owner, but as soon as he has crossed, we shall not only leave his owner in peace but give him our custom for the commerce in which he uses the slave.

But the bad results would not rest there. Continued enforcement of the armed suppression would tend still further to aggravate the horrors of the middle passage. The increased profits of the trade would of course multiply the vessels engaged in it; the traders would also be more than ever stimulated to brave the risk of detection in hope of profit, while the higher profit would allow a wider margin for loss by capture; vessels, therefore, would be more readily and more often captured. But the incentives to evade detection would be stronger than ever; swiftness and secrecy would be still more sought, and the miserable freight still more cruelly sacrificed to a water-cutting shape of the vessel and to concealment. It will be impossible to continue the armed suppression much longer, in the teeth of growing opinion and augmenting proof of its inefficacy—its mischievous self-defeat. It will be abandoned.

Must the slave-trade, then, be left to its criminal career—to people America with a race in bondage? We think not. We believe that the ceasing of the armed intervention will be the first step towards an effectual but peaceful war with agrarian slavery and the slave-trade. How may this come about?

The immediate result of the cessation will be, that England will no longer be regarded with distrust by foreign countries whom she coerces to obey her notion of moral necessity. England has a conscience against trading in slaves, and she not only abstains, but forces other nations to abstain. Some do not, but merely affect to do so; and while they pretend to obey, they own an increasing grudge against the country that compels them to so humiliating, inconvenient, and costly a sacrifice. They do not understand her motives to be purely philanthropic, because they are not conscious of such motives in themselves; they believe her to be actuated by an invidious dog-in-the-manger wish to hinder their prosperity, and at all events hate her pragmatismal tyranny. Ill-will to England is the great substantial product of her armed intervention; a feeling shared by America, Brazil, Spain, and other great nations. The feeling will die away when the coercion ceases.

The slave-employing countries may resort to Africa to fulfil all the demands upon their labor-markets. It is not likely that the Southern States of the great American Union would do so, since social and political reasons make the citizens of the Union view the increase of slaves with alarm; but Cuba, and possibly Brazil, might take a larger draft of slave-immigrants. The traffic, however, would be free; the slaves would be more valuable; and the trader would have no motive to treat them worse than cattle would be treated; their health, therefore, would be an object of care, and the horrors of the middle passage would cease with our intervention.

But if we abstained from restricting the slave-migration, there would be no reason for restricting the migration of free blacks. To British subjects we might forbid slave-trading; by proper regulations in the West Indies, we might prevent any British slave-trading by defeating its object, the individual profit of the trader. But the free migration would bring to the West Indies, their most useful population, the Negro. With a free labor

market, where wages have superseded the lash as an incentive to industry, it is most imperatively necessary to have an abundance of laborers: that abundance the West Indies would soon have, and they would *then* be able to compete with slave-owning countries in the growth of sugar.

But to people the West Indies is the one great essential to any probable scheme for civilizing the Negro. The West Indies will for the first time be able to set a complete practical example of free black labor; of which we have preached the merit, though we have shrunk from exemplifying it. The white civilizer cannot penetrate the pestilential continent of Africa, to civilize the denizens of the soil; but in the West Indies he has the African entirely under his own eye, and in the best possible circumstances for the process of civilization. The Negro is at once introduced to a fully-civilized society, but one blessed by the too rare concomitant that industry prospers in it. He is easily kept in the state of discipline, legal and moral, the most conducive to his own welfare. But he is in all respects a free man, and is at once introduced to the practice of free institutions; even attaining the franchise, municipal and political, without hinderance. And experience has proved that in the West Indies the Negro actually does become a civilized man, with extraordinary facility and rapidity.

Show, for the first time completely, that in the West Indies emancipation really succeeds in a worldly sense—that it is politically safe, and commercially profitable—and you teach the best possible lesson to slave-owning countries; one far more persuasive than coercion. You show them that they may abandon slavery itself, and that therefore they do not need the trade in slaves. Some have already shown a disposition to profit by such a lesson, were it humanely and perseveringly read to them. Brazil has several public men willing and able to read it; Cuba has had its Governor Valdez; and even the Southern States of the Union might consent to benefit by an experimental attempt at solving the great problem that darkens their future.

But Africa—how would such a change affect her? Most momentously. Were the eastern shore of America fully peopled with a free black race—were even the West Indies alone so peopled—commercial relations must necessarily increase with the opposite coast of western Africa. It must inevitably follow, that free blacks would be much and increasingly employed in any commercial relations with Western Africa; for which their race alone is suited by physical constitution. The number of free civilized blacks in Africa would multiply. To state this modest fact alone, is to imply a social revolution in Africa; monarchs in that benighted country could not long remain in a condition lower than menials in the free settlements. If the monarchs did not begin to advance in civilization, the menials would soon speculate in the trade of being monarchs. But free settlements would multiply, and would be normal schools for the neighboring races. Civilization—a true European civilization—once established on the continent of Africa, would soon spread by a beneficent contagion. It is to be remembered that there are no such settlements in Western Africa: there are some trading stations; Sierra Leone is a station for liberated Africans, ill managed, unprosperous; Liberia is a settlement of transported slaves; but there are no proper colonies.

There have been no such settlements, because there have been no materials for them—a surplus free black population to be spared from the American side of the Atlantic. There has, however, already been shown the disposition to such a reémigration: the black emigrants from our principal West Indian colonies have willingly returned as “delegates;” gentlemen of the black race have even consented to go, in order to promote an intercourse so beneficial to their kind; and an official agent at Sierra Leone belonged to the race. These are solitary instances, but they serve to show that the desired motive and capacity both exist in the African; both have been exhibited under the influence of a free black emigration to the West Indies, limited as that was. Were the West Indies fully peopled, our stations on the coast of Western Africa would become really colonies; although the climate excludes the Anglo-Saxon race, Anglo-Saxon influences would take root, would fructify, and would spread towards the interior.

Such is the way in which Africa might be civilized through the West Indies; such is the Anti-Slavery enterprise that *might* succeed.—*Spectator*, 25th July.

From the Spectator.

SLAVERY AND TIME.

A GREAT question of time is involved in the project of the anti-slavery philanthropists, which they seem entirely to overlook. They induced England to abolish first the slave-trade and then slavery, in her own dominions; but they did so by convincing her. They have continued their importunity, and extended it to the request that England should force other countries to abolish the slave-trade, and also slavery, without waiting for conviction. Their wish has been indulged to a surprising extent, but up to this time with no very flattering results; for the compulsory style of policy manifestly defeats itself, hindering what might be accomplished were it sought by wiser means.

There is such a thing as national consistency. It needs not be confounded with obstinate adherence to one opinion, for it does not refer to different periods. A country, like an individual, may fairly hold different sentiments at different periods; the change being brought about by the legitimate process of conviction. Thus, England has more than once changed her opinion on the subject of West Indian slavery, and each change has been a real advance towards a wiser and more moral view. The consistency of which we speak refers to the different acts of the same country at any one period. England violates it at this present time, by tolerating slavery in the southern states of the great American Union, and not in Brazil; for we make fiscal distinctions between the two, where there is not a trace of moral distinction. In like manner, we tolerate in Russia what we denounce in Cuba. It is the same with the slave-trade: we forbid on the Niger and in the West Indian archipelago what we suffer at Mozambique and in the Bosphorus.

How can a nation speak to the world while the practical expression of its views is thus full of confusion and contradiction! Countries are not, like human individuals, endowed with one single, audible, and unmistakeable voice; Britannia is not a real person, and cannot rise to her feet and address

the nations in a voice of oneness. Nations must speak by their actions; and, to make the discourse intelligible, must make their actions have one obvious and consistent drift. By an opposite system England baffles her own utterance; one part of her policy is an answer to the other, and to refute herself her own actions may be cited. How can she pretend that slavery is an intolerable offence, when she makes no single abatement in her amity, commercial or political, with the slave-owning, slave-trading states of the Union? Brazil may well believe that we lie when we say that we will not trade with her on account of her slave-dealing, since she is far more humane even on that score than nations from whom we withhold no friendly relation. Brazil must guess that we have some other motive. If we wish to make her believe what we say, we must shape our utterance to a consistent unity; and if we *cannot*, by force of treaties, or of irresistible circumstances in our commercial and social state, be consistent in our compulsory course against the slave-trade, we must adopt some other course in which we *can* be consistent. As long as we hesitate to do so, we achieve nothing but defeat.

Now, can we suppress either slavery or the slave-trade by compulsion? Certainly we cannot, *proprio motu*. We cannot decree the cessation of slavery in Brazil, in the United States, in Asia, or even in Africa; we cannot suppress the slave-trade under other flags, by our own edict. To effect either result, we must obtain the assent of the nation whose institutions we would modify. Can we do that by compulsion? Obviously not. We cannot even attempt it. Where we have extorted a reluctant assent from foreign governments to use compulsion over their subjects, we have uniformly failed; and we have certainly provoked abundant odium, exasperation, vindictive desire rather to encourage than abandon the traffic we denounce.

But while we engage in this fruitless crusade, what a waste is there of precious time! The slavery that we cannot abolish is increasing in its numbers and its geographical limits; the slave-trade by sea has become more horrible in its details; and slave-trading for the market of North America has turned into a domestic traffic, quite shut up from our interference. The institution, therefore, is growing, and its overthrow is becoming more difficult every day; not merely because our hostile advances have grievously hindered our proselytism, but because the mere increase in numbers and extent renders the practical removal or emancipation of an ignorant slave population more and more difficult through the lapse of time. Certainly, slavery makes greater progress than the doctrine of abolition does, and there is no sign yet that the relative pace of advance has really begun to alter.

The most hopeful prospect of success lies in a process of conversion by example. But we cannot speak that example emphatically while we complicate it with other processes that are not example: it must be unavailing while we harden the hearts of the nations against us by a hostile compulsion. In order, then, to endow with vigor that course which is hopeful, let us abandon that which is hopeless—call off the hostile band of compulsion, and apply our attention, energies, and resources, solely to the example.

One immediate result would be a great saving in money. The precise amount cannot be ascertained. The machinery for the armed suppression

of the slave-trade costs about half a million yearly. The tax on sugar for protecting the West Indies is estimated at not less than a million and a half. The loss by refusal to trade freely with Brazil, Cuba, and other countries, augmented by their retaliatory tariffs, must be represented by a still larger but an unknown amount. The gross loss, therefore, is to be counted by millions sterling; which we should save.

But the fund thus accruing, or even a portion of it, might be devoted in a variety of ways to encourage the conversion of slave-owning countries to a humaner and wiser policy—devoted to the anti-slavery agitation by force of example. Sir Robert Peel has suggested improvements on the ministerial plan for altering the sugar-duties, and among them attention to immigration of labor into the British sugar colonies: that may best be done by extending the sources to other than the present "British possessions" on the western coast of Africa; and to do so, with the official aid and supervision that would be desirable, would occasion expense. Ingenuity would devise other modes in which England could apply the fable of the North Wind and the Sun. Meanwhile, not only would the nations be seduced into a more favorable mood, but the example would be relieved of its contradicting and frustrating contingencies, and would be furnished forth to shine in the most conspicuous manner. In that way England might make free labor succeed; might so display the fact before the world as to make the knowledge of it unequivocal and inevitable; and at the same time might conciliate the stranger to accept conviction, instead of exasperating him obstinately to resist it.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has manfully grappled with the moral part of the sugar question. In rejoinder to the reply that the wrong of admitting slave-grown sugar is not to be justified by the other wrongs of admitting slave-grown coffee, cotton, and tobacco, he denies that these are wrongs, and contends that it is not for us in our tariffs to be pronouncing judgment on the institutions and customs of other nations. Commerce is the great instrument for securing the peace of the world, and that instrument is impaired by any restrictions, especially of such an offensive and irritating nature as those founded on hostility to particular usages. How incensed would the people of England be, if the United States were to forbid commercial intercourse with us on the score of our alleged injustice to Ireland; how exasperated Russia would be with us, if we were to refuse to take her tallow and hides because they were the produce of serf labor. The peace of the world could not consist with this international prying and meddling, and spying out immoralities. We have not advanced a jot by it towards the only object for which it has been put in practice, the great object of ridding the world of slavery. It remains to be seen whether that end may not be better promoted by what improves the harmonies and good understanding between nations. As yet, we have adopted but a sorry mode of recommending free labor, guarding it with fences implying its inferiority to slave labor. We begin to give fair play to the example when we brave competition, and our efforts to induce other nations to copy us will not be weakened by the withdrawal of offensive prohibitions, and the establishment of the closer amity and improved influences which result from the ties of commercial interests.—*Examiner*, 1 Aug.

From the Christian Observer.

PEACE SOCIETIES; AND ELIHU BURRITT, THE
LEARNED AMERICAN BLACKSMITH.

AND so Elihu Burritt is coming across the Atlantic to make a philanthropic tour in England. And who is Elihu Burritt? To ask the question "argues oneself unknown;" for who that receives many letters, and is supposed to have any influence, has not been showered upon with olive-branches and other anti-war papers, in which the name of Elihu Burritt is as conspicuous as the Duke of Wellington's statue is like to be upon the triumphal arch. We are hearty peace men, though not Peace-Society men; we abominate and deprecate war, though we believe that national defence is lawful; just as we should with a good conscience knock down, tongs-wise or poker-wise, an assassin who should burst in upon our wife and children; or as the Quaker on the deck of a vessel boarded by an enemy, though he would not use lead or steel to repel the invaders, yet thought it his duty to thrust as many of them as he could overboard into the ocean, with "Friend, thou hast no business here." We are far from undervaluing, as many persons do, the benevolent intentions of good men on either side of the Atlantic, who are laboring to promote the principles of universal peace and good will. We honor their motives, though they sometimes injure the cause they plead by the manner in which they urge it, and by not allowing that defensive warfare, when it cannot be avoided without submitting to aggressive ruffianism, is justifiable;—that it is a duty imperative upon men, patriots, and Christians.

Elihu Burritt is without question a remarkable, and highly estimable, man. His zealous exertions to suppress slavery, to promote temperance, and to blunt the appetite of nations for war, have been honorable to his character as a philanthropist and a Christian; and his labors have produced a considerable effect in his own country, and have elicited many friendly memorials from ours. The "Peace-Advocate" asks:—"Who can estimate the influence of Elihu Burritt in calming down the fiery spirits of America to their present temperature? For surely the writer, who, through the late tempestuous period, has been pouring his arguments for peace into a million of minds every week, [probably two millions,] as it is estimated he has done through his Olive Leaves for the American press, may well be supposed to have exercised an important influence in the amelioration which has taken place."

We fear that the "cooling down" has not yet extended in some quarters much below fever point; and the addition of the word Mexico, to those of Texas and Oregon, upon the American popular war-banner, has not evinced that the mind of his countrymen is wholly pacific. But this is not his fault. We doubt whether all his classical learning will dissuade his ardent compatriots from their cherished notion that Texas, in its political etymology, assuredly means something which behaved to be *woven* with the Union, for which purpose they might quote Terence and Virgil—"Telam texere," "Texamus robore naves;"—or that the Oregon claim is not good Greek for coveting, and stretching out their hands and reaching after, whatever they may think it politically or commercially expedient to possess. Our Athenian blacksmith, however, spares them not; he is impartial in his censures; he excepts neither gentle nor simple,

private nor commander, nation nor legislature, in his denunciations of war, under all its forms and for every purpose. If he maintains that it is a game, "which, were subjects wise, kings would not play at," we doubt not he would impartially add, "Or presidents either, if citizens were wise." In a recent letter, dated Worcester, Massachusetts, May 15, he writes:

"It makes my heart sad to say that America has entered the field of blood, and perhaps is to rival the British in India, and the French in Algeria. Our Texas iniquity is bringing forth its first fruits of sin. From one aggression after another, our government has got itself into a condition of war with Mexico, and what is to come of it no human foresight can tell. The sober part of our community and country are taken all aback by this unexpected war; and the whole whig press denounces it with unsparing severity. It should afford us some consolation, that where sin abounds grace much more abounds to set limits to the wrath of man.

"The peace band here will not be cast down or discouraged, though 'the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.' Perhaps the cause of peace may ultimately receive vast accessions of strength from the thousands converted to its principles by a new illustration of the sin and folly of war. We shall redouble our energies and strengthen our faith to meet the exigency. We shall speak out boldly against all war. I hope something may occur to stay the progress of hostilities between the two countries. I shall send you by next steamer, I hope, some returns from the addressees. 'Let us follow peace with all men.' I hope an Anti-War League will be formed in the course of this year, which shall take in as members and officers men of all nations, kindred, and tongues, and hold its anniversary in London. During my stay in England I intend to solicit attention to this idea. I send by Harnden's express 500 'Olive Leaves' for the British press."

We trust that our worthy republican has not thought the worse of England in comparing the manifestoes of Polk and Peel; and when he arrives among us, he will find, even in the dog-days, that the people of England have no belligerent passions to gratify in going to war with his country; and that all they ask of her is reason and justice.

The history of Mr. Burritt deserves to rank among the interesting literary annals of successfully self-taught men. He was born in New Britain, Connecticut, in the year 1811, of honest and respectable parents. He enjoyed the privilege of attending the district school for some months every year, till he was sixteen years old; and by his diligence and attention to his studies he became well versed in the elementary branches of an English education, and by cultivating a taste for reading, he acquired much valuable information. When he arrived at the age of sixteen his father died, and he was apprenticed to the trade of a *blacksmith*; and when the term of his indenture had expired, and he had attained his legal majority, he had gained the reputation of being a young man of good moral and religious character, and a skilful workman in his vocation, and one who cherished an ardent attachment for books. The Bible was the first book which he thoroughly studied; and at a very early age, he was familiar with almost every passage in the Old and New Testaments. He next availed himself of the opportunity of reading afforded by the "Social Library" in the town in which he lived; and afterwards was dependent on the kin-

ness of his friends. Before he reached the age of twenty-one he was conversant with the English classics, both in prose and poetry, and passed delightfully many of his leisure hours in poring over the pages of Milton, Young, Thomson, Cowper, Addison, &c. In the winter of the year in which he attained his majority, he commenced, under the direction of a brother-in-law, who was an accomplished scholar, the study of mathematics. About the same time he entered on the study of the Latin language, for the purpose of reading Virgil in the original. He soon after turned his attention to French, which he mastered with wonderful facility. He then acquired the Spanish, and afterwards the Greek and German languages. During two winters he devoted nearly all his time to study, but he was occupied a large portion of his time during spring and summer in working at his trade as a blacksmith, and in this exemplary way acquiring the means of subsistence.

When about twenty-three years old, he accepted an invitation "to teach a grammar-school," but this employment did not suit his convenience or his inclination. He was then engaged for a year or two as an agent for a manufacturing company, when he returned to his *anvil*, and has since been industriously engaged in the occupation of a blacksmith, to which he was apprenticed in his youth; but he devotes all his leisure hours to literary pursuits. After having mastered the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and all the languages of modern Europe, he turned his attention to Oriental literature, and in order to avail himself of the facilities afforded by the valuable library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, he removed to that place, where he has ever since resided, and been regarded as a useful and exemplary citizen. He has become a proficient in the most difficult languages of Asia, and in many of those languages in Europe which are now nearly disused and obsolete—among them are Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and Tamul. It was stated, in a public meeting, in 1838, by Governor Everett, that Mr. Burritt by that time, *by his unaided industry alone, had made himself acquainted with fifty languages.* Mr. Burritt shows no disposition to relax from his labors. He usually devotes eight hours to labor, eight hours to study, and eight hours to *physical indulgence and repose*; and, by pursuing this course, he enjoys the advantages—vainly coveted by many literary men—connected with "a sound mind in a healthy body." Nor does he confine his labors to the mere acquisition of literary wealth—he also diffuses it with a liberal hand. He has written many valuable articles for periodical publications; he has delivered many lectures which have been replete with interest and valuable information; and has been repeatedly listened to by large and highly respectable audiences, in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, with edification and delight. He has not yet reached the meridian of life, and it is to be hoped that many years of usefulness are still before him.

The following extract from a letter written by him in 1839, to Dr. Nelson, a gentleman who had taken some interest in his history, displays the simple, unassuming, earnest character of the man, in a very interesting point of view.

"An accidental allusion to my history and pursuits, which I made unthinkingly, in a letter to a friend, was, to my unspeakable surprise, brought

before the public as a rather ostentatious *débüt* on my part to the world; and I find myself involved in a species of notoriety, not at all in consonance with my feelings. Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up will give me credit for my sincerity when I say, that it never entered my heart to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. I had, until the unfortunate *denouement* which I have mentioned, pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed, even among my brethren and kindred. None of them ever thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle—thought by thought—fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the *young men* of my country an example in employing those fragments of time called 'odd moments.' And, sir, I should esteem it an honor of costlier *water* than the tiara encircling a monarch's brow, if my future activity and attainments should encourage American *working men* to be proud and jealous of the credentials which God has given them to every eminence and immunity in the empire of mind. These are the views and sentiments with which I have sat down night by night, for years, with blistered hands and brightening hopes, to studies which I hoped might be serviceable to that class of the community to which I am proud to belong. This is my *ambition*. This is the goal of my aspirations. But, not only the *prize*, but the whole *course* lies before me, perhaps beyond my reach. 'I count myself not yet to have attained' to anything worthy of public notice or private mention; what I *may do* is for Providence to determine.

"As you expressed a desire in your letter for some account of my past and present pursuits, I shall hope to gratify you on this point, and also rectify a misapprehension which you with many others may have entertained of my acquirements. With regard to my attention to the languages, a study of which I am not so fond as of mathematics, I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process, to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages, as to introduce me to the other members of the same family. Thus, studying the Hebrew very critically, I became readily acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian, and German, under native teachers. Afterwards, I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic. I then ventured on further east into the Russian empire; and the Slavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between which the affinity is as marked as that between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides those, I have attended to many different European dialects still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward as fast as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the oriental languages, which will assist my progress."

Mr. Burritt speaks in glowing words of the blessings in store for the world from the united

agency of the "Anglo-Saxon race" in the dominions of Queen Victoria and in the United States of America. Then, adverting to the unhappy symptoms of disunion which have appeared between the two great families of this race, he says :

"A war between England and America, for any cause, would be a war with God, his Gospel, the spirit and precepts of his religion ; with all living and future generations of men on the whole earth. The discharge of the first paixhan gun in such a contest would not only sink a ship, but it would sink the whole heathen world to the deepest depths of that moral night in which they groped a century ago ! A war between England and America !—it would be the greatest curse that has visited this world since the fall of man !"

There has been an extensive exchange of what are called "Friendly International Addresses," (more than thirty,) signed by a great number of persons on each side of the Atlantic, expressive of their earnest desire to preserve pacific relations and hearty affection between the two countries. One of these addresses was from more than sixteen hundred women at Exeter to their sisters in Philadelphia. Elihu Burritt says, in reference to them, in a recent letter to a friend :

"I rejoice with exceeding joy, at the tokens for good which have greeted our eyes. I am confident that our two countries, immediately on the adjustment of this unhappy question of Oregon, will enter upon a new era of social and commercial intercourse ; which will be facilitated by the interesting correspondence that has been opened through the 'Friendly International Addresses.' What a moral power the friends of peace throughout the world might wield by intercommunications of this kind ! I shall esteem it the most pleasant occurrence of my life to have been interested in this blessed movement. I feel as near to every one of you as if you were my brethren according to the flesh. My thoughts steal out after you by the wayside and by the fireside. I read over and over your kind letters, and wonder that there should be questions of warlike controversy in the world, when such lively susceptibilities to friendship are common to human hearts everywhere ;—when it is so easy to make a friend even across a wintry ocean. I hope to see you face to face in the course of the coming summer, as I am preparing to visit Old England about the middle of June. I have thought that I might do a little for the cause of peace in your country, in the way of writing for the press."

Mr. Burritt describes in his own characteristic style his projected tour in England.

"About the first June, we propose, under certain conditions, to take steamer or packet for England. On our arrival, we propose to take a private hickory staff and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the country, at the rate of about ten miles a day.

'With a pocket for my wheat, and a pocket for my rye,
And a jug of water by my side to drink when I am dry.'

Passing thus leisurely on foot through the agricultural districts, we anticipate the opportunity of looking through the hedges and into barn yards ; sometimes into the kitchens of the common people, once in a while into a blacksmith's shop to smite at the anvil. In fact, we intend to pull at every latch-string that we find outside the door or gate, and

study the physiology of turnips, hay-ricks, cabbages, hops, &c., and of all kinds of cattle, sheep, and swine. We propose to avoid the *lions* of the country, and confine our *walks* to the low lands of common life ; and to have our conversation and communion chiefly with the laboring classes. Perhaps we might get together a knot of them some moon-shiny night and talk to them a little on temperance, peace, and universal brotherhood. During such a pedestrian tour, we think we might see and hear some things which a person could not do while whizzing through the country on the railroad at the rate of thirty miles an hour."

Our learned mechanic will have some difficulty in adhering to his project. He may not wish to see "lions ;" but he will be a lion himself, and men, women, and children will crowd to see *him*. There are sixteen hundred eager visitors at Exeter to begin with ; not to mention the other twenty-nine "addresses ;" and if he be as extraordinary a linguist as is stated, the learned and the fashionable of England will not fail to do him honor ; and he will not be allowed to conceal himself entirely behind cottage doors. But apart from his literary claims, and the paucity of very deeply learned men who visit us from America, (not that we mean that his country is *arida* as a *leonum nutritrix*,) his celebrity as a philanthropist will cause his acquaintance to be extensively sought for ; and, in seriousness, the intercourse between England and the United States, of persons of his station of life, and of such friendly and peace-loving dispositions, may be a useful counterpoise to the influence—if they have any—of our Trollopes and Dickenss, who prefer idle jesting and mischief to truth and love. Our learned Theban says in a letter last month to one of his cis-Atlantic friends : "Heaven bless old England forever ! Her maternal leaning towards her American daughter bespeaks the parent." Well and kindly said, Elihu.—If any of our rural readers should hear of a western stranger, with a brawny arm, wielding a hickory staff, visiting the cottages in their parish, and talking words of peace to the admiring rustics, let them accost him in Greek, or one of the Shemitic tongues, if they can master it, and bid him a friendly welcome.

THE ORIENTALISM OF NAPOLEON.—It has been often said, that he was oriental in all his habits. His plan of supremacy bore all the stamp of orientalism—the solitary pomp, the inflexible will, the unshared power, and the inexorable revenge. The throne of the empire was as isolated as the seraglio. It was surrounded by all the strength of terror and craft, more formidable than battlements and bastions. Its interior was as mysterious as its exterior was magnificent ; no man was suffered to approach it but as soldier or slave ; its will was heard only by the roaring of cannon ; the overthrow of a minister, the proclamation of a war, or the announcement of a dynasty crushed and a kingdom overrun, were the only notices to Europe of the doings within that central place of power. But, with all the genius of Napoleon, he overlooked the true principles of supremacy. All power must be pyramidal to be secure. The base must not only be broad, but the gradations of the pile must be regular to the summit. With Napoleon the pyramid was inverted—it touched the earth but in one point ; and the very magnitude of the mass resting upon his single fortune exposed it to overthrow at the first change of circumstances.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

From the *Britannia*.*Life in the Wilderness; or, Wanderings in South Africa.* By HENRY H. METHUEN. Bentley.

Nothing can be more original and animated than this narrative of travel in the wilds of South Africa. It opens to us a new region and a new state of existence. It is one of those works issued now and then which every one will be eager to read, and which every one will be delighted with.

The author, with three companions, left Graham's Town in April, 1844, to explore the wilds that lay to the north of the British possessions at the Cape. The party consisted of the four gentlemen, and ten or twelve Hottentot attendants. They had three wagons well stored with all necessary baggage and provisions, about fifty oxen, thirty horses, and some dogs.

It inspires one with a strange kind of emotion to hear of this little party boldly venturing into the wilderness, exploring an unknown region, trusting themselves in the heart of savage and unreclaimed deserts, abounding with all descriptions of ferocious life, for the mere love of adventure and novelty. For a supply of food they trusted chiefly to their guns and the swiftness of their horses, for water to the streams and fountains that crossed their track, and for forage to the grass and herbage that were generally met with in abundance. Their travel lasted for eight months, yet during the whole of that time they seem to have suffered nothing from scarcity. They were generally well supplied with one kind of game or another.

By the Orange and the Maragua rivers they met with the best sport and with the most magnificent scenery. In the waters they met with crocodiles and hippopotami; on the banks, in thick jungles, with elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, leopards, and panthers, and in the more open country with herds of buffalos, deer, and giraffes. Their sporting excursions were attended with all the excitement of danger, but none of the party were seriously injured, though they often lost their cattle from the ferocious attacks of wild beasts. From April to December they lived in the freedom of savage life, and returned at last to the Cape in the enjoyment of excellent health, and highly delighted with their travel in the wilderness.

Our extracts from this entertaining volume must necessarily be scattered. The author kept a journal, and has here reproduced it almost *verbatim*. All his details have the rough force of the life he led, and are marked by the high spirit in which he wrote. On the 30th of June, while encamped near the Vaal river, he made his

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LION.

"Before daybreak I was roused from my slumber in the tent by Bain saying, 'Something has got hold of an ox,' and, listening, heard the poor creature bellow and moan piteously, but in a kind of stifled tone. The horses had all been fastened to the wagon wheels, but the oxen, having had a hard day's work, had been allowed to lie loose during the night. In the course of half an hour the grey light was, we judged, sufficient for our purpose,

and three of us, well armed, sallied forth in the direction of the outcry, to reconnoitre. We marked a crow hovering, and by its guidance soon discovered one of the best oxen lying dead. We approached with caution, and a quick-sighted Hottentot pointed to the large print of a lion's foot in the sand just by us. The lion had attacked the ox in the rear, and fastened his tremendous claws in the poor wretch's side, one having pierced through to the intestines; he had then bitten him in the flank, and, to show the prodigious power of the monster's jaws, the thigh joint was dislocated, the hide broken, and one of the largest sinews snapped in two, and protruding from the wound: having thus crippled his victim, he had, apparently, seized him by the throat and throttled him.

"We could discern that the cattle had all been sleeping together when first surprised, and the lion, following on the trail of some Griqua horsemen, whom he had met on the preceding evening, had come across the oxen, and sprung on the nearest. We traced his spoor all along the road to the scene of slaughter, and on the retreat after it. He had not eaten a morsel, which was some satisfaction to our feelings. The first scuffle had evidently been violent, for the ground was much indented by it. This having been the outside ox, and the wind blowing from the rest, they had not smelt their dreaded foe, and had only run a little way off, else they would not have stopped for many miles. Execrations and cries for revenge were universal; so, forming a large party, we started in pursuit of the lion, attended by some good dogs. With the greatest difficulty we followed his track over sand and stones, by the assistance of Hottentot eyes; but even these would in one or two cases have failed, if a sagacious dog, perceiving our object, had not run on the scent, stopping constantly to see if we advanced, as if conscious of the fierce creature we were pursuing.

"The search became at intervals very exciting, when the spoor led into a glen of long dead grass or rushes; but, whether purposely or not, the lion always left us to windward, so that his nose would inform him of our approach; and after a fatiguing, unsuccessful chase, the sun growing very hot and our stomachs craving for breakfast, we resought the wagons.

"The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the daytime he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion, suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcass of an antelope, or other game, may be preserved untouched by hanging some stirrups on a branch near, so that the irons may clash together when blown by the wind: a white handkerchief on the end of a ramrod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacking unless he has the advantage, and, relying on his vast strength, feels sure of the victory. The natives tell incredible stories of his

sagacity, which would almost make him a reasoning animal. There are well-authenticated cases on record of lions carrying away men at night from the fireside, but these are quite the exception. They are gregarious, as many as twenty having been seen in a troop.

"Balked of our revenge, we started for the next water, but first of all we carefully cut up, and stowed away, all the flesh of the dead ox, leaving only the entrails, which vultures and crows would speedily devour, and dragging the hide behind the last wagon, that the assassin might follow and be entrapped. We came to a pool, called Papkuil's fontein, surrounded by low clumps of bush and long grass, well fitted to be the head-quarters of *felis leo*. Two guns loaded with slugs were secured to stakes near the water, their muzzles protruding through some bushes, cut and placed so as to conceal them: a string was then attached to the triggers, and fastened to a large piece of meat, in such a manner that any creature laying hold of it would discharge the guns in his face. Care was taken that there should be no path but in front of the battery, and twilight had begun to fade when all our preparations were completed. Much trouble was experienced in tying up the oxen and horses; one young ox broke away, and was of necessity abandoned to his fate. Good fires were made, a slight hedge of thorn boughs was formed round our camp at the least secure point, and, supper over, we all retired to bed.

"At about 2, A. M., Hendrick, ever wakeful, shouted out, 'There stands the lion! shoot!' and, before we could jump from our beds, the discharge of a gun was heard. The horses and cattle had been very uneasy for some time previously, snorting and struggling to get free: one horse actually broke his halter, and ran away, and was brought back by Frolic. It is miraculous how both escaped from the lion, which then must have been prowling round us. On emerging we saw the oxen, like so many pointers, with their noses in one direction: snuffing the air; and found that an old white ox, which had not been fastened up on account of its age and docility, but merely driven amongst the rest, had strayed about thirty yards from our camp, to nibble some grass, and had been assailed by the enemy. Piet said that he saw the brute on the ox and fired, whereupon he relinquished his prey and fled, and the poor terrified ox hurried back to the wagon and his comrades; where he began stretching out first one leg, then another, as if engaged in a surgical examination of his limbs. The air all the while was piercingly cold, and a basin of water in the tent had a coat of ice on it an inch thick. The fires were anew supplied with fuel, and a watch set; the profoundest silence, broken only by the deep breathing of the oxen, reigned again; and, being thoroughly chilled, we nestled once more under our warm blankets. On inspecting the trap in the morning we found, to our grievous disappointment, that a bad cap had prevented the principal gun from exploding; and that the small one had gone off, but missed its aim—the meat bore the mark of a claw, but was none of it eaten. The ox which had deserted was found uninjured, but the white one showed several severe scratches on his neck, which swelled extremely. We resolved to wait another day, and prepare for the lion."

The lion, however, escaped them; but in the night they shot a large hyæna.

From the Churchman.

MR. EDITOR,—It is not out of place, nor out of season to remind ourselves of the ends and object of the daily service. By some, one view may be taken—by others a different one may be appreciated. To all, every view of it will be of use, and therefore as one I send you the following, in the measure of an old English hymn.

A REASON FOR THE DAILY SERVICE.

MAN has few days to live,
And life shall be,
Not here on earth; but in
Eternity.

Here we may love and praise;
And ever dwell
With God; or follow sin:—
Seek heaven or hell.

But there no choice may be!
For with that day,
Which ends our life, will pass
For aye away

Our trial; and old and young
—From sea and land—
Before the "great White Throne"
Shall trembling stand.

When "every knee shall bow"
And "tongue confess"
—They who revile their God,
And they who bless.

Since then before my Judge
This flesh shall kneel;
When flames shall wasting pour,
—My works reveal.—

I'll now anticipate
That fearful day;
And at my Saviour's feet
In dust will pray;

Confess my countless sins,
My loss deplore;
And daily bow the knee,
Till time is o'er.

That so when mountains shake
And pass away,
Thou may'st my soul preserve
In that dread day.

I cannot see Thee now!
My mortal sight
Is far too weak to bear
Thy awful light.

But faith shall view Thee here;
And—as alone—
Will try to think of Thee
As on Thy throne.

Grant me, O Lord, a place
—At Thy blest feet,
Among that "two or three"
Who with Thee meet.

For soon the day will come
When I shall be
Rapt with Thy vision in
Eternity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLLY COTTAGE.

CHAPTER I.

It is strange how much deeper and more enduring is our sympathy with sorrow than with joy. Many a cheerful home do I pass in my country rambles, before many a cottage door do I pause to watch the merry children at their play; but there is one house before which I always linger with a melancholy interest, and, often as I pass it, I still feel the same sinking of the heart when I draw near, as I did when it was first deserted years ago, and when the history of its latest inmates was in everybody's mouth. This sadness may spring, in part, from selfish considerations. In my early childhood I first was led to this cottage; in after years, when the hopes of youth were warm about my heart, my favorite ramble was still in this direction; and now, when childhood and youth have faded like dreams, I bend my steps hither again, and count over the treasures I have lost. Alas! I may well grieve over my diminished store, and, in the exuberant gladness and fertility of summer, this old house seems the only thing that is changed even as I am. But it was not of myself I meant to speak.

Holly Cottage (for by this name was the now desolate habitation once known) stands in the very heart of the New Forest, and on the edge of some enclosed land that once was a stately park. Immediately behind it is a hanging wood of elm and beech, with here and there a tall pine towering above its neighbors. Through this wood and across the cottage garden trickles a little stream, clear and noisy, though now half-hidden by cresses and reeds, and the wood itself is peopled with a large colony of rooks. The cottage contains but four rooms, but its ample porch used to furnish a fifth apartment in summer time, and though the woodbine once trained over it, so glorious in its blossoming season, lies dead upon the ground, yet I love to stand in that spot still, for the view seen thence is one of exceeding beauty. Gentle undulations, clothed in grass and crowned with noble trees, are immediately opposite; while to the left stretches a vista of distant country, blue and hazy, a very dream-land for the fancy; and to the right winds away the long green valley, its termination lost in woods of oak, beech, and holly. Beautiful it is at all times!—when the spring uncurls the fern-leaves, and calls forth verdure on every tree; when the golden furze-bloom makes the summer air heavy with its rich perfume, and the crimson bells of the foxglove wave slowly in the evening wind; when the breath of autumn passes over the heathery slopes and bids them blush into beauty; and even in winter, when the old oaks lift their bare branches in the frosty sunshine. Now and then—nay, almost every evening, the deer steal down to feed in the valley, raising their graceful heads if a step comes near, and bounding away over the hill, so suddenly that you might believe you had but fancied they were before your eyes a few moments ago.

Alas! a change is threatened to this lovely forest-land. Through these calm, green recesses, where the poor man's cattle feed beside the stately deer, disturbed by few travellers, a railroad is to be made. These quiet shades, where now rises no harsher sound than the waving of the boughs, the night-cry of the owl, or the hunter's merry shout, will soon be alive with the shrill whistle of

the steam-engine. Quiet nooks in this great natural temple, long leafy aisles that have been my favorite haunts for years, are to be sacred no longer to high and holy thought. It may be all well, but I could have wished such changes had not been made in my day. Many voices are raised to oppose the making of a railroad through the Forest. The rich man dreads it may be brought too near his drawing-room windows; the lover of hunting fears interruption of his darling amusement; the farmer of small substance trembles for the safety of his cattle; while all talk alike of the injury to the poor, and the invasion of *forest rights*. All good reasons, no doubt; but I have yet another. I grieve that one more breathing-place for the lover of Nature, yet unprofaned by the improvements of man, should be taken away. Perhaps we are hardly able to appreciate the influence—ay, and the usefulness of scenes like these, appealing to us in the midst of a trafficking, ever-moving world, in behalf of beauty and of peace. These are romantic notions, I dare say, but I am indulgent to them, for they are all that remain to me of my youth.

But to return to the cottage. The three noble holly-trees from which it received its name, are still standing on the green before the door; but that green, once so carefully trimmed, is now covered with coarse matted grass. The flower-beds, too, are overgrown with grass and weeds, through which, here and there, a pale and sickly rose struggles to the light, or some half-dead currant-bush displays its shrunken fruit. Some of the tiles from the cottage-roof have fallen about the garden, and it is now hardly safe to enter at the open door and tread the uneven floor, for the crazy building trembles at every step. Immediately at the back of the cottage is an opening, (for the gate has fallen from its hinges,) from which a path leads, through the wood I have mentioned, into the park, now let to a farmer. The ground slopes gently upward to the spot on which stood the mansion of a family now passed away from the face of the earth. I can remember when the old house was pulled down. One of its latest proprietors, in grief for the death of his wife and daughters, left forever the home in which they had delighted; and it remained for many years entirely without inhabitant. There was a pleasure-garden before it, surrounded with an iron railing, and entered by a lofty gate between stone pillars, each surmounted by a rampant lion supporting a shield. The garden had been formally laid out, with straight walks and quaintly shaped flower-beds. Here and there was a statue or an urn, often beautified by the blossoms of some wild plant that had twined its light tendrils about it; and a vigorous wild-rose-tree had almost hidden the somewhat ungraceful Naiad who presided over the ruined fountain. There was nothing beautiful in the architecture of the large old house, but many of the apartments it contained were noble in size and perfect in their proportions. In my youth I often made my way into the hall by a broken window. It was a very fine room, with panels of old oak. Over the broad fire-place still hung a picture representing a hawking party, and a few pieces of armor were attached to the walls. Often, standing alone in that deserted house, have I started to hear the rattling of helmet and shield as the wind swayed them to and fro. The gilded mouldings of the ball-room were falling to the ground, and its painted walls already stained with damp. Latterly, the staircase was in so dilapidated a state that

I feared to ascend it; but at one time I used to range over the whole house, where still were scattered many relics of the dead. Books, vases for flowers, pieces of music—graceful mementos of the youth and beauty which had once made that dwelling joyful—were left, as if to make its present state seem yet more sad and desolate. In one small chamber, commanding a lovely prospect, I found a volume of poems laid open on the window seat, stained by the rain that had fallen upon it through the broken panes. Near it was a glass containing the remains of some withered flowers, and a faded sketch, on which was written the name of “Emily Courtland”—frail memorials that yet had outlasted the beautiful being whose hand placed them there.

From some of the windows at the back of the house was seen the main stream, one of whose branches passed through the wood on the edge of the park, and across the garden attached to Holly Cottage. This stream formed a beautiful feature in the landscape, flowing through rich, green meadows with a strong and rapid current, and sending its sweet music to my ear many and many a time as I sat musing in the neglected mansion. Perhaps it was then and there that I learned to be a dreamer and a moralizer; but I was young; and in youth, in very wilfulness, we seek out sadness as eagerly as in later years we long to cast it from us.

In those days there was little about Holly Cottage in harmony with the melancholy of the “great house.” It was then occupied by a widow, who had formerly been housekeeper to the Courtland family, and her only daughter. The mother I did not like: there was something mean and cringing in her over-acted respect to those whose station in life was at all superior to her own, and whenever she spoke to me, I found myself trying to guess at the motives that prompted her. There was a want of simplicity in all she said that impressed me with a belief there was also an absence of truth; and the expression of her keen, grey eyes and demurely puckered mouth seemed to me—albeit not given to unkind suspicions—full of cunning and duplicity. Her daughter, Ellen Matley, was the very reverse of all this. Simple, ingenuous, affectionate, she won at once my confidence and good-will, and by degrees I became a constant visitor at the cottage, often taking Ellen on with me to wander in the park. I found her always a pleasing companion. The last mistress of Courtland Park had been fond of her, and Ellen had lived much with the young ladies, sharing the instructions they received, so that her education and manners were quite those of a lady. She was very beautiful, her features ~~were~~ regular, and the expression of her countenance varied with every emotion. Her enthusiastic admiration and love of all that was noble or beautiful interested me from the first, and it was my delight to read to her some touching poem, or relate some deed of heroism, that I might see reflected in her speaking face the earnest feelings kindled in her heart. I thought not of the dangers to which, through her trustful and enthusiastic temperament, she might afterwards be exposed; I enjoyed wielding the power I possessed over her mind, and did not trouble myself with fears for the future.

Different as were the characters of mother and daughter, they yet were warmly attached to each other. Sometimes I thought there was a shade of disappointed ambition in Mrs. Matley’s manner,

when she told how the great house had been the home of Ellen’s childhood, and how sadly times were changed; while the daughter’s grief when referring to the past was quite unmixt with selfishness. Many a time has Ellen led me from room to room, describing scenes long past in simple, energetic language, till I have found myself weeping with her at the dying words of her favorite Lady Emily, or smiling at sallies of wit that once flowed from lips long ago mouldered into dust.

But a change came over all this. One day when I went (as had become my almost daily custom) to see Ellen, I found her and her mother in a state of bustling confusion, in consequence, as the former told me, of the unexpected arrival of young Mr. Courtland. This gentleman was the grandson and heir of the proprietor of the estate, which he had never before visited, and he had now come down for a week’s fishing on his grandfather’s property. He had asked Mrs. Matley to let him have a room in her house during his stay, and she was doing her utmost to make him comfortable. It seemed all very natural and proper, so I e’en walked home again, catching, as I went, a glimpse of a young man in fishing costume, following the windings of the little stream through the wood.

When ten days had passed, believing the stranger must have taken his departure, I visited the cottage again, and, finding nobody at home, I passed into the park, and walked on till I reached the bank of the river at the back of the mansion, when I suddenly heard voices near me. I turned and saw Ellen with a young man, who could be no other than Mr. Courtland, seated under the trees within a few yards of the spot where I stood. They did not see me, and I watched them in silence for a few moments. The young man was speaking, gazing earnestly all the while on the beautiful, blushing face of his young companion; and Ellen, who did not answer him a word, listened with a quiet smile, as she idly plucked the flowers that grew around her and threw them into the stream. I thought neither might wish for the presence of a third person, and so I turned unperceived away; but in spite of the pleasantness of that scene, I felt uneasy and anxious, and at the end of a week I went again to look for Ellen, and ascertain how matters were going on. I was on the eve of departure for a visit of some weeks to a relation at a distance, and I determined, if unable to speak to Ellen on the subject, at least to say something to her mother on the folly, if not the impropriety, of her encouraging an intimacy between her daughter and Mr. Courtland. As I expected, I found Mrs. Matley alone. The young stranger was, she said, fishing in the park: and Ellen, as I drew from her with difficulty, had gone to carry him his luncheon.

“Is this wise, Mrs. Matley?” I asked. “I know Ellen to be pure and innocent; it is not that I fear her acting in a manner unworthy of herself, but are you not running a fearful risk of destroying your child’s happiness forever, by permitting this constant association with one who appears in every way likely to win her affections? He is evidently struck with her beauty and sweetness, and will stay here so long as she amuses him; but when he is weary of this quiet life, he will go back to the world and forget her, leaving her to pine here, every hope withered, every kindly feeling blighted—perhaps, forever. And can you as a mother, stand by and see all this misery threat-

ening her, without speaking even a warning word!"

Mrs. Matley hesitated, and there was evidently a struggle in her mind between her habitual respect towards me, and her indignation that a comparative stranger should venture to interfere in her family affairs.

"You are young, madam," she said, at last, "to think so gravely of these things. I have seen much of the world in my time, and I know Mr. Courtland well. There is nothing to fear for Ellen's happiness. Many thanks for your kind anxiety about her, but I assure you you mistake the matter altogether."

"I hope I do," I replied; "but young as I may be, I know something of human nature. I love Ellen, and have studied her character, and I own that I tremble for her now." I then told her of the scene I had unintentionally witnessed a few days before, but she merely seemed annoyed that I should know anything about it, repeating that I took a mistaken view of the whole affair, and that Mr. Courtland was the most honorable of men.

"I say nothing against him," I answered; "but you, who, as you say, know something of the world, must feel the impossibility of his marrying your daughter; and Ellen, with a mind to appreciate refinement, and a heart to feel kindness, what must be the consequence of his present devotion to her! She will love him even as her earnest nature is capable of loving, and then she must be dissatisfied and unhappy for the rest of her life. I have thought it right to speak openly to you, Mrs. Matley, as a sincere friend of your daughter, and because it sometimes happens that those nearest at hand see less than those at a little distance. Give my love to Ellen, and tell her, if you will, all that I have said. I am going from home," I added, rising to depart, "and shall be absent several weeks."

I thought I saw a gleam of satisfaction in my hearer's eye as I spoke; and when on my way homewards I pondered on what had passed, every moment strengthened my conviction that Mrs. Matley's blindness was only pretended. "She is playing a dangerous game," thought I; "she thinks, probably, to draw him into a marriage, and if she succeed, what then! There can be no happiness in a connection so unequal."

I had taken a green path across the forest, skirting the edge of the park, and leading to a slight wooden bridge thrown across another part of the river I have already mentioned. This bridge was half-hidden by a group of alder trees, under whose shadow rose many a tall foxglove, its purple bells musical with bees. I was fond of the place, for I love the sound of flowing waters, and here they have a peculiarly sweet murmur; the bed of the stream being uneven and pebbly. On this day as I drew near, I saw Mr. Courtland and my friend Ellen coming towards me across the bridge. She blushed when she saw me; and, drawing her hand away from her companion, hurried towards me.

"I am glad I have met you, Ellen," I said, "for I am going away to-morrow, and I was anxious to see you before my departure."

"Going away!" she repeated, in a tone of real regret. "You will not be absent long?"

"Probably several weeks," I replied; "but you have not introduced me to your companion, Ellen."

With some confusion, yet more grace, she presented Mr. Courtland, who was energetic in his expressions of admiration of the scenery, "though," he added, smiling, "this stream has been the boundary of my wanderings till to-day."

"Do you make a long stay here?" I asked; and I observed that Ellen seemed scarcely to breathe while awaiting his reply.

"I hardly know, indeed," he said. "I have had good sport as yet; and I am so eager a fisherman that I do not like to go while I am successful. Besides, my good friend Mrs. Matley makes me so comfortable that I have already imbibed an ardent love for forest-life."

"Have you been successful to-day?" I inquired, somewhat maliciously, I confess, for I saw no sign of rod or basket. "Mrs. Matley told me you were fishing."

"I have not done much to-day," he answered, eyeing me suspiciously; "the fish would not rise, so I took to exploring a little."

I turned to Ellen. "May I ask you to walk a little way with me? I have a few words to say before we part. You will excuse my stealing your companion for awhile, Mr. Courtland!"

He bowed with a look of considerable annoyance, and I walked away with Ellen. We were both silent for some time: for my part I did not know how to introduce the subject that was uppermost in my mind, and Ellen seemed full of thought. At length I said—

"Ellen, you are the very soul of truth: do you know what it is of which I wish to speak to you? Answer me from your heart."

For a moment she hesitated, then raising her clear, truthful eyes to mine, she said—

"I will not pretend to doubt your meaning, but I assure you, you are mistaken—you do not know him."

"But I know you, Ellen; and there are few in this world dearer to me than you have long been;" and I repeated the cautions I had already offered to her mother. She listened attentively, and with much agitation.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," I said earnestly, "is it even now too late to warn you? Do you indeed love this stranger?"

The color rose to her very brow, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I am answered, Ellen; yet beware what you do. This man cannot marry you. Beautiful and highly gifted as you are, yet there is a barrier between you which his proud relations would never allow him to overstep. He is, as you know, the last living representative of an old family, and his grandfather is most anxious to see him suitably married. Believe me, my dear Ellen, there is danger about you."

"Indeed, indeed," she replied, eagerly, "you do not know him. He is good and noble. I have no fears. More I must not say, but indeed you wrong him."

"I hope so, Ellen; but I will keep you no longer. God bless you! My warning was well meant; and I shall think of you often, and anxiously."

We parted; and when after a few minutes I looked back, I saw that Mr. Courtland had rejoined Ellen, and I doubted not that all my wise cautions were already forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

Family events, which it is unnecessary to mention more particularly, kept me from home nearly four months. During that time I had heard nothing of Ellen Matley; but, while staying in London for a few days, immediately before my return to the Forest, I caught sight of Mr. Courtland in one of the parks. He looked discontented, I thought, but I saw him only for a moment, and might have been mistaken. The sight of him, however, made me doubly anxious to know something of my poor Ellen, and I had not been two days at home, before I made my way to Holly Cottage. It was already late in October, yet the air was mild and sunny, and the glorious autumnal tints clothed the woods in beauty. Ellen was in the garden, tying up the bough of a rose-tree still covered with bloom. With a ready welcome on her lip, she flew to meet me as I reached the gate, but I fancied there was some constraint in her manner, and when the agitation of our meeting was over, and she was calm again, I saw that her calmness was no longer that of a heart untouched by care, but the stillness of deep though subdued feeling. She questioned me much of my wanderings, and drew yet closer to my side when I said I had been in London.

"Do you not ask whom I saw there, Ellen?" I said, smiling.

She caught my hand.

"Did you, indeed, see him?—Did you see Arthur?" she exclaimed. "What did he say?—how did he look? Tell me—tell me all about him!"

"And pray who is Arthur, Ellen?"

Her eyes fell beneath my look of inquiry.

"Mr. Courtland, I mean."

"I saw him but for a moment," I said, "and was unobserved by him."

She looked disappointed; her countenance a moment before had been absolutely radiant with expectation.

"How long is it since Mr. Courtland left you?" I asked.

"He went to London yesterday week," she replied.

"Only a week ago! Oh, Ellen, are my fears to be realized? Can your friend do nothing for you? Am I once more too late?"

She did not immediately reply, but, putting her arm through mine, led me into the house and upstairs to her own chamber, where she sat down beside me.

"You must not mistake me now," she said, "nor can I allow you any longer to doubt his honor. This will tell you all!" and she drew from her bosom a small chain to which was attached a wedding-ring. "Yes," she continued, observing my start of surprise, "I told you long ago that you wronged him. I have broken a promise in telling you my secret, but whom should I trust if I could doubt you?"

"And when and where were you married, Ellen?"

"I have been his wife nearly three months."

"And does he acknowledge you as his wife in the face of the world? Do his relations know what you have done?" I inquired, anxiously.

"They do not know it yet," replied Ellen, with some hesitation. "Our marriage was celebrated privately at some distance from this place, in the presence only of my mother and a friend of Ar-

thur's. While his grandfather lives, our secret must be kept—and what does it matter? I shall see him very often."

I could not say a word to check her expectations of happiness, and the words in which I expressed a hope they would be realized came from my heart. I inquired when she expected to see her husband again.

"Soon, very soon," she replied, with a gay, bright smile. "He is now with Lord Courtland, but at the end of the week he will be here again. Oh, we have been so happy!"

When I had left Ellen, I could not but reflect painfully on her position. For her—so true, so open—to be leading a life of deceit, to be acting a falsehood day after day, seemed a sad degradation, in spite of all her happiness. Perhaps it was my ignorance of the world that led me to think Mr. Courtland somewhat cowardly in concealing his marriage. If he were not prepared to acknowledge Ellen as his wife, what right had he to seek her affections, and interfere with the peaceful tenor of her life? Such was my reasoning; but when, a few days later, I met Ellen, leaning fondly on her husband's arm, and looking up in his face with the confidence of perfect love, I could almost forgive him.

From this time he was so constantly at the cottage, that I felt my presence there might be unwelcome; and throughout the winter and following spring I seldom saw Ellen. Luckily, her home was in a lonely situation, almost beyond the range of village gossip; but, at length, the frequency of Mr. Courtland's visits was observed, and whispers, such as it pained me to hear, were soon rife respecting my young friend. Perhaps these evil reports were the more readily received, because Mrs. Matley had made herself extremely unpopular by holding herself aloof from persons of her own rank in life, and endeavoring to obtain a footing among those of a somewhat higher class. The village aristocracy, indignant at such presumption, had now an opportunity of revenging themselves, and they failed not to take advantage of it. It was during the summer that these annoying rumors respecting Ellen reached my ears for the first time, and as they gathered strength, I determined to give Mr. Courtland some hint of their existence. For this purpose I called at Mrs. Matley's, and was warmly received by my friend, whom I found busily occupied in the manufacture of some garments of an ominously small size. The conversation that passed was, though not quite unrestrained, lively, and interesting; and I was delighted to observe that, earnest as Ellen's attachment to her husband might be, he was no less devoted to her.

When I took my leave, Mr. Courtland offered to escort me through the forest, and I thus had the opportunity I sought, of speaking to him without witnesses. I told him I feared I had previously come before his notice as an officious person, but I trusted my affectionate interest in his wife would sufficiently excuse me to him; and then merely mentioned the remarks that were going the round of the village society, leaving it, of course, to him to notice them or not as he thought best. He looked perplexed.

"You are very kind," he said, "and I thank you for having called my attention to this matter. I care little enough for the busy tittle-tattle of the village, but it might annoy Ellen. Just now I cannot remove her, but I have often thought of

taking her to some place where both would be alike unknown, and where, under another name, we might live unquestioned and unmolested."

"But *must* there be all this deceit!" I asked, impatiently.

"It is impossible," he replied, coloring, "to acknowledge the whole truth now. It would ruin our prospects, and on my grandfather's death I should find myself a titled beggar. Besides, I am the last of my race, the old man's only hope; and, eccentric as he may be, he has treated me with noble kindness, and I cannot break his heart."

"But can nothing be done?" I pleaded. "Surely if he saw your beautiful Ellen, he would see no reason for breaking his heart because she was your wife?"

The young man shook his head.

"You do not know him," he said; "his prejudices are violent, and he is pleased to entertain other views for me. You will easily believe that I have more than once sounded his feelings on this point, but I have on each occasion been more firmly convinced that all attempts to bring him into my views must ever be totally unavailing—nay, though I believe he dearly loves me, I am yet convinced that he would cast me off if he knew what I had done."

I had no right to argue the matter further, so I began to speak of Ellen.

"I shall be very sorry to take her from your neighborhood," he said. "Pray, come to see her more frequently, and be assured that I, no less than herself, am deeply sensible of all the kindness you have shown her."

I promised that my visits should be more frequent than they had been of late.

"You do not, then, fear that your own character may be compromised by your association with us?" he said, as we shook hands at my own door.

"No," I replied, "I am not very young or very beautiful, so I flatter myself I may do what I please. But," added I, more seriously "am I to say nothing of the true state of affairs between you and Ellen?"

"I have but to repeat that we are ruined if our secret is betrayed. In a few months we will move to some other place, and in the mean time, as Ellen does not leave home, she is not likely to hear anything that could distress her."

It was useless to say more, so, though by no means satisfied, I bade him farewell, and we separated. In the course of the next few months I saw Ellen frequently. Sometimes Mr. Courtland was obliged to go to London for two or three days, but his heart was with his treasure, and he could not long be absent from her side. She was very happy; the past and the future did not trouble her thoughts; it was enough to see him, to hear him, and she had no wish beyond her present joy. Yet a new blessing was given to her. In the month of August she became a mother, and the child, healthy and vigorous, seemed to us all far handsomer than babies usually are. How lovely was Ellen's face when it wore that new and almost holy expression that beams in a mother's smile!

When the child was about a month old, Ellen asked me if I would go with her to his christening, to stand sponsor for her darling. I consented, and we went together one day during the week, when divine service was celebrated in our village. I

have not yet mentioned the church, which has little pretension to architectural beauty, being, in truth, a very plain, ill-proportioned structure, with but one wing and an insignificant tower, surmounted with a wooden belfry and steeple. It stands, however, in a lovely situation, and the grave-yard is shaded by old trees, whose boughs may be seen in summer time through the open windows, waving in the wind, with a sound I delight to hear in the pauses of prayer and praise. Within, the walls of the little church are crowded with monuments and hatchments of the Courtland family; some of the latter dim with age, some bright as if they had been painted but yesterday. At the western end of the side-aisle, divided by an iron railing from the rest of the church, and lighted by a large window bearing still on its highest panes the arms of the family, is a recess, beneath whose paved floor lie many generations of the Courtlands. On each side of the window, at the time of which I have been speaking, hung some tattered silken banners, now fallen into dust; and on the side-walls were a few pieces of rusty armor, of which only a gauntlet remains. There was ever something very sad to me in those perishing memorials of human grandeur. Alas! that recess has a sadder interest for me now.

Mr. Courtland, with the friend who had been witness of his marriage, awaited us in the church, and soon after our entrance the service began. Poor Ellen! I believe it was the first time she had felt any bitterness in her lot. I saw her look round on all the proud records of her husband's family, then bow her head over her baby's sleeping face and weep. Unkind and suspicious glances, too, for the first time fell upon her, and her gentle spirit could ill bear them at such an hour. She was pale and exhausted when the rite was done, and I was glad that a carriage had been provided to convey her home. I accompanied her, and entreated her to let me relieve her for a while of the weight of her boy, but in vain. I know not what thoughts were passing in her mind, but she said she could not part with him then, and she pressed him to her heart with almost passionate eagerness, shedding silent tears, even when he lay awake and placid in her arms.

From this day she seemed anxious to be gone. She had felt that the finger of scorn was pointed at her, and that shame was believed to be her portion. Her husband was not long in putting into execution his plan of moving her to a distance from her former home, and, with much sorrow for myself mixed with rejoicing for her, I saw her depart.

CHAPTER III.

The next three years were, perhaps, the happiest of Ellen's life. We corresponded constantly, and the tone of her letters was always one of entire content. Two events only occurred to disturb the quiet current of her life during the time I have mentioned. One was the temporary absence of her husband, when Lord Courtland required his grandson to attend him on his journey to Naples, where the old man at length fixed his abode, allowing his companion to return to England; the other a severe illness which attacked her mother, and from the effects of which, though her bodily strength was soon restored, Mrs. Matley's mind never recovered. Her memory was almost gone, and she talked incessantly in a rambling, incoherent manner, yet

her shattered mind seemed ever to dwell on pleasant subjects, and her countenance, with its calm, meaningless smile, seemed to me far less repulsive than it had been before her reason was clouded.

Ellen came from her distant home to stay at Holly Cottage during her mother's illness, and remained there some weeks after the old woman's health was reestablished, in the vain hope of seeing her memory and intelligence also restored. Her child was with her, and Mr. Courtland constantly came to see that all was well with them both. The boy, now about two years old, was, indeed, a noble creature; dark hair curled about his fair and open brow, his eyes were large and blue like his mother's, and there was something of his father's proud and beautiful smile about his rosy lips; and never did a child possess richer wealth of love than was poured on that lovely boy from Ellen's full and happy heart. Her eye followed his every motion; his imperfect attempts at speech were full of meaning and of music to her ear, and when he lisped to her some of the terms of endearment she so liberally bestowed on him, how would she wind her fond arms about him, and almost smother him with kisses! I love to dwell on these pleasant recollections; to linger on the image that is present to my memory now, of that young mother and her happy child. I see them still, the boy's round cheek resting on his mother's shoulder; his eyes, full of laughter, glancing at me with pretended shyness, whose real meaning I well knew was to challenge me to play with him. The old woman sat in her large arm-chair, watching with her quiet, unvarying smile, and Mr. Courtland was often there, not the least gay or happy of the group.

Now that house is desolate, and those who dwell within its walls have passed away like shadows. Age is creeping over me, and these events of which I write seem rather visions than realities. I feel half disposed to leave the rest of my tale untold, and yet my grief for them, beloved as they were, is but selfish now. I will finish the task I set myself.

Nearly a year after Ellen had again left Holly Cottage, I heard that she was about to return thither to remain during the absence of her husband, who was called to Naples to attend the death-bed of his grandfather. By her desire, I caused preparations for her reception to be made by the woman who had charge of Mrs. Matley. There was a tinge of sadness in Ellen's manner when she came, arising from her having but recently parted with her husband, for whom she still entertained what some would call a romantic degree of attachment. Her boy, however, was gayer than ever. He accompanied his mother and myself in our frequent rambles, bounding on before us with the grace and activity of a deer. One day when we had wandered far from home, (it was our last walk, though we little thought so then,) we sat down to rest on a prostrate oak, Charlie, meanwhile, moving about us and filling his pinafore with flowers. I have never visited the spot since, yet I remember it perfectly. It was near a large pond, about whose edge grew delicate water-plants covered with white blossoms. Behind us was a thick screen of wood; before us, beyond the opposite bank of the pond, were scattered trees, affording glimpses of distant blue hills. Sloping rays of sunshine fell here and there through the graceful foliage of the tall beeches, stealing down to their massive trunks till the mass that clung about them gleamed like living emeralds. The fern, so

tall that Charlie was often hidden from our sight as he wandered among its beautiful leaves to reach some distant foxglove, was scarcely stirred by the warm noontide breeze. Two noble stags, that had been drinking at the pond, dashed away across the heather as we drew near; but several forest ponies, in a state of drowsy enjoyment, remained standing or lying in the shade close to us, unstartled even by Charlie's merry laughter.

Ellen threw aside her bonnet, and we both established ourselves comfortably, to enjoy the beauty of our cool, green resting-place. Presently Charlie stole quietly behind his mother, and, standing on tiptoe, each little hand grasping as many flowers as it could contain, threw the bright shower over her. How he shouted in gay triumph! how he clapped his hands, and danced, and sang aloud, till the woods rang with his clear, gay voice! Sweet in my memory is that "*pioggia di fior*," sweet even as that which fell of old on her who sat—

"Umile in tanta gloria
Coverta dell' amoroso membo,"

beside the fountain of Vaucluse; and scarcely less fair than Laura seemed to her lover's eyes, did my lovely Ellen then appear to mine. Who could have thought it was her last day of happiness! She was even more than usually confidential in her conversation with me on this occasion. She read some passages from a letter she had that morning received from Mr., or rather from Lord Courtland; for the old lord was dead, and the young husband was hurrying home to avow his marriage publicly.

"Now," said Ellen, as she closed the letter, "there will be nothing to cloud my perfect joy. My child will fill his proper place in his father's house," and she pressed her darling to her heart, and told him his father was coming back to them, then kissed him with increased tenderness on hearing the cry of joy with which he received the news.

We returned home slowly, for we were all fatigued; but before I left the cottage Charlie was fast asleep, his rosy cheek pillowed on his arm, and a smile parting his sweet lips. Silently Ellen bent over him; doubtless many a bright hope rose within her as she watched that peaceful sleeper; and when she turned away she murmured—

"God bless you, my child!" in a tone of fondness even deeper than usual.

It rained incessantly the three following days. On the fourth morning I had scarcely breakfasted when a stranger was announced, and I beheld, to my surprise and alarm, the gentleman who had been present at Ellen's marriage, and whom I had seen at the christening of little Charlie. I felt sure some misfortune had happened.

"You have bad news for me," I said, as he sat down beside me. "God forbid anything should have happened to Lord Courtland!"

"I am, indeed, the bearer of bad news!" he replied, in an agitated voice; "and I grieve to say that it relates to him." I had not courage to speak, and he presently continued, "I have come to you, madam, as the friend of poor Lady Courtland. It is necessary that she should, for the sake of her son, be immediately informed of the sad event which has occurred; besides, the dreadful story will be in the public papers to-morrow!"

"But tell me," I said, after a pause, "tell me what has happened."

"The worst!" he replied.

"You do not mean that Lord Courtland is dead?" I exclaimed.

"It is too true!" he answered, sadly. "Poor Courtland! he was hurrying homewards from Naples, when, between that city and Rome, he was attacked by banditti, and shot dead on the spot. A friend, who was awaiting him at Rome, has caused his body to be brought to England for burial, and it will arrive here in a few days."

It were easier to imagine than to describe the feelings with which I set forth to seek my poor friend, and break to her the dreadful news that had just been communicated to me. On my way, I could not but think of her as I had seen her last; and when I turned my thoughts again to the fearful tale of which I was the bearer, the contrast made my heart bleed. When I reached the cottage, I found only Mrs. Matley in the usual sitting-room.

"Where is Ellen?" I asked.

"Up stairs, with Charlie," said the old woman. "I'm glad you've come, madam, for she's been crying all day. There's something the matter, but I can't tell what it is; I am not as I used to be, I believe —"

And she went rambling on, but I made my escape, and stole softly up to Ellen's room, half fearing, half hoping that the evil tidings had already reached her; but I soon saw she had yet another cause for grief. Charlie, her bright, lovely boy, lay on his little bed: how unlike himself but four days ago! His eyes looked dark and sunken, his features had fallen away strangely, and poor Ellen sat weeping beside him, holding his feverish hand, and feeling as I could see at once, that there was no room for hope.

I could not speak; I sat down beside the little bed, and Ellen looked up gratefully. The dear child, too, recognized me, and tried to say my name, but the sound died away in a hoarse whisper.

"He is very ill," said Ellen, with almost unnatural calmness; "the doctor has just gone, he said he could do no more." She stooped to moisten the child's lips; and when he smiled and tried to thank her, she wrung her hands in bitter anguish. "Oh, my God!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees, "help me, help me! And his father, his fond father! comfort him, or his heart will break!"

I could not bear it; I left the room for a few minutes, and when I returned, Ellen had resumed her place beside the little sufferer. I took my seat again opposite to her. It was a lovely summer's day, and through the open window a light breeze stole in, laden with the scent of flowers from the little garden below. Within the room all was still, save the painful breathing of the child and an occasional and almost convulsive sigh from his mother. I heard the boughs waving in the forest, the singing of the birds, even the trickling of the little stream in the garden. At last a bird came close to the window and began singing a loud, clear song. Charlie turned his languid eyes, and a gleam of pleasure passed over his face. I saw Ellen shudder, but her eyes were dry, and they never wandered from the dying child. Now and then she bathed his forehead and wet his lips, and I sought not to help her, for I felt it was a sort of sacred right with which none should interfere. Almost to the last the child received her attentions with a look of gratitude. Two hours passed, and then I saw that death was coming. Charlie lay for some time motionless, then suddenly throwing his arms round his mother, he cried "Mamma! mamma!" In

that fond embrace, pillowed on that loving bosom, the child of many hopes breathed his last.

Then, indeed, was the silence of the chamber of death broken by cries of agony. I dare not dwell upon a scene like that. Poor Ellen refused to allow the child to be taken from her arms, and for many hours the passion of her grief was not stayed. When at length her mind sank, from exhaustion, into a kind of stupor, I deemed the time was come for me to make known to her the full extent of her bereavement. There, beside that bed where the little child lay in the placid yet fearful beauty of death, I told my sorrowful tale. Ellen listened quietly, and I doubted whether she understood me, till she said, "Both gone! both so dear—so very dear! Tell me all, for I can suffer no more than I suffer now."

And I told her all; told her that she who had lately been so rich in love and happiness, was now almost alone in the world; that none remained to her save her poor old helpless mother. When morning dawned we were still there, watching beside the dead. How lovely he was even then! All expression of pain had passed away; his hair, loosed from its close curls by the damps of death, fell over the pillow; and, in truth, "his face was as the face of an angel."

I must pass over hastily the few days that elapsed before the funeral. Ellen desired her darling might not be buried within the church, but laid in the churchyard, where, when her hour came, she might be laid beside him. I pass over in silence the burst of grief that overpowered her when the little coffin was conveyed from her sight. Lord Courtland's friend, who had remained on the spot, superintended every arrangement, and left me free to devote all my time to Ellen.

In the evening of the day her child was buried, it seemed suddenly to strike her that I had not mentioned her husband's place of interment, and that possibly his remains were to be brought to the tomb of his ancestors, and I thought it best to tell her the whole truth when she questioned me on the subject. She remained for some time plunged in thought, but made no reply, nor did she again allude to the information I had given her.

CHAPTER IV.

Affairs at home requiring my presence, I was obliged reluctantly to leave Holly Cottage for a few days. This, however, gave me an opportunity of communicating with Lord Courtland's friend, Mr. Cayley, from whom I heard that her husband's will left everything that he had to leave to Ellen. When I afterwards told her this she shook her head with sad meaning, and said wealth had lost all value in her eyes now; but every little trifle that his hand had touched she received and hoarded with melancholy pleasure.

The vessel conveying Lord Courtland's remains was, by some accident, delayed long beyond the time at which its coming was expected: but at length I received a note from Mr. Cayley announcing its arrival. "I am desired," he wrote, "to have everything ready for the burial to-night. The funeral procession is to cross Courtland Park on its way to the church. Would it not be possible to remove the poor widow to your own house in the course of the day without her suspecting our reasons for wishing her to go! Anything seems to me preferable to her being exposed to the bare possibility of seeing such a sight."

Of course I went immediately to the cottage, where I found Ellen sitting with her mother. Mrs. Matley had appeared from the first totally incapable of comprehending the nature of the sorrows that oppressed her daughter, and it was in vain that I had frequently, in reply to her ever-recurring question of "Where's Charlie?" endeavored to impress upon her the sad truth. She always listened with the same vacant smile, and in a few minutes repeated the inquiry. Now, as I entered the room, she cried, "Here she is, Ellen; I said she would come this fine day!"

Ellen covered her face, and I saw that her tears were falling fast in spite of her efforts to control them. No doubt at that moment her heart pined to hear again the pattering of the little feet that used to bound forth to meet me ere I crossed the threshold; no doubt her thoughts were of the sweet voice whose glad shout had so often announced my approach. I know that my own heart ached as I remembered these things. I drew a chair beside Ellen, and threw my arm round her, but she did not raise her head. The old woman watched her with an anxious, bewildered look, and said—

"I wish, ma'am, you could tell me what ails her; she sits there all day, crying, crying, and I cannot comfort her. Where's Charlie? She never cries when Charlie is here. Where's Charlie?"

I felt Ellen's whole frame shaken with sobs.

"Come away," I whispered; "do come away!" But she did not seem to hear my words.

"Won't she listen to you?" continued Mrs. Matley. "I try to cheer her. I tell her that her husband will soon be here—somebody said so, I know; and then I talk about Charlie. She used to smile whenever I spoke of his pretty ways, dear child! Indeed, ma'am, she'll be happy again if you only bring Charlie back."

A loud, hysterical cry burst from Ellen.

"This must not be," I exclaimed, as with gentle force I raised her from her seat, and led her into the garden. "You must come to my house, Ellen, for a few days," I said.

She pressed my hand and whispered, "You are very kind to me. God will bless you for it all."

In the silence that followed many a sweet summer sound fell on our ears, and presently the same that had flown to the window when Charlie was dying (tame, because it had been fed at the cottage during the previous winter) came fearlessly almost to our feet. Ellen pointed to it.

"Do you remember?" she said. "I cannot bear all these sounds—all this joy. Life and beauty everywhere; light, and mirth, and sunshine, and my child in his grave! Think what it is, when at last I fall asleep for a while in the long night, to see again that rosy face, to feel his cheek on mine, his soft arm about my neck; to dream we are listening for his father's step, and even at the moment we spring forward to welcome him, to awake and remember what and where they are! And then to hear my mother all day long repeating the question my own poor heart is ever whispering, 'Where's Charlie?' You can feel how dreadful all this is."

"Indeed, Ellen, I feel it from my soul," I replied. "You must live with me for a time. Your being here is useless to your mother, as you may safely trust her attendant, and you are exposing yourself to unnecessary torture. Come, we will prepare at once."

We went up to her chamber. There stood the little bed, with its snowy sheets folded down, even as if ready for the child to occupy that night. His clothes were spread on a chair beside it, and some of his little toys lay scattered about the room, just as his own hands had left them. I understood it all.

When Ellen's preparations were completed, I took the things she had packed up and left the room. Before she followed me, I saw her kneel beside the little bed and kiss the pillow where her child's bright head had lain. My tears blinded me, and I turned away; but she almost immediately followed, softly closing the door and locking it, lest any busy hand should, in her absence, meddle with her precious relics of the departed. A friend's carriage waited for us, and we were soon on our way. The shortest road to my house led by the church, but I had given directions that we should be driven another way. Ellen perceived my design in so doing, and she said—

"I thank you much; but I would rather go by the church. You can show me the place where —"

But she could not finish the sentence.

Under one of the noble elm-trees, of which there are several scattered about the churchyard, Charlie's body had been laid. I led Ellen to the little mound that marked the spot. It was already covered with daisies, and the golden sunshine fell, as if lovingly, upon it. I moved to a little distance, that the poor mother might feel herself alone: but she rejoined me in a few minutes, and in reply to my look of anxiety struggled to smile, saying—

"God comforts me much. I am glad I have been here. It was wrong to murmur at the sunshine and the joy as I did but an hour ago; they have a new and better meaning for me now."

Indeed, during the remainder of the day she appeared more composed than I had yet seen her since her affliction, and when we were parting for the night, she said that her mind was calm, though she thought till that day the suddenness of her trials had so stunned her, that she had hardly comprehended their extent.

As she ceased to speak, I heard a sound of slow and heavy wheels and the tread of several horses drawing near the house. I supposed I looked uneasy, for Ellen inquired, with a searching glance, if I knew what that sound meant. I tried to appear unconcerned as I answered, that it was doubtless occasioned by one of the many wagons that were constantly passing my door, and I urged her to retire to rest, as it was already midnight.

"No," she said, "I must see first what this is." And she placed herself at the window.

I stood beside her, trembling with the conviction that Mr. Cayley's information had been incorrect, and that the funeral procession of her husband was about to pass before Ellen's eyes. The rumbling of the wheels came slowly nearer. Presently there was a glare flung by many torches, which were borne by horsemen; these were immediately followed by a hearse, and the procession was closed by a few more horsemen, cloaked in black.

"It is even as I thought," said Ellen, turning to me. "I must follow at once."

I believed her mind wandered, and I went with her to her own room; but she threw a cloak about her, and tied a veil closely over her widow's cap. I then understood her meaning.

"Stop, Ellen," I cried, as she left the room

"If you will go, at least let me accompany you."

She waited for me on the stairs, and we left the house together, following the sad procession as it moved slowly down the street to the church. She walked steadily, refusing my assistance; but once my hand accidentally touched hers, and I started at its extreme coldness. When we entered the church, the friends and attendants of the dead, already assembled, made way for us, and we took our stand close at the head of the coffin. Not a sound escaped Ellen. Without wavering, without weeping, she stood by while the service was read, and even till the body was lowered into the dark vault. When all was done, and those present were preparing to depart, I laid my hand on her arm. Gentle as was the touch, she fell to the ground as if struck by a mortal blow. One deep groan escaped from her white lips, and then I thought, in truth, that her sorrowful spirit had flown to rejoin those she loved in a happier world. Many rushed forward to raise her from the floor, and she was quickly conveyed to my house, where, after several hours of insensibility, she awoke to a consciousness of all that had passed.

A long and dangerous illness was the consequence of my poor friend's last severe trial; but youth and a good constitution carried her through it. On being restored to health, she returned to her mother, who was rapidly sinking into a state

of utter imbecility. The old woman lingered another year, during which time I was constantly a visitor at the cottage. Her first question whenever she saw me, even to the last, was "Where's Charlie?" for there was some link in her remembrance between me and that beloved child. In all else her memory and intelligence were totally gone. One day I turned anxiously to Ellen, hearing her sigh as her mother pronounced the accustomed words; but she smiled faintly, and said—

"Do not fear for me now: I can bear it better than I once did."

On Mrs. Matley's death, I easily persuaded Ellen to become a permanent inmate of my house, and for fifteen years we shared the same home. I will not trust myself to speak of the hour in which she was taken from me. There is a second and a larger mound now beneath the old churchyard elm, and I often visit it, treading the narrow path worn by Ellen's feet in her daily visits of old to the grave of her child.

Within the church, on the side wall of the recess which contains the vault of the Courtlands, is a marble slab bearing a simple inscription to the memory of Ellen's husband, and recording in few words the manner of his death, and below this inscription are engraved the names of his wife and child, with the dates of their departure from this life.

An influential public meeting was held at Liverpool on 22d July—Mr. Brown, the new member for South Lancashire, in the chair—to memorialize the government on the subject of the present postal arrangements to and from Liverpool. The proceedings expanded from a local to a general character. Mr. Jeffrey spoke of Mr. Rowland Hill as the only man fit to administer with advantage the great reform of which he was the author. The same idea was embodied in one of the resolutions: it incorporated this assertion—

"That a post-office system carried to the utmost possible perfection, at whatever cost short of actual waste, would yield a larger revenue than has hitherto been derived from such a source; and therefore it appears most desirable, on every account—moral, social, commercial, and fiscal—that the whole of Mr. Rowland Hill's plans of post-office management should be carried into immediate effect, with all such further improvements as experience and new facilities may suggest; and that it is the opinion of this meeting that the services of Mr. Rowland Hill himself, in perfecting the post-office system, would be extremely valuable to the country."

A new attempt to raise a fund of 7000*l.* in order to purchase an annuity of 800*l.* a year for the Reverend Theobald Mathew, is advertised in our columns; and we are asked to support the effort. Donatives are suspicious things in Ireland. How can we avoid applying our own rules, and how will they fit this claim? In sooth, we confess that we are not disposed to apply them too strictly here. It is not clear what definite and stable results have followed Mr. Mathew's exertions; and there was no lack of inducement to the service, in the idolizing homage which the missionary of temperance has received. On the other hand, it is certain that a real and great service has been rendered: Mr. Mathew may not have created a well-informed and deliberate opinion against drunkenness; but he has

enlisted the affections of an ardent people on the side of temperance, and he has broken the long reign of debauch. He has removed one obstacle from the material improvement of the Irish people. His personal sacrifices have been very great, unstinted, stretched to the extent of his whole means. There is a generous trustingness in that devotion, which in itself deserves acknowledgment. Fees for future service are of doubtful expediency; but assuredly a free gift to indemnify Theobald Mathew, to repay his generous trust, and to endow a good and benevolent man with the means of ease for the remainder of his life, would in this case be a merited, a graceful, and a pious tribute to virtue.—*Spectator*, August 1.

THE *Universal German Gazette* states, that an imperial ordinance has just been issued, permitting the Jews in Hungary to redeem, by the payment of a sum once paid down, their yearly taxes for leave to reside and carry on business. In five years all special duties on the Jews are to cease.

SPEAKING of the colonies generally, Lord John Russell declared that Lord Grey agreed with him in admitting the justice and expediency of extending free institutions as far as they possibly can be extended; his conviction being, that wherever Englishmen are assembled in great numbers, they are not so well governed by a secretary of state as by institutions which enable them in some degree to exercise self-government.

MR. GREEN, accompanied by no fewer than twelve ladies and gentlemen, ascended from Cremorne Gardens in his large Nassau balloon on Monday evening. The machine passed over London at a low altitude, affording an excellent view of the town to the voyagers, and of the balloon to townspeople. After being in the air fifty-two minutes, descended at Leyton, in Essex.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

PROPOSALS FOR A CONTINUATION OF IVANHOE.

IN A LETTER TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
BY MONSIEUR MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.*To the Most Noble Alexandre Dumas, Marquis
Davy de la Pailletterie.*

MY LORD—Permit a humble literary practitioner in England, and a profound admirer of your works, to suggest a plan for increasing your already great popularity in this country. We are laboring, my lord, under a woful dearth of novels. Fashionable novels we get, it is true; the admirable Mrs. Gore produces half-a-dozen or so in a season; but one can't live upon fashionable novels alone, and the mind wearies rather with perpetual descriptions of balls at D— House, of fashionable doings at White's or Crocky's, of ladies' toilettes, of Gunter's suppers, of *déjeûners*, Almack's, French cookery, French phrases and the like, which have been, time out of mind, the main ingredient of the genteel novel with us. As for historical novelists, they are, or seem to be, asleep among us. What have we had from a great and celebrated author since he gave us the *Last of the Barons*? Nothing but a pamphlet about the Water-cure, which, although it contained many novel and surprising incidents, still is far from being sufficient for a ravenous public. Again, where is Mr. James? Where is that teeming parent of romance? No tales have been advertised by him for time out of mind—from him who used to father a dozen volumes a year. We get, it is true, reprints of his former productions, and are accommodated with *Darnley* and *Delorme* in single volumes; but, ah, sir! (or my lord,) those who are accustomed to novelty and live in excitement, grow sulky at meeting with old friends, however meritorious, and are tired of reading and re-reading even the works of Mr. James. Where, finally, is the famous author, upon the monthly efforts of whose genius all the country was dependent? Where is the writer of the *Tower of London*, *Saint James*, *Old Saint Paul's*, &c.? What has become of the *Revelations of London*? That mystic work is abruptly discontinued, and revealed to us no more; and though, to be sure, *Old Saint Paul's* is reprinted with its awful history of the plague and the fire, yet, my dear sir, we are familiar with the plague and the fire already; our feelings were first harrowed by *Old Saint Paul's* in a weekly newspaper, then we had the terrible story revealed altogether in three volumes with cuts. Can we stand it rereprinted in the columns of a contemporary magazine? My feelings of disappointment can't be described when, on turning to the same periodical, attracted thither by the announcement of a story called *Jackomo Omberello*, (I have a bad memory for names,) I found only a reprint of a tale by my favorite author, which had appeared in an annual years ago. There is a lull, sir—a dearth of novelists. We live upon translations of your works; of those of M. Eugène Sue, your illustrious *confrère*; of those of the tragic and mysterious Soulié, that master of the criminal code; and of the ardent and youthful Paul Féval, who competes with all three.

I, for my part, am one of the warmest admirers of the new system which you pursue in France with so much success—of the twenty-volume-novel system. I like continuations. I have read

every word of *Monte-Cristo* with the deepest interest; and was never more delighted after getting through a dozen volumes of the *Three Musketeers*, than when Mr. Rolandi furnished me with another dozen of the continued history of the same heroes under the title of *Vingt Ans après*; and if one could get the lives of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis until they were 120 years old, I am sure we should all read with pleasure. Here is the recess coming—the season over—no debates to read—and no novels!

But suppose that heroes of romance, after eighty or ninety years of age, grow a thought superannuated, and are no longer fit for their former task of amusing the public; suppose you have exhausted most of your heroes, and brought them to an age when it is best that the old gentlemen should retire; why not, my dear sir, I suggest, take up other people's heroes, and give a continuation of *their* lives! There are numbers of Walter Scott's novels that I always felt were incomplete. The Master of Ravenswood, for instance, disappears, it is true, at the end of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. His hat is found, that is to say, on the sea-shore, and you suppose him drowned; but I have always an idea that he has floated out to sea, and his adventure might recommence—in a maritime novel, say—on board the ship which picked him up. No man can induce me to believe that the adventures of Quentin Durward ceased the day after he married Isabelle de Croye. People survive even marriage; their sufferings don't end with that blessed incident in their lives. Do we take leave of our friends, or cease to have an interest in them, the moment they drive off in the chaise and the wedding-*déjeûné* is over? Surely not! and it is unfair upon married folks to advance that your bachelors are your only heroes.

Of all the Scottish novels, however, that of which the conclusion gives me the greatest dissatisfaction is the dear old *Ivanhoe*—*Exannoay*, as you call it in France. From the characters of Rowena, of Rebecca, of *Ivanhoe*, I feel sure that the story can't end where it does. I have quite too great a love for the disinherited knight, whose blood has been fired by the suns of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, to suppose that he could sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, niminy-piminy Rowena. That woman is intolerable, and I call upon you, sir, with your great powers of eloquence, to complete this fragment of a novel, and to do the real heroine justice.

I have thrown together a few hints, which, if you will do me the favor to cast your eyes over them, might form matter, I am sure, sufficient for many, many volumes of a continuation of *Ivanhoe*; and remain, with assurances of profound consideration,

Sir,

Your sincere admirer,
M. A. TITMARSH.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of this history can doubt for a moment what was the result of the marriage between Wilfrid and Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanor, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentle-woman-like bearing, must be sure

that her married conduct would equal her spinster behavior, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invalid in the three ridings, Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at none, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigors of the church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with the most favor whose hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humor, it is certain that he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a joke to the shuddering, poor servitors who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale one, that nobody dared to laugh at the timid innuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, Guffo, the goose-boy, (a half-witted poor wretch,) laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper-time. It was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, "Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going to throw a little light upon the subject."* The Lady Rowena, being disturbed by a theological controversy with Father Willibald, (afterwards canonized as St. Willibald of Barcres, hermit and confessor,) called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the court-yard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

"I got you out of Front de Bœuf's castle," said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, "and canst thou not save me from the lash?"

"Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!" said Rowena, haughtily, replying to the timid appeal to her husband; "Gurth, give him four dozen!"

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which

of us is there acquainted with the sex that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at her board, and the boldest in the battlefield are craven when facing her distaff?

"Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower," is a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and, perhaps, the reader will understand, the significance. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies—the poor, gentle victim!—and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart, one would have thought that the heart of the royal lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

In fact, she *did* say, "Come and live with me as a sister," as the last chapter of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh*, (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid, the Crusader, was familiar,) or fudge, in plain Saxon, and retired, with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid, (as the Saxon lady chose to term it,) nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Jewish maiden had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-herd, who was now promoted to be a game-keeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild-boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say, "Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute those poor pigs—you know your friends the Jews can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbi's teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! Had n't you better interfere, my love! His majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always* such favorites of yours," or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the queen held a drawing-room, or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course that she took any interest in such things, but considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the country.

And now Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, is it but too often so in life! Many a garden, seen from a distance,

* I knew an old lady in my youth, who, for many years, used to make this joke every night regularly when candles were brought in, and all of us in her family were expected to laugh. Surely it is time that a piece of fun which has been in activity for seven hundred years should at length be laid up in ordinary; and this paper will not have been written altogether in vain if this good end can be brought about.—M. A. T.

looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy, the shady walks melancholy and grass grown; the bowers you would fain repose in cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caïque upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahomed; but enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of rickety huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars—a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a lie.

Perhaps a man, with Ivanhoe's high principles, would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consternation of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an excuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's, (whither he would repair not unfrequently,) the unsteadiness of his gait and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wulstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle) vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

It was while enjoying this dismal, but respectable existence, that news came to England that Wilfrid's royal master and friend was bent upon that expedition against his vassal, the Count of Limoges, which was to end so fatally before the Castle of Chalus. As a loyal subject, Sir Wilfrid hastened, with a small band of followers, to the assistance of his master, taking with him Gurth, his squire, who vowed he would have joined Robin Hood but for that, and Wamba the Jester, who cut a good joke for the first time, as he turned head-over-heels when the Castle of Rowena was once fairly out of sight.

I omit here a chapter about the siege of Chalus, which, it is manifest, can be spun out to any length to which an enterprising publisher would be disposed to go. Single combats, or combats of companies, scaladoss, ambuscadoes, rapid acts of horsemanship, destriers, catapults, mangonels, and other properties of the chivalric drama, are at the use of the commonest writer; and I am sure, my dear sir, you have too good an opinion of me to require that these weapons should be dragged out, piece by piece, from the armory, and that you will take my account for granted.

A chapter about famine in the garrison may be rendered particularly striking. I would suggest as a good contrast a description of tremendous feasting in the camp of Richard, in honor of his queen, Berengaria, with a display of antiquarian

cookery (all descriptions of eating are pleasant in works of fiction, and can scarcely be made too savory or repeated too often;) and, in the face of this carousing without the walls, the most dismal hunger raging within. That there must be love-passages between the hostile armies is quite clear. And what do you say to the Marquis of Limoges and his sons casting lots about being eaten?—with a motto from Ugolino and a fine display of filial piety?

The assault may be made very fine, too—the last assault. The old chieftain of Chalus and his sons dropping down, one by one, before the crushing curtal-axe of Richard.

“Ha, St. Richard!—ha, St. George!” the tremendous voice of the lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the battle; at every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartizan. The world hath never seen such a warrior as that lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfans de Chalus* fell down before him: there was only one left at last of all the brave race that in the morning had fought round the stout Sir Enguerrand:—only one, and but a boy—a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy! he had been gathering pansies in the fields but yesterday—it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother's arms! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted blade in Christendom?—and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot! Turn away, turn away, fond mother! Enguerrand de Chalus bewail the last of thy race! his blade is crushed into splinters under the axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee! * * *

“Now, by St. Barbacue of Limoges,” said Bertrand de Gourdon, “the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbacue—”

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

‘Twas a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon! Maddened by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused: his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more!

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done. Now ensues a splendid picture of a general massacre of the garrison, who are all murdered to a man, with the exception of Bertrand de Gourdon. Ivanhoe, of course, saves *him* for the moment; but we all know what his fate was. Bertrand was flayed alive after Richard's death; and as I don't recollect any chapter in any novel where a man's being skinned alive is described, I would suggest this as an excellent subject for a powerful and picturesque pen. Ivanhoe, of course, is stricken down and left for dead in trying to defend honest Bertrand. And now if ever there was a good finale for a volume, it is the death of Richard.

“You must die, my son,” said the venerable Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried

shrieking from the king's tent. "Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children!"

"It is ill-jesting with a dying man," replied the king. "Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me."

"Richard of England," said the archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, "your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child; and you have nourished them from your youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh."

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be to the soul of the brave! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. "It is no matter of joy but of dolour," he said, "that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more."

I need not point out to a gentleman of your powers of mind how aptly, with a few moral reflections in a grave and dirge-like key, this volume of the Continuation of Ivanhoe may conclude.

As for the second volume, King John is on the throne of England. Shakespear, Hume, and the *Biographie Universelle*, are at hand. Prince Arthur, Magna Charta, Cardinal Pandolfo, suggest themselves to the mind at once; and the deuce is in it if out of these one cannot form a tolerably exciting volume.

For instance, in the first part a disguised knight becomes the faithful servant of young Arthur (perhaps Constance of Brittany may fall in love with the mysterious knight, but that is neither here nor there,) attends young Arthur, I say, watches him through a hundred perplexities, and, of course, is decoyed away—just happens to step out, as it were, when the poor young prince is assassinated by his savage uncle.

The disguised knight vows revenge; he stirs up the barons against the king, and what is the consequence? No less a circumstance than Magna Charta, the palladium of Britons. The Frenchmen land under the Dauphin Louis, son of Philip Augustus. He makes the grandest offers to the unknown knight. Scornful resistance of the latter, and defeat of the Frenchmen.

And now I am sure you have no need to ask who is this disguised knight. Ivanhoe, of course! But why disguised? In the first place, in a novel, it is very hard if a knight or any other gentleman can't disguise himself without any reason at all; but there is a reason for Ivanhoe's disguising himself, and a most painful reason, ROWENA WAS MARRIED AGAIN.

After the siege of Chalus, the faithful Gurth, covered with wounds, came back to Rotherwood, and brought the sad news of the death of the lion-hearted Plantagenet, and his truest friend, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Wounded to death in endeavoring to defend honest Bertrand de Gourdon, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe had been carried back to his tent, where he expired in the arms of his faithful squire, after giving him the lock of Rowena's hair which he had in a brooch, and his gold thumb-ring, which she had presented to him, and which bore his signature and seal of arms. "There was another

lock of hair round my noble master's neck," sobbed Gurth to Cedric in secret.

"Was it mine?" asked the bereaved old thane.

"Yours is red, my lord, and that was black," answered Gurth—"as black as the ringlets of the fair Jewish maid he rescued in the lists of Templestowe."

Of course not a word was breathed about this fact to Rowena, who received the news of her husband's death with that resignation which became her character, and who, though she did not show any outward signs of emotion at the demise of her lord, must yet have been profoundly affected, because she wore the deepest mourning any of the milliners' shops in York could produce, and erected a monument to him as big as a minster.

That she married again the stupid Athelstane when her time of mourning was expired, is a matter of course, about which no person familiar with life could doubt for a moment. Cardinal Pandolfo did the business for them, and lest there should be any doubt about Ivanhoe's death, (for his body was never sent home after all,) his eminence procured a papal rescript annulling the former marriage, so that she might become Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. That she was happier with the boozy and stupid thane than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid need surprise no one. Women have a predilection for fools, and have loved donkeys long before the amours of Bottom and Titania. That he was brutal and drunken, and that he beat her, and that she liked it and was happy, and had a large family, may be imagined; for there are some women—bless them!—who pine unless they are bullied, and think themselves neglected if not occasionally belabored. But this I feel is getting too *intime*. Suffice it that Mr. and Mrs. Athelstane were a great deal happier than Mr. and Mrs. Ivanhoe.

And now, with your permission, I would suggest two or three sentimental chapters. Ivanhoe—disguised of course—returns to this country, travels into the north of England, arrives at York, (where the revels of King John may be described,) and takes an opportunity, when a Jew is being submitted to the torture, of inquiring what has become of Rebecca, daughter of Isaac. "Has she returned to England?" he cursorily asks. "No, she is still at Granada, where her people are held in honor at the court of Boabdil." He revisits her house, the chamber where she tended him; indulges in old recollections, discovers the depth of his passion for her, and bewails his lot in life, that he is lonely, wretched, and an outcast.

Shall he go to Rotherwood and see once more the scenes of his youth? Can he bear to witness the happiness of Athelstane and Rowena the bride of another? He will go if it be but to visit his father's grave, for Cedric is dead by this time, as you may imagine; and, supposing his son dead, has left all his property to Rowena. Indeed it was the old Thane who insisted upon her union with Athelstane, being bent upon renewing his scheme for the establishment of a Saxon dynasty.

Well, Ivanhoe arrives at Rotherwood.

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled and his shrunken cheek looked deadly pale; but he recovered himself presently, nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane's knee,

Rowena, smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden hanap. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar—

"And so, Grey Frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman!"

"We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good king in his last moments; in truth, he made a Christian ending!"

"And didst thou see the archer flayed alive? It must have been rare sport," roared Athelstane, laughing hugely at the joke. "How the fellow must have howled!"

"My love!" said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

"I would have liked to see it too," cried the boy.

"That's my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he tried to defend the man. The more fool he!"

"My sweet lord," again interposed Rowena, "mention him not."

"Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore—when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?"

"Those times are past now, dear Athelstane," said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

"Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena."

"The odious hussy! don't mention the name of the unbelieving creature," exclaimed the lady.

"Well, well, poor Will was a good lad—a thought melancholy and milkop though. Why a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains."

"Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance," said the friar. "I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister."

"And there's an end of him," said Athelstane.

"But come, this is dismal talk. Where's Wamba the jester? Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don't lie like a log in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for bygones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world."

"There be buzzards in eagles' nests," Wamba said, who was lying stretched before the fire sharing the hearth with the thane's dogs; "there be dead men alive and live men dead; there be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, Gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain."

"Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating," the thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began:—

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,

All your aim is woman to win.

This is the way that boys begin.

Wait till you've come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,

Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybells' window-panes.

Wait till you've come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,

Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;

Then you know a boy is an ass,

Then you know the worth of a lass,

Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,

All good fellows whose beards are gray;

Did not the fairest of the fair

Common grow and wearisome, ere

Ever a month was past away!

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,

The brightest eyes that ever have shone,

May pray and whisper and we not list

Or look away and never be missed,

Ere yet a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,

How I loved her twenty years' syne!

Marian's married, but I sit here,

Alive and merry at forty year,

Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

"It was a good and holy hermit, sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest."

"They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love," said Rowena. "His majesty hath taken him into much favor. My lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really —"

"Jealous again, haw! haw!" laughed Athelstane.

"I am above jealousy, and scorn it," Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

"Well, well, Wamba's was a good song," Athelstane said.

"Nay, a wicked song," said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. "What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only."

"I pray you, madam, pardon me, I—I am not well," said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprang after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. "There be dead men alive and live men dead," whispered he. "There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy

friar?" And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, "I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!"

"Get up," said Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; "only fools are faithful."

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar spent there, and Wamba the jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came Gurth and Wamba were gone; but the absence of the pair was little heeded by the Lady Rowena, who was bound for York, where his majesty King John was holding a court.

Here you have an idea of the first part of the narrative. And I think there is nothing unsatisfactorily accounted for but Ivanhoe's mysterious silence during four or five years. For though Rowena married the day after her mourning was out, there is not the slightest blame to be cast on her, for she was a woman of such high principle, that had she known her husband was alive she never would have thought of such a thing. As for Ivanhoe's keeping his existence secret, that I consider is a point which, as hero of a novel, he has perfectly a right to do. He may have been delirious from the effects of his wounds for three or four years, or he may have been locked up and held to ransom by some ferocious baron of the Limousin. When he became acquainted with Rowena's second marriage there was a reason for his keeping *incog*. Delicacy forbade him to do otherwise. And if the above hints suit you, and you can make three or four volumes out of them, as I have little doubt you will be able to do, I will take the liberty, my dear sir, of finishing the tale in the September number.

THE SPEAKING AUTOMATON.

VARIOUS attempts have been made by mechanical agency to imitate the human voice, but hitherto, we believe, with very partial success. The praise of overcoming the difficulty has been reserved for a German artist. With the ingenuity for which his countrymen are famous he has constructed a speaking machine, which utters every sound of which the human organ is capable, with surprising distinctness; which whispers, speaks aloud, laughs, sings, talks, in every language, and repeats any form of words that any visitor may require. Professor Faber is the inventor of this new marvel. He has brought it from Vienna, where it was exhibited with great applause; and has, during the early part of the week, exhibited it in a room in the Egyptian-hall, to assemblages distinguished for rank and for scientific attainments. The result has been highly satisfactory.

The machine has been constructed from an attentive observation of the human organs of articulation; and the professor, by closely following nature in the formation of lungs, larynx, and mouth, has been able to make his machine extremely simple and manageable. There is no charlatanry about it; all the arrangements are exposed, and the professor invites the closest inspection of them.

The first thing that strikes the spectator on regarding the machine is a figure, life-size, dressed in Oriental costume. The mouth of this figure alone moves. At the back of the head is an apparatus like the bellows to a blacksmith's forge, which acts as lungs for a supply of air necessary to articulation. Then, on one side are a number of keys, not unlike those of a pianoforte, communicating with the internal arrangements of the figure. By touching these singly, the sounds of the alphabet are produced, and, by touching them in combination, words and sentences are rapidly uttered. Nothing can be more simple and ingenious than the whole arrangement, nothing more surprising than the effects produced. The appearance would, however, be more scientific if the figure, which answers no purpose, were altogether dispensed with.

The German alphabet is uttered more distinctly than the English alphabet—in fact the machine speaks English with a German accent, but some sounds common to both languages are given with astonishing accuracy, as *f*, *m*, *n*, *s*, and *x*. So in sentences the German pronunciation is clearer than the English; but even in the latter tongue many of the words are perfectly spoken. In the sentence, "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen?" it is difficult to believe that the last word is not spoken by a human voice. Generally, too, the numerals are correctly uttered, as "twenty-one," "one hundred and thirty-six," the complex sounds appearing more distinct than the simple ones. The liquid sound of *u* is but imperfectly rendered; all the consonants are pronounced more accurately than the vowels. Professor Faber works the machine nearly, if not quite, as rapidly as a person can speak. Its pronunciation of English is certainly better than his own.

He has been twenty years in bringing this singular and beautiful piece of mechanism to its present state of efficiency, yet it is still evidently capable of great improvement. The principles on which it is constructed allow of the most perfect accuracy in speech and sound being attained. In singing the machine gives promise of brilliant vocalization. Really it would be rash to predict that Grisi and Lablache would much longer retain their fame. Successive improvements may, perhaps, give this machine powers that will rival the trill of the nightingale and the lark, and defy all competition from the human organ.

The most amusement is produced by the laughter of the machine. Without being perfectly natural, it is so grotesquely life-like as to provoke genuine merriment from all who hear it. Another amusing portion of the performance is when it speaks as if laboring under the effect of a bad cold.

Professor Faber seems absolutely devoted to his instrument. A child of his own creation, he has the fondness of a parent for it, and is continually developing new capacities in it. He appears to be a mechanical genius, and to have an extraordinary ear for sound. He is very intelligent, and has an intellectual head; his face is marked with traces of careful study. He is advancing in years, turned of fifty we think, and is short in person, with quick and rapid gestures. Being but very imperfectly acquainted with English himself, he labors under the difficulty of not immediately catching the exact pronunciation of the words his machine has to repeat. But, allowing for this, the invention is truly extraordinary, and a perfect triumph of

mechanical skill. One is tempted to think while listening to the heaven-given faculty of language, so well imitated by art, that this is, perhaps, the nearest approach it is possible for human ingenuity to make, towards realizing Mrs. Shelley's conception of a man-created being.—*Britannia*.

WINTER SPORTS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

YACHTING on the frozen Kenebekasis was but a frigid amusement at the best. The manufacture of an ice-boat is simple enough; over two long skates are placed any construction sufficient to hold the party, and a long pole is lashed across at right angles, which prevents the boat from capsizing. When the wind is high, she flies over the ice at a most terrific rate; and goes so near the wind that the least touch of the helm sends her round, when she is instantly off again on the other tack. A favorite amusement is coasting. On moonlight nights, a party repair to the top of some steep frozen descent, and ladies and gentlemen in pairs seat themselves upon sleighs or coasters and push them off. After a thaw the frost makes the surface of the snow as glare ice; the pace is then awful, and the roll in the snow proportionate. They are steered in their headlong descent by a slight pressure of the heel; but the Bluenose ladies, being more *au fait* at it than we were, sat in front and guided them.

The meeting of the Tandem Club was a very gay affair; twice in each week, twenty sleighs, painted of the most gaudy colors, and decked out with furs of all kinds, trimmed with fringe of different colors, drove off from the barracks or other rendezvous. The last married lady was selected as chaperon, and there were plenty of fair candidates for the drive. The brass band and merry bells added not a little to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The sleighs used in New Brunswick are of all forms and kinds—from that constructed with a couple of ashpoles (a nick alone distinguishing where the runners terminate and the shafts commence) with a few boards placed across to support a barrel, in which the victim sits or stands, to the double or single sleighs on high runners, not forgetting the Madawaska cariole, the height and luxury and the perfection of locomotion, and in which you recline, covered up to the chin in furs. It is absolutely necessary in the construction of a sleigh that the "runners" should be a good distance apart, and "flare out" sufficiently; for, should the road be covered with ice and "bogged up" in the centre, the sleigh will slide to one side with great velocity, particularly when turning a corner sharp. This is called "*slewing*," and the slightest impediment on the ice will be sufficient to upset the sleigh. When a "*slew*" takes place, it is necessary to pull the shaft-horse *with it*—a beginner is sure to do exactly the reverse, and is certain to be capsized. Even a high wind is sufficient to blow a sleigh round in an exposed situation, and upon "glare ice," when an upset is likely to happen, unless the runners "flare out" well at bottom.

I originally purchased a sleigh with faulty runners, and had several upsets and smashes, on which occasions the wreck alone of the "conveyance" reached barracks. One day, out sleighing on the Kenebekasis, the ice was glare, and in the

most perfect order: there was not the slightest draught, and my horses were trotting along merrily at the rate of twelve miles an hour, when, all at once, a squall of wind caught the sleigh and spun it round; and the runners at the same time encountering some roughness on the surface, the sleigh was upset, and the horses, as is generally the case, instantly set off at full gallop; for some time I was held in by the apron, and slipped along on my side, keeping a tight hold of the reins. The leader was galloping like a Caraboo, and the shaft-horse giving occasional kicks at the mass of encumbrance about his heels. At length the apron gave way, and, still holding on by "the ribbons," I was jerked off in the manner of one of those swings used in gymnastic academies, to be as quickly banged against the splash-board; and, four or five of these *coups* coming in quick succession, I was obliged to shorten my hold of the reins, and, the distance between the shaft-horse's heels and my head being in consequence much diminished, I thought with the knight "*thrt discretion was the better part of valor*," and—let go.

On getting up and shaking myself, I saw my servant, who had been pitched out of the hind seat, some three quarters of a mile behind, and the distance between him and myself preserved in perspective by sundry cushions, skins, linings, and bits of fringe; and, on turning to look after the sleigh, I had the felicity to see the horses still going "*Derby pace*," and just debouching from the ice, "*steering wild*" for a gap in a "*zigzag*" fence. Bang they went against the rails, giving the *coup de grace* to the proceeding, and going well away into the woods with the shafts dangling about their heels. I then built a new sleigh.

The painting and trimming up of the sleigh depend much upon the taste of the possessor; the general colors are dark bodies, with scarlet runners. I found that a white ground, picked out with bright vermillion, and bear and buffalo skins, with a liberal quantity of deep scarlet curtain fringe, and scarlet cloth, cut into scallops, arranged in studied confusion, the whole furnished with a huge pair of moose-horns in front, looked extremely light and gay on the snow; and the white, from being relieved by the vermillion, had no dirty appearance when contrasted with the snow.—*The Backwoods*.

POPE PIUS the Ninth proceeds excellently with his intelligent career: the political amnesty is published, and it is right hearty in its terms. The exceptions are not extensive, nor absolute, nor altogether improper. It has created quite a sensation in Rome, and the warm applause which it has elicited may be a good lesson to persevere. Should the pope continue in this track of wise liberality, it must have an effect far beyond the pale of his own secular domain: Austria would be quite unable to withstand so new an influence in her neighborhood, and her system of hard tyranny must be broken up. It is curious to see the germs of a peaceful revolution in Rome, the head-quarters of the old despotic bigotry; but Pius seems, from present appearances, to have the heart, the head, and the courage, to know what a wise pontiff might do to save his country from the rebellious consequences of intolerable oppression.—*Spectator*, August 1.

From the North British Review.

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. RYLAND. With Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion, by JOHN SHEPHERD, Author of *Thoughts on Devotion*, &c., &c. In Two Volumes. London, 1846. Republished by Wiley & Putnam, New York.

ALTHOUGH so recently removed from among us, and so lately employing his pen upon the themes of the day, John Foster—every reader of these volumes must feel it—belongs to an era gone by—an era not defunct in the course of natural decay, or because it had lived on to spend its forces, but because it has been thrust out by the energies of the now present period. Foster's "times" have been superannuated by the vehemence of the times we live in; himself possessed, as he is, unquestionably, as a writer, of a bright and fair immortality, the things with which he was concerned, the opinions he maintained, along with the opinions he so warmly denounced, have already faded into the distance of history; few, if any, of his ominous forebodings have come upon us, and as few of his anticipations of the spread and triumph of the principles he so confidently deemed to be good, have been realized. The cycle of a very few years, with their mighty changes—changes, some ostensible and some occult, has brought us to a position whence John Foster's period may be looked at along with John Milton's.

It was not so with Arnold. Arnold died, as if designedly, at a moment the best for bringing before the world, with a startling vividness, the greatness and the high import of those transitions, theological, moral, and political, which we were then, and are now, passing through. His "Life and Correspondence" was like a sudden and an unlooked for summing up of the evidence, while the cause is still in hearing. Those signal letters, dated "Fox-How" and "Rugby," were "dispatches" written upon the field, and sent off while the enemy is still in sight and intrenched; and the hold they took of men's minds was attributable, not simply to their intrinsic force, but to the reader's own consciousness of being personally implicated in the issue:—hopes and alarms, touching a man's social or political well-being, or that of his children, opened a way for those letters into all hearts, and imprinted them indelibly on the memory.

The points of resemblance or analogy between Foster and Arnold are too few and indistinct, and the points of contrariety are too many and too prominent to allow of the attempt to institute a comparison, such as should be fair to both these great men, or profitable to the reader. We shall attempt nothing of the sort, and, in truth, are reminded of Arnold's name in this instance by the merely incidental fact, that the volumes before us stir the mind in a manner which nothing, in this department of literature, has done—of late years—Arnold's *Life* excepted. How many thousands of persons, wherever the English language is known, have felt that, so long as they could eke out the perusal of Arnold from day to day, they were possessed at once of a source of the most intense intellectual gratification, and of the most solid moral benefit. Feelings, far less vivid, will attach to the perusal of Foster's letters, and fewer, probably, will be the readers; but, to a class much more select, the perusal will afford a most delicious revival of trains of thought, and of emotions,

which everything around us tends to dissipate, or to render impracticable or incongruous. To Foster's contemporaries—we mean to those who remember the first appearance of his essays—these volumes will furnish a refreshment of a bright, early intellectual season—the morning hour of life, oftener regretted than revived. We could gladly hope that, within younger bosoms, they may kindle tastes which little at present serves to nourish, and the decline of which marks, as we think, the decay, in this country, of what is, in the highest sense, THE MIND—the life of the soul.

We do not know, and should not care to ask, to what extent Foster's *Essays* is now a selling book: but, in frequent instances, have been vexed to meet with educated young persons, and who were conversant, quite enough for their welfare, with German mysticism, but who were not even cognizant of the name of an English writer so well able to stir the spirit and to awaken the loftiest emotions! It is surely a mistake—it is a bad fashion, to import and consume an inferior foreign article, while neglecting a home growth of far finer quality! Is Foster sometimes obscure? Yes, but there is *always* a meaning to be had, and a rich meaning too, within the compass of his paragraphs. German pantheists are hard to be understood, because with them so often the crust of words overlays nothing that is intelligible—or, what is so absurd, if intelligible, that we reject it as "certainly not the intention of so fine a writer."

It will, we fear, be inevitable, once and again, to make an allusion to Arnold: yet, deprecating as we do any design to institute a formal comparison or to offer a contrast. Arnold supplies us in his letters with the means, indirectly, of acquiring a knowledge of the constitution of his mind, and of his moral structure: but he forgets himself in the heat and haste of his beneficent concernment with the well-being of those around him, and of the human family. Foster sits down to paint, to describe, to anatomize himself—his individual soul; yet he does not do this from egotism, or at the impulse of an excessive self-esteem: far from it: but because, as a meditative recluse, misliking the world, he is glad always to run into an enclosure where none could follow or annoy him. With as much perhaps of the rudiment of benevolence at the bottom of his heart as swelled the bosom of Arnold and sparkled in his features, he is too lofty in his notions, and too sensitive, and too captious, to think of the world as a thing worth the mending, or of mankind as reclaimable: too indolent also to enter upon any course of life which would have given the moral emotions their due advantage over the imaginative sentiments. He profoundly laments, therefore, the prevalence of those evils which Arnold lived and died to remove, or at least to alleviate. What would not the head master of Rugby have done; what personal comfort would he not have relinquished, for the sake of raising, only a little, the "moral tone" of the "Rugby boys," or how many martyrdoms would he have endured, could he thereby have brought the millions of India within hearing of the truth! Foster was indifferent to none of those moral interests which occupied Arnold's hands and soul; but he looked abroad upon the moral world in another manner; as thus:

"What is the use or value of communities, extending beyond actual communication—of states, republics, kingdoms, empires!

"How can we take interest enough in distant beings of our own sort, to feel anything that deserves to be called universal benevolence? Why did the Supreme Disposer put so many beings in one world, under circumstances which necessarily make them strangers to one another?"

"Views which strongly realize to the mind the vast multitude of mankind, tend to contract benevolence. The mind seems to say, What can I do with all this crowd? I cannot keep them in my habitual view; I cannot extend my affections to a thousand millions of persons who know nothing, and care nothing about me or each other; I can do them no good, I can derive no good from them; they have all their concerns, and I have mine; if I were this moment annihilated, it would be all the same to them;—there is no connection, nor relation, nor sympathy, nor mutual interest between us. I cannot therefore care anything about them; my affections cannot reach beyond these four or five with whom my own personal interests are immediately connected."—Vol. i., p. 355.

The world—the human system—being in his view an uncouth mass, not to be looked at without disgust, and not to be touched without defilement, Foster gathered himself up—sympathies and energies—within, not the cloak of the misanthrope, nor the tub of Diogenes, but the dust-coated attic, whence issued writings that will finely temper the products of other men's activities. His essays—his letters—his journal, exhibit the converse of a mind, a mind of gigantic stature, a mind of the keenest sensitiveness—with itself! Everything in these writings is genuine and true, and noble, that relates to this one soul. Most things in them that relate to the world exterior are, if not false, yet mis-stated; or true only in some partial sense. There is no modern writer whose thoughts are of more weight than Foster's; none (of any note) whose opinions are of less. We shall endeavor to hold out to view this interior universe grand and beautiful, while, with a becoming gentleness and reverence, we animadvert upon those strange mistakes that attach to his notions of things around him. The comparison which we disclaim, between Arnold and Foster, will, alas! haunt us still! Arnold, within his sphere, (and had his sphere been immensely wider than it was, the same would have been true,) ruled his firmament as the sun, enlightening all things, warming all, vivifying all: Foster (the passage is inimitably beautiful) describes the moon in terms that might not unaptly be taken to depict himself.

"Have just seen the moon rise, and wish the image to be eternal. I never beheld her in so much character, nor with so much sentiment, all these thirty years that I have lived. Emerging from a dark mountain of clouds, she appeared in a dim sky, which gave a sombre tinge to her most majestic aspect. It seemed an aspect of solemn, retiring severity, which had long forgotten to smile; the aspect of a being which had no sympathies with this world—of a being totally regardless of notice, and having long since, with a gloomy dignity, resigned the hope of doing any good, yet proceeding, with composed, unchangeable self-determination, to fulfil her destiny, and even now looking over the world at its accomplishment."—Vol. i., p. 211.

That individuality, the absence of which is precisely what makes the "many" the many, and the presence of which in excess, along with common qualities and a narrow intellect, renders a

man absurd in the eyes of others, and often intensely miserable within himself, is the very rudiment of its greatness, and the reason of its power over other minds, when it attaches, in a high degree, to splendor of the imagination, and to compass and force of the reflective faculty. "A painful sense of an awkward and entire individuality" belonged to him, as he says; so early as his twelfth year; no doubt from his earliest childhood; and this insulating consciousness—a dim consciousness of intellectual dimensions out of all proportion to his worldly condition, and to the opinion entertained of him by others—even his parents and his instructors, had time to congest, and to become the unalterable habit of his character, while as yet he had not surmised anything distinctly as to his own powers of mind. His "individuality" had thoroughly crusted itself at eighteen; his great faculties had not fully become known to himself at eight-and-twenty. Even four years later—a period when men of eminent intelligence, born in a higher sphere, and enjoying the advantages of education, have usually won half their laurels—Foster was barely beginning to suspect that the lofty prerogatives which his "individuality" made him long for, were actually his own, by the gift of nature.

"Long as it is since I wrote to you before, no incident worthy of particular notice has occurred—or perhaps the very circumstance of my being apt to suffer things to pass without notice, is itself the reason why I do not distinguish and recollect particulars. Many events may possibly have engaged the attention of other men, which I was too thoughtless to observe, or too ignorant to comprehend their consequence. I am a very indifferent philosopher, I confess, for I have neither curiosity nor speculation. This inattention to the external world might be excused if the deficiency were supplied from within. If I were, like some men, a kingdom or a world within myself, superior entertainment should soon make my friends forget the uninteresting particulars of ordinary intelligence. How enviable the situation—to feel the transition from the surrounding world into one's own capacious mind, like quitting a narrow, confined valley, and entering on diversified and almost boundless plains—if this felicity were mine, I might be equally unconcerned to obtain or to recollect the news of the town. I might explore new and unknown regions of intellect and fancy—and after having carried my career to a distance which the most erratic comets never reached, return with the most glowing and amazing descriptions of the scenes through which I had passed."—Vol. i., p. 25.

Many passages in the Journal are to the same purpose.

"Feel this insuperable individuality. Something seems to say, 'Come, come away; I am but a gloomy ghost among the living and the happy. There is no need of me; I shall never be loved as I wish to be loved, and as I could love. I will converse with my friends in solitude; then they seem to be *within* my soul; when I am with them they seem to be *without* it. They do not need the few felicities I could impart; it is not generous to tax their sympathies with my sorrows; and these sorrows have an aspect on myself which no other person can see. I can never become deeply important to any one; and the unsuccessful effort to become so, costs too much in the painful sentiment which the affections feel when they return mortified from the fervent attempt to give themselves to some heart

which would welcome them with a pathetic warmth."—Vol. i., p. 220.

"I have long been taught and compelled by observation to form a very bad opinion of mankind; this conviction is irresistible; but, at the same time, I am aware of the Christian duty of cultivating a benevolence as ardent as if the contrary estimate of human character were true. I feel it most difficult to preserve anything like this benevolence; my mind recoils from human beings, excepting a very few, into a cold interior retirement, where it feels as if dissociated from the whole creation. I do not, however, in any degree, approve this tendency, and I earnestly wish and pray for more of the spirit of the Saviour of the world."—Vol. i., p. 319.

We have said that everything in Foster's letters and journal relating to himself—this inner world—this retreat wherein he took refuge, is genuine and true. It can barely be necessary to exclude a misunderstanding, as if we accepted as literally true his own estimate of his dispositions, when he reports himself to be misanthropic, unsocial and cold. Nothing could be farther from the truth than such a representation: it was the loftiness, the purity, the fervor of his moral perceptions—it was the intensity of his social instincts that drove him out of the "world" into his attic, and that encased him in ice when unavoidably mingling with ordinary minds. *Psychologically understood*, Foster's own report of himself, as "a misanthrope"—a being "cold and unsocial"—contradicted as it is so copiously by other evidence—his own evidence given under other influences, as well as the entire character of his various writings—is quite true and genuine, in as much as it is a *symptom of his case*—a diagnostic of his moral constitution—a constitution not altogether healthful. Real misanthropes do not mournfully make such entries in their journals as this: "Alas! I am a misanthrope." Beings who indeed are cold-hearted, unsocial, and selfish, neither write it down that they are so, nor speak it. Too clearly conscious of the dread fact, they would not give evidence against themselves in a case which they know lacks no sort of proof, unless it be such a confession.

Foster's case, although indeed rare, if we think of the faculties of mind which, in this instance, signalize it, is by no means uncommon. Affections deep, tender, and refined—moral instincts of the purest sort, and the most vivid, a sense of right—and therefore a sense of wrong, the most passionate—even tempestuous, and imagination alive to the great and beautiful, but always swayed by an infelicitous animal temperament towards what is terrible or sombre.—Such elements of character imperfectly governed by the higher reason—perhaps owning no submission to any such authority, constitute the man—such as was Foster—ever reviling himself as a misanthrope, because born into a world where the impulses of a seraph's bosom are so often outraged, and must always be repressed.

On subjects remote from those questions which had enlisted—shall we say which had "retained"—his imagination and his moral sensibilities, Foster's judgment is sound, his perceptions acute, his decisions discriminating, his conclusions apt and just. Reason, with him, was an energy of a high order—although not at all of scientific quality: but the misfortune was, that it bore no proportion to the combined forces—and they were ever in combination—of his imagination and his moral sense, and so it is that, whenever he nears the ground of political

or ecclesiastical controversy, he starts forward in a sort of bison gallop—fiercely breaking through enclosures—trampling down fair fields, and butting outrageously at whatever dares stand erect in his course. The best thing that can be done by quiet folks on such occasions, is to stand on one side until the gigantic creature has finished his sport, and plunges again into the jungle; but we protest against the error of calling the buffalo either tiger or crocodile.

In this view of the case, we must warn off from these volumes party writers and sectarian reviewers. Such, if any such there be, will be prompt to snatch at, and adduce many passages which might seem to bear them out in saying—"See what the party is—what is its spirit—what its intentions—what its malignity—which John Foster represented in his time, and of which he was the idol!" Conclusions such as this would only indicate a want of intelligence, a lack of philosophic perception, a misunderstanding of the instance. Not a little that is absurdly sectarian, violent, uncharitable, intemperate, might be culled from the letters and journal; and if, in the course of this article, we advert to passages of this kind, our intention in doing so will be not to set the particular question right—whether ecclesiastical or political, which were a superfluous task, but to set Foster's personal reputation clear of the imputations to which these crude portions will probably render it obnoxious. Fairly to interpret them, one should duly consider his own mental structure, the narrowing influences of his early course and position, and, not less, the peculiar aspects and provocations of the times when his opinions were formed and proclaimed. Born in the humblest rank, and enjoying, in early life, very scantily those advantages of education or association which may avail to remove from a vigorous mind its plebeian notions, and which, with a mind such as his, would not less have mellowed his moral nature, than have disciplined his reason, Foster began to think and to feel, in relation to political and ecclesiastical questions, just at that enigmatic juncture, the misunderstood phenomena of which perverted the views, and set wrong the public course, of some, greater than he in intellect, and far better taught.

We take it for granted that everybody will read these volumes, and shall, therefore, attempt no summary of Foster's life—a tale soon told—nor quote from them, except such passages as may be necessary to give coherence and support to our remarks. Like all who indeed *think*, and who muse painfully upon the mysteries of the system in which they find themselves placed, Foster early doubted concerning many things ordinarily held, in his connexion, to be true, and some such points of belief he continued to reject to the last. He wandered not, however, from the precincts of serious faith—faith in Christianity; and no reader of the letters and journal can hesitate to admit that a deep, a solemn conviction of the reality of things unseen and eternal—a conviction meekly submissive always to the testimony of Scripture—possessed his mind, and governed it. Besides that the high moral tone of his character, and the grandeur of his imagination, held him ever near to the radiant centre of truth, his mind wanted entirely the scientific rudiment, and therefore he was never in peril of skepticism. If he disbelieved some things which others believed, it was not from *disbelief* that he did so; but rather from an overpowering belief—a vivid sense of certain truths which were seemingly incompatible with such and such articles of an ortho-

dox creed. There are men, and many such, who believe everything firmly, precisely because they believe nothing deeply. They doubt nothing, because they never ask themselves what their belief includes and implies; and if only they could, for a moment, get a glimpse of the interior of a mind like Foster's—if they could creep into his bosom, they would come away bereft of a third of their "articles." Foster believed, as superior natures in an upper world believe; and he, on earth, doubted, just where they, in heaven, veil their faces with their wings.

Whatever shocked or countervailed the powerful impulses and genuine instincts of his soul, he cast from him as utterly to be rejected. Christians should love each other; but, alas! church members too often "bite and devour one another;" and the inference with him is instantaneous—not that church members should be admonished and reformed, but that churches are nuisances, and should be dissolved, one and all!

"On the occasion of a violent dissension between two religious societies, which came under his immediate notice, he speaks of obtaining plenty of confirmation, if he had needed it, of his old opinion, that churches are useless and mischievous institutions, and the sooner they are dissolved the better. * * * He believed that there was more of appearance than of reality in the union of church-membership; and that, at all events, its benefits were greatly overrated. With the exception of public worship and the Lord's supper, he was averse to everything institutional in religion. He never administered, nor even witnessed in mature life, (it is believed,) the ordinance of baptism, and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity. In writing to a friend, (Sept. 10, 1828,) he says:—'I have long felt an utter loathing of what bears the general denomination of the church, with all its parties, contests, disgraces, or honors. My wish would be little less than the dissolution of all church institutions, of all orders and shapes; that religion might be set free, as a grand spiritual and moral element, no longer clogged, perverted, and prostituted by corporation forms and principles.'—Vol. i., p. 61.

The very same melancholic fastidiousness gave its character to Foster's opinions on the most ordinary subjects, and impelled him toward extreme conclusions in relation to any object, which at once woke up the moral sense—in him so painfully sensitive—and overclouded his imagination with lugubrious images. The premises leading to such conclusions were furnished wholly by his moral instincts and his imagination, nor were his inferences modified at all by a regard to the simple facts of the case. Witness the crudities of the letters "On the Metropolis." An intense commiseration of want and woe—a high, indiscriminate wrath against the possessors of luxury, of comfort, and of authority, who are assumed to be the authors, remotely or directly, of human sufferings; and then the resentment of a countryman against brick walls, noisy vehicles, smoke, and the sundry nuisances of such a city as London—combined, if not to convince him that London should be shoved into the Thames, yet to exclude from his view, as if no such things existed, all that incalculable amount of good—good of the highest order—good, not merely for the metropolis itself, nor merely for Britain, but for the wide world—of which London is the focus, the germinating centre, the direct and active cause. We can scarcely believe that Foster would himself have reprinted, in his later years,

letters such as these:—that he had reached the age of three-and-thirty at the time they were written, affords a striking evidence of the slow growth, and the late development of his mind. They are, in fact, worthy of a sensitive, romantic youth of eighteen, and are very fit to be addressed to "a young lady!" Nothing in them is simply according to fact—nothing that tends to guide or to inspire benevolent enterprises. Well is it for London, and for the world, that its hundred charities, religious and secular, find men and women to support and carry them out, whose sensibilities are more practical, and whose imaginations are less sublime! So moody was Foster's mind, when once it had been smitten with a sad theme, that probably, if one had ventured to whisper in his ear something about hospitals, dispensaries, visiting societies, city missions, and churches, or even chapels, besides innumerable benevolent agencies, purely private and individual, all would have been interpreted by him in an ominous sense, as affording more proof of his argument! Take Foster to a "Ragged School"—what confirmation does it yield of his darkest surmises as to the misery and the vice of the metropolis! "Yes, sir," we should have said, "but grant us at least this—that if the scholars belong to, and if they are a sample of, London, the school also belongs to, and is a sample of, the same awful concrete." The squalid urchins are "the Metropolis;" but the master, and the mistress, and their patrons, are also "the Metropolis." Let it be true, that the noble and the wealthy do not attempt all they might and ought, in behalf of the want and woe around them; and let them be urged and incited, by all proper means, to acquit themselves better than they do of their responsibilities; but we doubt if much good will be done in this way by those who would handle the subject after such a fashion as the following:—

"I am sorry not to have gained the knowledge which thirty or forty shillings would have purchased in London. At the expense of so much spent in charity, a person might have visited just once eight or ten of those sad retirements in darkness, in dark alleys, where, in garrets and cellars, thousands of wretched families are dying of famine and disease. It would be most painful, however, to see these miseries without the power to supply any effectual relief. At the very same time you may see a succession, which seems to have no end, of splendid mansions, equipages, liveries; you may scent the effluvia of preparing feasts; you may hear of fortunes, levees, preferments, pensions, corporation dinners, royal hunts, etc., etc., numerous beyond the devil's own arithmetic to calculate. This whole view of society might be called the devil's *play-bill*; for surely this world might be deemed a vast theatre, in which he, as manager, conducts the endless, horrible drama of laughing and suffering, while the diabolical satyrs of power, wealth, and pride, are dancing round their dying victims:—a spectacle and an amusement for which the infernale will pay him liberal thanks."—Vol. i., p. 258.

It is curious, we will not say amusing, to observe the manner in which men of Foster's order are apt to be carried away by their impulses. There is, perhaps, a terrible sublimity in the idea of tens of thousands of wretches thought of as living and dying the victims of luxury and power! But there is no sublimity in the thought or spectacle of fifty or a hundred methodist-looking men, in

shabby black, dingy stocks, and pale faces, setting out to visit these tens of thousands? A *dirty* pale face is the symbol of masses of dirty pale faces—and all the victims of “vicious institutions,” and evidences of “wicked government!” A *clean* pale face is only a clean pale face! nevertheless, if the wearer of it be the martyr of Christian benevolence, and if, moreover, he be salaried by Christian wealth, then, surely the pale clean face might just be named, when the dirty pale face is made the text of a sweeping condemnation, thundered against “the diabolical satyrs of power, wealth, and pride!”

The editor, we think, might very well have suppressed more than a few pages of this sort of puerile sophistry. Finding them where they are, we are free to refer to them, as furnishing proof that the preponderance of certain unhappy elements in his constitution was such as should be held to screen his *opinions* from any severe treatment, as if they had been the products of reason. The adherents of such opinions will, we think, be wise if they abstain from boasting of Foster as a champion of “sound principles,” and of “great truths;” while, on the other hand, those of the contrary part, will show right feeling, and good taste, if they deny themselves the spiteful gratification, which these volumes would supply, of bringing Samson forth “to make them sport.” As to those who *will* do so, we stigmatize them, beforehand, as men of an ill temper, and of narrow intellect. John Foster belongs to us all, as a writer who, beyond any other, within the compass of a century, has enriched our English literature with full-toned and impassioned eloquence—has gone deeper, than any other of our times, into the deep waters of religious and ethical meditation—shedding upon such themes the splendor of an imagination of high order, and who, in a word, has, on lofty ground, occupied an ample space, quite his own, and where he is little likely soon to find his superior.

Foster's proper sphere was that vast region wherein there is neither pathway nor rest for the foot of man—a region into which every serious and reflective mind makes an excursion early in its course, and from which calm and well-ordered minds presently retire trembling, and forbidding themselves any renewed endeavors to penetrate its awful gloom.

“I sometimes fall into profound musings on the state of this great world—on the nature and the destinies of man, on the subject of the question, ‘What is truth?’ The whole hemisphere of contemplation appears inexpressibly strange and mysterious. It is cloud pursuing cloud, forest after forest, and alps upon alps! It is in vain to declaim against skepticism. I feel with an emphasis of conviction, and wonder, and regret, that almost all things are involved in shade, that many things are covered with thickest darkness, that the number to which certainty belongs is small. * * * I hope to enjoy ‘the sunshine of the other world.’ One of the very few things that appear to me not doubtful, is the truth of Christianity in general; some of the evidences of which I have lately seen most ably stated by Archdeacon Paley in his book on the subject.”—Vol. i., p. 89.

Not merely did he hold fast his profession as a Christian, amid these cheerless musings, but, even while indulging them without restraint, he became more and more decisive in his adoption of the most serious form of theological belief. Writing from Chichester to his parents, March 25, 1799, where

he was surrounded with a deadening heterodoxy, he says:—

“My opinions are more Calvinistic than when I first came here; so much so as to be in direct hostility with the leading principles of belief in this society. The greatest part of my views are, I believe, accurately Calvinistic. My opinion respecting future punishments is an exception.”—Vol. i., p. 99.

Similar professions occur elsewhere, and they are entitled to the most entire confidence. Minds of less compass, clearness, and depth than his, and equally addicted to meditation, very usually run off into mysticism, gnosticism, pantheism, as their place of repose. Foster's was too profound not to know well that these several illusions serve to alleviate nothing, to solve nothing, to illuminate nothing;—that they are vapors which may indeed show bright and gaudy colors when seen at a great distance, but in the bosom of which, if one enters them, there is nothing but chill and gloom. By the aid of those moral instincts which attach to a great mind, he kept himself anear to the effulgent source of light and heat, although “clouds and darkness are round about it.”

His letters to his “honored parents” exhibit, with a sort of boyish simplicity, and continue to do so even after he had passed the meridian of life, the interior of his soul, as a devout Christian. Those addressed to his early and most congenial friend, the late accomplished Joseph Hughes, take, as might be supposed, a higher tone, and they beautifully develop that which the former only indicate, namely, the deepest reverence toward God, the most ardent desires for Christian advancement and usefulness, and a readiness, the very opposite of the skeptical feeling, to bow to the undoubted testimony of Scripture when once it is ascertained. His friend had, as it seems, with a faithful but overdone severity, called him to account on the question of evangelic piety; in reply, and with a child-like humility, he pleads his own cause, (Letter XXIX.,) and makes an ample profession of *sufficient* orthodoxy—a profession, we confidently think, which, although Dr. Gill might perhaps have spurned it, St. Paul would have accepted with tears of love. To the same purpose—we need not cite it—is a letter to his tutor, Dr. Fawcett, (XXXIII.,) breathing a tender conscientiousness, and an ingenuous warmth. But at this period, and just before his reputation had set him safe from such annoyances, he was paying the penalty, or was expecting every moment to be called upon to pay it, which is exacted always, by narrow sects, from an individual, beneath their sway, who is suspected of daring to keep a soul and mind of his own.

It is a vexation to find, and we must infer it, from the tone of Foster's expostulations, that his friend Hughes, candid and kind-hearted as he was, had given in to this prejudice of the sect, and, while much his inferior intellectually, was treating him in something like a supercilious manner, as a man compromised by suspicion of the plague, and who should, therefore, keep himself off from clean folks. Foster does not resent this unworthy treatment; he only says, “You do not understand me.” Hughes could not fully—although somewhat more than did the good folks assembling in the vestry of Battersea Meeting House on “a week evening,” understand the man who, with a discriminating sense of his individual character, and without arrogance,

notes it of himself, that he holds easier correspondence with God, than with his fellows.

"(In the vestry of Battersea Meeting, during evening service.) Most emphatic feeling of my individuality—my insulated existence—except that close and interminable connexion, from the very necessity of existence, with the Deity. To the continent of human nature, I am a small *island* near its coast; to the Divine existence, I am a small *peninsula*."—P. 183, *Journal*, (434.)

At a prayer-meeting the "peninsular" relationship is naturally uppermost in his thoughts:—in a party, the "insular."

"How often I have entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, &c., &c., &c., were critically appreciated and self-complicitly condemned, but, at the same time, with the bold consciousness that the inquisition could reach no further. I have said with myself, 'My *character*, that is the *man*, laughs at you behind this veil; I may be the devil for what you can tell, and you would not perceive neither if I were an angel of light.'—Vol. i., p. 206.

What was needed (early discipline and intercourse with persons of highly-cultured minds, might perhaps have supplied the deficiency) was such a rectification of his piety as would have rendered it less imaginative, and such an invigoration of the social affections as would have brought his piety into combination with benevolence: too far the one overlaid and stifled the other. Nevertheless the yearnings of the social affections, intense and tender, meet the eye everywhere in Foster's journal.

"Why is this being, that looks at me and talks, whose bosom is warm, and whose nature and wants resemble my own, necessary to me? This kindred being whom I love, is more to me than all yonder stars of heaven, and than all the inanimate objects on earth. Delightful necessity of my nature! But to what a world of disappointments and vexations is this social feeling liable, and how few are made happy by it in any such degree as I picture to myself and long for!"—Vol. i., p. 228.

Foster felt himself insulated in general society from a cause analogous to that which insulates a man in a foreign land; for there was no medium between himself and the beings around him; and the forced endeavors made to break through the obstruction serve only to confirm his resolution not to repeat the attempt. "Spent part of an hour in company with a handsome young woman and a friendly little cat. The young woman was ignorant and unsocial. I felt as if I could more easily make *society of the cat*." The inference that he was not social, because his behavior and habits were those of a recluse, would have been as erroneous as the supposition that he had no sense of the beautiful in nature, because his practice was—even when residing in the midst of scenery the most agreeable—to shut himself up for weeks, nay months, treading the boards of a dingy and dusty attic, to and fro, many miles every day. In the enjoyment of abundant animal energy—with the most absolute command of his time—unquestioned by any one, the very man who, when abroad, would stand an hour fixedly gazing at a tree, and to whom a tour in Wales afforded unutterable delight, freely imprisoned himself in a garret through a large portion of his best years! An inconsistency seemingly so strange may, no doubt, in good part be attributed to constitutional animal indo-

lence; perhaps in part to his dread of encountering on the way—just at the corner of a street, or, worse still, midway on a field path, where a turn off could not be effected—some worthy biped with whom he must have exchanged (terrible annoyance) a few phrases of civility! But besides; as Foster shunned common society because his converse with himself afforded him a higher enjoyment than he could derive from intercourse with others, so he shut himself in his attic, even during the most splendid seasons, because the luxuries of the imagination—luxuries purely intellectual—were more exquisite than the primary, or *elementary* gratifications, which the mind admits direct from the eye. The sight of beautiful objects affords, indeed, a vivid pleasure; yet it is a crude pleasure. But while the eye-balls glare vacantly upon a stained and cobwebbed wall, the mind revels in some bower or glade of its own paradise. Will a man put on a hat, to walk as far as Longleat, who can, at his ease, perambulate Elysian fields, where

— lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, are interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowing lap
Of some irriguous valley spreads her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

Or shall he risk the hearing of a factory's din, who can listen while

— murmuring waters fall
Down the sloped hills;

and where

The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves.

His attic window, he tells us, commanded a peep at the green fields; but we doubt if he actually availed himself much of this advantage. He who could stand at an attic window, looking at the fields, would assuredly, unless lame or imprisoned, walk forth to look at them.

"I am still all alone here, and since I wrote to you, have lived a more solitary life than ever in my life before. This last six months I have lived a little way out of the town, in a house amidst the fields. However, I hardly ever go out, because I can see them so well through my window, the window of an upper room. I hardly ever what can be called take a walk, except merely in the garden adjoining the house. The beauties of nature are brought so directly under my eyes and to my feet, that I am rarely prompted to go in quest of them, even as far as from your house to the top of Wick Lane. Excepting my journey to Bristol, I have hardly ever taken a good long walk for the last nine months. If this rigid limitation were imposed upon me by some external authority, by the will of somebody else than myself, what a wretched prisoner I should think myself, and should watch day and night for an opportunity to make my escape. I almost decline all visiting, and have not dined from home, I believe, six times these last seven months."—Vol. i., p. 288.

Happily, the social element—in few bosoms of greater intensity than in his—was at length rescued from extinction by the opening of the conjugal and parental affections. Had it not been so, the writer of passages such as the following might have ended in actually becoming—what he had long been erroneously calling himself—"a misanthrope."

Let those take a warning who indulge sentiments, at first for the mere sake of intellectual excitement, but by which, at length, they are mastered. This sort of moody luxury is, in truth, always a perilous sporting with the demon—it is a tempting of Satan:—

“I should nauseate the place (Frome) if I had been habituated to it a century. At first I felt an intense loathing; I hated every house, timber, stone, and brick in the town, and almost the very trees, fields, and flowers in the country round. I have indeed long since lost all attachment to this world as a locality, and shall never regain it. Neither, indeed, for this do I care; we shall soon leave it forever. * * * I now seldom, comparatively, think of politics; when I do, it is with a hatred of the prevailing system, which becomes but more intense by time.”—Vol. i., p. 304.

“When I see people good and sensible, I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own.” This is precisely the indication of a mind’s having reached the line of demarcation between the world of love and the world of *unlove*, or hatred. He who has actually passed that border—in the wrong direction, is *not* “glad,” even for “*their* sakes,” when he encounters those who are distinguished by wisdom and goodness;—not glad, for he writhes, stung with his own venom. He who lives on the bright side of the border is glad, not *severally*, as if *first* for his *own* sake, and then for theirs, but with a suffused, indiscriminating joyousness, the same in element as that of a brighter world, where there is a “fulness of joy,” in which all that is restrictive is drowned. Foster’s character was in very great danger at this period; yet a hopeful revulsion seems to have commenced—a symptom, or an incidental cause of which was a returning converse with nature.

“I have done more justice to the beautiful season this year than in many former ones; for I have taken many solitary walks, and, with a book and pencil in my hand, have done my best to catch all the ideas, images, objects, and reflections that the most beautiful aspects and scenes of nature could supply. I have felt it of some consequence to me, if I am to write again, to assemble as many natural facts and images as possible, to supply what may be called colors to writing. I must increase the stock, or else I shall soon be *out*, as I have expended a great deal of material on what is already written.

“Into company I cannot actually take this book and pencil, but I endeavor to seize fast every remarkable circumstance, and each disclosure of character that I witness, and then, when I return to my room, they go by dozens into my book. I keep to my text on the subject of forming new friendships; I am quite too old for it. When I see people good and sensible, I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own.”—Vol. i., p. 324.

“I never have been more enchanted with a summer since I left whatever part of creation or chaos I lived in in former ages, and came to this our green orb. I took frequent solitary walks; even as matter of duty, I did it sometimes, when the attraction of pleasure might have failed to overcome my great indisposition to move. Those walks were commonly in the retired fields and woody lanes, of which I found a number this last summer in this neighborhood, some of them very beautiful, as well as extremely quiet. There are, besides, two or three extremely beautiful valleys not far from this town. As to the town itself, I

do not know whether I told you how much I nauseate it; but no length of time would ever cure my loathing of it. But sweet nature! I have conversed with her with inexpressible luxury; I have almost worshipped her. A flower, a tree, a bird, a fly, has been enough to kindle a delightful train of ideas and emotions, and sometimes to elevate the mind to sublime conceptions. When the autumn stole on, I observed it with the most vigilant attention, and felt a pensive regret to see those forms of beauty, which tell that all the beauty is going soon to depart. One autumnal flower (the white convolvulus) excited very great interest, by recalling the season I spent at Chichester, where I happened to be very attentive to this flower, and once or twice, if you recollect, endeavored to draw it with the pencil. I have at this moment the most lively image of my doing this, and of the delight I used to feel in looking at this beautiful flower in the hedges of those paths and fields with which both you and I are so well acquainted.”—Vol. i., p. 333.

This returning converse with nature was a sort of anastomosing in his moral constitution; for it maintained a vital connection with his social system, after the trunk arteries of love and fellowship had been, or seemed to be, severed. Whoever, with a *genuine* delight, still relishes green fields and flowers, should be treated as recoverable to humanity. So important, therefore, in education is the culture of tastes which, among the ill influences of after life, may, when themselves refreshed, become the channels for conveying refreshment to the better affections of the soul.

At length, however, those channels of the heart through which life’s blood had flowed feebly to sustain the social sentiments, became invigorated by a thorough reanimation of the loving faculty. Foster was soon to be united to the woman of his choice—a companion “mete for him”—an intellectualist, and one, we should presume, very much of his own order—even the “Friend” to whom the Essays were addressed. It is curious to hear him, a few weeks previous to his marriage, greeting the spring in new strains of pleasure. Heretofore, it was not the verdant glories of June that could avail to entice him from his lumber room; but now, behold him! within a mile of the “nauseated” Frome, thus revelling amid the beauties, not of June, not of May, not of April, but of March, and even of the first week in March;—

“Frome, March 3, 1808.

“Yes! the spring does open upon me with a fascination which I have not felt before, notwithstanding that I have often felt a kind of worship of nature on the return of that delightful season, with its flowers, birds, and genial gales. This once I certainly do feel in its first indications a deeper charm than I did even in my youth, when I was as full of fancy and sentiment as any poet. For several years I have been much less susceptible of the vernal impressions, and have considered myself as advancing fast towards the state of feeling which I recollect P—, a few years since, described himself to me as having reached—the state of feeling no impression at all. And no doubt it is from the new and adventitious cause, that I have felt such luxury in the beautiful days which we have had for a week past.”—Vol. i., p. 352.

This marriage—he was then in his thirty-seventh year—appears to have been thoroughly a happy

one; nor was it rendered otherwise by the personal sufferings and the domestic sorrows that attended the lapse of years. It occurred just time enough in his history to save Foster from the miserable fate which had seemed to threaten him—that of being eaten alive by his own cyclopean and pampered imagination. Far more happy now than heretofore, he could, and did, without effort, put himself in the way of those kindly sentiments towards himself, of which, spite of himself, his amiable qualities and real worth had made him the object. Some months after his marriage he visited Frome, and thus reports his reception:—

“At Frome I was received with the most animated kindness, both among the richer and poorer class of my acquaintance—a kindness to which I could not make an adequate return in the way of giving much of my company, as I had determined not to stay more than three days. I felt the propriety, even as a matter of appearance, of not being like a rambler from home, besides the impatience of affection to be again with my dear, domestic associate. I returned to her at the time I had determined, found her well, and was welcomed with inexpressible tenderness. The felicity of thus rejoining her seemed to me to exceed even the joy of being first united to her. Nearly four months have now elapsed since that time, and on both sides the affectionate complacency has very sensibly increased. We both every day express our gratitude to Heaven for having given us to each other, and we hope that it will continue a cause of the most lively gratitude as long as we live, and also in a state after death. I most entirely believe that no man on earth has a wife more fondly affectionate, more anxious to promote his happiness, or more dependent for her own on his tenderness for her. In the greatest number of opinions, feelings, and concerns, we find ourselves perfectly agreed; and when anything occurs on which our judgments and dispositions differ, we find we can discuss the subject without violating tenderness, or in the least losing each other's esteem, even for a moment. Greater trials of our mutual affection and respect than any that have yet occurred, will undoubtedly arise in the course of life, if it is considerably protracted; but the experiment thus far has given us a stronger confidence in the perpetuity of tenderness and harmony than it was possible for us to have previously to any experiment at all.”—Vol. i., p. 373.

What would the now-vaunted “holy celibacy” have done for Foster? Had he lived in the times of its influence, he would doubtless have plunged into that horrible pit, and would there have become a monster—not indeed of wickedness, but of misery. None but those who have dipped into the memoirs of monkery can understand, just in a case like Foster's, what is the *infinite moral value* of ordinary expressions such as these that follow.—Writing soon after the birth of a son, he says:—“Physically, the chap is deemed, I understand, as promising as his neighbors. My wife is still extremely well for the time, and I hope will soon be restored to her full health and strength. It is she that I care fifty times more about than I should about any infant.” Nevertheless, he was not the abstracted, or the indifferent father which literature sometimes renders a man. Let the reader look to the Letters, which we cannot cite, relative to the illness and death of this son. Married life was a new birth to Foster, and it overtook him precisely at the right moment; for at length his mind had

reached its maturity; he had firmly taken his place, too, in literature; and those depths of thought he had plunged into, (enriching his writings) which a man with a wife at his side—not being a Xantippe—is little likely to attempt; and, moreover, the moody recluse was still in a state to be recoverable as a man.

The very same sort of feeling that is inspired, at the moment while we write, by the sudden falling of a plentiful rain after a long and ominous drought, is awakened by the altered tone of Foster's Memoirs, from the period of his marriage. During the arid, scorching time of his solitary existence—when the heavens over him were brass, and the earth under his feet iron—the fields did not seem worth walking in. Frome was “nauseated,” and the good folks in it were shunned, if not abominated. But now, a while after, when reporting a visit to Frome, “accompanied by Mrs. Foster”—oh! what miracles of moral cure are latent in those three consonants!—he says:—“I revisited, at their houses, a number of the good people I had once preached to, especially the poor people, who manifested a lively pleasure in seeing me again.” No doubt of it: they had probably been used to think Mr. Foster “rather a particular man in his ways—wonderful shy, and not everybody's liking in the pulpit;” but they had always felt sure that “the root of the matter was in him,” and that he had a kind heart too; but *now*, who could help loving him, and “Mrs. Foster as well.”

A beautiful feature of Foster's personal character, and a very prominent one too, as well as an infallible criterion of the genuineness of his moral sentiments, is his filial piety. From the first to the last, and long after he had begun to call himself an old man, his letters to his “honored parents,” if they do not conspicuously exhibit *his intellect*, yet are such as prove *theirs* to have been—their rank and education considered, of an unusual sort. What must that old woman have been, if indeed letters, such as some of those addressed by Foster to his then very aged mother, could have been intended by him to meet *her* level of thought! These letters, conjoined with the pertinent fact that to the last, and through years when his income was narrow and precarious, he “contributed liberally to the support of his parents,” exhibit him in a light which sheds a steady effulgence upon his character as a great writer and a man of genius.

“My wife and the brats are still well,” he says; and “papa,” having in his nature all the needful elements of paternal philosophy, early learned to adjust his habits to his new position.

“Those brats are just now making a great noise, and running about to make themselves warm, in the house under me. I have noticed the curious fact of the difference of the effect, of what other people's children do and one's own. In the situations I have formerly been in, any great noise and racket of children would have extremely incommoded me if I wanted to read, think, or write. But I never mind as to any such matter of convenience *how much* din is made by *these* brats, if it is not absolutely in the room where I am at work. When I am with them, I am apt to make them, and join in making them, make a still bigger tumult and noise, so that their mother sometimes complains that we all want whipping together. As to liking freaks and vivacity, I do not feel myself much older than I was twenty years since. I have a great dislike to all stiff, and formal, and unnecessary

gravity. If it were not so, I should be to children quite an old man, and could have no easy companionship with them. It must be a great evil for parents to have with their children an immovable, puritanical solemnity, especially when the disproportion in age is so unusually great as in my case. But I feel no tendency to this; of course, to avoid it is no matter of effort or self-denial."—Vol. i., p. 387.

Foster's correspondence, as presented in these volumes—and it is not for us to conjecture why the list does not include names which we had presumed we should meet with—does not boast the recommendation of having been carried on with the chief spirits of the age. But, and incidentally from this very cause, it is of a sort that sheds upon his personal character a peculiar grace. The one quality that pervades these letters—shining full in a large proportion of them—is the beautiful simplicity, the artlessness, the humility, of a man who never thought of himself as "great writers" and "great men" are too apt to do. Not by any means comparable to Cowper's, Foster's letters are nevertheless equal to them on the one ground of their thorough genuineness, and in the total absence of egotism and consequence. A large proportion of them turn upon personal or domestic matters—his own feelings, his habits, his engagements, (as do Cowper's;) but not one of them betrays the disguised selfist;—not one indicates the anxiety of a man who is tormented with the apprehension that his friends are underrating his importance, or do not yield him, in their thoughts, the place which he thinks due to him, as a public personage.

Foster's correspondents were, for the most part, his early personal friends, and most, or all of them, were, more or less decisively his inferiors, intellectually. Nevertheless, in not one of these letters is there any note of arrogance; not a line is there, the plain English of which would be—"I hope you know who I am; don't be too familiar; don't presume upon the accident of our early acquaintance. I am John Foster, the Essayist." The very same quality—the same indication of real greatness—shows itself, though under a varied condition, in those of the letters that are addressed to men of intelligence and accomplishments—that is to say, to his *quasi* equals, such as Joseph Hughes, W. Anderson, Josiah Hill, and Daniel Parken.* No asserting of himself, no elbowing for his seat at the head of the table, shows itself in these letters. In truth, and still more strikingly than his letters to his early friends, they serve to show that Foster's habitual converse with his own heart had been such as to bring him into a mood utterly abhorrent of all pretension and self-complacency; while his communion with infinite wisdom, and his daily meditation of things "unseen and eternal," suffused through his moral nature much of that "humbleness of mind" which we are wont to attribute to the beings of a higher sphere.

Such was Foster! We say, such was Foster, thinking, as we do, of those who will be snatching some paltry controversial advantages—some occasions of ranting, from these volumes. He was

* We do not know why we should conceal an expression of disappointment in not finding the name of Josiah Conder in these volumes. Unless we are quite in error, Foster's letters to the then Editor of the *Eclectic* were of a kind to be eagerly read by the public, and for which room might, with manifest advantage, have been made, by the exclusion of some pages that are puerile in the first volume, or of passages that are sophistical and unseemly in the second.

one whose violences of opinion did not spring from rancor of the heart, but from the ungoverned vehemence of his indignation against wrong, and from the undisciplined turbulence of his imagination. Such opinions, therefore, while they are not worth anybody's picking up and boasting of, cannot, consistently with candor or fairness, be cited in evidence against either himself or his party.

The editor, we think, might well have gratified the curiosity of the reader, by supplying a few characteristic notices of Foster's correspondents, at least of such of them as do not now survive. We must not attempt to supply this deficiency, unless it were in relation to one, the letters to whom bring Foster out as a social being, and as a Christian, and as an intellectualist, more fully, perhaps, than any other parcel of the (published) correspondence. We mean Josiah Hill. Josiah Hill, whom, in due deference to the statistics of "Conference," we must consent to designate as "a preacher in the Wesleyan connexion," might, seeing him only in the street (we mean thirty years ago) or meeting him in a select party, have passed for anything as soon as for a Methodist minister. He became such, in fact, we rather think, because a *calculus* of Arminianism, too deep-seated within his ample brain to be extracted, conjoined with a severe conscientiousness, forbade his exercising the functions of the Christian ministry within any Evangelic communion holding a Calvinistic creed; and the "seventeenth article," as he read it, must have kept him out of the Established Church. Richard Baxter, much rather than John Wesley, (we hope no offence,) was his Rabbi. But it was delightful to hear in what way, and with what fine tact, he would bring *Christianity* clear and clean out of *Wesleyanism*, and present it, intelligibly and attractively, to a congregation of Cornish miners. Even the old women liked, and, if we should credit their audible "amens," understood Josiah Hill, little suspecting the largeness of the soul that lodged itself, and that sported, unbeknown to them, within the walls of that ample forehead!—woe to him, if aged class-readers could have looked in at the large windows of his blue eyes, and read the unuttered mind of their teacher! and yet, even such would have found there no just ground of offence, could they have deciphered the entire man. He was "theirs" in truth and sincerity, although not theirs after the fashion, and according to the notions, of a customary Wesleyan superintendant and preacher. The sage wearers of those portentous Cornish broad brims, some of whom, thirty years ago, still remembered "good John's" preaching in the hollow near Gulval, or Huel Abraham, and who admired "Josiah Hill," knowing not a thousandth part of him, would perhaps have denounced him to "Conference" had they known a little more; and yet these, even these, would again have loved him, and listened to him as an angel, had it been possible to *them* to know the whole.

But how agreeable, how tranquillizing, and, at times, how elevating, were the hours he gave to those who, as he thought, could understand him, and whom he could trust! Well fitted was he, we should think, to be Foster's companion and correspondent. The many domestic afflictions which he passed through, after the time of his intimacy with Foster, seem—so we should suppose, judging from the tone and topics of the letters in these volumes, to have abated very much of the spring and energy of his understanding, such as it was at the period

when he could report that "Mrs. Hill and the children were all quite well." Death—death—and death again, inasmuch as it could not render him more serious than before, at length quelled his intellect: not that he became imbecile; but, as to its vivacity, his mind bled out at these open wounds. This imperfect notice, and we are not qualified to complete it, may perhaps serve to engage the reader's attention the more for this portion of the correspondence. The letters themselves are not on the whole, we must admit, such as a man of Foster's intelligence might be expected to address to a friend, like Josiah Hill. Some of them are prosing—many are too lugubrious; and yet all indicate a sincere and serious piety, and a thoroughly cordial temper, as a friend. But it is evident that, with his heavily burdened animal system, his want of elasticity and cheeriness, he needed all the stimulus of "going to press" to put his faculties fully in movement. The dreaded and long procrastinated labor of writing, even to a highly intellectual friend, brought with it far more of the oppressive sense of a painful duty to be acquitted, than it did of easy pleasurable excitement. And hence it is that a large proportion of the "Correspondence," while it will be read with a vivid pleasure by those who have already become intimate with Foster as the essayist, and the Eclectic reviewer, will seem flat or rapid to those who have no such preoccupation of the mind in his favor.

He protests, indeed, (vol. ii., p. 53,) that *letter writing did not cost him the painful toil, the utter misery, which, in "ninety-nine cases out of a hundred," attended his literary occupations.* But if he did not, in these instances, undergo so much torture, it was because he made no effort to provoke his sluggish faculties; and the consequence is, that these letters—read with no reference to the author, do but incidentally betray the secret that the writer was so distinguished an author. And if, when no special circumstance relating to himself, or to his friend, roused his mind to action, he is often dull—when some such circumstance—a death, for instance, of one dear to his friend, or to himself, did awaken and powerfully move him, it was not his *intellect* but his *heart* that was stirred—it was not the author, but the man, that then took up the pen. Everything in Foster's nature was so thoroughly genuine, and he so absolutely the creature of his moral instincts, that to have written a letter, on a sorrowful occasion, bright with mind, and such as would read well in a book, was what he was no more likely to do than he was to dance at a funeral. His consolatory letters to his friends, as well as those announcing to them his own domestic griefs, might easily be matched in the family records of many a private circle. Many a man, and many a woman, who could not have written one page of what Foster has printed, has, under the stimulus of sorrow, written what he, *in sorrow*, could never have approached; for, in sorrow, his mind, accustomed to obey an impulse altogether of another order, woke not up—acted not at all:—his mind—the author-mind, knew too well its subordination to the soul, to dare to intrude ever upon the sacred seasons of deep emotion. The tenderness of his affections lulled, on such occasions, both imagination and reason.

"On Foster's return to Stapleton he wrote immediately to Mr. Hill, with whom his friendship had acquired a deeper and melancholy interest, from the striking coincidences in their domestic trials. 'I have returned *hither*,' he says, 'but

have an utter repugnance to say returned *home*—that name is applicable no longer. You may be sure I am grateful for your kind sympathy and suggestions of consolation; not the less so for its being too true, that there is a weight on the heart which the most friendly human hand cannot remove. The melancholy fact is, that my beloved, inestimable companion, has left me. It comes upon me—in evidence, how varied and sad! and yet, for a moment, sometimes, I feel as if I could not realize it as true. There is something that seems to say, *Can it be that I shall see her no more—that I shall still, one day after another, find she is not here, that her affectionate voice and look will never accost me; the kind grasp of her hand never more be felt; that when I would be glad to consult her, make an observation to her, address to her some expression of love, call her "my dear wife," as I have done so many thousand times; it will be in vain—she is not here!* Several times a considerable number—even since I followed her to the tomb, a momentary suggestion of thought has been, as one and another circumstance has occurred, "I will tell Maria of this." Even this very day, when I parted with Dr. Stenson, who, out of pure kindness, accompanied me a long stage on the road, there was actually, for a transient instant, a lapse of mind into the idea of telling her how very kind he had been. I have not suffered, nor expect to feel any overwhelming emotions, any violent excesses of grief; what I expect to feel is, a long repetition of pensive monitions of my irreparable loss; that the painful truth will speak itself to me again, and still again, in long succession; often in solitary reflection, (in which I feel the most,) and often as objects come in my sight, or circumstances arise, which have some association with her who is gone. The things which belonged to her with a personal appropriation; things which she used or particularly valued; things which she had given me, or I had given her; her letters or my own to her; the corner of the chamber where I know she used to pray; her absence—unalterable absence at the hour of family worship, of social reading, of the domestic table; her no more being in her place to receive me on my return home from occasional absence; the thought of what she would have said, or how she would have acted, on subjects or occasions that come in question; the remembrance how she did speak or act in similar instances—all such things as these will renew the pensive emotions, and tell me still again what I have lost—what that was, and how great its value, which the sovereign Disposer has, in his unerring wisdom, taken away. Yes; it is *He* that has taken away what it was *He* that gave me, and what was so dear and valuable to me; and I would not, I think I do not, rebel against his dispensation; I would not even repine or complain beyond that degree which he will regard with a merciful compassion. I should, and would be, thankful for having been indulged with the possession so long. Certainly, neither of us would, if such an exception *might* be made to an eternal law, recall our dear departed companions from their possession of that triumph over sin, and sorrow, and death, to which they have been exalted. However great our deprivation, how transcendently greater is their advancement in the condition of existence! And we should be unworthy to be loved by them still, as I trust that, even at this very hour, we are, if we could for a moment entertain such a wish.'"—Vol. ii., p. 209.

The ruling idea in Foster's mind, as a religious

man—the centre towards which his thoughts reverted, was the condition of the soul immediately on its quitting the body. Religious men, of a thoughtful turn, and of a higher and more elastic animal temperament, look onward to that bright immortality wherein, and under happier auspices, the spirit incarnate is to set forward anew upon the high way of action, acquisition, service. Foster's meditative wing faltered as if in front of the precipitous bulwarks of Paradise—not daring to soar toward the empyreal noon. We read this sort of feeling always when his imagination would go forward toward eternity, in such passages as the following:—

"Any view of eternity is overwhelming to thought, but peculiarly to the thought that we, that this very soul shall exist forever. Sometimes, even apart from the idea of retribution, it seems almost fearful. 'How can I sustain an endless existence? How can I prolong sentiment and action forever and ever? What may or can become of me in so stupendous a predicament? What an accumulation of miracles to preserve my faculties, my being, from becoming exhausted and extinct!' How can there be an undecaying, ever new, and fresh vitality and animation, to go powerfully along with an infinite series of objects, changes, excitements, activities?"—Vol. ii., p. 376.

But although melancholic enough in temperament, he was far too much the intellectualist, and too devout, in a scriptural sense, to stop short at the grave: he was no moping frequenter of churchyards; he did not haunt charnel-houses; he did not gather wise saws from the sexton's lips. The strong tendency of his mind toward *actuality* led him to lay hold of that which was the *nearest*:—that condition of the soul which those who had recently left him, and who were vividly present to his feelings, had *now* undergone. The state of the dead was his recurrent theme—the home of his meditations, from the first to the last, as when, in prospect of his own dissolution, believed to be not very remote, and on hearing of the death of a friend, he exclaimed:—"They don't come to tell us," (the secrets of the invisible world,) and then, after a short silence, emphatically striking his hand upon the table, he added, with a look of intense seriousness, "But we shall know *some time*."

Very many passages might be cited from these volumes, bearing upon this one subject, and in which, with not much variety of thought, the one feeling of baffled and astounded curiosity is expressed. A letter also, or essay, "On the Intermediate State," expounds the same feeling, and serves rather to state forcibly the supposed difficulty connected with our utter ignorance of the world of souls, than to throw light upon the general subject, considered as an article of Christian belief.

The death of his wife—not his wife merely, but his soul's companion and intimate, naturally gave a deep intensity to his customary meditations on this ground.

"Can it be—how is it—what is it—that we are now not inhabitants of the same world—that each has to think of the other as in a perfectly different economy of existence? Whither is she gone—in what manner does she consciously realize to herself the astonishing change—how does she look at herself as no longer inhabiting a mortal tabernacle—in what manner does she recollect her state as only a few weeks since—in what manner does she think, and feel, and act, and communicate with other spiritual beings—what manner of vision has

she of God and the Saviour of the world—how does she review and estimate the course of discipline through which she had been prepared for the happy state where she finds herself—in what manner does she look back on *death*, which she has so recently passed through—and does she plainly *understand* the nature of a phenomenon so awfully mysterious to the view of mortals? How does she remember and feel respecting *us*, respecting *me*? Is she associated with the spirits of her departed son, and two children who died in infancy? Does she indulge with delight a confident anticipation that we shall, after a while, be added to her society? If she should think of it as, with respect to some of us, many years, possibly, before such an event, does that appear a *long* time in prospect, or has she begun to account of duration according to the great laws of eternity? Earnest imaginings and questionings like these arise without end; and still, still, there is no answer, no revelation. The mind comes again and again up close to the thick black veil; but there is no perforation, no glimpse. She that loved me, and I trust loves me still, will not, cannot, must not answer me. I can only imagine her to say, 'Come and see; serve our God so that you shall come and share, at no distant time.'"—Vol. ii., p. 230.

"The deep interest of the subject has led me to think more, and to read a little more, concerning that mysterious *hades*. How strange that Revelation itself has kept it so completely veiled. Many things in that economy probably could not be made intelligible to us in this our grossly material condition; but there are many questions which could be distinctly and intelligibly answered. How striking to consider that those who were so *late*ly, with us, asking those questions in vain, have now the perfect experimental knowledge. I can image the very look with which my departed Maria would sometimes talk or muse on this subject. The mystery, the frustration of our inquisitiveness, was equal to us both. What a stupendous difference *now*! And in her present grand advantage she knows with what augmented interest of solemn and affectionate inquisitiveness my thoughts will be still directed, and in vain, to the subject. But she knows why it is proper that I should for a while continue still in the dark—should share no part of her new and marvellous revelation."—Vol. ii., p. 238.

A very remarkable letter, addressed to his friend Hughes, of whose nearly approaching end he had been informed, contains the following passages:—

"But oh! my dear friend, whither is it that you are going? Where is it that you will be in a few short weeks or days hence? I have affecting cause to think and to wonder concerning that unseen world; to desire, were it permitted to mortals, one glimpse of that mysterious economy, to ask innumerable questions to which there is no answer—what is the manner of existence—of employment—of society—of remembrance—of anticipation of all the surrounding revelations to our departed friends? How striking to think, that *she*, so long and so recently with me here, so beloved, but now so totally withdrawn and absent, that she experimentally knows all that I am in vain inquiring!

"And a little while hence, you, my friend, will be an object of the same solemn meditations and wandering inquiries. It is most striking to consider—to realize the idea that *you*, to whom I am addressing these lines, who continue yet among

mortals, who are on this side of the awful and mysterious veil—that you will be in the midst of these grand realities, beholding the marvellous manifestation, amazed and transported at your new and happy condition of existence, while your friends are feeling the pensiveness of your absolute and final absence, and thinking how, but just now, as it were, you were with them.”—Vol. ii., p. 241.

“It does always appear to me very unaccountable (among, indeed, so many other inexplicable things,) that the state of the soul after death, should be so completely veiled from our serious inquisitiveness. That in some sense it is proper that it should be so, needs not be said. But is not the sense in which it is so, the *same* sense in which it is proper there should be *punitive* circumstances, privations, and inflictions, in this our sinful state? For one knows not how to believe, that *some* revelation of that next stage of our existence would not be more influential to a right procedure in this first, than such an *absolute unknown*. It is true, that a profound darkness, which we know we are destined ere long to enter, and soon to find ourselves in amazing light, is a striking object of contemplation. But the mind still, again and again, falls back from it, disappointed and uninstructed, for want of some defined forms of reality to seize, retain, and permanently occupy it. In default of revelation, we have to frame our conjectures on some principle of analogy which is itself *arbitrary*, and without any means of bringing it to the test of reason.

“* * * * It is a subject profoundly interesting to myself; my own advance into the evening of life is enough to make it so; and then the recent events! You have your own special remembrances, though, as to the several objects, going to a considerable time back, I have one most interesting *recent* object: and there are—were—*Hall, Anderson, Hughes*; where and what are they now? at this very instant how existing, how employed!”—Vol. ii., p. 248.

To the allied subjects—that is to say, to subjects that are allied, either by some real connection existing between them, or by the homogeneity of the feelings they excite—there are very frequent allusions in Foster’s letters. In truth, a sort of monotonous pensiveness—the mood into which one unconsciously falls while listening to the continuous tolling of the funeral bell—coming across a silent valley, in a summer’s evening, prevails throughout. The brevity of life; the decay of the body; (and Foster begins to call himself an old man as early as possible, and a broken man while he was apparently in firm health;) the death of friends; the shifting of all earthly interests; the solemnities of the future life—these are the staple of his letters varied by references, more or less formal, to the sad condition of the moral world—the hopelessness of any remedial means—and to those weighty and insoluble problems which have ever been the burden of reflecting spirits, relating to the position and the destinies of the human family, and its relationship to the justice, the wisdom, the power, the goodness of God. Politics also, and literature, take their turns; nevertheless to whatever topics he may divert, in his converse with his friends, or when writing for the press, *these* were his own themes; these the constitutional material of his thoughts: and he himself, with his high and over-wrought moral sensibility—his rich, vivid, and awe-struck imagination—his mel-

ancholic animal temperament—and his deep and reverential piety, might, better than any one else, who has become known to the world in modern times, be taken and regarded as a type of the MEDITATIVE SPIRIT. His mind was so fashioned as to fit it for reflecting, in portentous outline and lurid color, the lot and fate of man, as severed from the favor of his Maker, and yet as not released from his eternal obligations to sovereign justice.

That special mood of mind which we here intend, and which, as we think, Foster so signally realized, should, were there any practical purpose in view, be distinguished from those conditions of the mind with which it might perhaps be confounded. Foster’s mood, then, was not that of the mystic, whose mental structure must include more of the abstractive faculty than he possessed, (who was in fact wanting in this power,) and far less vividness of the moral instincts. With the mystic—and this is his criterion—moral sensibility—heart-power, is either originally deficient, or it has become paralyzed. Foster again and again, and in the most impassioned manner, says, “take away the atonement and I am utterly wretched.” But the mystic, although the *doctrine* of the atonement may find a place in his written creed, is little conscious of its presence, nor does he much need it; his soul does not turn upon that pivot; he has made his way, by dint of contemplation, so far within the orb of the Deity, that he does not think of a mediator, or desire a way of reconciliation and of access to God. Besides, the mystic is of too calm a mood to trouble himself with the ills that are affecting his fellow-men; it is not *he* who kindles into tempestuous indignation at the hearing of injustice, misrule, hypocrisy; *he* could never annoy us, as Foster so often does, by the utterance of intemperate denunciations, or by uncharitable violences of language. The mystic makes himself as happy in his airy region, as is the insect that takes its circuit, high in the bright sunshine, over a battle field, or a city smote with pestilence.

Nor was Foster’s mood (if we are free to speak of it without reserve) that of more happily constituted Christian minds. Devout as he was, and eminently serious and energetic too, as to his settled belief—his morbid instinct, and his gloomy imagination, stood between him and that “light and peace” which, notwithstanding the state of the world, belongs to, and distinguishes, the genuine Christian temper. Paul, assuredly, was as much alive, as a good man ought to be, to the condition of his fellow-men; nor was he, either in a mystical, or in a secular sense, of an abstracted and insensitive temper; and yet his epistles do not contain a line indicative of a mood of mind resembling Foster’s. One feels, even when not able to detect the sophism precisely, that there *is*, and must be, a capital fallacy somewhere, in his line of reasoning; there *must be*, for the whole tenor of the apostolic writings implies the very contrary to his conclusions. If space permitted we could exemplify this discordance in several remarkable instances. A fellow traveller, sometimes, who has unluckily chanced to get off the road, is seen making great strides in the right direction, but yet over ground so rugged and impracticable, that though he *does* keep abreast of the company, one expects to see him fall exhausted at every step. Such a feeling attends the perusal of Foster’s letters.

Nor is Foster to be numbered among metaphysic reasoners; for neither the limit of his faculty, nor his moral tastes, would have allowed him to grasp pure abstractions, or to pursue the interminable track of those who have attempted to solve the problems of the moral world, by an analysis of primary ideas. The *Theodicæa* was not his book; Leibnitz was not his master, any more than Malebranche, or Clarke, or Jonathan Edwards. He frankly acknowledges, more than once or twice, that he found the greatest difficulty in attempting to prosecute any purely abstract course of thought.

It can scarcely be necessary to say, that Foster's pensive musings had no alliance whatever with the inquiries, with the deductions, or with the hypotheses that belong to Science—to philosophy, properly so called. While he pays respect, as so intelligent a man would be sure to do, to science, he does not conceal the fact that his acquaintance with its processes or deductions was superficial; nor does he anywhere himself attempt to follow out a course of reasoning in a scientific mode.

But, though neither mystic, metaphysician, nor philosopher, we claim Foster as a clearly defined type of the MEDITATIVE MOOD; and he is so, not in any vague sense, but in a special manner, as related to the progress of the human mind, and its recent development. He is the meditative man of *this present epoch*—he represents the passing crisis of that economy whereto he actually belongs. His intense moral sensitiveness, the refinement of his notions on ethical questions—a refinement bordering always upon sophistication and extravagance, and, especially, that reflective habit, which brings before the mind—ever and again, and with a painful sense of its being an urgent reality—the actual condition, and the destiny of the human family—these elements of Foster's intellectual life are not simply *his*; for they mark the ripening and development of christianized civilization at this moment. Remarkable men, it is often said, *represent*, as well as mould their times: Foster represents, quite as much as he has moulded his.

Many pages would barely suffice to convey, even in outline, an idea of what we have here in view—namely, the rise and progress of that REFLECTIVE MOOD which makes the lot or fate of man on earth, and his future destiny, its object and its burden. We must entirely resist the temptation to enter upon a theme so copious, so fertile, so wide in its range, so momentous in its bearings upon the future history of the human mind. We must not dare even to name the men whose names mark the changing aspects of this occult history—this recondite progression of the intellectual system, from the oriental era to the present age—the history of *man's own feeling* concerning his place in the universe, and the treatment he meets with in it. It must here suffice to remind the thoughtful reader, that what takes place in the development of the character of an individual, takes place, in its essential element, during the development of a race or community; or indeed of the human family, so far as it is civilized and christianized. The brute man—untaught, and occupied wholly with the toils, pains, and sensuous enjoyments of animal existence, does not stay to inquire concerning his own lot, *as better or worse than it might be*; much less concerning the lot of his fellows—his clan or nation:—least of all, concerning the destiny of his species, as dependent upon, and as related to

Almighty wisdom and beneficence. But, now, let us impart culture to this being; and with culture, so improve his condition, as to allow him leisure—leisure to ponder his lot, and to ask himself whether he be happy or miserable; and then he will begin to think himself—if not miserable, yet far less happy than he might be, and ought to be. And if his position be subordinate—if his well-being is dependent upon the will of those who are, or who seem to be, more blessed than himself, and then we go on to cherish in him the moral instincts—to quicken those sensibilities that kindle, and are again kindled by the imagination. Do this, and the man resents his fortunes—his bosom heaves with pride—he challenges his master to establish his right of domination, and he revolves the purpose, and contrives the means of liberty. Still farther, call up the affections, give him social excitements, refine his good-will, talk to him of the well-being of those whom he has never seen, wake up that mighty force of the human soul—the faculty of moral abstraction—school him in the science of rights, of duties, of privileges:—thus train him, and teach him, too, to think himself immortal; thus make him a thousand times more than he was at the first; and far happier too, in any genuine and worthy sense of the word, and then he will have learned to believe himself wronged and unhappy;—he will have exchanged brute hilarity for a painful sensitiveness toward innumerable ills, and for a moody petulance, ever questioning the heavens, and asking—“Hast thou made all men in vain?”

Christianity and philosophy exerting their influence upon the human family, first severally and then conjointly, and continuing to act upon each other, so as to enhance the influence of each; Christianity and philosophy thus quickening and refining the human spirit, have done, and are doing for civilized communities that which we have just now imagined to be done for the individual man. And now at length, that is to say, within these “last days,” the reflective mood, under its various phases—political and religious, threatens all institutions, convulses nations, perplexes philosophy, and almost endangers Christianity itself.

And yet how wonderfully are the forces of the moral world held in equipoise amid perpetual movements!—even as the planetary masses are preserved in equilibrio while all are running their circuits! Those excitements of the reflective mood which now seem to be giving it a dangerous intensity, are themselves abated by a reaction that comes on, as if in obedience to some deep law of nature. Real advances in the social condition of a community render men so much the more painfully sensitive of political ills, and dangerously resentful of political wrongs; in consequence, the entire fabric of society is threatened; the course of improvement is therefore necessarily arrested, the community falls back on its course, and it awaits another season. And so if we look to Christianity, which in our times has done very much more to refine the sentiments of nations than to reform their morals—which has winged the thoughts of the thoughtful, has lent philosophy an upward impulse, has suffused those gentle sympathies that lead men to *consider* their fellows even when they do not love them:—Christianity has taught, it has trained, it has driven men to think at large of “human well-being, of human responsibility, of human frailty,” and of the individual import of the

pains and joys of life, and all this in a manner that now recoils upon Christianity itself, and leads—it has led extensively—to a silent but resentful rejection of its own claims!

To individuals professing to reject Christianity on such grounds, the question might fairly be put, "What is it that has taught you to think Christianity and its revelation of futurity incredible?" The true answer, although it is an answer which we should obtain only from ingenuous bosoms, would be, "It is Christianity itself that has taught us a mode of thinking, and has suffused through our souls a moral instinct, which, to us, renders it, taken as a whole, incredible, or, if not incredible, insupportable!"

It surely would not be a difficult task to prove that a scheme of spiritual principles which in any such manner as this operates to expand and to rectify our notions of FIRST TRUTHS, to purify the moral temperament, and to soften and to vivify the instinctive sympathies, and to refine the tastes, as well as to raise the standard of virtue in a community, can itself be nothing but TRUTH. "Can you indeed believe?" we should say to such persons, "Can you deliberately believe a system to be earth-born, and (which if it be not from heaven must involve frauds and errors that are of lower origin than earth) can you think a system false which is capable of working upon a civilized and instructed community in the way which Christianity works! Can you give verdict against it, and say that it is a fraud?"

It is, however, quite beside our present purpose, as well as wholly superfluous, to attempt an apology for the Gospel. We have another and a special object in view—an object obtruded upon us by the consideration of what might be termed—Foster's case. This case is of a kind that involves deep consequences, and demands, we think, the most serious regard at the present moment.

It has been usual at all times during the last fifty years, and especially among Protestant writers, to expatiate upon the corruptions of Christianity, such as have attached to Romanism in Spain, Italy, and France, as the fertile sources of infidelity and atheism. The mass of men, it is said, knowing little or nothing of the religion of Christ, beyond what priests and monks have taught and shown them, have concluded all to be an imposture, where so much of profligacy and of fraud was apparent. This is quite true, and it is obvious too; meantime something else—something not so obvious, and yet not less momentous, or less deserving of regard, is also true, namely—That the wide suffusion of a purified Christianity on the surface of society, and the indirect influence of the refinement of tastes which thence results, especially among the cultivated classes, is generating infidelity and pantheism among us, silently, but to a great extent. Popery, with its barbaric polytheism, its miracles, its cruelties, has probably done, or nearly done its work, as the parent of infidelity. Men of education, throughout Europe, have at length come to see that Voltaire's inference, carried over from Popery to the Gospel, was as incorrect and unphilosophical as it was wicked. German neology has undug French flippancy; nor need more be said in confutation of this sophism, for it is obsolete.

But that other, and more deep-seated source of perplexity and of unbelief to which we are here adverting, is *not* obsolete, it has *not* spent itself;

for it has only of late come into operation; it is only now making itself felt; and barely does it draw upon itself, as yet, any observation, even from the most observant and thoughtful minds. And yet what can be of more serious import! Our space admits of nothing beyond a hasty reference to a subject which might well employ the undiverted attention of any who may be competent to pursue it.

John Foster, such as he appears in these volumes, lay prostrate and helpless amid the desolations of the moral universe: he clung to his belief as a Christian; yet, in doing so, he held fast also to a very dark despondency. But minds more elastic than his, and less profound too, will leap up from the same slough, leaving behind them as well their despondency as their belief. They will go away lightened, just as a ship is lightened, which, in a gale of wind, has thrown overboard, not its ballast only, but its stores of food and water: the vessel dances now over the billows—and will dance—until the crew has perished! Foster's mood of mind exhibits, in a marked manner, what the last fifty years have been doing for us, under the light—light rather than warmth—of a purified Christianity. It is not that tendency to unrestrained speculation and skepticism which is said to attach to Protestantism, and which has had its course in Germany, that we are now speaking of; but it is a silent influence over the imagination, and over the moral sentiments of a cultured people, which springs from the wide diffusion of the Gospel itself; we mean the Gospel *freed from corruptions, but bereft of power*.

We are, however, accosted—and perhaps angrily—by the question, "What then! Do you intend to say that truth, purely enounced, can operate to bring about its own rejection?" Yes, we are bold to affirm, that it does so, if it be not ministered in the plenitude of its forces: it is doing so *now*, to an extent little thought of; and it will go on doing so, unless those renovations of the spiritual life come in, which might lodge Christianity far more firmly, than at present, in the minds of men.

Take a sample of quotations from Foster's letters, such as should fairly represent his habitual views, his ordinary state of mind, and the deep gloom that oppressed him through the greater part of his course. It may be well to strengthen our argument by a passage or two;—five times as much might be cited.

"I hope, indeed may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament; but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflexions, while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, over-spread by a lurid and dreadful shade. I pray for the piety to maintain a humble submission of thought and feeling to the Wise and Righteous Disposer of all existence. But to see a nature created in purity, qualified for perfect and endless felicity, but ruined, at the very origin, by a disaster devolving fatally on all the race—to see it in an early age of the world estranged from truth, from the love and fear of its Creator, from that, therefore, without which existence is a thing to be deplored—abandoned to all evil, till swept away by a deluge—the renovated race revolting into idolatry and iniquity, and spreading downward through ages in darkness, wickedness, and misery;—no divine dispensation to enlighten and reclaim it,

except for one small section, and that section itself a no less flagrant proof of the desperate corruption of the nature;—the ultimate, grand remedial visitation, Christianity, laboring in a difficult progress and very limited extension, and soon perverted from its purpose into darkness and superstition for a period of a thousand years—at the present hour known, and even nominally acknowledged, by very greatly the minority of the race, the mighty mass remaining prostrate under the infernal dominion of which countless generations of their ancestors have been the slaves and victims—a deplorable majority of the people in the Christian nations strangers to the vital power of Christianity, and a large proportion directly hostile to it; and even the institutions pretended to be for its support and promotion, being baneful to its virtue—its progress in the work of conversion, in even the most favored part of the world, *distanced* by the progressive increase of the population; so that even there, (but to a fearful extent if we take the world at large,) the disproportion of the faithful to the irreligious is continually increasing;—the sum of all these melancholy facts being, that thousands of millions have passed, and thousands every day are passing, out of the world, in no state of fitness for a pure and happy state elsewhere. Oh, it is a most confounding and appalling contemplation!"

—Vol. ii., p. 444.

Upon passages such as the foregoing we should remark, *first*, that it is a style of speaking which, although not often *heard*, is truly characteristic of—it is symptomatic of—this present era. It is not the style of any *past* era. We could adduce striking illustrations of the fact, by citing what should be parallel passages, from the writers of successive ages. To go no further back, Foster's language is not that of the sober non-conformists whom he would have called his ecclesiastical predecessors and fathers. It was in a light essentially differing from this, that Baxter was accustomed to look upon the very same objects. And, assuredly, the robust disputants of the Westminster Assembly were not soul-troubled in any such manner! Theologically, as well as logically, and to their own entire ease of mind and "comfort," they dealt with, and finally determined questions, the mere thought of which broke Foster's heart! Had he, with his mournful strains, come in *their* way, they would have regarded him as little better than a blasphemer; and it is a doubt if even his hatred of prelacy would have been held good for "bailing" his ears. No—in their time the recovered Christianity of Luther's period had not, in any such manner, purified the moral or the intellectual atmosphere, as is implied in breathings, and in sighs, such as those of Foster's correspondence with his friends. Two hundred years ago the great truths of the Gospel beat strong in the trunk arteries; but had not sent fine feelings and a fine complexion to the surface of man's moral nature. All modes of thinking were barbaric, and the modes of feeling were such as might allow good men, with an easy conscience, to burn one another; and such as strengthened them to endure their hour when their own time came to be burned. The conventional ideas of the divine government had been compacted out of men's recollections of the ways of the Holy Office, and their experience of Star Chamber mercy. They read Scripture by a Smithfield light, and were not appalled at that which we read with heart-stricken discomfort. The very same things

which stagger our belief in Christianity, strengthened theirs.

But we have a *second* remark to make upon the passages we have just now cited, and it is this, namely:—That as the appearance of sentiments such as these is characteristic of the times, and is an indication of what is going on around us—occultly perhaps—so, the diffusion of these modes of feeling, through the religious community, ought at once to be met, on the part of whoever is competent to the task, in a wise and effectual manner.

There are those who will say—Leave this sort of melancholy and unprofitable moodiness to itself; it will never spread; it will never affect more than a few minds of morbid structure, similar to Foster's. This is, we think, an inconsiderate conclusion, and it is one which will be accepted only by those who are living in too great a bustle to find leisure for *thinking*, and who, accustomed to look down, from pulpits and platforms, upon areas filled with faces, surmise little or nothing of what is going on in the secrecy of bosoms. It is quite true that you may find means for discouraging and for dissipating melancholy modes of thinking; but, if you wholly succeed in doing so, you bring a community that once was deep-feeling into the frivolous shallows of literary, scientific, and sensuous emptiness. What is the gain of this process to religion? Look at the general condition of society in France! Nothing can be more perilous than the attempt to turn off religious meditation from its path, by means that are not of homogeneous quality.

The further spread of Christianity is not merely devoutly desired by Christians, but is looked for as a probable event. We ought, however, to remember that it *may* spread—it may continue to spread in the way in which, of late years, it has—superficially, but not deeply;—that is to say, everywhere raising the tone of moral sentiment—purifying the domestic atmosphere—removing from view, throughout Christian countries, whatever is morally offensive—cherishing and promoting beneficent enterprises—and, in a word, diffusing, on all sides, a vital sensitiveness, and bringing all minds into a habit of *benevolent reflectiveness*. It may do all this—and it may do it to an extent of which we cannot now calculate the consequences—and yet, as at present, it may be making little or no progress as a deep spiritual power, evolving mighty counteractive influences within the bosoms of men *individually*. What, then, ought we to anticipate as the inevitable consequence? The consequence, infallible, irresistible, is—and we ask that the import of our words may be seriously considered—the result of the expected and desired diffusion of Christianity, in highly civilized countries, *under its present aspect* of a mild, purifying, but powerless influence, is an antagonistic reaction from Christianized sensibilities, upon Christianity itself, and which must bring about, unless the course of things be early arrested, the substitution silently of a Christianized Pantheism.

Let it be remembered, that what we are now dealing with are not those definite causes which may be capable of being scientifically stated and logically followed out to their effect. We are speaking of a thing so indeterminable as the moral sensitiveness of communities, and of the consequences that are involved in the presence of this vague force. We are speaking of the nebulous matter of the moral universe; but, because it is imponderable, unfixed, and not to be mapped, is

this influence therefore unimportant? If any could think so, we might remind them of what this same unappreciable power, slowly rising, by a few degrees yearly, and suffusing itself wider and wider, has effected in our times. The adjuncts of the national movement thrown out of our estimate, it was this silent swell of the moral sensitiveness of an entire people, that at length denounced the "trade in blacks" as a horrible crime, and which, so far as the people's will and acts could go—suppressed it. Again, the same tide of feeling, rippling upward always in the British bosom, at length denounced slavery itself as an intolerable evil, and annulled it, and paid the price, cash down, for buying relief from that anguish which the thought of slavery had come to inflict upon the keen moral sensitiveness of the British people. But where was this same mighty influence fifty years ago? Latent, yet not latent, simply because the appalling facts regarding slavery had not then been presented to the British mind;—but it was latent, just as the vigorous affections of manhood—the determined energies of five-and-twenty—are asleep in the brain and bosom of the rude, reckless, purposeless schoolboy. The reflective mood had not been ripened until of late.

To the development of the same slow-working forces, must be attributed that great movement of our times—the Evangelic Mission to the heathen world; and to the same, a hundred forms of Christianized benevolence; and to the same, a rise in the moral energies of the domestic economy. Whence come the anxious inquiries of parents as to the disposal of their children at school and afterwards, consistently with their highest welfare? Was a solicitude of this sort prevalent fifty years ago? We think not. And whence arises the eagerness with which books are caught up, professing to treat of the moral domestic economy, and of the functions and duties of the maternal character? All these things are the indications, and they are the results, of that enhancement of the moral consciousness which has been in progress in England especially, which is now in progress, and which, in its silent course, is swelling and heading itself up to act, we will not say when, or in what precise manner, upon Christianity;—yes, upon that very Christianity whence the whole influence has taken its rise.

In whatever way this looked-for reaction should be met, and whatever those means are which thoughtful men should labor to render effective for the conservation of religious belief, the motives for an early consideration of the subject, are rendered imperative by some collateral facts, the influence of which upon religious belief at large, and upon the *meditative consciousness* of the educated classes, has rendered itself obvious, and must become more and more so every year. The reader will know that we here refer to that indirect modification of religious notions and sentiments, that results insensibly from the spread and consolidation of the modern sister sciences—Astronomy and Geology, which, immeasurably enlarging as they do, our conceptions of the universe, in its two elements of space and time—expel a congeries of narrow errors, heretofore regarded as unquestionable truths, and open before us, at once, a Chart, and a History of the Dominions of Infinite Power and Wisdom!

We should hasten to exclude the supposition that, in thus mentioning the relation of the modern sciences to Christianity, we are thinking of anything so small and incidental as are the alleged discre-

pancies between the terms of biblical history in certain instances, and the positive evidence of science. All such discordances—whether real or apparent, will find the proper means of adjustment, readily and finally, in due time. We have no anxieties on this subject. Men "easily shaken in mind," will rid themselves of the atoms of faith which perhaps once they possessed, by the means of "difficulties," such as these. But it is not from causes so superficial that serious danger to the faith of a people is to be apprehended.

What we have in view is that involuntary, and suddenly affected shifting of our intellectual position, which the discoveries of astronomy and geology have brought about:—a change of position, involving a change equally great, in the apparent magnitude of all those objects in the presence of which our religious conceptions have hitherto been formed;—a change, too, in our notions both of the processes, and of the principles of creative power. We had formed our ideas, very distinctly, of what God had done, and *when* it was done, and *why*, and now, not without amazement, we read on all sides a startling comment upon the words—"My ways are not as your ways—nor my thoughts as your thoughts, saith the Lord."

It would be idle to imagine that these vast revelations of Time and Space—God's own providential revelations of his own works and ways, should exert no influence—or that they *ought* to exert no influence upon those notions of the divine government, and of the moral universe, which were formed in the dark, and during the times of our ignorance of everything more remote from us than a few hundred miles, and a few hundred years. It is in vain to imagine that a Chinese wall can be carried up around the celestial empire of superannuated theological formulas—a wall which must be as lofty as the stars, and so impervious as to intercept all communications between that sacred enclosure, and the open world of philosophy! This cannot be done; and assuredly it ought not to be desired.

The one science—call it astronomical geology, or geological astronomy, is daily bringing home to all minds the conviction that the universe is *one place*—that it is built of one material—that it is governed by one set of laws, and is adapted to the support of analogous, if not of identical modes of conscious existence; and that it presents, amid infinite diversities of forms and conditions, the prevalence of principle—shall we term it, *THE DREAD UNIFORMITY OF FIRST LAWS*! All discoveries bear this same inference, every deduction brings forward the same conclusion. The colossal telescope—the infinitesimal analysis—which gives expression to the revelations of the telescope, say the same thing; and what else do those *aérolites* say, that dash upon our planet? what are they but epistles from the skies, charged with a symbolic message to this effect—That the planetary stuff is all one, and the same!

In rigid logic—logic after the fashion of the mediæval theology, it makes no difference in the working of a metaphysic or ethical problem, whether the consequence attaches to "few—that is to eight souls," or to millions. Whatever it is that can be made to appear to be certain, or probable, as relating to the *few*, must be granted to be certain, or probable, also, even when the conclusion is discovered to embrace the well-being of the million. But it is not, and it will not be the same in relation to the meditative consciousness—to that

involuntary conviction which seizes the mind under the influence of vast and unlooked-for discoveries. The strict logician may hold in contempt our groundless impressions, our unproven and our undemonstrable notions. Yet these impressions, and these notions, spring, we tell him, from the very ground of our moral nature; they are products of the rudiments of the intellectual life.

Henceforward, whatever is held to be true, on well ascertained scriptural testimony—that is to say—true as *law* and *principle*—when brought to bear upon the human family, will be held to be true also, as law and principle, bearing upon the breadth of that realm which astronomy describes, and taking effect throughout those eras of which geology is the chronicle!

In what manner then will expanded conceptions, of this kind, come in, and operate upon, that future, and much enhanced moral consciousness—upon that refined sensitiveness, upon that reflective mode, which, on no very uncertain grounds, we assume as likely to attend the suffusion of a diluted Christianity? We retreat from the ground we have here reached, nor will we dare to conjecture, with any definitiveness or specification of particulars, what these results may be. The practical end we had proposed is attained, if we have shown a probability that—under all the actual circumstances of the present times, the wide diffusion of *such a Christianity*, refining more and more, but not deeply moving, the minds of men, would be likely to bring about a religious revolution not less extensive in its consequences than any which Christianized communities have hitherto undergone.

But if such a revolution is of a kind that must excite alarm, where is the remedy, or what are the available means of safety and prevention? We cannot be of opinion either that the true remedy is far to seek, or that it is of doubtful efficacy. We do not believe that the means proper for counteracting the influences we have referred to, are such as lie beyond the range of human wisdom to ascertain, or of the zealous endeavors of intelligent men to put in operation. Not indeed as if we would attribute more than is due to the sagacity, or to the energies of man, in relation to the sustentation and growth of religious belief. A deep sense of our absolute dependence, for wisdom and might, upon the divine aid, should impel Christian men devoutly to hope that both may be granted, and granted early, to some who shall set about to do what may be done for the renovation of the CHRISTIAN MIND, and the restoration of a profound and well-established religious belief.

A word is yet due to John Foster's memory—deserving as it is, of tenderness and reverential affection; and something should be said too, relative to that feature of this signal case which has given occasion to the preceding suggestions. In some of the passages we have cited, and in several we have not cited, every reader, whose mind is governed by religious awe and pious affections, will be tempted to draw back; he will tremble as if some one were inciting, or dragging him on, to look over the brim of a volcanic crater! Enough, enough! he will say—let us descend again to the tranquil levels of the Christian life! A feeling is generated as if these sombre and daring meditations must, at the next turn, lead to blasphemy; as if there were but a thin partition between John Foster, and Shelley, or Byron. Foster's genuine piety, his deep and unfeigned humility, held him

always off from taking that next step, beyond which lie the regions of atheism and despair! But it is impossible to watch the development of these ominous feelings, and to observe their parallelism with another class of feelings of similar aspect, without being convinced that a causal connection ran on from the one to the other.

Foster's prime years of manhood were contemporaneous (as we have already observed) with those dire events which turned many of the best formed brains in Europe. His intellectual and moral temperament was ill-fitted to resist those maddening influences; his early habits, his religious connections, his position in society, everything about him lent its aid to carry him forward in the one direction of democratic enthusiasm, and to breathe into his soul the frenzy of political and ecclesiastical demolition. "Overturn—overturn—overturn"—these were the notes ringing in his ears, day and night. But the course of events, at home and abroad, soon brought in upon such minds, and upon his, a crushing disappointment! Foster lived to see even his latest hope disappointed—that of the happy revolutions which were to ensue upon parliamentary reform!

"Unfortunately for me," he says, "from a temperament somewhat sanguine and ardent in youth, I am dried and cooled down to that of old age. The course of the world's events since that 'season of prime,' has been a grievous disappointment. No one who is not toward twice your age can have any adequate conception of the commotion there was in susceptible and inflammable spirits. The proclamation went forth, 'overturn, overturn, overturn,' and there seemed to be a responsive earthquake in the nations. The vain, short-sighted seers of us had all our enthusiasm ready to receive the magnificent changes; the downfall of *all* old and corrupt institutions—the explosion of prejudices—the demolition of the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, and spiritual, with all other, despotism—man on the point of being set free for a noble career of knowledge, liberty, philanthropy, virtue—and all that, and all that. A most shallow judgment, a pitiable ignorance of the nature of man, was betrayed in these elated presumptions. But they so possessed themselves of the mind as to prepare it to feel a bitterness of disappointment as time went on, through so many lustrums, and accomplished so negligently a portion of all the dream."—Vol. ii., p. 443.

Disappointment as to the course of political events drove him first into egregious misapprehensions of the motives of public men, and then wrought in him a mood, or temper, which mastered his reason, and which, had it not been powerfully counteracted, would have broken up his religious convictions.

"I was pleased, not at all surprised, at your coincidence with me in opinion about dissenting ordinations, and also about a widely different matter, the principles of Wellington's policy in the measure so favorable to Ireland.

"One cannot help suspecting, that one of his chief motives was a wish to have the military force of the country more disposable for aid (under possible circumstances,) to support their infernal Mahomedan domination in the east of Europe, which one earnestly wishes—all mere political calculations out of the question—to see crushed by the Russian invasion. Under sanction of that old humbug, 'the balance of power,' and to prevent

some eventually possible inconvenience to our trade to the Levant—that is to say, reduced to plain terms, some pecuniary disadvantage—our government would not scruple to sink the nation a hundred millions deeper in debt. But Ireland again! who would have thought that the session of parliament, commencing with the beneficial *political* measure, would pass off without one particle of anything done for the internal relief and improvement of your miserable population—some plan for cultivating the waste land, or providing for the ejected cottagers? * * * Unfortunate Ireland, and England, too, in having, from generation to generation, a set of statesmen, and a court, who care really nothing for the public good, any otherwise and further than as it may serve the production of revenue! Still the world, our part of it included, is destined to mend. The sovereign Ruler over all has declared so. And the present extraordinary diffusion of knowledge, accompanied, we may hope, by augmentation of religion, the *mobility* so visible in the state of the world, the trembling and cracking of parts of the old fabric—the prostration of some of the inveterate tyrannies; these are surely signs that the changing and meliorating process is at last beginning. When our race arrive at such a state as prophecy unquestionably predicts, what will they, can they, think of the preceding ages, and of ours!”—Vol. ii., p. 163.

If Foster had only mixed in general society enough to find out the simple fact, that *all* peers are not stupid scoundrels, and that *some* Tories are amiable, benevolent men, and that a few such are in a moderate degree wise, (of course not *so* wise as whigs!) he would not merely have corrected his views of political parties and events, but have learned to think more soberly, and more cheerfully too, and in a manner more in accordance with the tone of the Scriptures, on subjects of greater difficulty than are any mundane revolutions. Alas! that dusty attic at Stapleton, how much of sophistry, and how much of despondency has it to answer for!

“I have little hope of any material good for either nation from the present parliament, or from the new monarch about whom there is so mad a rant in fashion. What is such a man likely to know or care about the good of the nation, whose only notion of kingship, as far as yet appears, is that of enjoying himself at his ease (and putting other people at their ease with him) in a jolly, dashing, gadding sort of hilarity? Think of such a character, and then of the stupid baseness that, even in parliament, is calling him ‘the best king that ever ascended the British throne.’ It would be quite enough to say, that it is to be hoped *he is better than the last*, and there could not well be a *cheaper praise*.

“I am sure you cannot fail to contemplate, with great and serious interest, the portentous aspect of the affairs of the nations. There is coming into action, on a vast scale, a principle of change and commotion—of hostility, hatred, and defiance to the old established ‘order of things,’ which absolutely can never be quieted nor quelled—which must be progressive with augmenting knowledge (‘knowledge is power,’) but which in pervading and actuating a mass so dreadfully corrupt as mankind is in every nation, must inevitably, while a righteous Governor presides over the world, be accompanied in its progress by awful commotions and inflections. My settled impression is, that the rising generation

are destined to witness a process more tremendous than all their predecessors have beheld. While exulting at what has taken place in France, I have yet no confidence of a peaceful result in Europe.”—Vol. ii., p. 190.

And who shall dare to deny the probability that a woe may be still impending over Europe, and the world? Nevertheless, those who have lived to see cloud after cloud pass over and disappear, will be encouraged to put their trust in Him whose compassion is infinite, and will, with a cheerful importunity, repeat daily the prayer—“That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men.”

This disappointment of his hope of political revolution worked itself into his constitution in a form which we do not say was rancorous or malignant—for his nature was incapable of this—but of a settled vindictiveness—an implacable, undistinguishing resentment, of which all existing institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, and all persons in high places—all holders of rank, wealth, power—all “dignities, thrones, principalities,” were the luckless objects. That animosity of which power and office were the butt, was, with him, little short of a monomania. To an extent of which we were not aware previously to the perusal of these volumes, such were unhappily the tendencies of this great, and, by *constitution*, of this benignant mind. Alas! our brother!

But it is evident that a mind thus accustomed to trace all the ills of life to the wicked selfishness of rulers, and which could never entertain the thought of domination, especially of *irresponsible domination*, apart from the recollection of those complicated woes to which humanity is liable, and of which tyrants are assumed to be, directly or indirectly, the authors—such a mind, we say, will not approach, without extreme peril, those deeper subjects of religious meditation that were, in fact, only too familiar to Foster’s solitary musings. We need not pursue this painful subject further, and will only add an expression of our strong feeling—a feeling already hinted at in this article—that good taste, generous feeling toward a great mind departed, together with a calm and philosophic consideration of Foster’s “case,” and of his personal history, will avail to screen a name so dear to all of us, on the one hand, from the mockery of any who might, by aid of these letters, endeavor to hold up his opinions, extreme as they were, to contempt, and on the other, from the worse mistake of those who would strive to bolster doctrines such as Foster’s with a reputation such as his.

Of Foster’s literary course, or of his standing as an author, we do not think it incumbent on us to say much. Few circumstances of a marked or animated kind attended the production and appearance of his several works. They made a powerful impression at the time, and procured for him a widely extended and an undisputed fame; nor can we doubt that his essays will hold a permanent place in English literature;—they will always continue to nurture thought among the thoughtful. As a writer too, Foster has, in a very special manner, aided in bringing about that revolution, as to style, which signalizes the present era. Discarding at once, or cutting his way through that net-work of conventional phraseology which had embarrassed English literature, he took hold of the English language with an energetic grasp—wielded it as an implement of mind—bent it, this way and that, at his pleasure, and compelled it to convey, so far as any symbols can convey, the mind of a writer to the mind of a reader. Just what he was thinking—pen

in hand—that, and nothing more, nothing less, Foster compelled words and sentence to make known: he is one of a few who have brought the English tongue back from a sapless conventionality, to a vital actuality. He has helped to render words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs, a medium of intercourse between mind and mind, in the most abbreviated form possible. If his sentences are long and complicated, and his paragraphs cumbersome, it is because they are—for brevity sake—overcharged with meaning.

"Holdsworth sent me the *British Review*, in which, in the terms 'exquisite precision of language,' I fancy I see a recognition (and the only one I ever have seen or heard) of that which I consider as the advantageous peculiarity of my diction; namely, if I may use such a phrase, its *verity* to the ideas—its being composed of words and constructions merely and distinctly fitted to the thoughts, with a perfect disregard of any general model, and a rejection of all the set and artificial formalities of phraseology in use, even among good writers: I may add, a special truth and consistency in all language involving figure. If you are beginning to say, 'Let another praise thee, and not thyself,' I may ask whether it should not be an excepted case when that 'other' has not sense to see anything in me to praise. Quite enough, however, of the subject."—Vol. ii., p. 35.

"I am very glad, not that indolence has so long kept me from being an author, but glad of the fact of having not become an author sooner. A more advantageous impression will be made by the first production of so mature a character, than I should probably have made by a progressive improvement to the present intellectual pitch from such an inferior commencement as I should have made, even six or seven years since. I am gratified in feeling that my mind was reserved, either in consequence of something in its essential constitution, or from the defectiveness of its early discipline, for a late—a very late maturity. It is yet progressive; if I shall live six or ten years, and can compel myself to a rigorous, especially if to a *scientific*, discipline, I am certain it will *think* much better than it does now; though in the faculty of invention it has probably almost reached its limit.

"My total want of all knowledge of intellectual philosophy, and of all metaphysical reading, I exceedingly deplore. Whatever of this kind appears in these letters is from my own observation and reflection, much more than from any other resource. But everything belonging to abstraction has cost me inconceivable labor; and many passages which even now may appear not very perspicuous, or not, perhaps, even true, are the fourth or fifth labored form of the ideas. I like my mind for its *necessity* of seeking the abstraction of every subject; but, at the same time, this is, without more knowledge and discipline, extremely inconvenient, and sometimes the work is done very awkwardly or erroneously. How little a reader can do justice to the labors of an author, unless himself also were an author! How often I have spent the whole day in adjusting two or three sentences amidst a perplexity about niceties, which would be far too impalpable to be even comprehended, if one were to state them, by the greatest number of readers. Neither is the reader aware how often, after this has been done, the sentences or paragraphs so adjusted were, after several hours' deliberation the next day, all blotted out. The labor of months lies in this discarded state in the manuscripts, which I shall burn

when I know that the volume is all printed. Less of this kind of loss, however, would be sustained in making another volume; the long revision which I have now finished having given me a most excellent set of lessons in composition, in consequence of which I should much better execute the *first* writing, in the case of producing other works. You will forgive this egotism; none of it appears in the book."—Vol. i., p. 308.

Foster has not, however—such is our humble opinion—in any permanent or very appreciable manner, controlled the world of opinion. He has not visibly swayed a sceptre in the realm, either of thought or of action. Beside that he needed—for fulfilling any such function—a more solid structure of the reasoning faculty, as well as more of discipline and breadth;—more working force—more spring—more appliance—he must, before attempting the task which his eminent powers might seem to impose upon him—he must have mastered the despondency of his nature:—he must have known how to entertain *hope*, apart from *excitement*;—hope, as the mind's moving force and guide. He must, moreover, have laid aside absolutely—he must have handed over to the inferior spirits of his party that congeries of preposterous prejudices, in the midst of which, as if stifled and choked, he rather gasped than breathed;—struggled, rather than moved!

One great quality, however, and a true mark of a great mind, and which, had other faculties and dispositions been congenial, would have fitted him for office as a master of his times—as a leader of the people; and better, as a servant of God, discharging an arduous function; was his superiority to the egotism, the petty solicitude about literary reputation, the small ambition of the "author." On this ground, Foster must be allowed to stand higher than Robert Hall, and he was, we think, more capable of an act, or a course of self-sacrifice than he. If the alternative had even been distinctly placed before Hall of throwing the universe overboard, or of risking his fame as an accomplished master of sentences, there is no doubt he would have risked it; and yet not without an effort; whereas Foster would have done so with little or none. Great, not merely in mind, but in soul; yet he would have been greater if at all times Robert Hall could have forgotten "Robert Hall;" but the day he lived in offered trying temptations to a mind such as his—a mind exquisitely sensible of the very finest qualities of style, as well as alive to the grandest conceptions. He lived through the closing years of the era, gone probably forever, in which a bright fame might engage much of men's attention. The era of genius is past; and we live amid things, amid events, amid interests, amid masses, and in the midst of "the public welfare." Thirty and forty years ago personal fame was at a premium; now, it is at a discount.

As to the breadth and the depth of his soul, as to his sense of the urgency of whatever touches the well-being of man, as to his constitutional mindfulness of eternity, and his "conscience towards God," Foster might have done that which at the present moment is so much needed to be done. He was personally capable of resolving to compromise his literary *status*, if by doing so he might have woken the dull ear of his fellow-men, and have prevailed with them to listen to the "things pertaining to their peace." He might have dared to sound heaven's trumpet, although forecasting the probable consequence—that the wearers of nice ears would

severely criticise the performance. It was not any egotism (vanity he had none) that would have stood in his way in attempting the highest and the most perilous tasks. Had it been possible for him to banish forever from his thoughts the irritating recollection of that "intolerable nuisance, the established church," Foster might have done much in awakening men to a sense of their indefeasible relationship to eternal justice, and eternal mercy.

But John Foster is gone! Has his soul, his deep heart, his self-forgetting mind, his sorrowful and resentful sense of whatever bears upon the weal and woe of millions; has this intensely-feeling soul been breathed into any younger bosom? Among the men of twenty-three, the men who are to transact the affairs of the coming time, are there any who ~~may~~ be capable of the greatest services—ambitious of working—ambition apart; are there any, firm in reason and well-disciplined, calm in temper, immovable in resolve, and sound in belief, who would form the uncommunicated purpose of laboring to recall the Christian community to a sense of great truths, and to bring to bear upon the mass of minds, the unabated powers of the Christian Revelation?

Supposing there were the men to undertake such a work, they must remember that although it must be carried on from the pulpit *in part*, yet, as the world is now constituted, it must be mainly through the press; and so to carry it on demands years of sedulous preparation; it demands, at the least, a purpose formed, and steadily adhered to, through that seven years which rules a man's destiny—the period from three-and-twenty to thirty. But now if one should aspire to the task of schooling such a mind, one must remember that he whom one has in idea will not be *that very person*, unless he be moved from within, unless he be guided from within, unless he be instinct with that wisdom which never can be conveyed, as a *lesson*, from one mind to another.

But this is a theme too special and peculiar for the place and occasion. To descend for a moment to a lower ground, we must ask leave to express the earnest wish—a wish vividly renewed by our consideration of Foster's course and temper—that, in schools and colleges a loftier and *wider* feeling than seems at present to pervade many of such places were cherished. Nothing is more sickening

to the hopes which a Christian man fondly entertains for the coming time, than to find young booms—fresh from college, heaving with sectarian fervors!—to find that the acrid ecclesiastical temper of the present moment—this narrow, burning mood, is the mood, not of soured seniors, who are leaving the stage, but of young men! With perfect patience we could sit and hear grey inquisitors talking about "our church," and ringing changes upon the old "no salvation" bells; but it is nothing less than an anguish of the soul to listen to the heartless and hateful solemnities of church or sectarian bigotry—from ruddy lips! John Foster left his college with such views of the world and the church as were given him *there* and *then*, and which should not be heavily inculcated, considered in relation to the political and religious state of things in England, at the close of the last century, and more than fifty years ago. But is it so, that these fifty years have done so little for us, that the fear may be entertained lest another John Foster may even now be leaving college—his head perturbed with notions not more philosophically sound, or more becoming a Christian teacher, than were those held to be unquestionable truths at Bristol, and elsewhere, in the year 1793?

Let none say that we are seizing the occasion to aim a shaft at "the sects," or at "radicalism." It is not this religious community, or that—it is not this political doctrine, or that, which we deprecate; but it is that vehemence and rancor, ecclesiastical and political, which are turning men aside, everywhere, from the consideration of those truths which take a firm hold of the conscience, which, instead of irritating the temper, tranquillize it; which make man far more sensitive toward his own delinquencies, than toward the ecclesiastical or theological faultiness of others; which sicken men of the habit of dealing in denunciations; which make them tremble for themselves at the thought of God's thunderbolt, rather than grasp it to hurl at others. The diluted Christianity, the advances of which we dread, may well consist with sectarian fervor; but it will not consist with a deepened belief of the Gospel. The world has, in past times, seen church zeal, and pantheism, and polytheism, enthroned together; and may see them again associated: but not if Christianity entire, lodges itself in the hearts of men.

JULIET'S TOMB.—A sulky German woman showed me the sarcophagus, called Juliet's tomb, which still stands in a dirty shed at the bottom of a slovenly but luxuriant garden, evidently once belonging to a convent, no doubt that of Friar Lawrence. The coffin was half full of water; the edges of red marble were much mutilated, having been chipped to make relics; there is a circular depression in the stone to receive the head of the corpse, and it is of very large size, and clumsily constructed. It is certainly, although earlier than the date assigned as the period when the lovers lived, not Roman, as has been asserted, and that is all that can probably be known about it. A shabby old house, now a common inn, is shown as the palace of the Capulets; the antique vaulted passage, under which I passed to the yard behind, is curious, and there is much in the building which proves it to belong to the thirteenth century: a row of pretty ancient pointed windows may have faced the garden, and to one of them Juliet's balcony might have been attached; though this is one of the few houses in Verona which has

no balcony. I never saw so many in any place before, and a few are extremely ancient, some of carved wood, and some of ponderous ornamented stone.—*Miss Costello's Italy.*

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.—The importance of insects, commercially speaking, is scarcely ever thought of. Great Britain does not pay less than 1,000,000 of dollars annually for the dried carcasses of the tiny insect, the cochineal; and another Indian insect, gum shellac, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk; and the silkworm alone creates an annual circulating medium of nearly 200,000,000 of dollars. 500,000 dollars are annually spent in England alone for foreign honey—at least 10,000 cwt. of wax is imported into that country every year. Then there are the gall-nuts of commerce, used for dyeing and making ink, &c.; while the cantharides, or Spanish fly, is an absolute indispensable in materia medica.—*Boston Transcript.*—*[Athenæum.]*

From *Fraser's Magazine*. (Conservative.)

WILL THE WHIG GOVERNMENT STAND?

THERE IS NO employment more profitless, in public as well as in private life, than to look back upon misfortunes that are beyond remedy, and to complain of their occurrence. Peel's corn-bill, whether for good or for evil, has become the law of the land. The great principle of free trade is established as that on which the commercial policy of this country must henceforth be conducted, and let its remote consequences be what they may, there is no power in any quarter to avert them. We have taken a step in politics which does not admit of recall. Lovers of the Arcadian state of existence may mourn over this, hankers after feudalism complain or threaten, and men of soberer judgment than either doubt the wisdom of measures which bid fair to convert England, at no distant date, into a huge manufactory. But the impulse having been fairly given, we may no more hope to stay the progress of events than to arrest the speed of the railway carriage, or the descent of the loosened rock into the lake. We are in the beginning of changes, of which it would puzzle the sharpest-sighted to foretell the end, and there is positively no help for it.

Entertaining these opinions, and heartily subscribing to the doctrine that "the brave never repent," we purpose for the future, as often as the projects of politicians make a demand upon our attention, to look at them with a forward rather than with a backward glance, forgetting, as far as we are able, party feelings that have been engendered of old associations, and delivering our sentiments on men and things more with reference to the effects which they seem calculated to produce upon society hereafter, than in the idle purpose of trying them by the test of bygone arrangements. And here we must be permitted to observe, *in limine*, that in thus proposing to act, we are guilty of no abandonment of principle, that we have submitted to no change even of opinion. We believe now, as we always did, that the only true end of government is—to ensure the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest amount of persons. We are satisfied, likewise, that the ancient institutions of the country were admirably calculated to forward this end, so long as all classes, high and low, rich and poor, acted in the spirit of these institutions; for the settled institutions of a country have grown out of a state of things which had little or nothing to do with mere money-power; which linked territorial possession and political influence inseparably together; which made the owner of the soil the natural protector of the families, be they many or few, that dwelt within his domain; and held the church to be the teacher of all in divine things, and the ready and willing administrator of help to the needy. But if the course of time, and the changes wrought by it in the habits of society, have damaged all this, then we must be prepared to meet the evil in the best way that circumstances will permit. Now it is vain to think of denying that new elements have arisen, and entered into all our social relations. Commerce has become a science, towards the cultivation of which a high order of mind is directed. Trade, in point of importance to the well-being of the community, outstrips agriculture greatly. The relative numbers of the population employed upon the land, and in pursuits that congregate our masses in towns and cities, are quite changed. The amount of persons to whom

agriculture, in one shape or another, gives occupation, does not now exceed one fourth part of the population of Great Britain; if we take Ireland into account, it hardly reaches one third; and the proportion is continually growing less. In like manner the church, though still embracing a large majority of the people, is not the religion of the whole, and has long ceased by the legislature to be treated as if she were. Now it is obvious that, let our tastes and wishes take what direction they may, we have not the power to deal with a nation so circumstanced as if it were a purely agricultural and church nation. The masses must be fed and taught; and though we are satisfied that fed they would have been, both with temporal and spiritual food, quite as abundantly under the arrangements of 1842 as under those of 1846, we must not wonder if they, and still more their employers, entertain a different opinion. Besides, the wealth of the country is no longer monopolized by the lords of the soil. Men like Lord Ashburton, Mr. Jones Lloyd, Mr. Joseph Neeld, and many more whom we could name, regard their broad acres, abundant though they be, as mere playthings. Their riches are counted in stocks of various sorts, and they are by no means singular in this respect. We will undertake to name a dozen manufacturing firms in the north of England alone, of whom it would be no empty boast to say, that they could buy up one half of the squires in England, and that they give employment to a greater amount of persons than ten times the number of landowners, even if we include among them the most influential members of the house of lords. And as to the dissenters, if they lack the power to press important measures forward, they are sufficiently influential to stop all improvement if they choose, as is abundantly testified by the deplorable neglect into which the education question has fallen. With these facts staring us in the face, and remembering that we live under the constitution of 1832, it is no matter of astonishment to find that the feelings of the country are changed; that new men, with new opinions, are gradually usurping the places of our ancient aristocracy, not in regard to precedence or etiquette, or the polite forms of society, but in the power and the will to give to society itself a direction; and that, being able to wield the constituencies to their own purposes, they have fairly won the ascendant in the house of commons, and, as a necessary consequence, in the government.

He who sees all this—and he must be blind indeed who cannot see it—must with us acknowledge that we are in a state of social transition, and that such progress has been made towards a reorganization of the machine, that to stop short at what we have attained is impossible. At the same time there is no just cause to assume that our course is necessarily one of deterioration. Danger there may be—there always must be while a great people are changing their views of things—while ancient prejudices, or principles, if the term be preferred, are losing their hold upon men's minds, and the principles or prejudices that are to take their place remain as yet immature. But never surely was revolution—if a revolution it deserve to be called—carried forward with greater moderation than among us. Nobody makes an attack upon property. Many, in their secret souls may regret that it should have got into heaps, that hundreds should be overlaid with it, thousands moderately cared for, and millions in poverty. But the thinking among the poor themselves feel and understand, that they, far more than

their betters, would suffer from any attempt to break in upon the established order of things by violence. Nobody, as far as we can understand, seriously meditates an attack upon the house of lords. The custom of voting there by proxy will probably be discontinued; and, for our own parts, we shall be glad to see it quietly got rid of, for not on any principle of common sense can it be defended. But the house of lords, the chamber of hereditary legislation, is just as dear to the hearts of Englishmen as the house of commons; they would not endure that the hand of the spoiler should interfere with it. In like manner, we have no fear for the *church*. The *establishment* may be still more shaken than it has already been, and in Ireland it will probably cease to hold its ground altogether. But as to the *church*, as we believe it to be founded upon a rock, so we are confident that there does not exist the smallest inclination, where there is power, to molest it. On the contrary, we believe that sound church principles were never more respected by the great body of the middle classes, the real strength of the empire, than they are now; and we are confident that there needs but common prudence, mixed with increasing zeal in the clergy, to confirm this feeling. And, finally, is the crown in danger? Does any human being, in parliament or out of parliament, indulge in dreams about a presidency? Very much the reverse. We may be, we are, in a state of social transition. We are scheming, indeed living, for the nineteenth century—perhaps for the twentieth—and not for the eighteenth; but it is not, therefore, a settled thing that we are going to rack and ruin; digging at the throne, laying barrels of gunpowder under the house of lords, or mustering for the overthrow of the altar.

That the opinions which we have ventured to express are held by the great body of the people is apparent from the perfect apathy with which they looked on during the whole course of the recent struggle. Except in the house itself, no human being seemed to be roused. The city of London sent no addresses either for or against the proposed changes. We heard of no gatherings in the Bull-ring at Birmingham, or on Penenden Heath, as in other days. And now that Peel is out and Lord John Russell in, *the people* seem to care as little about the matter as if Lord Johnstone had merely removed from the Mansion-house, in order that Lord Thomson might come in his place. And the people are right. Events *must* now take their course; though whether they are to move too fast or too slow, both extremes being perilous, will depend mainly upon the measures which, in the beginning of their reign, the whig ministers shall propose.

We write it with regret, but a consideration of the materials of which the whig ministry is composed, compels us to avow our belief, that Lord John will not be able to carry on the government. There is no principle of cohesion in his cabinet. Not only do the individual members hold opinions on all important subjects diametrically opposed, but they boast of these discrepancies to the world. Take one great question, which we defy them to blink—the Irish church question, and see how they are circumstanced.

In 1835, Lord John Russell forced Sir Robert Peel out of office by proposing and carrying his appropriation clause. Lord John did not, it is true, persist in this policy after he had won his way back to Downing Street, but he made a boast of retaining

the opinions which he had advocated while in opposition, and claimed credit on the ground of moderation while putting them in abeyance. He now tells the world that he cannot conceive a more fatal measure than the disestablishment of the Protestant church in Ireland, and declines taking any further notice of the project of 1835. Meanwhile Earl Grey has published a manifesto against the Protestant establishment of Ireland. He considers its existence to be the monster grievance in that portion of the empire, and conceives that there is imposed upon the government no more pressing duty than its overthrow. Lord Grey is supported in his opinions by Mr. Seil; whereas Mr. Macaulay appears to have arrived at the unexpected conclusion that even to pay the priests out of the consolidated fund would be injudicious. Not so my Lord Morpeth. He is all for a state-endowment; and, if we understand him right, he would rather take it out of the property of the church than supply it through the treasury. Mr. Ward, on the contrary, is for no state-payments at all. He would have religiousists of every sort to provide their own parsons as they provide their own physicians, and, saving vested interests, he would seize the property of the church, as incumbencies fell vacant, and apply them to the general education of the people. Mr. Ward may be a small man in the estimation of the noble lords to whom he plays second fiddle; but he is not small in his own estimation, nor in that of the radicals, of whom he is one of the representatives; and having Mr. Benjamin Hawes to support him, he flatters himself that he will be more than able to counterbalance Mr. Charles Buller, whose views on religious points are somewhat Puseyite, and who is too honest a fellow to sanction the spoliation of any class of the queen's subjects, even if the class proposed to be plundered be the clergy.

So much for the state of feeling in the new government on a question which is just as sure to be brought forward early in the next session, as day is sure to succeed to night. Let us consider one or two points besides, in regard to which, if there be greater unanimity in the cabinet, there has been too much of coquetting out-of-doors to sanction remissness in the executive, or to ensure success after the movement is made. And, first, let us take the sugar question on which Lord John is pledged to speak out forthwith. It was during the former reign of the whigs, when Lord John was rising to the first place among them, that in order to get rid of the incubus of slavery in our own sugar colonies, the British parliament voted to the holders of slaves a compensation of not less than twenty millions sterling. The vote was opposed, of course, by the Joseph Humé clique of economists. But a sense of justice prevailed over the opposition, and, with the hearty concurrence of Quakers and philanthropists of every sort, the whigs, supported by the conservatives, gained their point, and the planters their money. So bold a confiscation of the property of Englishmen was tolerated only upon the plea that our West India growers must be placed in a very unfavorable condition of rivalry towards the growers of sugar in the Brazils, and in the Spanish and French colonies. It was held that, taking into account the natural habits of the negro, the planter who cultivated his canes by means of free labor could not possibly compete with the slave-owner; and that to give him any chance at all it was necessary first to compensate him for his loss of property in his

laborers, and next to afford him such protection as a proper adjustment of import duties between him and his rivals might establish. Indeed the levying of duties, comparatively heavy, upon slave-grown sugar was regarded as a measure not merely of fiscal arrangement, but of Christian duty; and as such the whigs proposed and triumphantly carried it. Now see what they are prepared to do.

On the plea that the repeal of the corn-laws has entirely revolutionized the commercial policy of the country, the head of the whig government talks of equalizing the duties on sugars, whether fabricated by slaves or by free laborers. Christian duty has thus ceased to have any weight with him. The Quakers, it appears, were mistaken in the use which they made of this argument; and his lordship, with his friends, accepted their view of the case, simply because it suited their convenience to do so. Perhaps Lord John is right, looking at the matter in a purely religious point of view. A state of things which has existed ever since the world began, which was sanctioned by the example of Abraham, and is nowhere denounced in the New Testament, cannot be opposed to the spirit of the religion which we profess; except, indeed, in its abuses. But we are quite sure that Lord John will never persuade the Quakers to understand this; and we are apt to suspect that he will find more than the Quakers averse, on other and less sublimated grounds, to sanction the arrangement which he proposes to make. John Bull retains a lively recollection of the twenty millions which it cost him to get rid of slavery in his own dependencies; and will not see, all at once, that there can be any fitness in the encouragement of slavery elsewhere. Besides, John cannot endure to be humbugged; and so if the Peelites and protectionists unite to resist the move, Lord John will be obliged to dissolve and go to the country on a question by no means calculated to win recruits to his standard.

But worse remains behind. Lord John has taken new ground, such as we cannot believe that he will be permitted to hold throughout a single session. He is for waiting the progress of events. Whatever his own views and the views of his cabinet may be touching the arrangements which would best promote the permanent welfare of the empire, he is determined to do nothing—to propose nothing, till public opinion shall have declared in favor of a change. Now we shall be exceedingly surprised if gentlemen on either side of the house permit this. The purpose for which a cabinet exists is to take the lead in legislation, to think for the people, and to provide them with laws and usages which shall carry them forward in civilization and prosperity; and the people know this so well that they will not readily be put off with a continued waiting upon Providence. Moreover, there are those, apart from the people, the leaders of faction both here and in Ireland, whose very nature must change if they abstain from goading ministers into action. Does anybody suppose that Mr. O'Connell will be quiet? He may patronize the whigs to a certain extent, and count upon getting a good deal out of them; but he is no more willing to relinquish the trade of agitation than he is able. The Repeal cry may be softened for a brief space out of deference to that show of decency which even he is constrained occasionally to put on. But that it will be raised again in due time, assuring the cabinet to persevere in doing nothing, is just as inevitable as that without it the rent

would not come in. Lord John may feel and express the utmost reluctance to open a campaign against the Irish church, but we defy him to escape from it. And what is more, we do not believe that his half-and-half scheme—his popish establishment here and Protestant establishment there—will content anybody. *Delenda est Carthago*. The Irish church is, in the councils of O'Connell and the whig-radicals, doomed; and the sooner and the more boldly Lord John or Lord Grey breaks ground before it, the better it will be for all concerned.

But we have not yet done with the difficulties of the new cabinet. The members of the present government are as much divided on the subject of labor in the factories as upon the Irish church question. An influential section of them, with Lord John at their head, supported Lord Ashley in his last attempt to carry a ten-hours' bill, while Lord Grey and the more decided of the economists denounced the project as worse than visionary. What is now to be done? Will the government leave to Lord Ashley—on whose reelection next year we count as surely as we do upon anything that is in the future—the honor of fighting once more the battle of the factory children, and winning it? or will Lord John assume the initiative at the inevitable risk of exasperating his supporters of the League and of coming into direct collision with Sir Robert Peel? or, finally, knowing that Lord Grey is against him, will he be content to keep aloof, or possibly vote against his own wishes? These are points which it remains for time to determine. And, let us add, that their settlement, be it managed as it may, cannot fail of causing very great embarrassment to the cabinet.

So much for some of the questions in domestic policy, about which the new government is at issue with itself. Look now to the *personelle* of the cabinet, and judge how far such men are likely to go on smoothly together. But a few short months are fled since Lord Grey refused point-blank to sit at the same council-table with Lord Palmerston. This reluctance has, somehow or another, been overcome; but he must be very simple-minded indeed who supposes that the feeling in which it originated can have passed away, or that the noble earl of July, 1846, is not just as full of crotchets as was the noble earl of 1845. The noble viscount, on the other hand, has neither forgotten nor—and our readers may take our words for it—forgiven the fracas of last autumn. Lord Palmerston has the happy knack of laying all personal slights and wrongs in the secret recesses of his memory, where they are nursed and kept warm, that they may be brought into activity on the first favorable occasion. Neither would it be just towards the head of the house of Grey to conceal that in this respect his memory is to the full as tenacious. Macaulay's letter, more plain than pleasant, has never departed from his mind, and some fine day, when his colleagues least expect it, this will be shown. Moreover, it is not one Grey, but many, whom these feuds affect. The noble secretary for the colonies may count fairly on the support of the home-secretary and the chancellor of the exchequer; and two secretaries of state, with the principal member of the treasury board, seem to us to be capable of holding their own against all the other limbs of the cabinet put together.

Again, it is a matter of grave doubt with us whether Lord John Russell, with all the prestige that surrounds his name, really possesses the confidence of the whig party. That he does not pos-

see the confidence of the country we take to be an admitted fact. Just at this moment the country cares very little whom her majesty may be pleased to raise to the office of first lord of the treasury. It is the general belief in society that Sir Robert Peel has left nothing really useful for his successor to accomplish, and that the best thing that could happen would be a suspension for a few years of the labors of a legislature, which cannot meet without making or changing laws, whether the operation be in itself desirable or not. But the people know that Lord John is a very ambitious statesman. His character for courage, too, is more universally admitted than for discretion; and he has been too long in the hands of the movement to sanction a hope that he will be able to shake himself free. Something his lordship feels that he must do; and when men are operated upon by this sort of conviction, the chances are at least even that rather than do nothing they will do mischief. For example, was ever admission made by a minister of the crown more perilous than that which Lord John was drawn into on the subject of the estimates? Let the principle be once conceded that the house of commons has a right to examine by committee before they are brought forward the estimated expenses of each current year, and there is an end to all power in the state, except that of the commons. There is an end, likewise, to all responsibility by the minister. He ceases to be answerable for the conduct of public affairs. He has no further control over the expenditure of the revenue; embarrassment at home and disaster abroad may befall as fast as they may, but he will not withdraw from the councils of his sovereign on account of either, because the financial committee of the house, and not he, has occasioned them. Could the admission in question, or rather the hesitating reply of the noble lord, be dictated by the misgiving which always affects men's anticipations of the future when the memories of the past are unpleasant? Was Lord John thinking of the progressive decline of the national credit from 1835 to 1841; and considering how, in the event of a similar decadence, he might still hold place and pay in 1850 and beyond it? We suspect that he was; nevertheless, we take leave to assure him that neither the English people nor their representatives will permit the minister of the crown to devolve his gravest and most onerous duties on a committee of the house of commons. No, not even if the reward of acquiescence in the arrangement should promise to be a monopoly for life to the firm of Russell and Co. of the treasury benches, with all the agreeable concomitants thereunto attached, namely, lodging, presidency, patronage, and pay, with royal dinners *ad infinitum*.

There is yet another damaging circumstance connected with the position of the new government, that in their Irish appointments they have not been happy. It is the general impression—and we believe that the impression is a correct one—that the whig lord-chancellor of the sister kingdom owes his rise to O'Connell. Not that O'Connell directly patronizes the Rt. Hon. Mr. Brady, but it was necessary to place Mr. Brady where he is, in order that another and a surer berth might be provided for the *protégé* of the Liberator—who is understood, in like manner, to have imposed upon the authorities at the castle their law adviser. And of the opinions of the O'Connor Don on the great question of repeal, nobody is ignorant. Now an individual repealer, like an individual

Radical, may find it convenient to change his views when he comes into office. Indeed, we will go farther by allowing, that on all questions affecting the government of the empire, men in office receive of necessity so much more light than can be afforded to persons in private life, that it is not to be wondered at, assuming them to be reasonable beings, that, with their privacy of station, they should usually lay aside both the language and the sentiments of demagogues. But in the case of one who has spoken in favor of repeal, whether it were in the House of Commons or in Conciliation Hall, we cannot but think that the cabinet labors under a fatuity which advances him to a post of honor and responsibility under the crown. That Mr. Smith O'Brien should make something of the fact that the repeal functionary never gave in his formal adhesion to the Association, we are not surprised. Mr. Smith O'Brien is certainly not the Solomon of his party, but weak as he is, nature has given him brains enough to apprehend that it is a good thing for the cause of mischief to get a repealer into place; and that it is prudent on his own part to excuse the repealer to the mob for having accepted it. And Mr. O'Brien is right. Say what they will, the whig cabinet need not expect that they can ever succeed in persuading the British people that the association of the O'Connor Don with themselves is other than an act either of political treason or political cowardice.

Meanwhile, the enemies of the English connection are elated—the friends of the Union exasperated rather than depressed. The former anticipate a ready compliance with all the demands which they make immediately, and calculate, at least the more sanguine among them, on forcing a separation by and by. The latter, disgusted and outraged in their bitterest prejudices, are ready, through sheer dissatisfaction with times present, to make common cause with the wildest of the disclaimers against Saxon injustice. We think that measures which go to produce such results are the reverse of wise; for though it be impossible to deny that in former years the Protestants somewhat abused the powers that were entrusted to them, we defy their worst enemies to bring against them now any charge of the sort. And let it never be forgotten, that their worst outbreaks were the results of a loyalty peculiar, but perfectly honest; of a principle which partook as much, perhaps, of hatred to popery, as of love for protestantism or for the throne; and could not be disavowed from the remembrance, that their fathers having won Ireland with the sword, kept it, not for themselves but for England, and devolved upon them the solemn duty of keeping it still. We think, then, that a policy which forces the protestants into hostility, even if it seem for the moment to win the favor of the Roman Catholics, is neither a just nor a wise policy. For the party whom you strive to conciliate make no pretence of loving you for your own sakes, far less desire to be considered one with yourselves; whereas the outraged protestants used to boast that they were English, not Irish subjects, and were ready to sacrifice property and life itself in defence of the English connection.

Hitherto we have spoken of the whig government as of a self-existent and isolated body. We have pointed out the causes of the weakness which we attribute to it, as far as they are to be sought for within the cabinet circle itself. We have

shown that the management of public affairs has been undertaken by a body of gentlemen, hardly any two of whom think alike on any subject; that the points concerning which they differ among themselves are not secondary, but of the first importance; and that the tempers of the men are, in many instances, such as to preclude all hope of their being able, for any length of time, to keep their peculiar humors under control. What sane man expects that Lord Grey will give up the very least-valued of his crotchets, were the existence of the government shown to depend upon his doing so? Who professes to believe that Lord John Russell, after he has once made up his mind to any given course of action, will yield a jot in order to conciliate Earl Grey or any other member, either of the cabinet or the legislature? Who is so innocent as to anticipate that Lord Palmerston's repentance will prove to be sincere, or that, either at the Foreign Office or in his correspondence with the ministers of other states, he will abate a tittle of the petulance which in a few short years brought us to the very verge of an European war? These are grave considerations—rocks ahead of the new régime, which no steering, however skillful, can, in our judgment, for any length of time, avoid. But if they be avoided, what then? The whigs are by far the weakest party in the House of Commons, and among the constituencies they are as nothing. Will they be able to go on? We think not. Their colonial policy, when last in power, produced a rebellion in Canada. If we may judge from what the new premier promises, it will bring total ruin upon the West India islands now. They showed themselves on former occasions miserable financiers, and are not likely to do better amid the confusions inseparable from a total change of system. Our facetious contemporary, *Punch*, has risked a prophecy in regard to this matter, which it will in nowise surprise us to see realized. And of this we can assure them, that as the people give them no credit for moderation or magnanimity—as all the world is alive to the eagerness with which they joined in driving Peel from office, so there is little disposition anywhere to overlook their blunders when they fall into them, or to tolerate their feebleness whenever it shall begin to show itself. They have no hold whatever upon the country, and they know it. Now we sincerely regret this, for go when they may, there seems to us no prospect of replacing them by a cabinet which shall be stronger; for parties are utterly dissolved, and till they take again some form and consistency, we defy any man or set of men to guide with effect the councils of the nation.

Finally, let the whigs beware how they endeavor to get up, at a crisis like the present, what they expect to become a popular cry, whether it be on the subject of education or cheap sugar. Legislation carried on in a state of excitement invariably ends ill; for be the particular measure good or bad, the manner of pressing it forward is fatal. There is more truth in Lord Castlereagh's much abused aphorism than it might be judicious to acknowledge. "The people have little [we will not exactly say that they have *nothing*] to do with the laws, except to obey them." Clear heads, sound judgments, great circumspection, a keen insight into the future, are all requisite in men who would provide for the permanent well-being of the country; and to look for any one of these quali-

ties in mobs, or in the leaders of mobs, is ridiculous.

We give it, then, as our deliberate opinion, that Lord John Russell's government will not last a twelvemonth. We repeat that we are sorry for it; and as the best proof of our sincerity, we hereby declare that from us it shall receive a fair trial. We shall try its measures, be they what they may, on their own merits; and give judgment in each separate case according to right.

From Tait's Magazine, (Radical.)

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

SINCE we last wrote, great changes have occurred. The Corn Law Repeal Bill has become the law of the land, and the Anti-Corn-Law League has been dissolved; the Oregon question has been settled; the Irish Coercion Bill has been thrown out; Sir Robert Peel has resigned; and we have, once more, in the direction of the national affairs, Lord John Russell and a whig ministry.

The retirement of Sir Robert Peel, after carrying his great measure of Free Trade, was seen to be inevitable; yet it has been much regretted. During five years he has conducted the business of the nation with admirable skill and success; he has effected the most important measure of reform since the reform bill itself became a law; the measure, above all others, to obtain which the people strove to obtain parliamentary reform. He has left the government to the whigs with a grand difficulty subdued, the national finances in a flourishing state, the country prosperous and at peace, and agitation for organic changes unheard of. With the exception of the protectionists, whose monopoly he has destroyed, and those whig partisans who profit, or hope to profit by his fall, the whole nation regrets the loss of Peel. No minister, in our time, has left power, followed by so much popular sympathy and affection. Who could have thought that this would ever be said of the tory premier? While he served a party, opposed to the interests of the people, he was the most unpopular of public men. He threw off party, and worked for the people, and speedily became the most popular man of the day. Let it never be said that the people are ungrateful.

The course the whig leaders pursued in relation to the measure which caused the downfall of Peel, was not without suspicious circumstances. No doubt, the Irish coercion bill was a bad measure; unconstitutional, oppressive, and, above all, useless as a cure for the evil against which it was directed. Any minister who should propose so tyrannical an enactment deserved to be driven from power; and it was the duty of all the liberals in parliament to oppose the bill. But this was not the first Irish coercion bill. Ireland has never wanted such blessings. The two immediately preceding were both brought in by the whigs. Peel only followed the established practice; and this last of all the Irish coercion bills, as we trust, was passed in the upper house of parliament, with the concurrence of the whig lords; and not ill received by the whigs in the Lower House, at its introduction. But Lord George Bentinck and the protectionists, who had at first supported the bill, and who were ready to support it to the last, if Peel would have consented to postpone to it the Free Trade Bill, having, in revenge of Peel's disregard of their selfish propo-

sal, sworn to effect his downfall at the first opportunity, the whigs became suddenly aware of the enormities and absurdities of the Irish measure; and by them and the protectionists the minister was outvoted. The act at least was right; let us hope the motive was right also. Ireland must now be governed otherwise than by coercion; and owes that immunity to Lord John Russell and the whigs.

To Lord John and his friends, no small share of the merit of carrying the Free Trade bill is also due. Ever since his memorable letter, of last autumn, to his constituents of London, Lord John has steadfastly adhered to the principle he then announced, and has zealously cooperated with Peel in pushing the measure through the House of Commons. To Lord John's firmness, and his influence with his party, is ascribed the support given to the measure by nearly all the whigs in the house. He has merited the place he now occupies. All the shortcomings and misdeeds of the whigs have, for the time, been forgotten; and the people are well content to see them once more in place and power. Those of the party who had to vacate their seats, in consequence of appointment to office, have in every instance been reelected, with general satisfaction, if not with acclamation. In only two cases (Edinburgh and Plymouth) has there been the shadow of opposition. In one of these it was only the shadow: in the other the opposition was real, and, from special circumstances, might have been formidable. But even there, the opposition was directed against the person and not against the party to which he belonged.

Apparently, the circumstances in which Lord John Russell has succeeded to power, are most auspicious. The danger of war with America is over; with France we are again on cordial terms; and with all the world, (except Rosas, at La Plata,) at peace. C'Connell, and Ireland, represented in his person, are well disposed to whig government, (witness the unopposed return of Mr. Sheil, although not a repealer, by the repeal constituency of Dungarvon;) and the chartist agitation is asleep. Very little dissatisfaction, at the announcements of whig policy, made by the ministers who have had to face their constituents at the hustings, has been anywhere expressed. Such social improvements as have been promised, are all highly acceptable; and more is scarcely expected or required at present. People have become tired of political agitation, and desirous of a period of repose. Under the whig rule, it is felt there is a prospect of quiet and prosperous times. The advent of the whigs to power is, therefore, welcomed by the great majority of the nation; and deprecated, in so far as we have observed, by only Mr. Duncombe, Mr. O'Connor, and their followers, if, indeed, their followers are with them at present. If infinitely less ardent, the welcome of the whigs to office has been far more general, than it was in 1830, when so much national benefit was expected from a liberal ministry. Everything seems, at first sight, to promise a long and happy whig reign.

The whigs reënter office in circumstances unprecedented in our history. There is no opposition; for an opposition implies leaders who could be supposed to aspire to office without provoking a laugh, and this can scarcely be said of the party represented by the hundred patriots who, under the auspices of Mr. Banks, ate white-bait at Blackwall, and, intrenching themselves behind the walls of the church, swore to maintain an armed neutrality, unless the church was attacked. These gentlemen

apart, every man appears to be of every man's way of thinking. Within the cabinet, every man is allowed to have his own opinions: Earl Grey, who would crop and dock the Irish church; Lord John Russell, who would leave the Irish church its revenues, and establish the Romish church in Ireland in addition; and Mr. Macaulay, who would neither assail the Irish church, with Earl Grey, nor endow the Romish, with Lord John; have made up their minds to a harmonious difference of opinion. Outside of the cabinet, the Peel party having been worsted on the Irish Curfew Bill, have given up the hope, and apparently even the wish, to try another. They have adopted the same eclectic system of politics as the whigs, and differ from them in no essentials. Sir Robert Peel having been fairly complimented out of office, bowed down stairs with an excess of civility, Lord John is welcomed, not exactly with *empressement*, but with a fair amount of cordiality. Whig, tory, and radical—the lion, the lamb, and—any animal the reader pleases to select as typical of the third party, have couched together amicably in parliament.

Out of doors the people are looking on to see what is to be the "upshot" of all this cordiality, what the first fruits of this political millennium. "*Haud equidem invidio, miror magis*," is the prevailing sentiment. Notwithstanding the famine and railway panics, there is no general pressure at this moment beyond what men have got accustomed to. Agitators (except in Ireland) find the masses, worn out with protracted struggles, rather difficult to excite. No-popery and free-churchism made as indifferent a rally in Edinburgh as chartism did at Nottingham or Plymouth. There is a general disposition—now that the old whig and tory and parliamentary radical parties are broken up, pounded down to a uniform consistency, and prepared for fusion—to wait and see what kind of a government is likely to be produced by the amalgamation. In this state of the public mind, it is not so rash in Lord John to take office without a numerical majority in parliament as might at first sight appear. Where there is little difference even of *professed* principle among parliamentary men, place is a wonderful eradicator of mere personal incompatibilities. The treasury bench is a magnet that, except on exceptional occasions, is sure quietly to draw a majority to it. Then if with the support of such a majority for one year, ministers can contrive to avow principles and carry measures that may, in the taper and tadpole language, serve as a "cry;" what with watchwords under which no political Dalgetty may be ashamed to rally, what with the influence of office, and what with the excellent organization of the whig standing electioneering committees, ministerial chances of a majority in the next parliament are as fair as could be desired.

But, to those who scan the whole political horizon, the prospect is not without clouds. One dark cloud, especially, seems not unlikely from the course of the wind to overshadow, ere long, the ministerial position. The state of Ireland cannot fail to bring on the question of church establishments or the voluntary principle; the most formidable question of the day. Other vexed questions will be brought forward, in the course of next session, to say nothing of the sugar duties in the present. For although the ministers and their partisans will do their best to prevent the introduction and the discussion of troublesome questions, and although the nation is likely, for some time, to prefer quiet to agitation, it is scarcely possible but that

offences will come. By the resistance to every successive measure of reform, a whole generation has been trained to agitation. There is a reform press, which must have topics for discussion: there are reform orators, who must have grievances about which to declaim; there are independent members, representing reform constituencies, who must bring forward reform measures to please those who sent them to parliament, and to acquire distinction; and there are countless thousands of reformers, whose aspirations after progress must be gratified. In the course of time, all the old questions will again be propounded. Extension of the franchise, ballot, repeal of the rate-paying clauses of the reform act; the legacy duties, and other inequalities of taxation; currency reform, repeal of death punishment; church rates, &c., will all reappear, notwithstanding every attempt of the party in power to keep them in abeyance. Above all, the state of Ireland, and the Irish church question, will force themselves on public attention. Verily there will not long be peace for peace-loving whigs.

The elements of disturbance are not dead, but sleep. The chartists are scarce seen or heard of at present: but the chartists still exist. Let there come a season of monetary pressure, accompanied by want of work, and the millions will become uneasy; let the millions feel uneasy, and the natural and necessary distrust of a government over which they exercise no control, which is entirely under the management of classes who have stored up means to weather a season of distress, will revive. We have not heard the last of extension of the franchise; no, nor of the five points either.

Again, the spirit of sectarian bigotry is scarcely even asleep. If it slumbers, it is a nightmare slumber, and its groans and tossings are as full of meaning as those of Richard the night before Bosworth field. Old Intolerance is preparing for a last rally, and, like Captain Macheath, he will "die game." The cause of religious liberty has been more rapidly advanced in practice than in theory. Two parties have coöperated in this, who but imperfectly felt the divine nature of the mission they have been fulfilling, and who cordially distrust and dislike each other—the latitudinarians on the one hand, and the sectarians on the other. By the latitudinarians, (we use the word in no dislogistic or offensive sense,) we mean the scholars and thinkers, and the statesmen and lawyers, who, by reflection or mere habit, have come to look with indifference upon the minor controversies of sects, so long as the great essentials of devotional feeling and moral convictions are safe. Under every form and phasis of society, this class of intellect must be the governing one. Religious controversies are so many impediments to their political schemes, and they would fain suppress them. When men of this class are intolerant, (and there is sometimes a natural intolerance of disposition which no schooling or training can subdue,) it is of sincere, impracticable, narrow-minded religious conviction. Our Chesterfields and Bedfords, and our literary promoters of Catholic and Jewish emancipation, have belonged to this class. They are not truly tolerant; for, incapable of conceiving the deep devotion to peculiar dogmas, which seems inseparable from many of the highest virtues of human nature, they would emasculate public opinion, by suppressing it. The other class to whom we alluded, are the sectaries, or dissenters. There is a grandeur and single-heartedness about the readiness of the better minds of this class to sacrifice everything for con-

science sake, that commands involuntary homage. But linked with this, even in the best of them, there is a habit of attaching exclusive importance to those opinions by which they differ from others, a repulsive and polemical tendency, that confines their most genial feelings to the narrow circle of their sect, and chides the sympathy of those who do not entirely concur with them. Various sects from time to time ally themselves with each other, and even with the latitudinarians, to ward off danger; but their consciences check them for such compliances; when they can, they prefer standing aloof, and even in aggressive relations to all who think differently from them. Such intellects are incapable of governing a state wisely; woe to the nation which is subjected to their sway! but they have many of the sturdy and independent qualities of the good hater, and in our country they are numerous, and as powerful as a multitude of independent self-willed guerilla troops can be. The conscious and avowedly intolerant section of society, still too numerous among us, is ever ready to avail itself of the distrust and want of cordiality between the statesmen and scholars who compose the latitudinarians, and the innumerable communions who compose the sectaries, and, among the latter, in regard to each other. And already we have had symptoms preparative for a fierce Exeter Hall campaign.

Ministers may make up their minds that the present lull is deceptive; that all the elements of as fierce a political strife as this country has ever witnessed, are actively fermenting beneath the surface. It is not by fair words, or graceful concessions, that they are to neutralize, pacify, or divert them. The drawing-room liberalism of politics is too diluted—the bookish policy of the metropolitan press too unreal, to serve the purpose. They must look at the cravings of the densely-packed quivering masses in the manufacturing districts, at the dull chronic nightmare suffering of the agricultural districts, at the deranged social relations of Ireland, and apply real remedies to real agonies. Thus only can they render permanent their precarious tenure of authority.

And how will the new ministry meet the rising demands of reformers? The question is of more importance to themselves than to the people; for the spirit of progress is so powerful that, if resisted by the whigs, their resistance will only be fatal to their retention of place.

Their position is not so secure as it seems, from the ready acquiescence of the nation in their return to power, and the present lull of political agitation. There are dangers within and without the camp of the whigs. From Lord Grey within, and from Sir Robert Peel and Mr. O'Connell without, they have much to apprehend. If they act rightly, Lord Grey will be to them a tower of strength. We trust the same thing may be truly said of Sir Robert Peel, and also of Mr. O'Connell. But certainly in Lord Grey, the whig officers have a dangerous messmate. Should they retrograde or march in a wrong direction, he will assuredly desert them, and join the more dangerous party of their enemies. The danger to be apprehended from Sir Robert Peel, is not less. He has promised them his support in all good measures; and there is no reason to doubt either the sincerity of his intention in their favor, or that he will faithfully perform what he has promised. But that he should have any personal favor for them, or that he should wish to see them longer in office than they use their power for the

public benefit, is not to be supposed. We believe that he will act towards Lord John Russell, with more magnanimity than Lord John displayed towards him. For, while supporting Peel's great measure, Lord John could never refrain from unnecessary and mischievous sallies, depreciatory of its author. No petty ebullitions of spite or spleen are likely to proceed from Peel. But it may be expected that he will be quite ready to withdraw his support from Lord John Russell, at the very time when support shall be most required; that is, when the whigs are doing something both wrong and unpopular; turning his force suddenly against them, to their destruction as a ministry, and his own restoration to office as the minister of progress. From Peel as again a conservative, the whigs have not much to fear. If they attack the church establishment of Ireland, the friends of that church would scarcely choose Peel as their champion. They would feel instinctively that *their* cause would not be safe under his charge. The part he acted in the cases of Catholic emancipation and corn law repeal, could not fail to impress on their doubting consciences, what they might anticipate from Peel. Should the whigs attempt organic reforms, there might be more danger from Peel; again become leader of the conservatives, protectionists and all. That danger, the whigs, however, will not incur. It is more likely that Peel may go beyond them, in that direction, by originating or supporting a new reform bill, retaining the £10 franchise, but abolishing all the corrupt small constituencies, and establishing equality of districts, with triennial parliaments; a measure which, although far short of radical reform, would immensely increase the power of the middle classes to return men of their own sentiments to parliament.

From Mr. O'Connell, the danger to the whig cabinet is not so great, as from either Lord Grey or Sir Robert Peel; that is, if Mr. O'Connell continue to agitate solely for repeal of the union. Against that agitation the whigs will have the support of the whole British public, including, with scarcely an exception, the whole British press. But if he should direct his force against the monster grievance of Ireland, the established church, the church of one tenth of the population, which yet monopolizes the whole national church property, the case would be very different. That grievance is utterly indefensible. Apart from the opinion so rapidly gaining ground, that all church establishments are injurious to the cause of true religion, and, where there is not one sect of religionists but many, flagrantly unjust to all the dissenting churches; there is no gainsaying the truth, that, on every principle of equity and common sense, if there must be a church establishment in Ireland, it ought to be that of the national religion of Ireland—the religion, not of *one* tenth of the people, and the richest portion of them, and therefore the best able to provide religious services for themselves; but that of above *eight* tenths of the people, and these the poorest. England has its establishment; the church of the majority of the English people. Scotland has its establishment; the church of, till very lately, the majority of the Scottish people. Why should not the establishment of Ireland, if establishments are to be maintained in each of the three kingdoms, be that of the majority of the Irish people? a majority greater than the English church can boast in England, or the Scottish church ever could pretend to in Scotland. The Episcopal church is more odious to the dissentients, in Ireland, than the es-

tablishments in the other two kingdoms are to the dissenters in these kingdoms. Besides being the churches of a present majority in the one case, and of a very recent majority in the other, these churches were the original choice of the English and Scottish people. Not so the church of Ireland. It was forced upon the Irish nation by invaders and oppressors. It was established by force, on a reluctant people; it has been maintained, by force, among a people whose original aversion to it has never known diminution; and it is maintained by force, at the present time. Without the vast body of troops quartered in Ireland, amounting to about one third of the British army, the English church establishment in Ireland could not maintain itself for a single day. It is nonsense to pretend that the English church in Ireland is not an injustice and an oppression, because it takes nothing from the Irish people, but subsists on its own funds. The whole property and possessions, as they are called, of that church establishment, were taken from the church of the Irish people, who are forced to pay their own ministers of religion; the funds and possessions formerly devoted to that purpose being forcibly appropriated by an alien church. Can such a violation of every principle of religious liberty be supported by Englishmen and Scotsmen? Can it be expected that such a degrading infliction on the feelings of Irishmen should be much longer submitted to? The thing is impossible.

Had there been no Presbyterian establishment in Scotland—had the English church been established there also—the insult, if not the injury to the people of Ireland would have been less palpable. It might have been said that the Episcopalian was the church of the majority of the people of the United Kingdom; and, as it is the duty of the state to maintain an establishment of religion, that establishment could only be the Episcopalian. But the successful armed resistance of the Scottish people to the thrusting upon them of an alien and hated church establishment, has destroyed that plausible argument, and leaves the Episcopal establishment of Ireland a crying injustice, a degrading insult, and a monument of foreign oppression, which cannot be maintained with the smallest pretence to fair dealing, or conformity with the great Christian principle of doing to others as we would that they should do unto us.

The whigs, it is only justice to admit, have long been sensible that this state of things in Ireland ought not to be maintained. Lord John Russell and other leading statesmen of the party have proposed a remedy. The Rev. Sydney Smith advocated the same remedy, in an eloquent and powerful appeal, published after his decease. And the great whig organ, *The Edinburgh Review*, at various times, but especially in an elaborate article in the number for January, 1844, (vol. lxxix., p. 189,) took the same view of what was required to give peace to Ireland. We doubt not the sincerity and good intentions of the whigs. But *their* mode of redressing the grand Irish grievance will not do. They wished to pension the Romish priests, and have *two* church establishments in Ireland. A better way of putting the Catholics and the Episcopalian on a par, would be to have no church establishment in that country. Nothing can be more clear than that either the Roman Catholic religion must be there established, or the Episcopalian church be dis-established. It is to the honor of Lord John Russell and the whigs that they acknowledge the wrong and wish to redress it. Most

of them probably think the double establishment the better mode of doing justice; and all of them that it is the more practicable. There we believe them to be mistaken. They have not taken sufficient account of either the religion or the bigotry of the people of England and Scotland. Any attempt to pension the Romish priests would be instantly fatal to the whigs, or to any ministry. Their generous purpose must needs be abandoned. Its avowal at any time was a great imprudence. Mr. Macaulay, at his meetings with his constituents, found it necessary to disclaim all intention of paying the Irish priests; and to assure his hearers, that if the ministry to which he belongs had contemplated such a measure, he would not have joined them. Lord John Russell, also, in his exposition in the house of commons, of the ministerial intentions, declares that although "he retains his opinions with respect to Roman Catholic endowment, he does not think it necessary that he should urge these opinions at present; for he should be doing that which he must confess at the present moment to be impracticable." Impracticable, no doubt, at the present moment; impracticable, we believe, at any future time; and as improper as impracticable, there being another way of doing justice between Catholic and Episcopalian. To that other and better way, we recommend the whigs to turn their attention. Although it, so, at the present moment, may be impracticable, public opinion is taking that direction; and it may, before long, be as practicable as it is just.

It seems strange that, supposing the religious and the bigoted feelings of the British people would permit the pensioning of the Catholic priests, sensible men should believe that such a measure would remove Catholic discontents. The Catholics cannot forget that to their church belonged the chapels, revenues, and dignities now occupied by another church. Yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that they might be quite contented with an equality with the adherents of the rival sect, by the abolition of the present establishment; and not aspire to attain their original ascendancy. But with less than equality, how can it be supposed the Catholics would be contented? And what equality would there be, if the Episcopalian church were allowed to retain all, or nearly all its present possessions, and the Catholic church were merely to obtain pensions for its priests, with perhaps a number of cheap and inelegant chapels built for them? Could the Catholic priests be contented with the very moderate stipends proposed for them by *The Edinburgh Review* in the article above alluded to, while the Episcopalian clergy had hundreds of pounds for the Catholic tens, and the Episcopalian dignitaries thousands for the Catholic hundreds? It is not possible that the Catholics could be satisfied with such a meagre and degrading allotment of state pay; although they might take it as a step towards obtaining more. The cry of Justice to Ireland would soon be raised; and the principle that the Catholic church was entitled to be made a state establishment, having been admitted, the inequality of the two establishments would be utterly without defence. After working together for a few years, with anything but harmony and brotherly love, the rival establishments would assuredly get to a state of war for supremacy; a war possibly of more than words.

It must not be forgotten that there are other religious sects in Ireland besides Catholics and Episcopalians. These sects, of course, would require to

have their religious services paid for by the state, were the Catholic religion endowed. Justice requires that all should be endowed or none. Not even those sects which are not allowed by others to be Christians at all, could be fairly excluded. We trust that the proceedings at the late election in Edinburgh will receive due attention from the whig ministers, and that we shall hear no more of pensioning the Catholic priests. Edinburgh is far from having an extra quantity of bigotry; we believe it has less than the other large towns of Scotland and England, London perhaps excepted; and it is not behind any of them in enlightenment. Yet, if Mr. Macaulay had denied the intention of endowing the Catholic religion in less strong terms than he did; had he said no more to his constituents than Lord John Russell said in the house of commons in answer to Mr. Thomas Duncombe, he most certainly would have exchanged places at the poll with Sir Culling Eardley Smith.

In writing as we have done, we do not affect to be disinterested. As friends of religion, and of religious liberty, we are opposed to state churches, and do not wish to see the number of our enemies increased. Religion and church are very different things. Religious liberty and church establishments are totally opposed to each other. We know how churchmen of different sects, however antagonistic their respective church establishments may be, are disposed to fraternize, for mutual defence of their respective positions. What sects were more opposed to each other than Episcopalians and Presbyterians? Scorn on the one side was met by detestation on the other. But Episcopacy in England, and Presbyterianism in Scotland, being established, the scorn has diminished, and the detestation has ceased. The English establishment now regards the Scottish with some small measure of respect. It is felt that the former may be one day in danger from the enemies of all establishments. Black prelacy has ceased to be hated by the Scottish establishment, because the latter finds itself already in danger, outnumbered and surrounded by foes who have sworn its destruction, that is, its separation from the state. Let popery be established in Ireland, and the other two establishments will speedily recognize her as a sister; of a different and not over-lovely favor, compared to themselves, but still a daughter of the same lordly family. The friends of religious liberty in Britain, deserted by their Irish allies, would have three enemies to contend with, instead of two, as at present; and although, their cause being that of truth and righteousness, ultimate victory might be certain, it would undoubtedly be postponed to a day comparatively distant.

We hope for good government from the whigs. But what security for it have we, under the present reform act, when the country shall be delivered over to whig rule for seven long years of a new parliament? None but that of public opinion, and the possibility of some new league for giving effect to it. But such monster associations are not the proper remedy for misgovernment. They are difficult, laborious, and costly; and would be highly objectionable, were they not necessary, owing to the deficiency of the proper constitutional remedy. All who desiderate civil and religious liberty, must wish for other and more regular and easily-working means of letting the popular will be imperatively felt.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF FLOGGING.—Amid the storm of indignant correspondence which has been extorted by the horror with which a recent fatal instance of this disgraceful practice has filled the public mind, the following letter, addressed to the *Times*, is so significant, that we feel called upon to assist its argument by bringing it under the notice of our own readers. Such new and striking light is thrown by its propositions, and by the evidence of Mr. Erasmus Wilson given at the coroner's inquest, on the barbarity of this revolting species of punishment, that there is every hope of their, at length, compelling an abandonment of a usage which—like some others that have lingered amongst us in spite of all our boasted civilization—would be a reproach to a nation of savages. Through the length and breadth of England, we will venture to believe, that the disgusting details of this military execution have been read by no man without the throb of indignation and the blush of shame. If the use of torture be essential to the maintenance of discipline in the army, it were better and more humane to release from the Tower some of those horrid instruments which have been hung up there for the execration of ages, and regulate the comparative dignities of colonel, and sergeant, and private, by means of the thumb-screw:

"It may seem very hard if I say that the effect of flogging is not fully appreciated even in my own, the medical profession. But I have studied the subject, and I beg to send you a few medical hints upon it. Every lash, like every other kind of laceration or cutting, affects the power of the heart. A patient sometimes never rallies from the effect of a severe accident, (such was the case with Mr. Huskisson,) or a severe surgical operation. But this is not all. The skin, which some persons seem to think may be treated like an inorganic substance, has a special relation with the internal organs:—1. A current of air falling partially on the surface is sufficient, by its action on the skin, and the sympathy of this, through the ganglionic system, with the internal organs, to induce inflammation of the lungs, or of the heart, or of the membranes which cover these organs. 2. The same event occurs from burns or scalds. 3. The same event occurs from flogging. It is not the extent of the infliction merely which is to be considered; much depends on the peculiarity of the constitution. The healthy are less affected than the unhealthy, the sober than the drunken. But any person may, as the effect of any of the inflictions to which I have adverted, become *diseased—diseased for life, or diseased unto death*; and no man—no medical person—can tell, *à priori*, who is to suffer or who is to escape. Flogging is not to be treated of, then, as a thing skin-deep. Many a soldier whom it was only intended to flog has been slain, unknown even to the inflicter of the punishment; for, as I have said, the medical bearings of the subject have not been duly investigated. It is somewhat singular that those persons who seem to bear a surgical operation best are precisely those whom it affects the most, and most dangerously. There are, besides, what we call idiosyncrasies, or peculiarities, which, besides the fact of ill-health or bad habits, render an infliction which might generally be borne without risk most dangerous. In the tendency to disease of the brain, in disease of the heart, flogging would be dangerous; and this punishment has actually induced epilepsy and tetanus (or locked jaw.) I may refer to the writings of the late Mr. Rose and Sir C. Bell, of Mr.

Travers, &c., for examples of internal disease, especially inflammation of the lungs, induced by severe accidents or operations; but, if this be true in regard to the tissues in general, it is specially so in respect to the skin. The great fact is, that as exposure to a current of air, so a burn, and so a flogging, may induce disease—lingering disease and death."—*Athenæum*.

THE COPPER REGION.—The stories which reach us from the copper region on Lake Superior, almost daily, startle our credulity; and were it not that we have ourselves seen some of these large masses of native copper, we should find it difficult to credit them, however well authenticated. A gentleman from Zanesville, now on his way to Lake Superior, thus writes from Detroit, on the 28th of May, to the *Zanesville Courier*:—"The explorations on Lake Superior prove that it is, beyond compare, the richest copper region in the world; and four or five veins have, thus far, been discovered which contain silver in sufficient quantities to render the mining highly profitable. Some of the copper ores carry with them 10 per cent. of silver; which would make its commercial value between 4,000 and 5,000 dollars per ton. The explorations during the past winter, I learn, have been highly satisfactory. One day last week, a boat took down about 50,000 dollars' worth of copper and silver ore belonging to the Pittsburgh Company, destined for the Boston Market. The Boston and Lake Superior Company (Eagle River) have struck a vein which is represented to be very rich in silver. The Copper Falls Company, you will recollect, uncovered a mass of native copper, last winter, some 13 feet in length—which proved a very serious obstacle to the presecution of their work. The Eagle Harbor Company, on the adjoining location, have met with an obstacle still more serious. They have come to a mass of native copper, which serves as a brazen barrier to all further operations—at least for the present. They have 'drifted' longitudinally about 90 feet, without finding its length; they have sunk down about four feet in places without finding its depth. Its average thickness is about 18 inches! The mass thus far uncovered is estimated at about 90 tons; and its commercial value, when raised and smelted, will exceed 25,000 dollars. This seems almost incredible, and yet it is literally true. Nothing in the previous history of mining operations can compare with this. The Ontonagon copper rock, weighing about two tons, was regarded as one of the wonders of the world; and yet, between that mass and this, the difference is as great as between a mustard-seed shot and a cannon ball. The company propose erecting a steam engine for the purpose of sawing this immense mass into blocks, and thus raising it from the mine. I saw some of the fragments or rough 'strings,' that were cut off from the exterior; and, with the exception of an occasional admixture of spar, it resembled more the product of the furnace than the mine."—*Toronto Patriot*.

THE Turkish government has just ordered the establishment at Constantinople and Smyrna of a body of firemen. This step is a victory over the doctrine of fatalism of the Turks, which enjoins them to remain inactive when a fire breaks out. In order, however, that the object of the government may be fully carried out, the new corps of firemen is to be composed of Armenians and Jews. —*Morning Chronicle*.

From the North British Review.

1. *Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 2 vols. London, 1845.
2. *Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745.* By MRS. THOMSON. 3 vols. London, 1845-6.
3. *Memoir of Prince Charles Stuart, commonly called the Young Pretender, with Notices of the Rebellion in 1745.* By CHARLES LOUIS KEOSE, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1845.

TWENTY years ago, James Hogg published the lyrical poetry of the Jacobites, which was fast receding from us, as each year carried off another and another of the stragglers who had been out in the '45. He did service to literature and the world, by fixing down forever so many exquisite lyrics, which constitute the most enduring record of the feelings and the misfortunes of the extinct party who composed them. With the natural leanings of an editor to his subject, he found genius in every poem, and looked at Jacobitism in such a manner, that the extinction of the Stuarts alone prevented the authorities from asking an interview with the Shepherd, on the application of the treason laws. But though the arm of the law was paralyzed, the police of literature—the critics—were in their prime. The *Edinburgh Review* pounced upon the unhappy author and his book, and dragged before a court of whig jurisdiction the compiler, who, by covert hints, and often by direct statement, advocated the exploded doctrines of the exiled family, and thus blackened the memory of the whigs, who had done it all. Hogg is termed everything but a man of sense; and the poetry itself is classed among the fugitive political squibs, which, like the ephemerides, should die on the day of birth.

Times are changed, indeed, when the doctrines which Scott could just insinuate, and for mildly asserting which Hogg endured martyrdom, have been urged in four octavo volumes with an earnestness that could not be surpassed, though the restoration of the Stuarts were yet attainable. We had thought that Jacobitism had died away, even amid the scenes which cradled it into youth, and saw the brief triumphs of its maturity. In the mixed and variegated shades of modern party, we had imagined that the search would be in vain for the principles of our Jacobite fathers. Their gallant achievements and their heroic deaths came to us through the cold medium of history, or in the plaintive melody of Jacobite song. Time was doing its usual duty of reducing heroes to ordinary proportions, and the romance of the '45 ran the risk of an eclipse. Even the long list of terrible proscriptions which swept over a ruined party, extinguishing ancient families, and changing the very names of the districts that for ages had belonged to them, had been forgotten, under the benign civilization which has followed the consolidation of the throne of the house of Brunswick.

The end of Jacobitism appeared to be approaching, from very want of an object for which to live. After a flickering life, kept up by the genius of Scott, it hastened to its exit, and ought ere this to

have disappeared from the stage of existing politics. It still, however, exists to plague us. Though not as an active principle, capable of practical application, by the reestablishment of the Stuarts, it has been made the foundation of speculative opinions, which tear up by the root the principles of constitutional government, and of a whining sentimentality which misleads the judgment by arousing the sensibilities of the heart. The calamities of the wars of ambition are effaced by a year of peace; those of the wars of opinion, political or religious, make a profounder impression, since they touch at the core the principles on which society is based. Accustomed, therefore, to the immortality of party—finding, not in the glens merely but in the crowded cities, the spirit of the covenants still animating their descendants, and the principles of the puritans the principles of English descent—it were strange if a great party like the Jacobites, so resolute in their schemes, so generous in their sacrifices, so ardent in their devotion, had passed away without leaving on society an impression of their existence.

Be it from conviction, or from morbid sentimentality, or as a bookselling speculation, we have been favored by Mrs. Thomson and Mr. Jesse with two books filled with the most rampant Jacobitism. This would be pleasant reading now, were it not the germinating false principles, and the giving assistance to a party who wish to roll back the free opinions of the revolution. The phantoms of hereditary right and ecclesiastical supremacy, which had long slept quietly in their graves, have astonished the world by the tale of their strange resurrection. Under another name, every doctrine against which our fathers protested, and for the enforcement of which the Stuarts fell, has been made the subject of elaborate eulogy. Thus the departed great are robbed of their reward, and sentimental historians and tractarian polemics destroy, by distinctions and exceptions, all political morality and all constitutional freedom.

Yet the three works which have just appeared on the history of Jacobitism are an agreeable accession to our literature. They give the history of the empire subsequent to the revolution; they do it, too, in the form the most engaging and instructive. Memoirs increase the interest, by individualizing the narrative, and centring the attention on a single object. Painting men in dishabille—exhibiting them in their retirement—associating us with the history of their private life, in those moments when nature speaks—these writings create an interest always superior to that of history, which hampers itself but little with details, and elevates its heroes upon a pedestal. We see the past more fully than was ever wished by the men whose doings constitute public history—we can unravel the secret motives and outrageous pretensions of an age divided from ours by a hundred years, and as each rotten reputation is dug up from the ruins of this moral Herculaneum, we find many an illusion vanishing as to character and actions.

We do not mean to say that the important period of fifty-seven years, from the revolution to the last rebellion, has found historians full in all things, in

the three writers who have published the *Memoirs of the Jacobites*. They have confined themselves only to one party, whose history, however, must always be interesting to Scotland and to Scotsmen. Commencing with the statesmen of the days of James the Second, we have a continued biographical narrative to the death of the last of the chiefs of the '45. In regard to the mode in which this has been accomplished, we have—barring the Jacobite leaning—much to praise, and but little to condemn.

Both Mr. Jesse and Mrs. Thomson have the merit of adding, from unpublished papers, something new to what is already known. That which is old they have placed in an intelligible garb, and dragged considerable information from the obscurity of volumes which the world had forgotten. But, while Mr. Jesse displays great industry, he has little discrimination. All that has been written on the subject he has given us—truth, falsehood, exaggeration, nonsense—compiled, with great fidelity, from every source accessible to investigation and industry. With the indifference of a practised writer, he is not ambitious of originality. Provided the book is made, it matters not to whom belongs the merit of the writing; and accordingly, every third page is a quotation of the interesting passages in all the pamphlets, histories, and memoirs which have enlightened the world on the history of Jacobitism. By using his scissors rather than his head, Mr. Jesse has furnished us with a better book than a stricter attention to originality, or a higher intellectual activity, would, in all probability, have given us. It is only to be regretted, that in the preference bestowed on his quotations, he has not labored at all times for the honor of his sagacity, and has inserted much to increase the volume rather than the interest. In regard to what is original, we might have had a more distinct narrative of those *minutiae* that illustrate personal character, national manners, and the feelings and opinions of the time. Much of the general speculation—in high Cambyse's vein—not very consistent or profound, might, with advantage, have been supplanted by a few of those numerous anecdotes which escaped the industry of Forbes, Scott, and Chambers, and which, though still circulating in society, are fast dropping into oblivion. The Jacobitism of the volumes is, moreover, evidently not native here, and to the manner born. It has, with him, only the appearance of being the medium for fine writing, like those old airs that musicians take, in order to produce upon them a thousand new variations.

Yet, after all, Mr. Jesse's book is interesting and instructive. The greater part is occupied with the history of Prince Charles. There is also a full sketch of the life of the old Chevalier, the father of the prince, more complete and accurate than any other we know of in the English language. Add to these the *Memoirs of the Countess of Albany*, the wife of Prince Charles—of the Cardinal York, his brother, the last and best of the Stuart line since the days of James the First—of the gallant old Balmerino—of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie—of Lord George Murray, and the celebrated Flora M'Donald.

Mr. Klose's book is one with greater pretensions to originality, and is confined exclusively to the history of the young chevalier, with a prefatory sketch of the character of the Stuart reigns. Mr. Klose, though a foreigner, has fallen into a few of the blunders which might have been excusable in

him, when treating of the antique history of another land. He brings to his task all a foreigner's impartiality, with few of a foreigner's prejudices. Had he referred more to his authority, and told the sources of his knowledge, we would have had greater confidence in his narrative, and given a more implicit respect to his speculative opinions. These in general are just, liberal, and philosophic; and while the romance of history is not lost by prosaic dulness, the writer never rides the pegasus of imagination, to excite a "thrilling" interest, by a burst of forced and metaphorical conceits.

Mrs. Thomson's work is one which has agreeably disappointed us. It is a genuine book, a little too pompous and ambitious in its style for memoirs, yet written with an earnest honesty of feeling, that goes far to palliate its errors of opinion. We began to read it, in a spirit of hopeless resignation, determined honestly to discharge the task of only judging it on trial. We anticipated that it would have been a production of the same school, as that of all the lady writers on Scottish history—feeble in statement, erroneous in its facts, sickly in its thought, but above and beyond all, with an intolerable mouthing of the most maudlin sentiment. We have found it, however, a book, with regard to facts, carefully compiled—drawn not merely from the ready sources patent to all, but from the secrecy of ancient cabinets, in which was entombed a large collection of interesting correspondence, now, for the first time, made known to the world. We see that this lady has spent a large portion of her time in the study of books containing the history of the events of which she treats; she cites them as one who loves them and knows them well; she borrows from them a crowd of piquant passages and interesting anecdotes, drawn principally from forgotten sources. Freshness and animation reign throughout; and in the passages most Jacobitical in their tendency, the good nature, good spirit, and agreeable writing silence rebuke. She has never allowed what she terms "a leaning for the unfortunate cause of the Stuarts" to pervert the impartiality of history. Neither do we meet with any cruel outrages upon logic, or any perversion of those great principles on which rests the column of British freedom, erected with such painful effort, and guarded with such unsleeping zeal.

The work has evidently been revised by persons capable of saving the writer from mistakes. When we find a lady versant in the technical jargon of the Scottish law, and rivalling Bailie Macwheele himself in the correct description of "fee and liferent," and of all the mysteries of "dispositions of lands, heritages, tenements, annual rents, together with the goods, jewels, gear, utensils, horses, sheep, cattle, nolt, corn, and others pertaining and belonging to," &c., &c., (vol. ii., p. 301, and vol. ii., p. 180-6,) we are scarcely in error in supposing that some modern bailie has given the aid of his inspiration to the history. There are, however, some errors in regard to localities that might have been avoided, by a judicious employment of any bailie who, (according to Mrs. Malaprop,) by being "instructed in geometry, might know something of the contagious countries." Thus we have the village of Logierait, near Dunkeld, transmuted into Logaret, (vol. i., p. 87.) The house of Stewart of Gairntully, is changed into "the house of Stewart of Grandtully," (vol. i., p. 155,) which might be confounded with Stewart of Grandtully—a different family. The river Earn becomes Eru, (vol. i., p. 181,) and the Trosachs are trans-

muted into *Trosachs*, (vol. ii., p. 156.) Many other blunders of the same kind—some typographical and others editorial—we do not mean to dwell upon in regard to a work which possesses so many recommendations.

Mrs. Thomson, by not giving a history of Prince Charles, has ample space for separate memoirs of the subordinates. Her first volume contains an admirable biography of the Earl of Mar, in which we are carried back to the old parliament of Scotland, and enlightened as to all the details of the rise, progress, and suppression of the rebellion of the '15. We have also a memoir of the young Earl of Derwentwater, who closed his short career, amid universal sympathy, on the scaffold; of the Master of Sinclair, whose opposition to Mar and graphic history of the insurrection, have saved his memory from the oblivion that his insignificance otherwise would have ensured him; and, finally, of Cameron of Lochiel, the most patriotic, disinterested, and bravest Jacobite of them all. The second volume commences with the biography of the Earl of Nithsdale, who was saved from the scaffold by the heroic intrepidity of his wife; of Viscount Kenmore, and the Marquis of Tullibardine; of Sir John Maclean, an illustrious obscure, of whom the world has heard little and cares less, and of whom all that is necessary to be said, may be summed up by saying, that he was one of the officers of Claverhouse, and was out in the '15. The latter half of the volume is, however, occupied with two names, with which Scotland once rang from side to side—Rob Roy and Fraser of Lovat. The former, though at the battle of Sheriffmuir, could scarcely be enrolled among the Jacobites. At the same time, we like to read his history, though it might have been told with somewhat less of the tone of a sermon on human frailty. Of the life of Lovat, we can only say that it gives a good but rather stilted and grandiloquent portrait of that extraordinary being, who, with all the vices of human nature, could simulate virtue so admirably, that he sometimes convinced himself that it was real. Of this incomparable rascal, we meet with a new incident somewhat peculiar. It appears that, besides being an outlaw, prison-breaker, and perpetrator of every crime, including rape, perjury, assassination, arson, treason, he was guilty of rather successful hypocrisy. He took holy orders when he found time hanging on his hands in France, joined the Jesuits, and attracted vast crowds to the evangelical sermons of the Curé of St. Omer! Of the third volume, we need only mention, that it contains a very full memoir of Lord George Murray—of Flora M'Donald—of the Earl of Kilmarnock—of the Duke of Perth, and of Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater.

The most defective passages in these three books are the history of party. While nothing is left to be desired in regard to the history of persons, we have little or nothing of the doings of those great parties that divided the empire. While we have a faithful narrative of the antics of the puppets, we are told nothing of the people who pulled the strings. The mode in which the whigs and tories of the days of William and Anne conducted themselves, relative to the exiled princes, constitute by far the most interesting chapter in the history of Jacobitism. They exhibit a series of intrigues without example in profligacy, unparalleled in blunders. The battles of the cabinet and the senate rise in interest above Sheriffmuir or Culloden. It was in the cabinet alone that the danger of a re-

peal of the act of settlement was ever imminent, and it was by the doings there that the Stuarts had ever a chance of a second restoration.

On this subject all our three historians are either erroneous or mute; and we regret to add, that Mrs. Thomson is the greatest offender of the three. We are surprised that she has omitted a history of the Jacobite intrigues in the days of William, and of the policy of that sagacious monarch. Of the still more interesting events of the reign of Anne, little is told, and that erroneously. Parties are confounded; and the crimes of the tories are mercilessly laid upon the whigs. Yet unless there be a correct and even minute account of the intrigues at court, the first rebellion, in its origin, is absolutely unintelligible; and the second, in its apparent imprudence, criminal and dishonest. The first was the result of passion, a start of phrensy, on the part of the baffled intriguers of the last ministry of Anne. The second, where the cloak required to be made after it began to rain—where an insurrection was raised without a regiment organized, can only be redeemed from being a crime, as great in morals as in law, by the state of parties at '45. To tell that Charles raised his standard at Glenfinale—gained the battles of Preston and of Falkirk—was routed at Colloiden—hunted in the Hebrides, and finally escaped, is to tell us half the story, upon which no judgment can be pronounced on the character and conduct of the chevalier. The same difficulty surrounds us here, that fetters the judgment in regard to the history of Mary. Compassion for misfortune perverts the truth of history. It represents the victims of their own excesses as abandoned to party fury, instead of being condemned by all the majesty of national justice. Thus the men who wanted an excuse to begin the tragedy of their country, appear as martyrs by the heroism of their death. Our only resource is in what Mr. Klose alone has attempted. Before we can strike the balance of good and evil in the history of the Stuarts, we must recall the story of their expulsion—the succession of abuses—of obstinate and enormous error—of fatal folly, by which a family, delivered to all the elements of decay, marched rapidly to its ruin. We had a long experience of its incapacity. By that light we are enabled to reduce to its level, a romantic story, which, by exhibitions of courage and generosity, would otherwise ennoble human infirmity, dignify the nature of vice, and make ambition virtue.

The two prominent characters in the volumes under consideration, are the old chevalier, the son of James the Second, and Prince Charles himself. They are interesting contrasts; the gloomy, desponding, unambitious father—the sanguine, gay, light-hearted, and enthusiastic son. Both were engaged in unsuccessful rebellions, and have thus afforded us an opportunity of comparing their capacities—both were the victims of domineering necessities, enabling us to contrast their powers of endurance, and their philosophy. Where, against hope, the son struggled so nobly, and with his ragged mountaineers advanced within three days' march of London, we are often driven to suppositions as to the fate of the empire had Charles been the leader in the '15; a better account would, at least, have been transmitted to posterity as to the conduct of the war; force of character would have obtained its accustomed preëminence, and the penalties of treason would not have been incurred without a provocation equal to the punishment.

Of the causes of the first rebellion we shall after

wards have something to say. The immediate agent who took the management which produced the ruin, was one of those restless men unfit for a leader, and unwilling to be a subordinate. The Earl of Mar was one of the adventurers of the period, whose estates had suffered a quick process of decay under the forfeitures of the civil wars. He had entered life with a determination to retrieve his position, if it were possible, by honor—if not, by any means consistent with safety. It embarrasses historians now to ascertain the causes of that extensive influence exercised by this intriguer in the north. Ambitious mediocrity, insatiable vanity, a sublime genius in a coterie, an assumption of skill in all things, were his principal characteristics, while selfishness and expediency were his principles of action. After some rather dishonorable trimming, he had allied himself with the tory party, and partook of their disgrace. Like Oxford and Bolingbroke, he made an attempt to ingratiate himself with the German sovereign, and forwarded to him a letter, which, for fulsome adulation, was too strong even for the German appetite of George the First—"I beg leave by this to kiss your majesty's hand, and congratulate your happy accession to the throne." The vile columnies of slanderers had aspersed his character, he said; wicked insinuations were made against his loyalty. His own services to his country, his share in promoting the union of the crowns, and the consequent imposition upon Scotland of the act of settlement—which the Scottish parliament had never passed—his exertions in baffling intrigues adverse to the Hanoverian succession in the days of Anne, with lavish promises of his determination to secure it now, were topics on which he dilated only a few months prior to the celebrated hunting match at Breemar, at which he unfurled the flag of the Stuarts. (Mrs. Thomson, i., p. 51.)

Not contented with this, he exerted his great influence with the Scottish chiefs, to procure an address of congratulation to the new monarch on his accession. This address was signed by heads of the clans, who subsequently became parties in his rebellion. But it was all to no purpose. The German elector, in ascending the throne of a great empire, was only a German elector still. His views were early bounded by the confines of his petty principality, and he could never realize an estimate of the nation whom necessity had compelled to call him to be their chief. England was too big for him; and his politics were based upon the narrow prejudices of his education. To the throne he carried all the petty resentments of a schoolboy, and, in their gratification, forgot the prudence becoming a monarch whose power rested upon the quicksands of a disputed succession. To have secured the attachment of Mar, would have only cost the easy gift of some bauble honor, or lucrative appointment. To have done so, would have been to extinguish in its origin any chance of immediate insurrection.

All hopes of honorable or dishonorable ambition being thus cut off—all excuses for allegiance being crushed by threats of impeachment and attainder for past misconduct—all the hereditary feelings of his family to the Stuart race, being strengthened by all manner of insults to himself;—disappointed ambition—baffled hopes—safety—false honor—all concurred to one object; and the famous Breemar hunting-match was held. Here, the Earl invited all the chiefs of influence whom hereditary principles had made Jacobite, and whom

reverse, with all its dread apparatus of punishment, had not yet made prudent. Scott has well sketched the scene in Waverley, though he has placed it at a later date. Never was there a gathering in Scotland for such an object, which displayed a greater array of ancient names. The hunting was changed into a council of war, opened by the Earl with a long harangue, apologetic of his past tergiversation, and energetic with the promise of future resolution. Assurances of a general rising in England, and of aid from France, mingled with appeals to those national feelings so powerful with such an audience, carried away at the last all the suggestions of prudence; and the whole assembly committed themselves by an oath of fealty to the Stuarts.

The cause, at this juncture, had much of the elements of success. A party unbroken in spirit by defeat; resolute, active, united; an unpopular foreigner on the throne, estranging the affections of the ancient nobility of England by crowding his court with the obscure officials of his petty principality, wriggling themselves into the government of a nation of whose very language they were ignorant, and stilted themselves into greatness, by measures which compromised the security of their master and the peace of Europe;—discontent universal; the tory chiefs constituting the ministry of Anne pursued with forfeiture, and threatened with death; the absence of any statesman of capacity to direct with energy the defence of government; the abundant supply of funds in the hands of Mar; these were advantages which in abler hands would have sent the Hanoverian Elector to learn the philosophy of patience in his hereditary dominions.

But no Claverhouse with ruthless energy, no Montrose with his rapid movements was there, to give life to a party who only wanted a leader. Now when they had all the *materiel* of war, they wanted the gallant youth, who, in the '45, often reduced to his last guinea, was obliged to carve his way to a throne with three thousand mountaineers armed with scythes. But the supple courtier could neither command the respect of his followers by his wisdom, or inspire them with confidence in his military skill, which he began to acquire when circumstances elevated him to command. Throughout all Scotland, however, to the north of the Forth, the flame of rebellion spread with amazing speed, and the incompetent commander found himself at the head of a well supplied army of ten thousand men.

Had Charles Edward been so equipped in the '45, the retreat from Derby might have been changed into a victorious march on London. But the leaders of the rising in '15, knew better how to write gloomy letters of anticipated disaster, than to gain victories or animate soldiers with their prospect. Every scheme was discussed with the verbosity of diplomatists negotiating a treaty; and, in general, the tide had passed before they had resolved to unloose their moorings. The impatient Highlanders, instead of an immediate onslaught, were turned for a long period into Perth, to sow, in inglorious inactivity, the seeds of vexation and disappointment. The capacity of Mar for the leadership, may be judged of by two extracts from his letters—the one exhibiting the trifling society he resorted to, in the midst of a rebellion, and the other the childish impertinence he indulged in, when charged with such momentous responsibilities.

He was very fond of the praises of women ; but he appears to have had a surfeit :—

"The only inconvenience I had by Kate Bruce lodging in the same house with me was, it brought in too many women upon me, and some of these brought in others, and to this minute I cannot with discretion get quit of them."—(*Thomson*, i., p. 183.)

Having the pen of a ready writer, he threw off an abundance of rebel proclamations at Perth ; and he chuckles heartily at the fact, that "besydes other dispersings, I did yesterday cause putt in fifteen copies of it in the *Lords of Sessions Boxes*."—(*Thomson*, i., p. 183.)

The old chevalier landed in Scotland when all necessity for his presence had passed—when dissensions had destroyed all unity of action—and cowardice had consummated the ruin which incapacity had made sure. The chevalier himself was but little calculated to exhilarate the drooping spirits of the rebels. From the moment of his landing to his speedy flight, he never ceased to use his handkerchief to dry the incessant torrent of his tears. His whole conduct in Scotland reminds one of the blubbing of a child. At the first interview with his followers, he addressed them in the following style of lachrymose rebuke :—

"He had come among them, he said, merely that those who were backward in discharging their own duty, might find no pretext for their conduct in his own absence. For myself, it is no new thing for me to be unfortunate, since my whole life from my cradle has been a constant series of misfortune ; and I am prepared, if it so pleases God, to suffer the extent of the threats which my enemies throw out against me."—(*Jesse*, i., p. 54.)

The effect of this mode of speech, and the appearance of the man himself, have been graphically described in a work supposed to be written by the Master of Sinclair, who was in Mar's camp, a continual thorn in the side of his commander.

"The chevalier had a speech grave, and not very clearly expressive of his thoughts, nor over much to the purpose ; his words were few, and his behavior and temper seemed always composed. Neither can I say I ever saw him smile. If he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him—we saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigor to animate us ; our men began to despise him ; some asked if he could speak. I am sure the figure he made dejected us ; and had he sent us 5000 men of good troops, and never himself come, we had done other things than we have done."—(*Spottiswoode Miscellanies*.)

His conduct was as disheartening as his appearance and his words, and exhibits to us the fate that awaited us in the successful issue of his enterprise. While at Scone, among the presbyterians of Perth, he would not allow a protestant even to say grace before him—ostentatiously retaining a confessor to repeat the paternosters and ave-marias. Notwithstanding all Lord Mar's anxiety, too, in collecting the necessary ribbons, and "making a crown, in pieces, at Edinburgh, and bringing it over here," he deferred the important mummery of his coronation, as he could not take the usual coronation oath. A day or two before the flight of the Jacobite army from Perth, we find this able commander busying himself in getting together, "a collection of all papers relating to the corona-

tion of King Charles the First and Second," with the view of not committing any violation of the rules of etiquette, in the important ceremonial for the chevalier.

The news of the advance of Argyle, spread consternation among the leaders of the rebel force, while the Highlanders, chafing under an inactivity so foreign to their character, insisted on being led to immediate action. A retreat was ordered—the chevalier shedding tears over the miseries of his position, and whining, as usual, against the men who had risked their all for him. "Instead of bringing him a crown," he groaned, "they had brought him to his grave." The indignant Highlanders were dragged along the coast sullen and dejected. They were at last deserted by the chevalier, Mar, and the instigators of the rebellion, who took shipping for France, leaving the miserable dupes of their incapacity to a universal military execution, which crushed the impotent resistance of undisciplined despair.

The defeat of the rebels, and the horrors of their execution, had less effect in laying Jacobitism in ruins, than the appearance, character, and conduct of the old chevalier. All enthusiasm vanished—all the lofty ideas of the chivalrous valor announced as one of his characteristics, were chased away by the miserable reality ;—all the tory anticipations of his complying spirit in religion were disappointed. They had licked the dust in vain. They had, to no purpose, thrown themselves into the hopeless struggle of determined loyalty, against the settled power of an usurper. On their country they had brought the devastations of a civil war ; on themselves they had dragged a retribution either in their victory or their defeat. The nature of the latter was exemplified by the event ; the former could be correctly guessed, when they found in their future king, a weak, impracticable man, who would yield nothing—conceded no point to civilization and established freedom, whose counsellors were Jesuits, and to whose favor the surest passport was his confessor.

On his return to France, his first act was nearly as foolish as his conduct in Scotland. He dismissed from his service the only Englishman who could conduct it, and give his cause respectability. Bolingbroke had submitted to the degradation of being appointed "secretary of state" to a monarch who could not obtain the means of life but from eleemosynary aid. He had, with his usual skill, negotiated with the court of France for the effective assistance of all its power. He was in constant communication with the Earl of Mar, when that commander was leading his victims on to ruin. Yet the first act of the chevalier on his return was his written dismissal on a miserable scrap of paper, from "all his honors and emoluments !" "The kingly heroic style," says Bolingbroke in his noted letter to Wyndham, "of the paper was, that he had no farther occasion for my services, accompanied by an order to deliver up all the papers in my office to Ormond, all which might have been contained in a moderate sized letter case." Horace Walpole, describing the feeling of Paris, also tells us the cause of Bolingbroke's disgrace. "They use poor Harry most unmercifully, and call him knave and traitor : and God knows what. I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face ; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens."

The consequence was immediately visible in the

conduct of the English Tories. Although the letter to Wyndham was not published at this period, yet that it was printed and circulated we can have no doubt. There are some passages in this letter drawn by the hand of a master. Denounced as a traitor, he throws back with insulting sarcasm, the scorn and contempt of a man who knew his accusers. He did worse than this, by pounding in the crucible of a dry logic which he seldom used, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience, which constituted the Stuart creed. These doctrines, hitherto kept in abeyance, were now held up to the ridicule of mankind, with every bitter personality necessary to the enlivening a political disquisition.

The most amazing effect was produced by this manifesto of the exiled tory chief. The chevalier's ingratitude to Bolingbroke wiped out the sin of George the First in regard to his attainder; the natural weakness of understanding which the chevalier inherited, held out no encouraging prospect in success, and the mixture of gross licentiousness with fanatical observance of the punctilios of his religion, displayed a character not of a kind to invite the enthusiastic devotion of a Protestant empire. The more minute accounts which daily arrived of the character of the man, and of his priestly counsellors, completed the disgust which the sarcasms of Bolingbroke had excited, and led the Tories to the conclusion, that the worst lot for themselves as for their country would be the restoration of such a king.

This was not the last attempt at the overthrow of the German sovereigns, prior to the memorable '45. Wherever Great Britain had a quarrel, the emissaries of the chevalier appeared to hatch it into life, and excite compassion by an exhibition of his sores. The iron-headed Swede, Charles XII., enraged at the conduct of George the First, had determined, at the head of 10,000 troops, to make a descent on England. A cannon-shot stopped the career of the royal madman, and the hopes of the chevalier now rested upon the barbarian power of Russia. This having proved a broken prop, he repaired to Madrid to implore the compassion of Alberoni. The result was a new expedition, of which general history makes no mention, under the guidance of the once popular Duke of Ormond, and having for its object a descent on Scotland. The elements conspired against the adventurers; most of the ships were shattered ere they had properly got to sea; and two only could proceed to their destination, where the Earl of Seaforth, Tullibardine, and the Earl Marischall, had no sooner landed than they were obliged to seek safety from the pursuing royalists, among the coverts of the Western Isles.

All attempts to restore the Stuarts having thus partaken of the usual fatality of his race, the chevalier resigned himself with great composure to his destiny. Occupied with his mistresses and his confessors, he gave up, without a sigh, the hopes of royalty; and the Tories of England, instructed by his example, forgot him and his principles. The quarrel with Bolingbroke laid all hope of tory support forever in the dust, and the decaying faction of the Jacobites beheld themselves left alone to dream of a restoration. The Tories changed their tactics with their circumstances, and the calls of an overruling necessity—they abandoned the pretender, and they were obliged to seek safety from the reigning monarch. They could no longer, therefore, enroll themselves as the defenders of royal prerogative, because they had no monarch to seek their assistance; the loyalty

of the cavaliers was never displayed by their descendants to the Brunswick race; from being royalists they became aristocrats, and, partly by the aid of popular excitement, partly by the force of their own influence, their history for a hundred years is the opposition to any extension of regal prerogative.

The long domination of Walpole, the great leader of the second generation of the Whigs, reconciled the country to its new sovereigns. His sagacious schemes, so wise in their object, so unjustifiable in the means by which they were attained, broke up the parties of the days of Anne, and fused them into new combinations. The statesmen who had clung to the hope of a Stuart restoration as the means of power, abandoned at last the impracticable representative of the dynasty to his fate. They found him unfit for a master, too obstinate for a tool, too helpless for an ally, too dangerous as a friend. His cause was left to find adherents amid the wild glens and mountains of the north, where attachment could linger on unaffected by the shocks of party tactics, or the tortuous policy of ambitious politicians. Here the highland chieftains, living in their solitudes, without communication except with their exiled brethren in France, and ignorant of the silent settlement of feeling, and reconciliation of opposing interests in the south, could drink Jacobite toasts with enthusiastic shouts, and find vent to feeling in treasonable harangues against the German lairdie.

Thirty years, with its many changes, had expired; age had crept over the chevalier; a new generation had arisen, a new king sat upon the throne of the British empire, and the career of Walpole had closed. The long period of fifty-seven years had swept over the ruins of the Stuart monarchy, when another of the line made a last attempt to recover his inheritance. A striking episode it is in the dull history of the reign of George the Second, when a youth, attended by seven followers, landed in the wilds of Moidart, to shake the government of the greatest of modern nations, and to embarrass the world with the problem of his success. Without a friend to counsel him to proceed—with his father's entreaties ringing in his ears, to think of the hopeless enterprise as a dream—with all the adherents to his family, in the land to which he came, protesting against it unless supported by 10,000 bayonets—without the knowledge or assistance of the court of France, the pretender landed in the Western Isles, which he was so soon to traverse as a hunted wanderer. History has few chapters so romantic; fiction cannot embellish it, and poetry attains its loftiest flight when engaged in the narrative of facts. Had success crowned the enterprise it would have been renowned as one of the astonishing feats in history; but a civil war without the probability of triumph, is a crime greater than all others, since no other is so productive of enduring calamity. It annihilates all reverence for justice, all the amenities by which humanity has incorporated into warfare the gentle spirit of compassion, forbearance, and generosity; it generates a ferocity which resents not merely a present injury, but a worse calamity in a foreseen future of destruction on the scaffold; it leaves behind it the bitter feuds which disturb a nation's repose for successions of generations; in short, it ranges on opposite sides, if not brethren joined by the ties of blood, at least the citizens of a common country, entailing upon many of them the ruin of their fortune, and a perpetual exile. No cause, how

deeply soever based in the principles of eternal justice, could sanction the instigation of such calamities, without a surer ground than a mere hope of triumph; and it is this which must be looked to by every leader of revolutions, who does not desire the execrations of his victims, or the condemnation of posterity sitting in judgment upon his tomb.

If at any time there was the probability of success, it was at the period when the chevalier arrived. Two causes of this we shall have occasion shortly to advert to, in relation to the parties of the days of the two first Georges. At this period George the Second reigned with a character as unpopular as his father's. His personal licentiousness, as it was little known, created only a small part of that sum of indignation which had no measure in its expression, and threatened, when put in action, to effect another revolution. The monarch's predilections for his German principality involved the country in the great continental war. The people became disgusted with their monarch, and his ministers were involved in the same torrent of obloquy with their master. Throughout the empire the name of Hanover became odious to a proverb, and various pamphlets appeared as to the legality of changing kings.

The tories, too, in the gloomy region of opposition to which the long domination of Walpole had consigned them, began to see a morning rising on their despair. They began to treat the unhappy Jacobites with kindness. They had fought with hopeless endeavor for thirty-two years, the battle of faction in the legislature, and were uniformly beaten by the organized phalanx of the whig ministers. At this time, the fame of the accomplishments of Charles Edward was carried over Europe, and the tories dreamt once more in him of a Stuart king. A forgotten incident in parliamentary history illustrates this. When the expedition under Marshal Saxe, in 1743—destined for the invasion of England—was about to sail, an opportunity was afforded by a royal message, for an ebullition in parliament of tory feeling. Sir Francis Dashwood broke out into a rapture on revolutions, and hinted that the subverter of a monarchy might not be a usurper. The inference was cheered by many of the party; and, contrary to all precedent on such a subject, the address in answer to the royal message was bitterly opposed. The arrest of Jacobite members in correspondence with the Stuarts was pronounced illegal, and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act was only carried by the whigs, after the keenest struggle in the parliamentary history of the times.

The ministry were culpably remiss in procuring information as to the expedition of Charles Edward. He had been three weeks in the country before they knew he had landed; and had it not been for Duncan Forbes, the president of the court of session, the rebel leader might have been at Edinburgh without a man to oppose him. With reference to the question as to whether the rising was justified by a probability of success, we may cite a passage from the work of Mr. Klose, which is evidently colored by the passions of the moment.

"The population could not be said to show any open favor to the cause of the Stuarts; but there seemed to be a cold indifference as to the issue of the struggle. Henry Fox, a member of the ministry, and a man by no means of a desponding character, in a letter to Sir C. H. Williams, dated the 5th of September, says: 'England, Wade says,

and I believe, is for the first comer; and if you can tell whether the 6000 Dutch, and the ten battalions of English, or 5000 French or Spaniards will be here first, you know our fate.' Writing to the same gentleman a fortnight later, he says: 'The French are not come, God be thanked! but had 5000 landed in any part of this island a week ago, I verily believe the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle.'"—(*Klose*, i., p. 280-1.)

This may be the exaggeration of fear; at the same time, it is an important testimony to the imminency of the danger of the Brunswick princes. Nothing could be worse than the means of defence adopted, except the mode of revenge when the rebellion was at an end. The Marquis of Tweeddale, the Scottish secretary of state, could provide nothing. There was no order, no soldiers, no *matériel* of war—nothing but the indomitable patience and the cool sagacity of Duncan Forbes, to oppose to the rebellion now rolling to the south.

"All Jacobites," says the president, "how prudent soever, became mad; all doubtful people became Jacobites, and all bankrupts became heroes, and talked of nothing but hereditary rights and victory. Under these circumstances, I found myself almost alone, without troops, without arms, without money or credit; provided with no means to prevent extreme folly, except pen, ink, and a tongue, and some reputation; and if you will except Macleod, whom I sent for from the Isle of Skye, supported by nobody of common sense or courage."—(*Culloiden Papers*.)

The government after being aware of the organization of the rebels, were guilty of the fatal mistake of despising them. The following is the description of them in the government paper—the *Edinburgh Courier* of 10th September, 1745:—

"Not one half of them have tolerable arms, and they are such a pitiful ignorant crew, that such as have spread themselves to seek for arms are fit for nothing. They can give no account of their strength, of their designs, or even of themselves, but talk of *Sneeshin*, (snuff,) *King Shamesh*, (James,) *Reshent*, (Regent,) *Plunter*, *new brogues*, &c., and diminish daily."

We have no intention of following the movements of the rebel army from Glenfinlas to Culloiden. The story is too well known, and its merits and defects have been too often canvassed. When we see errors, or imagine them, in the generalship of the chevalier, we must remember the nature of his army and the circumstances of his expedition. We can never separate a thing from the epoch in which it happened, and if unsusceptible of justification, it may not be so of palliation. We confess, however, that after a renewed study of the campaign, we can see no great blunder except the battle of Culloiden. There, the field was deliberately chosen, to meet the views of the Duke of Cumberland—none more suited to enable his artillery to mow down the unprotected foe. Lord Mahon, Klose, and Jesse have, however, condemned the retreat from Derby, for which the chevalier is not responsible, as he opposed it to the last. This condemnation appears without grounds, when we look at the position of the rebel force. At Derby it was almost surrounded by three armies, the Duke of Cumberland having, within a few miles, a force nearly double. Another of 6000 men, under Marshal Wade, was skirting along the western side of Yorkshire; while, for the defence of the capital, an army was concentrating on Finchley Common. To oppose, without artillery, his breechless moun-

tainers to a collision with these forces in a foreign land, would have been justifiable only as an act of despair at last, since a defeat would have resulted in the utter extermination of an army which had no native mountains of refuge to hide them from the pursuing cavalry.

All depended on the coöperation of France, and no prospect of this arriving, retreat was indeed the only alternative. On this subject Mr. Jesse, however, repeats what others have formerly asserted, but which cannot be adopted without better evidence. He states, that at the moment of retreat, 10,000 French troops were on the point of embarking for England—the Duke of Norfolk and other peers were on the eve of declaring in favor of the chevalier, and Welsh gentlemen and their followers were on the road. All these schemes, however, failed when the retreat began. The French were countermanded, and the rising insurgents of England returned to their homes. "I believe," says Lord Mahon, "that had Charles marched onward from Derby, he would have gained the British throne."

There is scarce any civil war we have ever read of where cowardice so great, and ferocity so brutal, was exhibited, as by the troops of government in this. Falkirk and Preston are illustrations of the former. The whole progress of the war presents numerous examples of cold-blooded and deliberate butchery, unprovoked by similar excesses, and—be it said to the eternal honor of the rebels—unavenged by similar atrocities. These were not triumphs to be consecrated at altars. They were, however, the subject of contemporary rejoicing. It was not against the victims merely that the outrages were committed, but against humanity in all times—against the cause of freedom, which depended on the issue.

The scenes which followed the victory of Culloden constitute one of the darkest pictures in the history of modern Europe. Seldom has the melancholy truth been more sadly realized, that a good cause is often stained with infamy by the infamy of its agents. The accounts which have come down to us present an almost incredible detail of barbarities, and yet they are vouched by testimony which it is impossible to reject. When all resistance had ceased, the wounded and the dying were put to death by deliberate command.* Prisoners were taken out in files, under the assurance of honorable safety, and coolly shot; † they were enclosed in huts, which were set on fire,‡ the yells of despairing agony from amidst them being not louder than the shouts of exultation from the craven troops of Falkirk, who, with their bayonets, tossed back into the flames the miserable wretches who attempted an escape. The wounded were dogged to the hiding-places which their strength enabled them to reach, and which compassion was ever ready to afford them. Here their zealous victors entered, not to assuage the tortures under which they groaned, or to afford the relief which would not have been a virtue—because to give it is an instinct—but, with hands reeking with the blood they had already shed, they cut the throats of sick and mutilated rebels.§ Eye-witnesses describe murders perpetrated by the direct command of the Duke of Cumberland—wounded on the field ordered to be shot—one man hanged by his orders, without even the ceremony of investigation or of trial ||

another lashed to the limit of physical endurance*—others "hashed" with the broad-sword to death. Add to this, that when the work of deliberate butchery had ceased, no regard was had to the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying—no surgeon was allowed to apply proper remedies for their recovery, and when any of these were in the same unhappy circumstances, their instruments were taken from them, that they might give no relief.†

These accumulated wrongs were not confined to the vicinity of Culloden. The Duke of Cumberland advanced into the Highlands as far as Fort Augustus, from which he detached numerous squadrons to hunt down the wrecks of the army of the chevalier. The country was laid waste with fire and sword. The castles of Lovat, Glengarry, and Lochiel were burnt. Huts and hovels were destroyed; without distinction of age, or sex, or rank, without proof of guilt or the existence of suspicion, the miserable inhabitants were shot like wild beasts upon their mountains, or driven with their cattle to be butchered with them in the south, while naked women were compelled to ride on horses, and were thereafter violated. The unhappy privates were involved in the same treason with their chiefs. No distinction was made in the fate of the ignorant mountaineers, who, without knowledge of the past or foresight of the future, only obeyed the command of their master, without finding in their code of legislation any precedent to question its object or dispute its power. Of the immediate consequences of the disastrous defeat of "Drumossie Muir," the historian sums up all in telling us of silence and desolation over fifty miles; of the widows' and orphans' tears, shed amid the desolation of ruined villages; of the groans of the expiring victims who perished beneath the withering blast of that unrelenting vengeance which hunted them from their humble home, and from the quiet glens in which, after the storm had passed, they might have lived to display all the tender charities which have shed a lustre on the Highland name.

In describing this portion of the career of Cumberland, our three historians very strangely waste their space in vague generalities and eloquent declamation. Had they merely repeated from the memoirs gathered by the Jacobite devotion of Bishop Forbes, a few particular instances of the atrocities indulged in by the victors, they would have created an impression which they have failed to do, and done justice to the murdered Jacobites whom they wish to commiserate.

Cumberland, unfortunately, was not alone in the command. He had a lieutenant of the name of Hawley, who has exceeded anything we know of in the history of civilized warfare. "He is," says Horace Walpole, "called lord chief justice, (as if another Jeffries;) frequent and sudden executions are his passion."

"Hawley was a ruffian of a low order, though placed by fortune in a high place. He was an admirable foil to his royal patron, for, compared with Hawley, Cumberland was humane and generous. Hawley found an occasion to outrage decency even in his will, into which he introduced this expression: 'The priest, I conclude, will have his fee; let the puppy have it.' It was a common saying among his soldiers, that he conferred more frequently with his hangmen than with any other of his aides-de-camp."—(Klose, i., p. 371.)

* Forbes' *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 232. † *Ib.*, p. 233.
‡ *Ib.*, p. 234. § *Ib.*, p. 235. || *Ib.*, p. 237.

* Forbes' *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 238. † *Ib.*, p. 246.

We will not follow this man's footsteps. It would lead us into a detail neither calculated to please nor suggestive of instruction. Yet his military executions were scarcely equal to the lingering torments of deliberate justice. In the storm of troubled times, amid the eagerness of pursuit, and the rage of conflicting passions, men are apt to forget, in the blindness of their fury, that the being whom they torture and mutilate, is made in the image of God.

Here is the mode in which the rebels were executed:—

"Every preparation having been made, the executioner drew the cap of each from their pockets, and having drawn it over their eyes, the rope was adjusted round their necks, and they were almost immediately turned off. After having hung about three minutes, Colonel Townley, *who still exhibited signs of life*, was the first who was cut down, and having been stripped of his clothes, was laid on the block, and his head severed from his body. The executioner then extracted his heart and entrails, which he threw into the fire; and in this manner, one by one, proceeded to the disgusting task of beheading and disembowelling the bodies of the remaining eight."—(*Jesse*, ii., p. 254.)

These unworthy indignities offered to the last wrecks of mortality—these persecutions beyond the scaffold—cruel insults added to misfortune—have something in them abject and degrading, and cannot be justified by any necessity of punishment. Human laws only disgust the living by attempting to carry their infamy beyond the grave; and the outrages on the mangled corpses of their victims are worthy of beasts of prey, who mutilate the carcass which repletion has rendered them unable to gorge. When we recall the judicial murders of that time—the condemnation without trial, or after a mockery of trial—we cannot forget the sublime judgment of Lord Digby on the death of Stafford, "He that commits murder with the sword of justice, heightens that crime to the uttermost. The eye, if it be preternatural with any color, is vitiated in its discerning. Let us take heed of a blood-shot eye in judgment."

The wanderings of Charles after the battle of Culloden, give us some of the most romantic sketches in history. His patience, fortitude, manly courage, and at times his childish terror—the fidelity of the clansmen, who spurned the splendid bribe that would have made them wealthier than the greatest of their chiefs—the heroic courage of Flora M'Donald—the succession of lucky accidents that announced a danger, or prevented the evils of one past—the shifts and misery to which the scion of a royal race was obliged to stoop—the uncomplaining serenity with which he bore it all—constitute a succession of pictures so interesting, that the baldest history of it could not deaden emotions of sympathy. Nor will the most cynical heart find scope for a sneer at that fervent devotion which generous minds, measuring their love by their enthusiasm, ever felt to the object of their affections.

The following is an illustration of the prince's sufferings:—

"At this period of his wanderings, Charles appeared to his guide to have reached the last stage of misery, for, owing to the filthy holes in which, during the last two months, he had often been obliged to take shelter, he was now covered with vermin."—(*Klose*, ii., p. 75.)

He often ran great risks in going into the small

huckster's shops in the villages to which he came, for three half-pence worth of tobacco. The mode in which he enjoyed himself after receiving it, is thus described:—

"Charles, we are told by one of his companions in adversity, used to smoke a great deal of tobacco, and would sometimes sing them a song to keep up their hearts."—(*Jesse*, ii., p. 17.)

"After supper, he produced a pipe, the only one which he ever made use of, which is described as having been as black as ink, and worn or broken to the stump! He had suffered much, he said, from the toothache, and tobacco usually alleviated the pain."—(*Jesse*, ii., p. 51.)

His escape to France, his expulsion from the French territory, and final settlement in Italy, have long formed portions of familiar history. After his return to Italy he kept up little or no correspondence with the expatriated Jacobites. He seemed to think that they had only done their duty, and that any attention to them was unlooked for and unnecessary. Perhaps there was also another cause which left to him the upbroken solitude of a recluse. In his wanderings in the Highlands he contracted the degrading habit of intoxication, to which he resorted in later life to drown the remembrance of his sorrows. It estranged him thoroughly from all the friends who had any regard for their respectability or his. Cameron of Lochiel could never see him more, and his gentle brother was a stranger to his house. His fine figure became bent with premature decay, and the energy of his mind was gone. Disreputable associates crowded round him; his wife quarrelled with him, became unfaithful, and then deserted with Alfieri. Twenty-five years after Culloden, the continental kings induced him to contract a marriage, at fifty, with a girl of seventeen, in order to prolong the race as a lasting uneasiness to England. The consequence of the inequality soon became apparent in aversion and indifference; and the chevalier found relief from domestic misery in the insensibility of intoxication.

It is difficult, in judging the character of Charles, to measure him by the ordinary proportions. Right and wrong in any case, are never divided with so clean a cut that we can with justice hold that our admiration has not exalted, or our hatred depressed, the objects of our thoughts. The last scion of a line of kings, by a common exaggeration, (the offspring of education or prejudice, rather than the conclusion of reason,) is elevated to virtues he never exercised, and to which vulgar humanity can never aspire.

That Charles was fitted for the enterprise he undertook, may be deduced from the success attained. In an enemy's country he raised an army, with which he marched within 150 miles of the capital of England. Fresh from the sunny land of Italy, he learned, as if by intuition, to guide the "wild Highlandman," so impracticable and unbending, often sacrificing, as at Culloden, to the folly of clanship, not merely conquest but safety. To manage and reconcile the jarring interests and conflicting claims of every petty chief—to soothe the fierce barbarians into cheerfulness and temper, by an appeal to honor when that to their feelings failed, or to their interest when both were unavailing—to adjust, amid the perpetual anxieties of a rebel leader, the quarrels of the clansmen, with whose language and manners he had only for a few weeks been familiar, were duties which he effected with the open eye, the quick ear, the lively perception,

which enabled him to probe so quickly the secret of little Rose Bradwardine's love. His winning tact was nature's gift which circumstances improved. He knew everything he ought to know as to the management of his followers, without learning it. He was never weary when he should be watchful. No degrading vice cursed him during the brief season of his active manhood—there was no insensibility to his duty or his fame. Yet his superiority had no overpowering greatness. It did not awe by arrogant domination, or profound sagacity. It was the power of pleasing by rendering power gentle, and making obedience have the flattering aspect of voluntary submission.

His intellectual capacity is a matter of controversy. Lord Mahon denies that he had education sufficient to enable him to write grammatically. The evidence for the charge is somewhat slender. Although a man, in the off-hand carelessness of private correspondence, does not adhere to the rules of logic in his argument, or the rules of grammar in his mode of stating it, it is too rapid a conclusion to fix down the charge of incapacity or of ignorance. Open the Ellis correspondence, and the letters of Marlborough will display rare specimens of barbarous outrages on good taste and grammar. Cobbett's grammar gives illustrations of the same description from the Wellington Dispatches; and on an average we will undertake to point out two Scotticisms in every page of the history of David Hume.

Had Charles triumphed, he professed, when a hunted wanderer in the Western Isles, that he would have used victory with moderation. He perhaps at the time gave an honest meaning to his words: and there can be no question that a general amnesty and oblivion of feuds would have been only consistent with the humanity of his character. But his father lived—a narrow bigot, tyrannical in his politics, and full of all the towering notions, from the top of which the Stuarts were thrown headlong. Where was the guarantee in the history of the Stuarts, or in the equivocal declarations of the old chevalier, which would have rendered improbable another scene like that enacted by the parliament of drunkards, who, under the dictation of a ruthless soldier, repealed in a single night the whole statutes passed in the parliament of Scotland during the protectorate of Cromwell! Where was the grounds for disbelieving, that, following this famed precedent, the legislation for half a century from the time of the revolution would have been affected, titles of nobility extinguished, attainders reversed, and many of rank and influence compelled in turn to seek safety in exile? Add to this the purging of the seats of justice, the dismissal of the officers of the army, the administration of new oaths, with all the guilt of past or future perjury.

Fielding has given us a journal of the reign of the old chevalier, on the supposition that he had been successful. He commences with the 12th of January, and carries it on to March 17th, with which he closes the duration of misgovernment by intimating another insurrection and deposition. In the course of these two months, the twelve judges were removed; Father M'Dagger, the royal confessor, was sworn of the Privy Council; three anabaptists hanged for pulling down the crucifix set up in St. Paul's churchyard; an act passed to reestablish the writ *de heretico comburendo*, and another to restore the abbey lands; Father M'Dagger made president of Magdalen College, Oxford;

an eminent physician fined for saying that Bath water was preferable to holy water; the pope's nuncio received with great acclamations; and two watermen and a porter burnt for heresy, &c., &c. And thus in two months ends the restored monarchy.

Such a career would have only reduced to practice the application of the principles of the old chevalier. On the subject of religion he would immediately have come into collision with the people. He only demanded, he said, toleration for himself. Whether he would have stopped at this, we can only judge by the past history of his family, keeping in view his own characteristic haughtiness, and the equally characteristic obstinacy of his son. As to the religion of the latter, we find in these volumes evidence contradictory. He implores the pope's blessing on his enterprise, (Jesse, i., p. 166,) and, at the same time, Helvetius tells David Hume that he knew from the chevalier himself that he was an infidel, (Klose, ii., p. 206.) At a later period, long after the '45, a Monsieur Massac had an interview with the prince, and the Frenchman was of opinion, that "he was rather a weak man, bigoted to his religion," (Jesse, ii., p. 120.) But, on the other hand, he writes, in 1762, to one of his friends in England, that "I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, *which I have embraced*," (Jesse, ii., p. 124.) The truth appears to be what is stated by Dr. King, that the chevalier was everything to all men—a Catholic among the Catholics, and ready, like his grand-uncle, to be a presbyterian if it suited his convenience.

The misfortune of prince Charles was, that his father lived before him, and that the mill cannot grind with the water that is past. He was ready to conform to the religion of the British people, when conformity was useless; when he had no aunt on the throne to recommend a restoration, and no Bolingbroke, backed by a great party, to secure it. He lived a generation too late; and no merit—not the united virtues of all the Stuarts, the Sobieskis, or the Henrys of Navarre, could have reversed the stern rejection made by all the British factions of him and of his race.

It was lucky for the house of Hanover, and for all posterity, but unfortunate for the chevalier himself, that the Highlanders were too faithful. Had they given him up to the royal troops, he would have had a similarity to Mary and Charles I. in the manner of his death. We can imagine no other fate for the prime instigator of the commotion, when the petty instruments were so fiercely massacred. When, in those dreary months of privation among the Western Isles, he, in the forced leisure of his hiding places, sometimes contemplated the worst side of the uncertainty in which he rested, he could not bring himself to the belief that government would bring him to the scaffold. He dreaded poison, assassination, or a lifelong imprisonment; but a public trial, with a public death, were things which he did not think the government had courage to resort to, (Jesse, ii., p. 62-3.) In this, many will think that he was mistaken, and that George the Second had sufficiently high notions of his rights, to induce him to defend them in the accustomed fashion. How just a source of opprobrium has been removed from the throne of the reigning sovereigns, but how unfortunate for the chevalier himself it was, that, after dazzling the world with his heroic gallantry, he did not end his career by a death that would have ex-

cited all the sympathies of mankind for his fate, and saved them from emotions of pity and contempt in looking upon his sad decline.

A great mistake is committed by many writers in tracing the two rebellions to the same origin. Many of the unhappy Jacobites who perished on the scaffolds of '15, were actuated unquestionably by the same motives that impelled the Highlanders to follow the Pretender in the '45. Attachment to the ancient line of kings, who claimed their allegiance on the sacred ground of divine right, coincidence of religion, and hatred of a prince with whom they had no community of feeling, of language, and of country, were the causes for which many rushed into an enterprise, which their most sanguine hopes could never color with the probability of success. There were many, too, who in the general calamity, hoped to reap their individual advantage. Many, tempted with empty titles, extravagant promises, or hurried along by the excitement of the moment, threw for coronets or coffins. In regard to such men, we have little admiration of their selfish heroism, little sympathy for their sufferings or their death. They made it a matter of prudent speculation, in which they necessarily trusted to chance, and found the chances against them. But, for the credit of the Jacobites, it was not so with all. Derwentwater, Lochiel, Balmerino, Perth, and many others, in extraction noble or respectable, having some stake at issue, or deriving, in certain cases, a stronger claim to our regard, even from their poverty itself, were not men actuated by the spirit of mercenary adventurers. Yet even the most disinterested of the rebels of the '15 could lay claim to none of the spirit of personal enthusiasm with which the presence of the young chevalier inspired the men who followed him. The rebels of the '15 rushed into rebellion, not from affection to the Stuarts, but from hatred to the Brunswick race; and had it not been for the impolitic party spirit of the first sovereign of that dynasty, many of the pseudo patriots of the first rebellion would have felt towards him all the pride of submission and all the dignity of obedience. This involves a reference to the state of parties, of which the works before us present no account.

When, upon the accession of George the First, the Earl of Mar proclaimed the restoration of the Stuarts, a great party who had no special attachment to the race, and who abhorred their religion, were ready, had there been an energetic commander, to have "stood the hazard of the die." The tory or high church party, which numbered then as it does now the larger portion of agricultural England, had been driven, on the death of Anne, with every contumely from the power which they had imagined forever their own. The Hanoverian elector, with the sagacious policy of William before him, made himself the head of a party and not the impartial monarch of a great empire. He reaped his reward in two insurrections, which threatened the stability of his throne, and which were only crushed by the ruin of many gallant men, whose untimely and cruel deaths might have otherwise been changed into lives of patriotic usefulness.

At the revolution the country was divided into three parties, with principles incapable of amalgamation, but susceptible of being modified to the exigencies of the time. The great party of the whigs—the offspring of the misgovernment consequent on the restoration—the advocates of limited monarchy, but the uncompromising opponents of the doctrine of the absolute prerogative of kings, num-

bered in its ranks, the bold spirits who had risked the penalties of treason, by inviting the prince of orange to rescue their country from oppression. But they advocated, at that early period of their history, a nobler revolution than the change of one dynasty for another. They anticipated the civilization of a century, by insisting on the repeal of those persecuting enactments which barred the universal toleration of all opinions civil or religious—the extinction of those hatreds generated by class legislation, which furnish food to the declamations of sedition and the calculations of statesmen, but which, to the people, were productive only of calamities without end—the encouragement of the arts, which increase the sphere of industry, and cast a polish over life—the more enlightened exercise of power, by beneficent legislation, adapted to the progressive movement of society—and a keener sense of the honor and independence of a country, which has ever stood in the van in the cause of freedom.

The high church or tory party again, while they wanted the energy and the intelligence of the whigs, supplied their deficiency by the overwhelming influence of numbers, and by the ceaseless influence of property. This party included all the squirearchy and all the clergy of England, and all the mass of the population engaged in agricultural pursuits. Many, too, of the old nobility, in forsaking popery, slid down only to the party which had the chief resemblance to that which they had left. They renounced the religion of their fathers, but asserted in all their wide extent, the doctrines of prerogative, which had raised the storms of the civil war. The doctrine of the indefeasible hereditary right of kings, was only less influential with them in that age, than the well established yell of "the church in danger," which, with persevering energy, they have resounded to all tunes for two hundred years. This great party could not be neglected by a sovereign whose throne was supported by none of the prestige of hereditary right; and if the successors of William had taken care to prevent latent dislike breaking out into active opposition, the party of the Jacobites would have died away. For with that section the tory party had no community of feeling, except on the doctrine of prerogative. On the cardinal question of religion they were irreconcilably opposed. The tories of the times of William and Anne, were as much averse to the restoration of the Stuarts, did they retain their religion, as they were to any toleration of Catholic or Protestant dissent. Had the fanaticism of the infatuated exile permitted him to deliver his son into the hands of William, to be educated in the Protestant religion, the restoration of the Stuart line would have been effected by the tories. Fortunately for our country, the same obstinacy which worked his ruin prevented his restoration, and the party who would have supported him became reconciled to the change.

These were the parties in the nation on whom its destiny depended. There existed, however, another, which has now absolutely disappeared; but which in that age, and till the insurrection of '45, received the jealous watchfulness of government. The Jacobites, if not so numerous and influential, compensated for this by their restless energy and their enthusiasm. They had some men of ancient family and extensive possessions, whose seclusion in the country had freed them from the immediate presence of the tyranny of the government of James, and whose hereditary prejudices the tale of his distant

outrages could not extinguish. They were joined too by the discontented and more furious section of the tories, who only wanted the excuse afforded them by the two first monarchs of the Brunswick line, to raise their murmurs into the clamors of sedition and rebellion.

Such were the three parties which agitated England at the revolution. But when we turn to Scotland, we find ourselves in a new scene, where the party cries told a different history, and where the actors, though pressing to the same object as the authors of the English revolution, proceeded towards it by a different road. We had Jacobites, but the name of tory at least, is only a modern importation. We had a church party too, but it was officered not by the clergy but by the people. We had high-churchism, but it was a word confined to an insignificant portion of the population, and utterly alien to the whole of Lowland Scotland. After twenty-eight years of dreadful persecution, during which the best blood of Scotland had been poured out like water, the exhausted country at the revolution seemed animated by one impulse. The principles of the Scottish reformation had only been driven deeper into the affections of the people, by the sufferings of the martyrs who had died for it; and men, scorching under the influence of protracted wrong, might be excused if they could not descend at once from the fury of retaliation to all the liberalities of unbounded charity.

The whole of the country south of the Forth, and all the west, professed the principles of Presbyterianism, to which all secular politics were made subordinate. Towards the Stuarts the whole of Lowland Scotland entertained feelings of hatred, which had reached the limits of passion. The whole history of these kings, from the accession of James VI., was a continued denial of popular demands. The establishment of episcopacy by James—its continuance under the first Charles—the treachery and persecutions of the second—the torture-room directed by the last of the race—in short, that inextricable chaos of passions and of crimes, which constitute the history of the Scottish government for half a century, had driven the most enduring of people to the last remedy of the oppressed. Their memories were yet fresh on the events of that dreadful epoch, from the restoration to the revolution, when all crimes menaced them, when no law could protect, and no authority defend. The social compact was broken by the legislation of the parliaments of Middleton and Lauderdale and the atrocities of Claverhouse's dragoons. The community was dissolved, their country had disappeared. All the sentiments of love they still cherished to its memory, all the sacrifices made on its behalf were voluntary and generous; the tyrants who oppressed them had no right to command an obedience they abused; and they exercised the sacred right of all subjects to fly from a country so governed—to refuse submission to legislators so unjust, their allegiance to masters so merciless and unrelenting.

That was the darkest era of our history, where, throughout the whole dreadful series and intercourse of enmity, one side only was armed and void of mercy, as the other was of help and hope. Title, quality, fortune, were proscribed. Patriotism was a snare, and whatever furnished out the ease and ornament of life became a call for taking it away. The members of government grew wealthy on confiscations. The industry of years, the fruit of a thousand cares were swept into the rapacious grasp of an insatiable herd of petty ty-

rants—such was the penalty imposed on fortune and merit, and such the government which converted what was law into a crime. The sufferers were not slow in tracing the commission of such crimes to the abuse of power which accident had given to their authors; and in struggling for religious toleration the Scottish Presbyterians acquired a lesson on civil government, which they practically applied at the great era of the revolution.

There were none of the class of politicians in Scotland who professed the principles of the English tories. The Episcopalians either became Jacobites, or joined with the Presbyterians under the toleration laws of William. The great majority took the latter course. Many of them, at heart, had still a longing for the exiled family; but the prospect of a restoration was distant, and the penalties of non-juring were at hand. Under these circumstances, there were few of this party who became open Jacobites, or did more, at farthest, than talk the treason which wine inspires. In Scotland, the Jacobites were left to their own resources; and in regard to these, if we enumerate the Highlanders of the west—Jacobites from ignorance—and add a few respectable names from the lowland nobility, we include the whole of that party in Scotland. The feverish triumphs of the '45 tell how much might be expected from their enthusiasm; but the ominous silence of the nation—the want of all sympathy in the masses—the indifference, ridicule, and contempt with which they were regarded, even in the sunshine of their short success, show how little hold their cause had upon the population, and how small a prospect of its permanent establishment.

In England and Scotland both, therefore, the party of professed Jacobites were relatively insignificant, and time only was wanting to blend them with the English tories, who had made a compromise of their inclinations on the altar of their religion and their interests. To effect this object, or at least to prevent the conversion of toryism into Jacobitism, was the sedulous labor of William the Third, whose throne, established amid a chaos of discordant elements, required his profound sagacity to uphold it, when there appeared against him in arms the most powerful of the continental nations. His whole policy, accordingly, was to conciliate the great faction of the tories, whose hostility he could not altogether disarm; and this he effectually accomplished by excluding no man fit for duty from the honors of public life, and by not regarding prior opposition to himself in the light of a perpetual infamy.

Anne was a monarch of the very weakest understanding—a sincere Protestant, but who, in her slavish devotion to "the church," emulated the most devoted Catholics. Nourished in the belief that the authors of the revolution were republicans and atheists, she resolved, so far as such a mind could display independent resolution, to place the government in the hands of men accordant with her prejudices and beliefs. She hated the whigs from personal considerations, too. They had opposed her demand for an independent income, and her success was solely attributable to the policy of the tories, who used the circumstance as a means to embarrass the government of William. The revolution itself, in placing her upon a throne, caused her only some pleasure and many tears, and nothing could allay remorse for ingratitude to her father, but frowning upon the men who were the promoters of his ruin.

The Harley administration—the creature of court intrigue, and of the veteran cry of "the

church in danger," consequent on the fatal error of the whigs in the impeachment of Sacheverell—was created from the ultra section of toryism, and nearly changed the destinies of Europe. Unscrupulous in their means to obtain their power, they were alike unscrupulous in their manner of securing its solidation. The most brilliant of their number, narrating their history in a foreign land, when attainder had annihilated youthful ambition, and when age had cooled the rage of party, has exhibited the precipice on which the nation stood at the turning point of its history. The welfare of the country they were summoned to rule, its honor and independence, raised to a pinnacle of unequalled glory, were considerations which did not enter into the code of their political morality. "The principal string of our actions," says Bolingbroke, "was to have the government of the state in our hands. Our principal views were—the conservation of this power, great employment to ourselves, and great opportunities for rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us."

They called a house of commons, frantic with high churchism, which the blunder of the Sacheverell trial had blown up to unprecedented heat. This fanatic house were not merely tories; they would have gloried in Jacobitism, if they could only have induced the unbending bigot to yield a little. But on this point he was invincible. He resisted the temptation, and called upon the world to honor his magnanimity, seeing that all the great men of the days of Anne had, with concurrence of the sovereign, offered him their assistance if he would only humor them in this.

Somewhat greater unity of purpose and energy of action, on the part of the leading tories who composed the Harley administration, and a more pliable conscience, or abstinence from pushing prejudices to their limits, on the part of James, were alone required to lay the country a second time at the mercy of the Stuarts. It is now beyond the reach of question, that this administration had pledged themselves, if not collectively as a government, at least individually, to such a change. This assertion, so often advanced, so frequently denied, has been established by the correspondence of the ministers themselves. The collections of Macpherson contain the record of the intrigues of the leaders with the agents of the pretenders; and the researches of Sir James Mackintosh in the French archives have brought to light the measure of their treason, the conditions on which they were to act, their indifference to the public good, and their anxiety for their own. The only doubt is in regard to Harley. That he expressed a friendly feeling to the fortunes of the pretender, there cannot be a question; but that he ever entered into the scheme with the energy requisite to success, we cannot find evidence of, in the history of those old intrigues, or in the mutual accusations and recriminations of the baffled traitors.* His careless, procrastinating, *insouciant* disposition, ever leading him to put off till the morrow the duty of to-day, his love of relaxation with the literary coteries that have made his age illustrious—his keen remembrance, drawn from his accurate acquaintance with the classics, that the Tarpeian Rock was near the capitol—all hindered him from attempting an imitation of the exploit of Monk. Had he moved, however, and had

the old chevalier yielded to the tories on the subject of the church, the restoration, according to existing evidence, would have been at once effected. But the obstinacy of the latter was incurable. He remained deaf to all the remonstrances of the French monarch, and all the entreaties of the English ministry. "The Grand Turk" (Bolingbroke told him in reply) "is as likely to become king of England as the chevalier, as long as he remains a Catholic."

The sudden death of the queen upset all, preceded, as it was, by one of the most dramatic scenes in history. When, as a means of safety, Harley and Bolingbroke were considering the necessity of a proclamation of James, as king, on the death of Anne, the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle entered the presence-chamber when the queen had sunk almost into lethargy, and compelled her to appoint the Duke of Shrewsbury, a whig, as treasurer. Bolingbroke, with baffled hopes, came from the council-chamber in lamentations. "The grief of my soul," he said, "is this—I see that the tory party are gone." The whig peers kept the heralds waiting for the sovereign's death, who, when it happened, immediately proclaimed George the First. He ascended the throne by surfeiture rather than consent—the consequence of surprise, terror, and disunion reigning in the councils of the tory ministry.

The parliament was called by George the First. Instead of burying in oblivion the tory misdeeds of the reign of Anne, and conciliating enemies to his rickety throne, the monarch and his parliament began with violent threats of impeachment and attainder. William's example was cited only to be rejected. The convention parliament, to their eternal honor, would not dabble in blood. Though the chiefest of the miscreants who had desolated England were in their grasp, they proceeded with determined reluctance to their punishment. Jeffries relieved them by death from awarding to him his inevitable doom, and they refused to forfeit his honors and estates. Somers, the Delphic oracle of the whigs, remembered these things in his old age, when he one day received a visit from Walpole. The future minister was then in full cry after the fugitive chiefs of the ministry of Anne; and as, in the exultation of his heart, he told his story, the old statesman shed tears at the prospect of the calamities resulting from a course so impolitic and intemperate.

The consequence was apparent, not in remote or future prognostication. Around them and about them dangers grew. The man who was on the eve of being prime minister of England walked over to the same post in the service of the old chevalier. Bolingbroke would have calmed down to a sober loyalist had he been allowed to live in peace. He was compelled, however, to enlist with a sovereign he despised, and whose religion even—the chief object of his thoughts after his mistress—was only the subject of a bitter scoff.

Yet such was the man whom the tories, now committed as a party, had determined to place upon the throne. The violence of faction had given place to personal hatred, and men became blind to all consequences to their country, and to themselves. Passion was allowed to be the rule of conduct; all the past notions of expediency—of prudence—of waiting for a time convenient—of securing means to obtain an effect, were cast aside; all the causes of the overthrow of the ancient dynasty were forgotten, and the restoration of the Stuarts

* See Townshend, *Hist. House of Commons*, i., p. 124. See also Bolingbroke's Letter to Wyndham.

was hailed as the only palladium of the country's safety, because this seemed the only means of securing their own. In the reign of Anne such a scheme was only whispered in corners, and made the subject of secret intrigues; in that of George the First the great faction—who saw all their leaders, Bolingbroke, Oxford, Ormond, Stafford, attainted and exiles, and all the avenues to power resolutely closed against themselves—expressed their wishes and their hopes with the boldness of despair.

The rebellion of '15 was the consequence. It was the revenge of a disappointed party. It failed, and another blunder was committed by the mode in which victory was abused. It roused indignation to see the studied indignities offered to misfortune. British peers—men of ancient family and of personal amiability—honorable men—unhappy in their politics, bound hand and foot like common malefactors, and paraded through the streets of London with the slow agony of an ancient triumph. The severity of the sentence by which they died—their honors lost—their estates forfeited—their families reduced to ruin, met with little approbation. The grace of carrying matters with so high a hand, sat uneasily on the shoulders of one over whose title to reign had passed only the mellow influence of a few weeks. With the fierce reaction that had set in, it would have been insanity to have met the nation at an election. The monarch became thoroughly detested and abhorred, and a parliament of Jacobites, pledged to recall the Stuarts, would have been returned. The whig ministry and their master accordingly determined on the boldest violation of the constitution since the days of James. To prolong a triennial into a septennial parliament, saved the Brunswick race from being proclaimed usurpers by a tory house of commons, and the nation from the miseries of a civil war. When the bill had passed, the scheme of a restoration was at an end, and the country proceeded in that career of civilization and improvement which has outstripped in glory all the glittering deeds inspired by the lust of fame and dominion.

For when we turn from the picture of anticipated misfortune under a restored Stuart, to look upon the actual happiness enjoyed under the Hanoverian electors, we find no cause for sorrow at the unsuccessful issue of the rebellion. Though George the Second was as unpopular as his father, from the same causes of Hanoverian predilections and immorality of life, his reign was a continued period of prosperity, and progressive civilization. It was, certainly, a prosaic age of hoops and periwigs, of dull contentment, and, until its close, of peaceful moderation. The passionate phrensies of the era of the Revolution, which had boiled with unabated fury in the reign of Anne, and which the impolicy of George the First increased in virulence, were stilled in the calm atmosphere of venality and corruption. There were no laborers politicians; there were few of the needy class of political adventurers in the senate; public life was overarched by the dreary firmament of common place, in which was seen no meteor except Pitt, to keep in remembrance the brilliancy of the times that had passed. Though Walpole reigned by corrupting the national representatives, he was no friend to the extension of his system to ordinary life—he adopted an expedient forced upon him by the corrupt parties of the age in which he lived, while the whole of his legislation for the people displayed anxiety to put in vigor, by the love and habit of labor, enlarged notions of morality and justice; to render clear the

trite truth, that individual happiness is intimately allied with the general good, and that there is nothing more beneficial to individuals than a religious respect for the rights of all.

After the series of proscriptions on the death of Anne had terminated, the whig administrations, during the reigns of the two first Georges, returned to the liberal principles of their creed. They saw that the nation's happiness could not be secured except by an obliteration of its feuds, the union of wills, the moderation of party triumphs, the permission of a measured but wide use of freedom, and the use, not less measured, of power, respect for established interests, and a denunciation of exaggerated doctrines by an exposure of their lamentable effects. There were, indeed, no great reforms accomplished, because the age had not yet learned to appreciate their necessity. Yet the practical administration of the laws took the sting from the intolerance of persecuting statutes. Under Walpole no man was hunted to ruin for his opinions; the press teemed with libels, which he only answered or despised; the Jacobite meetings of the north no entreaties would induce him to suppress; he endeavored to free the Quakers from the disabilities under which they groaned, and his defeat only prevented him from accomplishing the repeal of the Test Act, which he invariably denounced, but which continued unrepealed for another age, till lagging justice and tardy toleration were at length permitted to erase the scandal from our laws.

His quiet unostentatious policy was, to do nothing that would heat the subsiding passions, or shock the decaying prejudices of the time. He required to educate the people before he could lead them to the reforms essential to their happiness; and for this he paved the road, by diffusing among them, in ample abundance, the materials of physical comfort, and by withdrawing attention from the excitements of political and polemic rancor.

At no period of our history did the springs of our commercial greatness act with more energy; in none, either before or since, were the mass doomed to labor, more supplied with the means of happiness. Malthus, in stating the quantity of subsistence procured by the laborers' wages in different ages, confers the preference on the period from 1720 to 1755, (p. 279.) "It was certainly," says Hallam, "the most prosperous season that England had ever experienced; and the progression, though slow, being uniform, the reign, perhaps, of George II. might not disadvantageously be compared, for the real happiness of the community, with that more brilliant but uncertain and oscillatory condition which has ensued."—(*Const. Hist.*, iii., p. 401.)

It might also justly challenge a preference with the ages that preceded it. Compare it with any of the reigns of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, or the Stuarts. Under the first, the wars of the Roses inundated the land with blood. Despotism reigned unchecked under the Tudors; the royal prerogative and the rights of the subject kept up a perpetual misery under all the Stuarts. Under William and Anne, the nation acquired a renown in arms; but the triumphs of war are no indications of national happiness; and the balance of power which they preserved was maintained at a cost beyond its value. After these storms had swept past, a period of repose was necessary to enable the tree of enlightened legislation to take root; and being tended with sedulous care, we reap the benefit in our day in the luxuriance of its blossom.

The story of Jacobitism has become interesting

at present, not so much from the romantic incidents in the lives of its adherents as from the important principles involved. Opinions appear to have a regular orbit. They revolve in a cycle which makes certain their reëpearance; and those which had long tenanted with the dead, are evoked again. The principles on which the revolution rests have been denied as sound in theory or as safe in practice; and that great event is itself denounced as a rebellion. The tractarian *illuminati*, after their weary excavations among the records of ancient Christianity and the "dark ages," have directed their attention to matters upon which their country are more sensitive. They are giving us novel expositions of that "deplorable schism," the reformation—earnest appeals to unprotestantize are offered us; and denunciations of "the rebellion" of 1688 establish how much true liberty we lost by the headlong zeal of the authors of that immortal change.

It is amusing to hear these arrogant pacificators of our disputes, swelling in the pride of knowledge, lecturing the world in the style of the famous Oxford decree of the days of the second Charles. Their arguments, and those of abler men, on the legality of the revolution, are only of importance now that they are supported by some literary talent. All the principles of that great event—productive as it has been of indelible consequences to nations—have been denied, or twisted into deformity, or absolutely changed. We see new systems springing up from the supposed principles of the revolution, and new theories advanced as to the relations of government, which it was intended forever to extinguish. The facts and texts are forced to obey the hand, and to become pliable to the genius of the architect, who, to determine the form of the edifice, has more consulted his prejudices than truth.

When we think, however, of the beneficent legislation consequent on it in both countries, we must ever regard that event as one of the great epochs of social order. Its peaceful moderation, too, renders it illustrious; persecutions for past misconduct rejected—the policy that could silence passion adopted—the danger of impending evils only looked to at the same time with the peril of remedy—the change upon the ancient monarchy made with a grave dignity becoming the national character of the people it affected—a proper regard paid to differences of opinion, never made to degenerate into quarrels of self-love and the war of factions, which are inseparable from the constitution of the human mind under the multitude of aspects in which objects so complicated present themselves, and are, moreover, essentially useful to the public in the vast relations of legislative discussions. From the history of these, how apparent is that fundamental error which declares the revolution to be an accident consequent on the misrule of James. It was something more than this. It was the close of that long struggle of freedom with prerogative, which had produced the hostile collisions between the sovereign and parliament from the days of Elizabeth, and which were only the type of what would inevitably follow, were the same uncertainty to last. To describe it as an accident, therefore, is to misrepresent its character. To attribute it to the passions of the moment, is to forget the necessity of a revolution which ages had prepared.

It is impossible to close a review of the times to which we have been referred, without summing up the terrible tragedy of the Stuarts, and the romantic

alternations of fortune of which their history is composed. From first to last we see only temporary triumphs, to be succeeded by long and fierce commotions, heavy prostrations, and defeat. Robert II., the first of the line, commenced by a concubinage with Elizabeth More, which has left lawyers in doubt as to the legitimacy of his descendants. His feeble reign was disturbed by continual tumults, partly fomented by his own children, and particularly by the savage "Wolfe of Badenoch." He lived in misery, and died surrounded by the wrecks of the monarchy that Bruce had reëstablished. He was succeeded by his son Robert III., who, in his old age, lived in a continued scene of crimes, crowned by the murder of his own son, the gay Rothesay of the Fair Maid of Perth—supposed to be effected by the agency of his uncle. A tragedy equally horrible was performed by James the First, on his uncle's children, in revenge for his brother's death. That monarch—himself the only man of real ability the unblest race ever furnished—was, after eighteen years' captivity in England, murdered in his turn in the town of Perth, at the instigation of Athole, his own kinsman. The mode in which his widow avenged his death, in ingenuity in the art of torment outstrips the Inquisition. James the Second, after procuring the judicial murder of his two nephews, killed another with his own hand, and was himself shot at the age of twenty-nine, when besieging Roxburgh. James III. was embroiled in bloody feuds with his brother, and afterwards with his son, against whom he fought and lost the battle of Sauchieburn, and was assassinated in his flight. James IV. was killed at Flodden. James V., after losing the battle of Solway Moss, died broken-hearted at the age of thirty-two, a few days after his daughter's birth. Of the misfortunes of Mary Stuart we need say nothing. Her descendants for three generations, and four reigns, were involved in continual quarrels with their people; one died upon the scaffold; another lived for many years an exile, and was restored in order to endure a greater degradation in becoming the pensionary of France; another, (James II.,) after presiding in the torture chamber in Scotland, scoffing at the inhumanities of Jeffries, ordering his nephew to the scaffold, declared himself a despot, and terminated his career in exile. His descendants, if they did not perish by the hands of the executioner, escaped only to die in a lower degradation; and thus closed the career of a race, of whom it is difficult to say whether they were more unfortunate, or more deserving of misfortune.

Put aside the first James; and we can only find in this unhappy line, men and women with weak or narrow understandings, strong prejudices, and stupid obstinacy, easily inflamed by their passions, and made incurable by their presumption. Their rigid hands could never gently use the reins of government, and operate their purpose by the silent means of peaceful conciliation. Never were they able to violate ancient usage, or infringe on established right, without choosing the course the most arrogant and irritating.

Our remarks upon the principal characters of the works we have been reviewing, and on the principles at issue, preclude us from any lengthened examination of the subordinate, but not less interesting memoirs. In the whole range of historical investigation, we know of none so exciting as the story of the actors in our civil wars. Those of England, in particular, in the days of Cromwell,

are full of romantic and heroic incident. Each side, too, contributed its contingent. The unbending perseverance and dogged bravery of the puritans found a counterpart in the chivalry of the cavaliers. The parties were equally matched. It was not a hopeless struggle by a few enthusiastic barbarians against the disciplined armies of an empire. It was one in which each called in the majesty of the law; and in the long fierce struggle, on which the fate of a kingdom rested, abundant materials have been left us for a history of all the virtues and all the vices that can honor and degrade humanity. Over all, there were two leaders whose fate excites our deepest attention. On the one hand, an unhappy prince, destined to the same death with so many of his line; and on the other the stern puritan soldier—whose body was torn with savage ferocity from the grave, to suffer indignities he never offered in life, and whose memory, assassinated by all historians, has been redeemed from the ignominy of two hundred years—presents one of the greatest examples in the records of human actions of the influence exercised by a human being over a contemporary generation.

We cannot look for such fertile topics of instruction, or actions of such momentous interest, in the civil commotions of the '15 or the '45. They were the result, not of a nation's resistance to intolerable wrong. They appealed to no personal interest of the masses; and the few who were engaged, had little time, and less opportunity, to do more than exhibit how rashly brave men may venture—how patiently suffer. There are, however, names that have claimed the notice of posterity; some for qualities of virtue in a period of corruption, some for a superiority in infamy, where infamy was common. Both classes will be found on both sides. The virtues of Duncan Forbes and of Colonel Gardiner shed a lustre on a cause disgraced by the Duke of Cumberland and his myrmidons; the generous devotion of Lochiel elevates a party for which such a victim as Lovat died.

Enough has not been said of the man who saved his country by the seasonable energy of an unconquerable resolution. A few traditional anecdotes, confined to the gentlemen of the law, give a faint idea of the great accomplishments of Duncan Forbes; but his exertions for the public good, when paralysis overtook the councils of government, and when incapacity led its armies, are lost in the conciseness of general history, and have been deemed unworthy of separate record. Had this man not directed the measures which his wisdom planned—composed, reconciled, united, and animated with his own energetic spirit, the lagging loyalty of the people—restrained, by prudent counsel the prudent among the Jacobites, or by the terror of the law influenced the mass who were only accessible through their fears, the whole Highlands would have been in arms. The number is not exaggerated which limits to 10,000, the clans whom the exertions of Forbes kept from following the cavalier. "But for his indefatigable exertions," says Mr. Klose, "the house of Hanover would infallibly have been driven from the British throne." He received his reward in the ruin of his fortune, which he had spent in supplying the troops of the nation, and of which he never received re-payment. He exerted his influence to stay the massacre which followed the victory of Culloden, and found his humanity regarded as intrusive. He heard the cry of wailing throughout the glens without ability to succor, and he who had braved the storm and pilot-

ed the vessel in safety to her harbor, was thrown aside as a wreck when the danger ceased. The treatment, though it could not subdue his patriotism, broke his spirit, and hurried him to his grave.

The Culloden papers are the evidence of the unwearied energy of a public man, who endeavored to meet a great calamity with insufficient means. But all the accounts we have ever read of this admirable patriot, speak, moreover, of an intellect so profound, and a knowledge on most subjects so exact, that his intellectual fame has been dimmed only by the virtues which his heart ever cherished. The kind, good-humored gentleness, the indulgent view of human errors, the magnanimity under all distresses, and the whole equipage of kindred virtues, present us with a character among the noblest of the age that is gone. At all times, the world delights to linger on the memory of a man firm in adversity, moderate in victory, humane in every fortune, beloved by all men though the leader of a party; one who, by a destiny not uncommon with those who have done equal service to their country, died in the obscurity of private life, broken in spirit by disappointment and ingratitude. In reading his history, we almost imagine ourselves perusing a lost life of one of the illustrious whom Plutarch has made immortal.

No history of this man is given in any of the works before us. Of the feeble sketch prefixed to the Culloden papers, the general public know but little; and the generous tribute paid to his memory many years ago by the Edinburgh Review, is the only modern attempt to rescue from the oblivion into which a few years would otherwise plunge the brightest reputation.* In no place more suitable could there be a history of the fall of clanship, than in the life of the man who suggested the enactments which destroyed it. On this subject, we have now no space to enter, though the contrast between the half-savage highlander of the '45 and the intelligent northern farmer of the present day, presents many points of instruction and of interest. We must, however, leave the consideration of the consequences of the victory of Culloden, and the generally sagacious laws which the condition of the Highlands called forth. Our space forbids us also to notice any of the interesting memoirs of some of the subordinate, but still celebrated personages, whose memory has been embalmed in Jacobitical history. Of these not the least interesting is Flora M'Donald, by whose presence of mind, devotion, and perseverance, the chevalier was saved. Mrs. Thomson's memoir of this lady is extremely interesting and detailed; as full of anecdote illustrative of perished things, as is the story of Lovat, whose doings, from their extraordinary character, deserve a notice we are unable to give them.

There is also another very interesting subject, in regard to which we can do no more than make a passing remark. Of the Jacobite literature, poetical and prosaic, much deserves to be written, on account of its general ability—the cleverness of the prose, and the exquisite pathos of the poetry. The conquerors did not continue their abuse of victory by proscribing the writings of the vanquished. The issue of the brain was left an equal chance of life with the issue of the womb, and no envious

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xxvi. We have been directed to this article by Mrs. Thomson, who informs us that it was written by Lord Cockburn, now a learned and able judge in the court over which Forbes presided—than whom, the patriotic Scottish lawyer of other times could have found no more fitting biographer.

Juno sat cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring. The prose, however, is not nearly equal in merit to the poetry, and degenerates into the virulence of personality little interesting to another generation. A different account may be given of the ballads of the Jacobites. Many of their lyrics were the testimony of affection to the gallantry and worth of the unreturning brave. Soldiers covered with wounds threw flowers upon the graves of the heroes who had served them as a model. Their song rises at the description of their glory, and sinks to sadness at the uniform story of their fate. They have the spirit to reach the elevation of their subject, and a pathos equal to their misfortunes.

These histories of the eventful times we have been considering, are of somewhat greater use than to gratify an idle curiosity, or to form the means of amusement for an idle hour. They enlighten the present age by past experience and example. They are dragged from the obscurity of manuscript to teach us, that the same errors now urged upon the world as discovered truth, have been met and vanquished by our fathers. They show us their former origin, their progress, and decline, and by instructing us how to avoid them, we have the true philosophy of history, which does not render the present an abstraction when discoursing of the past.

STEEPLE CHASE IN FRANCE.

Oh! England, how much you have to answer for! Until within a very few years the Normans, and the same may be said of the French in general, thought it absolutely impossible for any man to ride a mile straight a-head over fences. About five years ago an English gentleman of my acquaintance, residing at Avranches, offered, one evening, at a French party, a bet that he would ride his horse a mile and three quarters across the country in less than ten minutes. His proposal was immediately accepted, the French gentleman giving him odds, and allowing him twelve minutes for his work, for they thought it impossible he could do it in less. Several thousand persons assembled to see the performance, it was so new, and seemed so difficult. The enthusiasm of the spectators, some of whom were people of high rank, was intense; and some ladies were so complimentary as to assure the rider that "he was the admiration of the whole world."—He had a thorough bred English hunter, and, without any difficulty, rode the distance in four minutes and fifty seconds.

To give my sporting countrymen some idea of the light in which this performance was regarded, I shall translate a passage from an article which appeared in the Avranches Journal, written by and bearing the signature of the Count St. Germain, a gentleman of education, property, and distinction: "This fine animal glided like a serpent through the branches which opposed his progress, stooped his head with great sagacity, and then, stretching his limbs, passed, at a single bound, the fences in his way, giving to the imagination the notion of a disembodied form moving in open space. He cleared in two bounds the wooden fences protected by streams, gathering up his legs, sometimes like a stag in its attempts to escape from the hounds, proportioning his efforts to the difficulty of the jump, and altering his style of going according to the nature of the ground. Yielding to the least inti-

mation of his rider, he neither felt the want of a directing hand, nor failed to take advantage of it. No refusal, no hesitation of any kind stopped him for a moment; on the contrary, his multiplied bounds seemed only to increase his pace.—Long and reiterated bravos were soon heard at the winning post, which Mr. Moggridge reached in four minutes and fifty seconds."

The rider appeared to have experienced fatigue, but not so the horse, who finished with a leap of more than twenty-three feet over a brook. He had cleared in his progress fifteen fences, one of them a hedge six feet high, with brushwood at each side.—Some people had anticipated sensations of dread at witnessing a sight which they believed to be excessively dangerous; but, on observing the mutual confidence between the rider and his horse, they were soon relieved from their apprehensions. The emotions felt at an ordinary horse race are dull compared with the palpitations excited on witnessing an exertion which some cavillers have been disposed to compare with the combats of the circus, which should rather recall the remembrance of the rude tilts of the middle ages. Since that period steeple chases have been regularly established, and the French government and local societies, anxious to improve the breed of horses, give annual prizes both for flat races and steeple chases. The latter expression, like the word *beefsteak*, or rather *bifstiek*, has been adopted by the French, who have not any corresponding term in their own language. They also employ the compound word *gentleman-rider*, I presume, from the extreme difficulty of defining that personage.—[*Hairby's Rambles in Normandy*.]

CITY OF MATAMORAS, ITS CATHEDRAL.

CLEVERLY in Matamoras, the first impression you receive is the desolate feeling created by the prison aspect of all the houses. They have a semi-Moorish appearance, and you cannot divest yourself of the idea that a city thus built must be inhabited by people of jealous dispositions, subject to civil war and of unsocial habits. As you pass along you see, peeping through grated windows, pairs of dark eyes that flash strangely with fear and curiosity, and little children retreat before you with that gait peculiar to the young of timid animals, that flee from instinct, before they do it from reason. The double door, opened at an angle to admit the air, gives glimpses of deep brunettes, throwing remarkably luxuriant and dark tresses over their heads, previous to arranging them for the evening listlessness.

Men sit sullenly about in their fantastic dresses, half of them looking as if they had been stolen from a stock company of a theatre, while engaged in playing a "brigand piece." There is a flaunting, stiletto-you-in-the-dark expression about them. As you wander on you find the city remarkably well laid out, and although giving evidences of having seen better days, still it is far from being destitute of attractive buildings. Once fairly in the *Plaza Hidalgo*, the principal square of the city, you can rest yourself under the shade of some stunted China trees, and then commence examining at your leisure.

You will at once be attracted by the unfinished cathedral, which is so managed that the houses on its wings appear to be part of the cathedral itself, giving to the mass a very imposing appearance; it

bounds one entire side of the plaza. The architect commenced with most excellent intentions, and but for a want of funds would have made a splendid building. Two fine but unfinished towers command the sides of the cathedral, upon one of which is rudely laid a piece of timber from which are suspended a couple of bells. The large gothic door in the centre would have exposed the interior with great effect, but alas, some misfortune overwhelmed its progress, and left the bare walls, to provoke the imagination into contemplating the reasons why a work so well begun was not completed.

In front, seated in the angles formed by the bases of the pillars, or upon the bases themselves, are fifty or more poor miserable creatures, who seem, in their poverty, to have nothing in abundance but sunshine, and that they are determined to enjoy. Many are disgustingly disfigured by slow cankerous diseases, that appear to render their victims hideous, and yet will not kill. Some are slightly wounded soldiers, who have crawled out of the hospitals for fresh air. Few well dressed persons linger in their vicinity, but pass decorously on and disappear in a narrow alley way on the right of the cathedral, where we enter.

Having done so you soon come to a small room, no doubt intended originally for the sacristy, but now used as a chapel. The walls are plain, and there is no wealth about the altar to tempt sacrilegious hands. The adornments, on the contrary, are of little value, and of a kind in no way harmonious with the objects for which they are appropriated. The priest is at the altar in the act of celebrating mass, the worshipping congregation is impressive, and tempts the heart to join in the solemn service.

Before you are kneeling some twenty Mexican women, many of them quite handsome, all calculated to excite curiosity. They kneel gracefully, and accidentally as possible expose a fine foot, tastefully set off with a small slipper. There are but two Mexican men in the house, shame upon the sex, but there are men there beside, noble and true-hearted men, who form a curious sight, all the circumstances considered. Some twenty United States troops, in their uniforms, are on their knees at prayer, among the most devotional in the House. It was a sight to see those thus engaged who but a few days before were surrounded by the terrors of the battle field, busy, prominently busy, in the work of death.—Such is one of the cathedrals in Matamoras, and the principal building in the city.—*N. O. Tropic.*

WE have sometimes thought that a few of Southey's small poems, which are hardly known, are the most felicitous in expression of all his writings, and the most beautiful in sentiment. The following we have read perhaps a hundred times, but never without feeling it breathing over us like a cool breeze in one of these sultry days. We publish it with the hope that it may have a similar influence on our readers.—*C. Register.*

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT, ESQ.

[Engraved for the Keepsake of 1829.]

The sky-lark hath perceived his prison-door,
Unclosed; for liberty the captive tries:
Puss eagerly hath watched him from the floor,
And in her grasp he flutters, pants, and dies.

Lucy's own Puss, and Lucy's own dear Bird,
Her foster'd favorites both for many a day,

That which the tender-hearted girl preferred;
She in her fondness knew not, sooth to say.

For if the sky-lark's pipe was shrill and strong,
And its rich tones the thrilling ear might please,
Yet Pussybelle could breathe a fireside song
As winning, when she lay on Lucy's knees.

Both knew her voice, and each alike would seek
Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch to gain:
How faintly, then, may words her sorrow speak,
When by the one she sees the other slain.

The flowers fall scattered from her lifted hand;
A cry of grief she utters in affright;
And self-condemned for negligence she stands
Aghast and helpless at the cruel sight

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful eyes;
Take thou, dear child, a lesson not unholy,
From one whom nature taught to moralize,
Both in his mirth and in his melancholy.

I will not warn thee not to set thy heart
Too fondly upon perishable things;
In vain the earnest preacher spends his art
Upon that theme; in vain the poet sings.

It is our nature's strong necessity,
And this the soul's unerring instincts tell;
Therefore I say, let us love worthily,
Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.

Better it is all losses to deplore,
Which dutiful affection can sustain,
Than that the heart should, in its inmost core,
Harden without it, and have lived in vain.

This love which thou hast lavished, and the woe
Which makes thy lip now quiver with distress,
Are but a vent, an innocent overflow,
From the deep springs of female tenderness.

And something I would teach thee from the grief
That thus hath filled those gentle eyes with tears,
The which may be thy sober, sure relief,
When sorrow visits thee in after years.

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is sealed;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not revealed.

But didst thou know, in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assigned in yonder skies,
There, through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise,—

Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold form its life to reëngage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its heaven
To be again the tenant of a cage?

Only that thou might'st cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death, which must be suffered once by all?

Oh, no, thou say'st: oh, surely not, not so!
I read the answer which those looks express;
For pure and true affection, well I know,
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem ;
 We bring with us the immortal seeds at birth ;
 Of heaven it is, and heavenly ; woe to them
 Who make it wholly earthly and of earth !

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
 We love, and not our own, being ready thus
 Whate'er self-sacrifice is asked, to make ;
 That which is best for it, is best for us.

O Lucy ! treasure up that pious thought !
 It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts ;
 And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
 If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.

FAITH AND HOPE.

A PARABLE—BY WORDSWORTH.

ONE morning as the sun arose, two spirits went forth upon the earth.

And they were sisters ; but Faith was of mature age, while Hope was yet a child.

They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze upon the countenance of Faith, for her eye was serene, and her beauty changed not ; but Hope was the delight of every eye.

And the child sported in the freshness of the morning : and as she hovered over the gardens and dewy lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like a rainbow.

"Come, my sister," she cried, "and chase with me the butterfly from flower to flower."

But her sister was gazing at the lark, as it arose from its low nest and warbled among the clouds.

And when it was noon the child said again : "Come, my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet."

But Faith replied : "Nay, my sister, let the flowers be there, for thou art young and delightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate in the shade until the heat of the day be past. Thou wilt find me by the fountain in the forest. When thou art weary, come and repose on my bosom."

And she smiled and departed.

After a time Hope sought her sister. The tear was in her eye ; and her countenance was mournful.

Then Faith said : "My sister, wherefore dost thou weep, and why is thy countenance sad ?"

And the child answered : "Because a cloud is in the sky, and the sunshine is overcast—see, the rain begins to fall."

"It is but a shower," Faith replied, "and when it is over, the fields will be greener than before."

Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the noontide heat. And Faith comforted the child, and showed her how the waters flowed with a fuller and clearer stream as the showers fell.

And presently the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.

Then Hope was glad, and went forth to her sports once more.

After a while the sky was again darkened, and the young spirit looked up, and behold, there was no cloud in the whole circle of the heavens.

Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night.

And she fled to her sister, and cast herself down at her feet and trembled exceedingly.

Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees, and pointed to the sun and said :

"A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of his glory is extinguished.—He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in his beams. See, even yet his face is not wholly hidden from us."

But the child dared not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart.

And when all was bright again, she feared to wander from her sister, and her sports were less gay than before.

When the eventide was come, Faith went forth from the forest shades and sought the lawn, where she might watch the setting of the sun.

Then said she to her young sister : "Come and behold how far the glories of sunset transcend the beauties of the morning. See how softly they melt away, and give place to the shadows of night."

But Hope was now weary—her eye was heavy, and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings, and dropped on her sister's bosom, and fell asleep.

But Faith watched through the night—she was never weary, nor did her eyelids need repose.

She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle round the head of the young sleeper, that she might sleep in peace.

Then Faith looked upwards, and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies, which mortal ear hath not heard.

And as she listened, their music entranced her soul.

At length a light appeared in the east, and burst forth from the portals of the heavens. Then the spirit hastened to arouse the young sleeper.

"Awake ! O my sister ! awake !" she cried, "a new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake, for the sun hath arisen which shall set no more."

WORDS WITHOUT POWER.

WE were struck with the following instance of Christian faithfulness, in admonishing a young disciple, as affording a beautiful specimen of the meekness of wisdom. It would be well for many a "young hand," both in the pulpit and the prayer meeting, to have such a faithful Mentor, to warn of the danger of "superfluous expressions" both in preaching and in prayer. It is extracted from *The Friend*.—*Presbyterian*.

Peter Yarnall, when on a visit to Philadelphia in the second month, 1781, while he was yet young in the ministry, appeared in supplication at a meeting held in the Market street house. George Churchman, a judicious elder, was present, and soon after sent him the following letter. It is said that Peter Yarnall preserved this message of love with care, it having, no doubt, been "a word in season" to him. In preaching or praying it has a scattering effect upon hearers—to find words continue, after the power has passed.

London Grove, second month, 20th, 1781.

Respected Friend—Feeling a degree of sympathy toward thee, under the exercise which of latter time has attended thy mind, and, I trust, has measurably engaged thee to be anxious about redeem-

ing time that is passed and gone—I have divers times witnessed desires for thy preservation in a state of stability; and that the Divine hand may be near for thy support, under the provings which may be permitted to attend, for the trial of thy faith, the advancement of thy experience in the path of self-denial. I may just inform thee, that my attention was turned more particularly to thy present state on my being present at the week-day meeting in Market street, the fifth day following the late Quarterly Meeting in the city; where I heard a voice in supplication, at a considerable distance from the place I sat in. And though I knew not whose voice it was, I was afterwards told it was thine. I then felt a degree of sympathy, upon hearing the first sentence uttered, and was willing to believe it was not without the savor of life, and could by no means condemn the motion. On remembering several times since, I felt a freedom gently to hint to thee the sense which attended me before thy conclusion: which was, that perhaps it might be as well to have closed it rather sooner or with fewer expressions, for that time. I hope thou wilt clearly understand me, in the hint, that I am not censorious about it, but feel great tenderness; yet withal a care that thou, in thy infant state, may be preserved from getting out of, or swimming beyond thy depth in the stream, with which thy acquaintance and experience have been but short; although thy mind has been mercifully turned, I hope, towards the way everlasting.

I have apprehended some danger has attended, and may attend young hands, without great care, in regard of repetitions; public prayer in a congregation being a very awful thing, and He to whom it is addressed, being the Author of infinite purity. I believe there is no occasion of discouragement; but if the mind is sincerely devoted to the merciful Father, to seek for preservation out of every danger of forward stepping; superfluous expressions, and fleshy mixtures, there will be Divine assistance afforded to contrited souls. So that experience and strength will, from time to time be enlarged, and a gradual growth witnessed, in a state which is sound, healthy, and safe. That this may truly be thy state, is the sincere desire of thy well-wishing friend,

GEORGE CHURCHMAN.

THE HUTCHINSONS.

THESE "sweet singers" have become so widely known throughout the land, and in other lands too, and the report of them which goes abroad is so creditable, that a sketch of their homestead and domestic way of life will probably be read with interest. We extract the following from a letter in the Worcester Spy, written at Milford, New Hampshire:—

There are many interesting localities here, and not the least among them is the residence of the tribe of Jesse. The world has become intimate, as it were, with this remarkable people. Their names and generations have been sung in all places, and whether with their consent or otherwise, their history, both public and domestic, has been laid before the world.—The residence of the patriarch is a mile and a half east of the village. The family mansion is a stately building, erected in former

times for a hotel, but many years since turned to its present uses. It stands upon a gentle slope upon the northern bank of the Souhegan. In front is a beautiful meadow of many acres of rich bottom land, through which the river rolls sluggishly along. I visited them on a Sunday evening, and a most extraordinary scene I there beheld. It was the occasion of a meeting of nearly every member of the family. It was a scene that would have made the heart of a stoic rejoice.

We met there eight sons, six of whom were accompanied by their wives, two daughters, and there were from twenty to thirty grand-children, from two to twelve years of age, frolicking around. The old folks were seated at the door as we approached, and we waited while they received each one of their children, as they arrived, with a patriarchal blessing. It recalled to my mind the account of the children of Jacob with their little ones, gathering about the aged patriarch as he sat in the door of his tent. There seemed to be joy and pleasure in every heart, and brotherly love, and kindness were visibly manifest. When we approached to pay our respects to the aged couple, we were received, if possible, with more affectionate welcome than their own children, with many kind inquiries and a wish that prosperity and happiness might ever attend us. Our fathers had been their intimates, and their minds ran back over the incidents of those old years, with a freshness that brought tears to their eyes. Jesse and Judson reside in Lynn—the other members of the family are here.

The three boys, Judson, John and Asa, and their sister Abby, will, in the course of two months, start upon a singing tour. They tell me they will visit Worcester soon after leaving home. Should they go there, you may expect to hear better music than has greeted your ears for many a day. I once thought their singing perfect, and so it was in its way; but "Excelsior" is their motto, and they will prove to you that their experience in England has not been lost to them. The character of their singing is not changed, but their style is improved. There is a richness, a fulness, a brilliancy in their tones, and an expression of life in every breath, which will thrill the coldest blood in your heart. But it is natural, simple melody; they have acquired no foreign habit or accent—their turns and appoggiaturas are all their own, and occur just in the right places. For me, the beauty of their singing is in its expressive truthfulness. It speaks to the heart and makes it vibrate to music, as though it were itself a musical instrument, responding to the voice of God.

I have noticed an article copied from some of the Manchester papers, giving an account of the wealth which their tour in Europe produced to them. There is very little, if any, truth in the statement, which was made without their knowledge. Their residence is about twenty miles from Manchester, instead of seven and a half.—They have not purchased nor are they about to purchase a farm for \$10,000. Indeed, I am well assured there are no such farms for sale in the county of Hillsborough. They won golden opinions, and left England with the hearty good will of the English, but they did not bring home a fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

From Fraser's Magazine.

APPARITIONS.

"What is here
Which looks like death in life, and speaks like things
Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!"
BYRON.

It was a gloomy autumnal evening; all was hushed and still in the interior of the dwelling in which we sat, while the tall trees without kept up a continual mysterious and confidential whispering, as though they had a thousand things to tell one another; and the wind went searching round the old house, and down the wide chimney, and through the long corridors, as if it had lost something. Or practised all the ancient tunes which it sang hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in a low wailing voice, half human in its melancholy sweetness, or wild revelry. Sometimes it seemed to go a long way off, and then, when you least expected it, back it came again as though it were singing under the window, or in the very room itself, while the heavy drapery swayed to and fro with a strange sympathy. Presently, in restless mood it went out to play with the old trees before mentioned, which at first only shook their heads gently at his frolics, but afterwards laughed and gambolled till their branches creaked again! And finally, elated with its sports, came sweeping along the old corridor and burst open the room door where we sat.

Startled a little from our dreamy reveries we looked hastily up, but perceiving no one, naturally concluded that it was only the wind; and were in the very act of putting the finishing stitch to the work on which we were employed, seeking at the same time for the tangled thread of our former pleasant musings thus rudely broken, when a passage which we had been lately reading in a very clever paper, entitled "*Miscellanea Mystica*," but without making any deep impression upon our minds at the time, came back like a lightning flash—"How often do we say, '*Tis only the wind,*' when former inhabitants of the houses we live in may be sweeping past us!"

The words had been uttered in reference to a spirit-story of a poor emigrant's wife, yearning for her forsaken home; the door of which was seen to open wide, one windy night—just such an one, perhaps, as that on which we write. To common eyesight this was all; but a certain woman, gifted with the rare faculty of ghost-seeing, was enabled both to distinguish and describe this strange visitor, who was dressed after her usual fashion, and wore a sad and troubled expression of countenance, as though grieving for all she had left behind.

Not being gifted with this same supernatural clearness of vision, which must be by no means desirable, if any "forms of the departed entered at the open door," it was unknown to us. And we only remember coming suddenly conscious that the evening was drawing in, and it might be as well to ring for candles. After which we fell into a train of thought far from unpleasant, in the which all that we had heard and read of such things came back as vividly as though it were but yesterday; the wind, meanwhile, keeping up a sort of running accompaniment to the wild harmony of by-gone recollections.

The house where we were born, and around which some of our earliest reminiscences are entwined, was said to be haunted; but a residence of many years never warranted us to give a less vague assertion than the common one, "it was

said to be." Neither are we aware that any member of the family is able to speak more confidently on the subject. It was curious enough, however, that several casual visitors, without the possibility of any previous communication passing between them, and in most instances without their even hearing it mentioned, have united in giving a precisely similar description of the phantom. By which we understood it to be tall, of the male sex, and wearing a loose pepper-and-salt coat, probably the fashion in those days. My father, who was frequently up writing until long after the rest of the family had gone to bed, has repeatedly heard or fancied footsteps upon the stairs, followed by a distinct tapping at his study door; on which occasions he never failed to call aloud "Come in," although his ghostly visitant seems invariably to have declined availing himself of the invitation.

We can remember one thing, however, which as children made a deep impression upon us. All of a sudden a strange noise, like the ticking of a watch, only slower, began to be heard night after night in the room where we generally sat. Some said it was a cricket, or a spider; others spoke of the *death-watch*! while a few took the opportunity of displaying their entomological knowledge by ascribing it to a certain beetle, belonging to the timber-boring genus *anobium*, which frequently finds its way into old walls and wainscoting. Anyhow, it was a very solemn sound; and remarked all the more for a curious coincidence which took place about the same time. A large Newfoundland dog, hitherto perfectly quiet, commenced a series of the most dismal howlings; and it was discovered one morning, had actually scratched up a deep hole in the ground, which certainly did look very like a grave! This was repeated more than once, until they took to chaining him. Not long afterwards a little child residing in the house sickened and died; and from that hour we never heard the *death-watch* again!

Of our own experience in these matters we have little more to tell; but a whole host of incidents heard at different times, and from some who are now spirits themselves, comes thronging into our memory with a strange distinctness, so that we feel tempted to relate a few: for who does not love a ghost story, however they may laugh at it afterwards!

The first is told by a distant relative of our own, living far away in a quiet country place, where a belief in these things comes quite natural. Her father had been long ill, and as she lay thinking of him one summer night, and how improbable it was they should ever meet again, she became suddenly conscious of a heavy weight, as though a head rested upon her bosom, and stretching forth her hand, distinctly felt the thick, crisped curls with which she had played a thousand times when a child, and which were only just beginning to be tinged with grey when she married and left home. She knew that it was her father, and yet, somehow, she was not frightened, but lay quite still; and presently heard a sweet voice singing an old familiar hymn, which he had often taught and sang to them long ago. And when its last tones died lingering away, the spirit, if it were one, had also departed.

Many have said it was only a dream—that she had gone to bed thinking of her poor father, and so dreamt the rest. Well, it might have been thus. But it is curious enough, nevertheless, that the old man actually died upon the very night, and, as near

as could be ascertained, the very hour when all this happened.

Our next anecdote was frequently related by the individual himself, and with a serious truthfulness, that seems to have made a deep impression on several who heard it from his own lips. He had, it appeared, been the only child of a good and pious woman, who was early left a widow; and after struggling with poverty and ill health for above twelve years, during which she maintained herself and child by the poorly remunerated labors of the needle, died at length of very weariness and exhaustion, preserving her meek and cheerful spirit to the last, and recommending her orphan boy, with many prayers, to the protection of Him who is "the Father of the fatherless."

For the first week or two after her death every one thought that the poor lad would have broken his heart for grief, and soon followed. Instead of which, as its passionate violence passed away, and its yearning affections were repelled and thrown back upon themselves, it hardened. And forgetting all her warning admonitions, he soon became as idle and restless as those into whose society he seemed henceforth cast. We will draw a veil over the next few years. It will be sufficient to mention, that at the time of which we are about to speak, his character, if he could be said to have one, was at its lowest ebb. And even those who out of pity for the boy, or from some lingering recollection of her who was gone, had hitherto continued his friends, dropped off one by one, until he was left an alien, as it were, from all good.

He had been out one evening with some young companions as wild and reckless as himself, and it was late before they thought of separating. It chanced that his nearest way home lay through the churchyard. Most of them would have preferred the high-road, although it was nearly a quarter of a mile farther round, rather than pass so lonely a spot; but the young man of whom we write used to make his boast that he feared neither the living nor the dead! It was a bright moonlight night, and as our hero walked onwards through the green, quiet fields, the bacchanalian song which he had commenced out of defiance upon separating with the rest died away upon his lips, and he lapsed into silence.

Late as it was a female form sat on one of the gravestones wringing her hands, and swaying backwards and forwards, as though in deep affliction. Naturally kind-hearted, the young man turned out of his way to see if there was anything he could do for her; but somehow, as he approached nearer, the figure seemed strangely familiar—aye, even the old bonnet with its faded black riband, and the well-worn dress; and while he was still attentively regarding it, it vanished suddenly away! It was, as we have said, a bright moonlight night—so bright that, stooping down over the spot from whence the figure had so strangely disappeared, the orphan distinctly read the name of his lost parent, together with the date of her death; and he knew now that it was her spirit he had seen! But why did she weep? She whose deep trust in God had kept her always cheerful amid poverty and disease, so that she died at last blessing and thanking Him for all His mercies! The conscience-stricken youth felt that it was his sins that would not let her rest even in the grave; and bowing down his face upon the damp grass, asked pardon of Heaven and of her.

It seems that for a long while past his old master had meant to give him warning, but had put it

off from time to time in hopes he would amend his present wild course of life; but his protracted absence on the night in question determined him, and he met his young apprentice with a sternness that disappeared all at once at the sight of his pale and agitated countenance. And he spoke kindly instead, bidding him get to bed as fast as he could. Touched by the mild and pitying tones of his voice, the youth told his master everything, who, although he had no great faith in ghosts, took care not to say a word which should lessen the evident impression made upon the mind of his companion, who became from that time a changed and better man.

"Well," that is all natural enough," exclaims the philosopher. "The boy, you tell us, ceased to sing soon after parting with his comrades. The stillness and the moonlight evidently subdued and saddened him, bringing back memories of old times, until from thinking of his mother, and how grieved she would have been had she lived to see this day, his active imagination was worked into the conviction that he actually saw her, wailing and wringing her hands as he describes; although the impression must have been a powerful one, certainly, to have given a coloring to his whole future life."

Oh, let ours, gentle reader, be a simpler, and a holier faith! The finger of God might have been in all this; and if so, it was easy for grace to hal-
low and perfect a work begun in mercy.

The next incident that we shall relate is of a more complicated and mysterious nature, and the purpose to be answered less clearly defined, although we can see no cause to question its authenticity, the narrator being one whose veracity was beyond dispute.

She had, it appears, been kept from church one Sunday evening, in consequence of ill health; but her indisposition not being of sufficient importance to warrant her detaining any one else, even the servants were permitted to go, and she remained at home alone. This was, however, a matter of too frequent occurrence to be much noticed; and having ascertained that the doors were securely fastened, the young lady took her book and began to read. It may be as well to mention that the work in question was a volume of sermons, of by no means an exciting nature; and from the perusal of which she presently rose up and proceeded to the library, with the intention of consulting some book of reference. What was her surprise on pushing open the door, which was only half closed, to see her father sitting in the easy chair which he generally occupied! She instantly addressed him in a cheerful voice, thinking he must have returned without her knowledge, for she distinctly remembered seeing him depart with the rest. Until upon receiving no answer, the utter impossibility of such a thing suddenly came over her, and she had only strength to totter from the room and seat herself upon the stairs outside, where she remained until the return of the family from church; when, having with difficulty unfastened the door, she instantly fainted away.

The young lady's first question upon coming to herself, was for her father; and seeing him bending over her she became gradually more composed, and had sufficient self-possession to forbear mentioning what had occurred to any member of the family, although she afterwards related it to one or two intimate friends. Had she done so, it is probable that the effect upon the imagination of her father might, as it has been too frequently the case,

have brought about the realization of her worst fears; instead of which they gradually passed away; although for some time afterwards she continued to watch over him with the most affectionate anxiety, and was observed to be restless and uneasy whenever he was out of her sight for long together. The old man lived, however, many years after this occurrence, and in the full enjoyment of his usual health.

We have heard tell of a gentleman of high literary attainments, possessed of a peculiarly nervous temperament, combined with a very powerful imagination, who was in the frequent habit of seeing persons coming towards him, as it were, and then suddenly vanishing all at once; so that he was occasionally puzzled to distinguish these illusions from what was actually taking place around him. Very much of this may be explained away by simple pathological causes. But the incident which we are about to relate, in which the same illusion was present to *two persons at once*, is less easy of solution. The parties to whom it occurred are well-known to us, and the neighborhood by no means remarkable for any associations of a romantic or spiritual nature.

It happened a few years ago, that two sisters passing along the outside of the Regent's Park, on their way home, and somewhat later than was their usual custom, in consequence of having been unavoidably detained, saw an old woman a few paces before them, the ancient appearance of whose dress and manner seems to have at first afforded them ample materials for criticism. And yet there was nothing extraordinary about her attire, which consisted of a dark cotton dress and shawl, with a black silk bonnet, which, it was facetiously observed, might from its size and shape have been made in the "year one!" And still they could not help noticing her.

It was just that soft twilight hour which is so rapidly followed in England by the dusk of evening; but as yet all was clear and easily defined; when on a sudden the sisters simultaneously missed the old woman from before them, although she had been there but a moment previous, laughingly exclaiming, that she had most decidedly vanished! And so it appeared. She was certainly nowhere to be seen; and being about the middle of one of the terraces, it was impossible that she could have escaped down any turning in such an instant of time. It was also evident that she had not crossed the road, or if so, no traces of her were visible in that direction. The sisters said little at the time, but involuntarily quickening their steps, were soon at home. And to this day, it is the strong impression upon both their minds that the old woman was no woman at all, but an apparition! It has, however, never since been visible to either, although they have passed over the same ground times and often.

The last anecdote we mean to relate will doubtless call up a thousand similar ones in the hearts and memories of our readers, which skeptical as we may all be on the subject, somehow we cannot find it in our consciences to laugh at.

Clara M——, was the second daughter of a clever but far from wealthy artist, with a large family dependent upon his genius and exertions. Until her sixteenth year she had been in the constant enjoyment of unbroken health; but about this period it suddenly declined, and symptoms of pulmonary consumption became daily visible in her fevered

cheek and attenuated frame, the more unexpected as the disease was by no means hereditary. A warmer climate was recommended as the last resource, and then it was that the heavy hand of poverty was felt for the first time among this hitherto happy and attached family; and they prayed for wealth only as the means of restoring life and health to this dear one! And not, as it seemed, altogether in vain.

A lady of good property, with a warm, benevolent heart, that ached sometimes amid its affluence for something to love and cherish, chanced to hear of Clara's ill health; and touched by the air of patient resignation with which one so young and beautiful looked calmly forward to her early death, resolved within herself that no human means should be left untried to avert so sad a doom. And amid the prayers and blessings of her parents and sisters Clara quitted England with her kind protectress, full of hope and gratitude.

Naturally gentle and sweet tempered, she was much beloved by every member of her family, but more particularly by her next sister Effie, between whom and herself there subsisted a most tender affection. And now that Clara was about to leave her, perhaps forever, the poor girl's grief and anguish became uncontrollable, until reminded of its selfishness by the increasing paleness of that beloved one.

"You will come again?" whispered Effie, as she slowly disengaged herself from the encircling arms of her half-fainting sister, and placed her in those of her kind friend, who would willingly, had it not been too late, have taken both of them with her. "Oh, promise me that you will come again!"

"Yes, I promise you faithfully, dear Effie, let what will happen!" replied Clara, with sudden animation; and the sisters parted thus.

The first letter they received was from Mrs. L——, and it was full of hope. Her young protégée was already better and stronger beyond her most sanguine expectations. A few weeks afterwards the girl wrote herself, in high spirits. The physician doubted whether she was consumptive at all; and at any rate predicted her speedy restoration under the discipline which he prescribed, united with the mild and genial air of that beautiful climate. She spoke of her gratitude to God, and that kind friend whom he had raised up for her; and of her one only wish, that dear Effie were but with her!

What rejoicing there was over that letter! What happy tears shed upon every recollection of it! While the sunshine of domestic peace once more diffused itself around the humble home of the artist. After a time, Clara's warm encomiums upon Mrs. L——'s kindness and affection, awoke a thousand wild, ambitious dreams in the heart of her fond mother, at which her husband did but laugh and shake his head. After all it was only natural, they both agreed, for every one to love their darling girl!

Better than a year had passed away. The travellers were on their road home. Clara had written a letter full of unabated affection and remembrance, and a little wee note to Effie, to say how she yearned to embrace them all again, and how she was half afraid they would scarcely know her, she had grown so tall and stout; and handsome too, if she were to credit all the pretty things she had said to her; which she did not, of course. This latter piece of information was apart to Effie, who.

verily believed in the depths of her simple and loving heart that it was impossible for Clara to have become more beautiful, anyhow!

It was a pleasant summer noon. All were busy as bees in the artist's humble but cheerful dwelling, either with the pencil or needle, for one or two bid fair to inherit a portion of their father's genius. They had been silent for some moments, so silent that the earnest tones of Mrs. M——'s voice actually startled them.

"Effie! my dear Effie, what ails you?"

The girl did not answer, but still sat rigid and motionless, with her strained eyeballs fixed upon what seemed a little streak of sunlight that came in through the artist's half-closed shutters.

"Effie!" exclaimed her mother again; and then she looked up, shuddered slightly, and, pointing with her finger towards the spot before indicated, whispered the name of her sister Clara, and immediately fainted away for the first time in her life.

Upon coming to herself, she persisted in declaring that she had seen Clara, standing pale but smilingly in the sunlight, looking at her with so sweet and loving a countenance, that she thought her heart would have burst.

"Ah, you had been thinking of her, no doubt!"

Effie confessed that she had continually, and bore to be laughed at as one anxious to be convinced that it was even as they had said, nothing more than a dream of her own vivid imagination; but, nevertheless, she could not help feeling restless and unhappy, with a yearning and troubled anxiety to hear from the travellers. The artist laughed, too, when he heard the story, but was observed to note down the time when it occurred upon the back of the picture which he was painting.

It was some time before the long-expected letter arrived which was to name the very day and hour of Clara's return, but it was sealed with black! The poor girl had died on her passage home of a rapid fever, which carried her off the third day after she was attacked. To the last she raved continually of her parents and sisters, more especially Effie; and passed away at length on a bright summer noon, the very same, and even the very hour, on which Effie maintained that she saw her, unconscious of the presence of Mrs. L——, who watched by her with a mother's love until all was over.

But we have well nigh exhausted our reminiscences, and with them, it may be, the reader's patience, but we hope not. The very wind of which we erstwhile spoke is tired out at length, and sobbing and crying itself to sleep like a weary child. The old trees nod gently in the quiet moonlight; and the church-clock, with its still, solemn voice warns us to our rest. For ourselves we have no fear of spirits; and, to own the truth, but little faith in mesmerism, clairvoyance, or any of the fashionable mysteries of the present age. But we verily believe there is nothing impossible to God, and are ready to confess with Shakspeare—

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

WILDERSPIN, HIS PENSION AND TESTIMONIAL.

ALTHOUGH the promoters of the Wilderspin Testimonial are naturally unsatisfied until they succeed in raising their anticipated amount of 2,000*l.*, it cannot be said that their efforts have even thus far been unavailing. The barrier of 10*l.*

subscriptions, which was hitherto the highest rate in their list, has been passed, and they have to acknowledge a contribution of 30*l.*; Mr. John Ainsworth, of Moss Bank near Bolton, being the first to set that example of enlarged munificence. The progress has been slow, but now the pace seems to be advancing.

Meanwhile, independently of this private subscription, the attention drawn to Mr. Wilderspin's just claims has had the useful effect of moving the proper disposition in the highest quarters. Lord John Russell, whose new administration is to be signalized by some decided activity in the task of educating the people, has advised the queen to bestow a pension of 100*l.* a year on the founder of Infant Schools. The royal gift was announced by Lord John in the following agreeable terms:

"Chesham Place, July 16, 1846.

"SIR—I have received her majesty's commands to place your name in the list of pensions to deserving persons charged upon the queen's civil list, for a yearly sum of one hundred pounds.

"It gives me great pleasure to convey the queen's gracious wish that you will accept this testimony to your services as the founder and promoter of Infant Schools.

"I remain your obedient servant,

"J. RUSSELL.

"— Wilderspin, Esq., Barton."

This timely tribute is likely to have a salutary influence on the private subscription. It is at once a royal and an official acknowledgment of Mr. Wilderspin's claims. In fact, they are of a kind to receive general acknowledgment when once attention is turned to the subject. Wilderspin's right to the public rewards for irregular services fully stands the test which we recently laid down. The good done by him is palpable and great: he has shown that tuition may be given in the very early years of childhood, and shown that it can best, can only be done, by kindness; he has set others upon the same task, until it has become a commonplace; and he has personally been instrumental, by early training, in saving thousands from vice and misery. The inducements to perform that service were scanty, the discouragements abundant: the project was at first thought to be impossible, and Wilderspin had to encounter the chilling doubts of the world at large, who thought him an idle dreamer—to say nothing of invidious attacks upon him for the unsectarian comprehensiveness with which he tendered his offers of assistance. His personal sacrifices have been great: his intelligence, his zeal, his constitutional activity, his good-humored address, might have been the means of securing his prosperity in many profitable vocations; but he devoted himself to the redemption of indigent infancy from squalid ignorance; and he is poor. And his work is done. His claims, therefore, stand all the tests in the highest degree—the value of the service, the small regular inducement to its performance, the personal sacrifices, and the accomplishment of the work to be rewarded. Few of the "testimonials" so much in vogue just now can so completely and unequivocally stand those tests; with this further consideration—that although the bounty of the crown will relieve Wilderspin's declining years from actual want, it would need something more to secure him that ease which he has so fully earned.—*Spectator*, August 1.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MINE, THE FOREST, AND THE CORDILLERA*.

THE silver mines of Potosi, the virgin forests, and mighty cordilleras of South America, are words familiar and full of interest to European ears. Countless riches, prodigious vegetable luxuriance, stupendous grandeur, are the associations they suggest. With these should be coupled ideas of cruelty, desolation, and disease, of human suffering and degradation pushed to their utmost limit, of opportunities neglected, and advantages misused. Not a bar of silver, or a healing drug, or an Alpaca fleece, shipped from Peruvian ports to supply another hemisphere with luxuries and comforts, but is the price of an incalculable amount of misery and even of blood—the blood of a race once noble and powerful, now wretched and depraved by the agency of those whose duty, and in whose power it was to civilize and improve them. The corrupt policy of Spanish rulers, the baneful example of Spanish colonists and their descendants, have gone far towards the depopulation and utter ruin of the richest of South American countries. How imprudent and suicidal has been the course adopted, will presently be made apparent. Those who desire evidence in support of our assertion, need but follow Dr. Tschudi, as we now propose doing, into the mining, mountainous and forest districts of Peru.

Difficult and dangerous as a journey through the maritime provinces of Peru undeniably is, it is mere railroad travelling when compared with an expedition into the interior of the country. In the former case, the land is level, and the sun, the sand, and the highwaymen, are the only perils to be encountered or evaded. But a ramble in the mountains is a succession of hairbreadth escapes, a deliberate confronting of constantly recurring dangers, to which even the natives unwillingly expose themselves, and frequently fall victims. The avalanches, precipices, gaping ravines, slippery glaciers, and violent storms common to all Alpine regions, are here complicated by other risks peculiar to the South American mountains. Heavy rains, lasting for weeks together, falls of snow that in a few moments obliterate all trace of a path, treacherous swamps, strange and loathsome maladies, and even blindness, combine to deter the traveller from his dangerous undertaking. All these did Dr. Tschudi brave, and from them all, after the endurance of great hardship and suffering, he was fortunate enough to escape. At a very short distance from Lima, the traveller, proceeding eastward, gets a foretaste of the difficulties and inconveniences in reserve for him. Whilst riding through the vale of Surco, or through some other of the valleys leading from the coast to the mountains, he perceives a fountain by the roadside, and pauses to refresh his tired mule. Scarcely is his intention manifest, when he is startled by a cry from his guide, or from a passing Indian—“*Cuidado! Es agua de verruga!*” In these valleys reigns a terrible disease called the *verrug*, attributed by the natives to the water of certain springs, and for which all Dr. Tschudi's investigations were insufficient to discover another cause. Fever, pains in the bones, and loss of blood from cutaneous eruptions, are the leading symptoms of this malady, which is frequently of long duration, and sometimes

terminates fatally. It seizes the Indians and lighter castes in preference to the white men and negroes, and no specific has yet been discovered for its cure. Mules and horses are also subject to its attacks. In no country, it would appear from Dr. Tschudi's evidence, are there so many strange and unaccountable maladies as in Peru. Nearly every valley has its peculiar disease, extending over a district of a few square miles, and unknown beyond its limits. To most of them it has hitherto been impossible to assign a cause. Their origin must probably be sought in certain vegetable influences, or in those of the vast variety of minerals which the soil of Peru contains.

In the mountains, the shoeing of mules and horses is frequently a matter of much difficulty; and it is advisable for the traveller to acquire the art, and furnish himself with needful implements, before leaving the more civilized part of the country. Farriers are only to be found in the large Indian villages, and it is common to ride fifty or sixty leagues without meeting with one. In the village of San Geronimo de Surco, the innkeeper is the only blacksmith, and Dr. Tschudi, whose horse had cast a shoe, was compelled to pay half a gold ounce (upwards of thirty shillings) to have it replaced. This was one half less than the sum at first demanded by the exorbitant son of Vulcan, who doubtless remembered the old Spanish proverb, “for a nail is lost a shoe, for a shoe the horse, for the horse the horseman.”* The doctor took the hint, and some lessons in shoeing, which afterwards stood him in good stead. It is a common practice in Peru, on the sandy coast, and where the roads permit it, to ride a horse or mule unshod for the first four or five days of a journey. Then shoes are put on the fore feet, and a few days later on the hinder ones. This is thought to give new strength to the animals, and to enable them to hold out longer. On the mountain tracks, the wear and tear of iron must be prodigious, as may be judged from the following description of three leagues of road between Viso and San Mateo, by no means the worst bit met with by our traveller.

“The valley frequently becomes a mere narrow split in the mountains, inclosed between walls of rock a thousand feet high. These enormous precipices are either perpendicular, or their summits incline inwards, forming a vast arch; along their base, washed by the foaming waters of the river, or higher up, along their side, winds the narrow and dangerous path. In some places they recede a little from the perpendicular, and their abrupt slopes are sprinkled with stones and fragments of rock, which every now and then, loosened by rain, detach themselves and roll down into the valley. The path is heaped with these fragments, which give way under the tread of the heavily laden mules, and afford them scanty foothold. From time to time, enormous blocks thunder down the precipice, and bury themselves in the waters beneath. I associate a painful recollection with the road from Viso to San Mateo. It was there that a mass of stone struck one of my mules, and precipitated it into the river. My most important instruments and travelling necessities, a portion of my collections and papers, and—an irreparable loss—a diary carefully and conscientiously kept during a period of fourteen months, became the prey of the waters. Two days later the mule was washed

* Peru. *Reisekizzen aus den Jahren 1838—1842.* Von J. J. VON TSCHUDI. Volume the second.

* “Por un clavo se pierde una herradura, por una herradura un caballo, por un caballo un caballero.”

ashore, but its load was irrecoverably lost. Each year numerous beasts of burden, and many travellers, perish upon this dangerous road. Cavalry on the march are particularly apt to suffer, and often a slip of the horse's foot, or a hasty movement of the rider, suffices to consign both to the yawning chasm by their side. At the inn at Viso I met an officer, who had just come from the mountains, bringing his two sons with him. He had taken the youngest before him; the other, a boy of ten years of age, rode upon the mule's crupper. Half a league from Viso, a large stone came plunging down from the mountain, struck the eldest lad, and dashed him into the stream."

Although frequently ill treated by the Creoles, and especially by the officers, the Indians in most parts of Peru show ready hospitality and good will to the solitary traveller. Those in the neighborhood of San Mateo are an exception; they are distrustful, rough and disobliging. When a traveller enters the village, he is instantly waited upon by the *alcalde* and *regidores*, who demand his passport. Has he none, he risks ill-treatment, and being put upon a jackass and carried off to the nearest prefect. Luckily the ignorance of the village authorities renders them easy to deal with; it is rare that they can read. On one occasion, when Dr. Tschudi's passport was demanded, the only printed paper in his pocket was an old playbill, that of the last opera he had attended before his departure from Lima, and which he had taken with him as wadding for his gun. He handed it to the Indian *regidor*, who gravely unfolded it, stared hard at the words *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and returned it with the remark, that the passport was perfectly in order.

Anything more wretched in their accommodations than the *tambos* or village inns, can scarcely be imagined. So bad are they, that the traveller is sometimes driven to pass the night in the snow rather than accept of their shelter, and at the same time submit to the nuisances with which they abound. One of these villainous hostleries, in which Dr. Tschudi several times attempted to sleep, is described by him with a minuteness that will rather startle the squeamish amongst his readers. Vermin everywhere, on the floor and walls, in the clothes of the Indian hag officiating as hostess, even in the caldron in which a vile mixture of potato water and Spanish pepper is prepared for supper. For sole bed there is the damp earth, upon which hosts, children and travellers stretch themselves. Each person is accommodated with a sheepskin, and over the whole company is spread an enormous woollen blanket. But woe to the inexperienced traveller who avails himself of the coverings thus bountifully furnished, swarming as they are with inhabitants from whose assaults escape is impossible. Even if he creeps into a corner, and makes himself a bed with his saddle-cloths, he is not secure. Add to these comforts a stifling smoke, and other nauseous exhalations, and the gambols of innumerable guinea-pigs, common as mice in many parts of Peru, who caper the night through over the faces and bodies of the sleepers, and the picture of a South American mountain inn will be as complete as it is uninviting. But these annoyances, great though they be, are very trifles compared to the more serious evils awaiting the traveller in the higher regions of the Cordilleras. At about 12,600 feet above the level of the sea, the effects of the rarefaction of the atmosphere begin to be sensibly and painfully felt. The natives, unac-

quainted with the real cause of the malady thus occasioned, and which by them is called *puna*, by the Spanish Creoles *veta* or *mareo*, attribute it to the exhalations of metals, especially of antimony. Horses not bred in the mountains suffer greatly from the *veta*, and frequently fall down helpless. The *arrieros* adopt various cruel means for their revival, such as cutting off their ears and tail, and slitting up their nostrils, the latter being probably the only useful remedy, as it allows the animal to inhale a large volume of air. To preserve them from the *veta*, chopped garlic is put into their nostrils. With human beings, this state of the atmosphere causes the blood to gush from the eyes, nose, and lips, and occasion faintings, blood-spitting, vomitings, and other unpleasant and dangerous symptoms. The sensation somewhat resembles that of sea sickness, whence the Spanish name of *mareo*. The malady, in its most violent form, sometimes causes death from excessive loss of blood. Of this, Dr. Tschudi saw instances. Much depends on the general health and constitution of the persons attacked. The action of the *veta* is very capricious. Some persons do not experience it on a first visit to the mountains, but suffer on subsequent ones. Another singular circumstance is, that it is much more violent in some places than in others of a greater altitude. This affords ground for a supposition, that other causes, besides the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, concur to occasion it. These as yet remain unknown. The districts in which the *veta* is felt with the greatest intensity, are for the most part very metallic, and this has given rise to the Indian theory of its cause.

Another terrible scourge to the traveller in the Cordilleras is the *surumpe*, a violent inflammation of the eye, brought on by the sudden reflection of the sun from the snow. In those mountains the eyes are kept continually in an irritated state by the rarefied air and cutting winds, and are consequently unusually susceptible. Often the heavens become suddenly overcast, and in a few minutes the yellowish-green waste is one sheet of snow. Then out bursts the sun with overpowering splendor, a sharp burning pain is instantly felt in the eyes, and speedily increases to an unbearable extent. The eyes become red, the lids swell and bleed. So violent is the agony as to cause despair and delirium. Dr. Tschudi compares it to the sensation occasioned by rubbing Spanish pepper or gunpowder into the eyes. Chronic inflammation, even total blindness, is the frequent consequence of the *surumpe* in its most intense form. In the Cordilleras it is no unusual thing to find Indians sitting by the wayside, shrieking from pain, and unable to continue their journey. The Creoles, when they visit the mountains, protect themselves with green spectacles and veils.

During five months of the year, from November till March, storms are of almost daily occurrence in the Cordilleras. They commence with remarkable punctuality between two and three in the afternoon, and continue till five or half-past; later than this, or in the night, a storm was never known to occur. They are accompanied by falls of snow, which last till after midnight. The morning sun dispels the cold mist that hangs about the mountain peaks, and in a few hours the snow is melted. "On the raging ocean," says Dr. Tschudi, "and in the dark depths of the aboriginal forests, I have witnessed terrific storms, whose horrors were increased by surrounding gloom, and imminent danger, but

never did I feel anxiety and alarm as in Antaichahua, (a district of the Cordilleras celebrated for storms.) For hours together flash followed flash in uninterrupted succession, painting blood-red cataracts upon the naked precipices; the thunder crashed, the zigzag lightning ran along the ground, leaving long furrows in the scorched grass. The atmosphere quivered with the continuous roll of thunder, repeated a thousand-fold by the mountain echoes. The traveller, overtaken by these terrific tempests, leaves his trembling horse, and seeks shelter and refuge beneath some impending rock."

The hanging bridges and *huanos* are not to be forgotten in enumerating the perils of Peruvian travelling. The former are composed of four thick ropes of cow-hide, connected by a weft of cords of the same material, and overlaid with branches, straw, and agair roots. The ropes are fastened to posts on either side of the river; a couple of cords, two or three feet higher than the bridge, serve for balustrades; and over this unsteady causeway, which swings like a hammock, the traveller has to pass, leading his reluctant mule. The passage of rivers by *huanos* is much worse, and altogether a most unpleasant operation. It can be effected only where the banks are high and precipitous. A single strong rope extends from one shore to the other, with a wooden machine, in form of a yoke, slung upon it. To this yoke the traveller is tied, and is then drawn over by means of a second cord. In case of the main rope breaking, the passenger by the yoke is inevitably drowned. When rivers are traversed in this manner, the mules and horses are driven into the water, and compelled to swim across.

But a further detail of the dangers and difficulties of travel in Peru would leave us little space to enumerate its interesting results. Supposing the reader, therefore, to have safely accomplished his journey through the solitary ravines, and over the chilly summits of the Cordilleras, we transport him at once to the Cerro de Pasco, famed for the wealth of its silver mines. In a region of snow and ice, at an elevation of 13,673 feet above the sea, he suddenly comes in sight of a large and populous city, built in a hollow, and surrounded on all sides by lakes and swamps. On the margin of eternal snows, in the wildest district of Peru, and in defiance of the asperities of climate, Mammon has assembled a host of worshippers to dig and delve in the richest of his storehouses.

Some two hundred and fifteen years ago, according to the legend, on a small pampa that lies south-east from Lake Lauricocha, the mother of the mighty river Amazon, an Indian, Hauri Capcha by name, tended his master's sheep. Having wandered one day to an unusual distance from his hut, he sought shelter from the cold under a rock, and lighted a large fire. The following morning he saw to his astonishment that the stone beneath the ashes had melted and become pure silver. He joyfully informed his employer, a Spaniard of the name of Ugarte, of this singular circumstance. Ugarte hastened to the place, and found that his shepherd had hit upon a vein of silver ore of extraordinary richness, of which he at once took possession, and worked it with great success. This same mine is still worked, and is known as *la Descubridora*, the discoverer. Presently a number of persons came from the village of Pasco, two leagues distant, and sought and discovered new veins. The great richness of the ore and the increase of employment soon drew crowds to the place—some to work, others to supply the miners

with the necessaries of life; and thus, in a very brief time, there sprung up a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants.

The ground whereon Cerro de Pasco is built is a perfect network of silver veins, to get at which the earth has been opened in every direction. Many of the inhabitants work the mines in their own cellars; but this, of course, is on a small scale, and there are not more than five hundred openings meriting, by reason of their depth and importance, the name of shafts. All, however, whether deep or shallow, are worked in a very senseless, disorderly, and imprudent manner—the sole object of their owners being to obtain, at the least possible expense, and in the shortest possible time, the utmost amount of ore. Nobody ever thinks of arching or walling the interior of the excavations, and consequently the shafts and galleries frequently fall in, burying under their ruins the unfortunate Indian miners. Not a year passes without terrible catastrophes of this kind. In the mine of Matagente, (literally, Kill-people,) now entirely destroyed, three hundred laborers lost their lives by accident. For incurring these terrible risks, and for a species of labor of all others the most painful and wearisome, the Indians are wretchedly paid, and their scanty earnings are diminished by the iniquitous truck system which is in full operation in the mines as well as in the plantations of Peru. The miner who, at the week's end, has a dollar to receive, esteems himself fortunate, and forthwith proceeds to spend it in brandy. The mining Indians are the most depraved and degraded of their race. When a mine is in *boya*, as it is called, that is to say, at periods when it yields uncommonly rich metal, more laborers are required, and temporarily taken on. When this occurs in several mines at one time, the population of Cerro de Pasco sometimes doubles and trebles itself. During the *boyas*, the miners are paid by a small share in the daily produce of their labors. They sometimes succeed in improving their wages by stealing the ore, but this is very difficult, so narrowly are they searched when they leave the mine. One man told Dr. Tschudi how he had managed to appropriate the richest piece of ore he ever saw. He tied it on his back, and pretended to be so desperately ill, that the corporal allowed him to leave the mine. Wrapped in his poncho, he was carried past the inspectors by two confederates, and the treasure was put in safety. Formerly, when a mine yielded *polvorilla*, a black ore in the form of powder, but of great richness, the miners stripped themselves naked, wetted their whole body, and then rolled in this silver dust, which stuck to them. Released from the mine, they washed off the crust, and sold it for several dollars. This device, however, was detected, and, for several years past, the departing miners are compelled to strip for inspection.

Like the extraction of the ore, the purification of the silver from the dross is conducted in the rudest and most primitive manner. The consequence is an immense consumption of quicksilver. On each mark of silver, worth in Lima eight and a half dollars, or about thirty shillings, it is estimated that half a pound of quicksilver is expended. The quicksilver comes chiefly from Spain—very little from Idria—in iron jars containing seventy-five pounds weight. The price of one of these jars varies from sixty to one hundred dollars, but is sometimes as high as one hundred and forty dollars. Both the amalgamation and separation of the metals are so badly managed, as to occasion a terrible

amount of mercurial disease amongst the Indians employed in the process. From the refining-houses the silver is, or ought to be, sent to Callana, the government melting-house, there to be cast into bars of a hundred pounds' weight, each of which is stamped and charged with imposts to the amount of about forty-four dollars. But a vast deal of the metal is smuggled to the coast and shipped for Europe without ever visiting the Callana. Hence it is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity annually produced. The amount registered is from two to three hundred thousand marks—rarely over the latter sum.

Residence in the Cerro de Pasco is highly disagreeable. The climate is execrable; cold and stormy, with heavy rains and violent falls of snow. Nothing less than the *auri sacra fames* could have induced such a congregation of human beings, from all nations and corners of the globe, in so inhospitable a latitude. The new-comer with difficulty accustoms himself to the severity of the weather, and to the perpetual hammering going on under his feet, and at night under his very bed, for the mines are worked without cessation. Luckily earthquakes are rare in that region. A heavy shock would bury the whole town in the bosom of the earth.

Silver being the only produce of the soil, living is very dear in the Cerro. All the necessaries of life have to be brought from a great distance; and this, combined with the greediness of the vendors, and the abundance of money, causes enormous prices to be demanded and obtained. House-rent is exorbitantly high; the keep of a horse often costs, owing to the want of forage, from two to three dollars a day. Here, as at Lima, the coffee and eating-houses are kept by Italians, principally Genoese. The population of the town is the most motley imaginable; scarcely a country in the world but has its representatives. Of the upper classes the darling vice is gambling, carried to an almost unparalleled extent. From earliest morning cards and dice are in full activity: the mine proprietor leaves his counting-house and silver carts, the trader abandons his shop, to indulge for a couple of hours in his favorite amusement; and, when the evening comes, play is universal in all the best houses of the town. The mayordomos, or superintendents of the mines, sit down to the gaming-table at night-fall, and only leave it when at day-break the bell summons them to the shaft. Often do they gamble away their share in a boy's long before signs of one are apparent. Amongst the Indians, drunkenness is the chief failing. When primed by spirits, they become quarrelsome; and scarcely a Sunday or holiday passes without savage fights between the workmen of different mines. Severe wounds, and even deaths, are the consequences of these encounters, in which the authorities never dream of interfering. When, owing to the richness of a boy, the Indian finds himself possessed of an unusual number of dollars, he squanders them in the most ridiculous manner, like a drunken sailor with a year's pay in his pocket. Dr. Tschudi saw one fellow buy a Spanish cloak for ninety-two dollars. Draping it round him, he proceeded to the next town, got drunk, rolled himself in the gutter, and threw away the cloak because it was torn and dirty. A watchmaker told the doctor that once an Indian came to him to buy a gold watch. He handed him one, with the remark that the price was twelve gold ounces, (two hundred and four dollars,) and that it would probably be too dear for him. The Indian took the watch, paid for

it, and then dashing it upon the ground, walked away, saying that the thing was no use to him.

Besides the mines of Cerro de Pasco, Dr. Tschudi gives us details of many others situate in various parts of Peru. The Salcedo mine, in the province of Puno, is celebrated for the tragical end of its discoverer. Don José Salcedo, a poor Spaniard, was in love with an Indian girl, whose mother promised to show him a silver vein of uncommon richness if he would marry her daughter. He did so, and worked the vein with great success. After a time the fame of his wealth roused the envy of the Conde de Lemos, then viceroy of Peru. By his generosity and benevolence Salcedo had made himself very popular with the Indians, and this served the viceroy as a pretext to accuse him of high treason, on the ground of his stirring up the population against the Spanish government. Salcedo was imprisoned, and sentenced to death. Whilst in his dungeon he besought Count Lemos to send the papers relating to his trial to the supreme tribunal at Madrid, and to allow him to make an appeal to the king's mercy. If this request were granted, he promised to pay a daily tribute of a bar of silver, from the time of the ship's sailing from Callao to that of its return. In those days the voyage from Callao to Spain and back occupied from twelve to sixteen months. This may give an idea of the wealth of Salcedo and his mine. The viceroy refused the condition, hung up Salcedo, (in May, 1669,) and set out for the mines. But his injustice and cruelty were doomed to disappointment. Whilst Salcedo prepared for death, his mother-in-law and her friends and relations betook themselves to the mine, destroyed the works, filled it with water, and closed the entrance so skilfully that it was impossible to discover it. They then dispersed in various directions, and neither promises nor tortures could induce those who were afterwards captured, to reveal the position of the mine. To this day it remains undiscovered.

Another example of the exceeding richness of Peruvian mines is to be found in that of San José, in the department of Huancavelica. Its owner asked the viceroy Castro, whose friend he was, to stand godfather to his first child. The viceroy was prevented from going himself, but sent his wife as a proxy. To do her honor, the proprietor of San José caused a triple row of silver bars to be placed along the whole of the distance, and it was no short one, between his house and the church. Over this costly causeway the vice-queen Castro accompanied the child to its baptism. On her departure her magnificent Amphitryon made her a present of the silver road as a mark of gratitude for the honor she had done him. Since then, the mines and the province have borne the name of Castrovireyna. Most of the former are now no longer worked. In the richest of them, owing to the careless mode of mining, one hundred and twenty-two workmen were buried alive at one time. Since then, no Indian can be prevailed upon to enter it.

The Indians have not been slow to discover how little advantage they derive from the mining system, procuring them, as it does, small pay for severe labor. Hence, although acquainted for centuries past with innumerable rich veins of ore, the knowledge of which has been handed down from father to son, they obstinately persist in keeping them secret. All endeavors to shake this determination have hitherto been fruitless; even the rarely failing argument of brandy in these cases loses its power. The existence of the treasures

has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but there is not a shadow of hope that the stubborn reserved Indian will ever reveal their locality to the greedy Creole and detested Metis. Numerous and romantic are the tales told of this determined concealment, and of the prudence and watchfulness of the Indians. "In the great village of Huancayo," says Dr. Tschudi, "there lived, a few years ago, two brothers, José and Pedro Iriarte, who ranked among the most influential of Peruvian miners. They knew that in the neighboring hills veins of almost virgin silver existed, and, with a view to their discovery, they dispatched a young man to a village near which they suspected them to be situated. The emissary took up his dwelling in the hut of a shepherd, with whose daughter, after a few months' residence, he established an intrigue. At last the young girl promised to show him a rich mine. On a certain day, when she drove her sheep to the pasture, he was to follow her at a distance, and to dig the spot where she should let her cloak fall. This he did, and after very brief labor found a cavity in the earth disclosing ore of uncommon richness. Whilst breaking out the metal, he was joined by the girl's father, who declared himself delighted at the discovery, and offered to help him. After some hours' labor they paused to rest, and the old Indian handed his companion a gourd of chicha, (a fermented drink,) of which the latter thankfully drank. Soon, however, the young man felt himself ill, and knew that he was poisoned. Taking his wallet full of ore, he hastened to the village, mounted his horse, and rode to Huancayo, where he informed Iriarte of what had occurred, described the position of the mine, and died the same night. Immediate and careful researches were of no avail. The Indian and his family had disappeared, the mine had been filled up, and was never discovered."

A Franciscan monk, also resident in Huancayo, a confirmed gambler, and consequently often embarrassed for money, had gained, by his kindness, the affections of the Indians, who constantly brought him small presents of cheese and poultry. One day when he had lost heavily, he confided his difficulties to an Indian, his particular gossip. The latter promised to help him, and the next evening brought him a large sack full of the richest silver ore. The same was repeated several times; but the monk, not satisfied, did not cease to importune his friend to show him the place whence he took the treasure. The Indian at last agreed to do so. In the night-time he came, with two companions, to the dwelling of the Franciscan, blindfolded him, put him on his shoulders, and carried him, alternately with his comrades, a distance of some leagues into the mountains. Here the monk was set down, and found himself in a small shallow shaft, where his eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the silver. When he had gazed at it long enough, and loaded himself with the ore, he was carried back as he had been brought. On his way he unfasted his chaplet, and from time to time let a grain drop, trusting by this means to trace out the mine. He had been but a few hours in bed when he was disturbed by the entrance of his guide. "Father," said the Indian, quietly, "you have lost your rosary." And he presented him with a handful of beads.

This mania for concealment is not universal amongst the Peruvians, who, it must be remembered, originally sprang from various tribes, united by the Incas into one nation. Great differences of

character and manners are still to be found amongst them, some showing themselves as frank and friendly towards the white men as others are mistrustful and inimical. The principal mines that are or have been worked, were pointed out to the Spaniards by the natives. Generally, however, the latter look upon seekers of mines with suspicion, and they still relate with horror and disgust, how Huari Capcha, the discoverer of the mines of Cerro de Pasco, was thrown by Ugarte into a gloomy dungeon, where he pined away his life. Dr. Tschudi could not ascertain the authenticity of this tale, but he often heard it told by the Indians, who gave it as a reason for concealing any new mines they might discover.

At the pass of Antarrangra, 15,600 feet above the level of the sea, Dr. Tschudi found two small lakes, scarcely thirty paces asunder. One of these is the source of the river San Mateo, which flows westward, passes Lima under the name of the Rimac, and discharges itself into the Pacific Ocean; the other sends its waters through a number of small mountain lakes to the river Pachachaca, a diminutive tributary of the mighty Amazon. The worthy doctor confesses that he could not resist the temptation to disturb the order of nature, by transporting a jug-full of the water intended for the Atlantic, into the lake communicating with the Pacific. Of a more serious cast were his reflections on the mighty power that had raised these tremendous mountains, on whose summits sea-shells and other marine substances testify to the fact of the ocean having once rolled over their materials.

Between the Cordilleras and the Andes, 12,000 feet above the sea, lie the vast tracts of desolate table-land known as the Puna, a Peruvian word equivalent to the Spanish *despoblado*. These plains extend through the whole length of Peru from N. W. to S.E., a distance of 350 Spanish miles, continue through Bolivia, and run out eastward into the territory of the Argentine republic. Their sole inhabitants are a few shepherds, who live with their families in wretched huts, and tend large flocks of sheep, oxen, alpacas, and llamas, to which the yellow and meagre grasses of the Puna yield a scanty nourishment. The district is swept by the cold winds from the Cordilleras, the climate is most inhospitable, unintermitting snow and storm during four months of the year. A remarkable effect of the Puna wind is the rapid drying of dead bodies. A few days suffice to convert a dead mule into a perfect mummy, the very entrails free from corruption. Here and there the dry and piercingly cold wind, which causes extreme suffering to the traveller's eyes and skin, changes its temperature, or, it were better said, is crossed by a current of warm air, sometimes only two or three paces, at others several hundred feet, in breadth. These warm streams run in a parallel direction to each other, and Dr. Tschudi deposes to having passed through five or six in the space of two leagues. He noticed them particularly in the months of August and September, and, according to his observations, their usual direction was that of the Cordilleras, namely, from S.S.W. to N.N.E. He once travelled for several leagues in one of these currents, the width of which did not exceed seven-and-twenty paces. Its temperature was eleven degrees of Reaumur higher than the adjacent atmosphere. The existence of these warm streams is in some cases permanent, for the muleteers will frequently tell beforehand where they are to be met with. The causes of such singular phenomena, says Dr.

Tschudi, are well deserving the closest investigation of the meteorologist.

The numerous deep valleys, of greater or less extent, which intersect the Puna, are known as the Sierra, and their inhabitants as Serranos, although that term is also applied by the dwellers on the coast of Peru to all natives of the interior. Here the climate is temperate, not unlike that of the central countries of Europe; towns and villages are numerous, and the fruitful soil brings forth abundantly, watered by the sweat of the laborious Indians. The people are hospitable in the extreme, and the stranger is welcome in their dwellings so long as he chooses to abide there. They appear, however, to be as yet very far removed from civilization. Their favorite diversions, cock and bull fighting, are carried on in the most barbarous manner. Their chief vice is an extreme addiction to brandy, and even the better classes get up evening parties for the express purpose of indulging in the fiery liquor. The ladies as well as the men consume it in large quantities, and Dr. Tschudi estimates the average consumption at one of these jaranas, or drinking bouts, to amount to nearly a bottle per man or woman. At a ball given in 1839, in one of the principal towns of the Sierra, to the Chilean general Bulnes—now president of Chili—the brandy flowed so abundantly, that when morning came many of the dancers, both male and female, lay dead drunk upon the floor. The sole extenuation of such disgusting excesses is the want of education of those who commit them, and the force of habit, which prevents them from seeing anything disgraceful in intoxication. It is only in society that the Serrano gets drunk. In every day life, when jaranas are not going on, he is a sober man.

The dramatic representations of scenes in the life of Christ, introduced by the Spanish monks who accompanied Pizarro, with a view to the easier conversion of the Aborigines, have long been discontinued in the larger Peruvian cities. But in the Sierra they are still kept up, and all the efforts of enlightened priests to suppress them, have been frustrated by the tenacity and threats of the Indians. Dr. Tschudi gives an extraordinary description of the celebration of Good Friday. "From early dawn," he says, "the church is crammed with Indians, who pass the morning in fasting and prayer. At two in the afternoon a large image of the Saviour is brought out of the sacristy and laid down near the altar, which is veiled. No sooner does this occur than the whole congregation rush forward and strive to touch the wounds with scraps of cotton, and then ensues a screaming, crowding, and fighting, only to be equalled by the uproar at an ill conducted fair, until the priests at last succeed in restoring order. The figure of the Saviour is now attached to the cross with three very large silver nails, and a rich silver crown is placed upon its head; on either side are the crosses of the two thieves. The Indians gaze their fill and leave the church, but return thither at eight in the evening. The edifice is then brilliantly illuminated, and at the foot of the cross stand, wrapped in white robes, four priests, the *santos varones* or holy men, whose office it is to take down the body of the Saviour. A short distance off, upon a stage or scaffolding, stands the Virgin Mary, in deep mourning, and with a white cloth round her head. In a long discourse a priest explains the scene to the congregation, and at the close of his sermon, turning to the *santos varones*, he says—'Ye holy men, mount

the ladders of the cross, and bring down the body of the dead Saviour!' Two of the priests ascend with hammers, and the preacher continues—'Thou holy man on the right side of the Saviour, strike the first blow upon the nail in the hand, and take it out!' The hammer falls, and the sound of the blow is the signal for the cry of *Misericordia! Misericordia!* repeated by thousands of voices in tones of anguish so heart-rending, as to produce a strangely painful impression upon the hearer. The nail is handed to a priest at the foot of the cross, to be taken to the Virgin Mary, still standing upon her scaffold. To her the preacher now addressed himself with the words—'Thou, afflicted mother, approach and receive the nail that pierced the right hand of thy blessed son!' And as the priest draws near to the image of the Virgin, the latter, moved by a secret mechanism, advances to meet him, receives the nail in both hands, places it in a silver bowl, dries its eyes, and returns to its place. These movements are repeated when the two other nails and the crown are brought down. The whole scene has for accompaniment the unintermitting howling and sobbing of the Indians, which redoubles at each stroke of the hammer, and reaches its apogee when the body is delivered to the Virgin, who then again begins to weep violently. The image of Christ is laid in a coffin adorned with flowers, and is carried by torchlight through every street of the town. Whilst the procession makes its circuit, the Indians erect twelve arches of flowers in front of the church door, placing between each two of them a carpet of the like materials, the simplest and most beautiful that it is possible to see. Each carpet is manufactured by two Indians, neither of whom seems to trouble himself about the proceedings of his comrade; but yet, with incredible rapidity and a wonderful harmony of operation, the most tasteful designs grow under their hands in rich variety of colors. Arabesques, landscapes, and animals appear as if by magic. It was highly interesting to me to observe in Tarma, upon one of these carpets, an exact representation of the Austrian double eagle, as the Indians had seen it on the quick-silver jars from Idria. When the procession returns, the Virgin Mary is carried back into the church through the arches of flowers."

The traveller in the Sierras of Peru frequently encounters plantations of a shrub about six feet high, bearing bright green leaves, white flowers, and scarlet berries. This is the celebrated coca tree, the comforter and friend of the Peruvian Indian under all hardships and evil usage. Deprive the Turk of coffee and pipe, the Chinese of opium, the sailor and soldier of grog and tobacco, and no one of them will be so miserable as the Indian bereft of his coca. Without it he cannot exist; it is more essential to him than meat or drink, for it enables him to dispense with both. With his quid of dried coca leaves in his mouth, he forgets all calamities; his rags, his poverty, the cruelties of his taskmaster. One meal a day suffices him, but thrice at least he must suspend his labor to chew his coca. Even the greedy Creoles have been compelled to give in to this imperious necessity, and to allow their laborers a quarter or half an hour's respite three times in the day. In mines and plantations, wherever Indians work, this is the universal practice. Although considered a barbarous custom by the whites, some few of the latter are inveterately addicted to coca chewing, which they generally, however, practice clandestinely. The effect of this plant upon the human system is very

similar to that of certain narcotics, administered in small doses. Taken in excessive quantities it is highly injurious; used in moderation, Dr. Tschudi inclines to think it not only harmless, but positively salutary. The longevity of the Indians, and their power of enduring great fatigue, and performing the hardest work upon a very scant allowance of food, are certainly in favor of this belief. The doctor met with men of 120 and 130 years old, and he assures us that such are by no means exceedingly rare in Peru.* Some of these men had chewed coca leaves from their boyhood upwards.

Allowing their daily ration to be no more than one ounce, the consumption, in their lifetime, would amount to the prodigious quantity of twenty-seven hundred pounds' weight. Yet they were in perfect health. The coca is considered by the Indians to be an antidote to the *veta*, and Dr. Tschudi confirms this by his own experience. Previously to his hunting excursions in the upper regions of the Puna, he used to drink a strong decoction of coca leaves, and found it strengthening and a preservative from the effects of the rarefied atmosphere. So convinced is he of its salubrious properties, that he recommends its adoption in European navies, or at least a trial of its effects during a polar or some other distant expedition. One of the chief causes of Indian hatred to the Spaniards is to be traced in the attempted suppression by the latter of the use of coca, during the earlier period of their domination in Peru, their sole reason being their contempt for Indian customs, and wish to destroy the nationality of the people. Royal decrees were fulminated against coca chewing, and priests and governors united to abolish it. After a time, the owners of mines and plantations discovered its utility, in giving strength and courage to their Indian vassals; books were written in its defence, and anti-coca legislation speedily became obsolete. Since then, several learned and reverend writers, Jesuits and others, have suggested its introduction into Europe, as a substitute for tea and coffee, to which they hold it far superior. There can be little doubt that—like as tobacco is considered to preserve armies from mutiny and disaffection—the soothing properties of coca have saved Peru from many bloody outbreaks of the Indian population. But even this potent and much-loved drug has at times been insufficient to restrain the deadly hatred cherished by the Peruvians towards their white oppressors.

The *Leyes de las Indias*, or code for the government of the Spanish colonies, although in some instances severe and arbitrary, were mild and paternal compared with their administration by the viceroys and other officials. Amongst them were two enactments, the *Mita* and the *Repartimiento*, intended by their propounders to civilize and improve the Indians, but fearfully abused in practice. By the *Mita*, the Peruvians were compelled to work in the mines and plantations. Every Spaniard who possessed one of these, received from the *corregidor* a certain number of Indians, to each of

whom he paid daily wages, and for each of them an annual contribution of eight dollars to the state. This plan, if fairly and conscientiously carried out, might have been a means of reclaiming the Indians from barbarity and idleness. But the truck system, unlimited and excessive time of labor, and other abuses, caused it to produce the precisely opposite effect to that proposed by the framers of the law. One third only of the stipulated wage was given in money, the remainder in European manufactures, charged at exorbitant prices; and the Indians, unable to purchase the bare necessities of life, were compelled to incur debts with their employers—debts that they could never pay off, and which rendered them slaves for their whole lives. The field laborers were made to toil from three in the morning till an hour after sundown; even the Sunday was no day of rest for these unfortunate helots. Such increasing and painful exertions annually swept away thousands of Indians. Various writers estimate at nine millions the number of those killed by labor and accident in the mines, during the last three centuries. Dr. Tschudi does not think this an exaggeration, and calculates that three millions more have been sacrificed in the plantations, especially in the coca fields of the backwoods.

The *Repartimiento* was the distribution of European wares and luxuries by the provincial authorities. Under this law, intended for the convenience of the people, and to supply them with clothes and other necessities at fair prices, every *corregidor* became a sort of shopkeeper, caused all manner of merchandise to be sent to him from the capital, and compelled the Indian to buy. The prices affixed to the articles were absurdly exorbitant; a needle cost a real, a worthless knife or a pound of iron a dollar, an ell of printed calico two or three dollars. Lace, silk stockings, and false jewelry, were forced upon the richer class. After a short delay, the money was demanded; those who could not pay had their goods seized, and were sold as slaves to the mines or plantations. Not only useless objects—razors, for instance, for the beardless Indians—but things positively injurious and inconvenient, were thrust upon the unwilling purchasers. It will scarcely be believed that a *corregidor*, to whom a commercial friend had sent a consignment of spectacles, issued an edict, compelling all Indians, under penalty of a heavy fine, to wear glasses at certain public festivals.

Against the abominable system of which the above abuses formed but a part, it was to be expected that sooner or later the Indians would revolt. For two centuries they submitted to it with wonderful patience and long-suffering. At last, a man was found to hoist the bloody flag of insurrection and revenge.

Juan Santos, surnamed the Apostate, was an Indian from Huamanga, and claimed descent from Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, whom Pizarro hung. In the year 1741, having killed a Spaniard of noble birth in a quarrel, he fled to the woods, and there brooded over the oppression to which his countrymen were subjected. At that time, the zealous Spanish missionaries had made great progress in the conversion of the *Indios bravos*, a savage and cannibal tribe, amongst whom they fearlessly ventured, undeterred by the murder of many who had preceded them. Against these priests Santos instigated an outbreak. He first addressed himself to the tribe of the Campas, declared himself a descendant of the mighty Peruvian kings, and asserted that he possessed supernatural power,

*Stevenson, in his work on South America, refers to the extraordinary longevity of the Peruvian Indians. In the church register at Barranca, he found recorded the deaths of eleven persons in the course of seven years, whose joint ages made up 1207 years, giving an average of 110 years per man. Dr. Tschudi mentions an Indian in Jaaya, still living in 1839, and who was born, if the register and the priest's word might be believed, in the year 1697. Since the age of eleven years he had made a moderate daily use of coca. However old, few Indians lose their teeth or hair.

that he knew all their thoughts, and had the portrait of each of them in his heart. Then calling the Indians to him one by one, he lifted his upper garment, and allowed them to look in a mirror fastened upon his breast. The savages, astonished at the reflection of their faces, conceived a great veneration for Santos, and implicitly obeyed him. He at once led them to a general attack upon the priests, their property, and religion. By bold and sudden assaults, several Spanish fortified posts were taken, and the garrisons murdered. At the fort of Quimiri, the Indians put the muskets of the slain soldiers in a heap, set fire to them, and danced round the blazing pile. But the surprise of the place had been so well managed, that the Spaniards had had no time to fire even one volley, and their muskets were still loaded. Heated by the flames, they exploded, and spread destruction amongst the dancing savages. Churches and mission-houses were destroyed, villages burnt, plantations laid waste; the priests were tied to the images of saints, and thrown into the rivers. In a few weeks the missionary districts of middle Peru were utterly ravaged, and terror reigned in the land. The Spaniards feared a revolt with the Sierra Indians; strong measures were taken, forts built along the frontier, and the *bravos* driven back to their own territory. What became of Santos is not exactly known. Some affirm that he united several savage tribes in a confederacy, and ruled over them till his death. In the monastery of Ocopa, Dr. Tschudi found an old manuscript, in which was the following note:—"The monster and apostate Juan Santos Atahualpa, after his diabolical destruction of our missions, suffered terribly from the wrath of God. He met the fate of Herod, and was eaten alive by worms."

Although of short duration, the insurrection headed by Santos was weighty in its consequences. It showed the Indians their strength, and was followed by repeated revolts, especially in Southern Peru. For want of an able leader they all proved fruitless, until Tupac Amaru, cacique of Tungasuca, put himself at the head of a matured and well-organized revolution. A valid pretext for this was afforded by the corregidor of Tinta, Don Antonio Ariaga, who in one year, 1780, made repartimientos to the amount of three hundred and forty thousand dollars, and exacted the money for the useless wares with cruel severity. Tupac Amaru assembled the Indians, seized the corregidor, and hung him. This was the signal for a general uprising in the whole of southern Peru, and a bloody war ensued. In April, 1781, Tupac Amaru, his wife, and several of the rebel chiefs, were made prisoners by a detachment of Spanish cavalry. They were tried at Cuzco, found guilty, and condemned to death. The unfortunate cacique was compelled to witness the execution of his wife, two sons, his brother-in-law, Antonio Bastidas, and of other relations and friends. He then had his tongue cut out, and was torn by four horses. His body was burned, his head and limbs were stuck upon poles in different towns of the disturbed districts. In Huancaayo, Dr. Tschudi met with an old creole, who, when a lad of sixteen, had witnessed the barbarous execution of the cacique of Tangasuca. He described him as a tall handsome man, with a quick piercing eye, and serious resolute countenance. He beheld the death of his family with great emotion, but submitted without a murmur to his own horrible fate. He was not long unavenged. His brother, his remaining son Andres, and a dar-

ing Indian chief named Nicacatari, carried on the war with increased vigor and ferocity, and at the head of a numerous force threw themselves before the large fortified town of Sorrata, whither the Spaniards from the surrounding country, trusting to the strength of the place, had fled for safety. When Andres Tupac Amaru saw that with his Indians, armed only with knives, clubs, and slings, he had no chance against the powerful artillery of his foe, he caused the streams from the neighboring mountains to be conducted to the town, and surrounded it with water. The earthen fortifications were soon undermined, and when they gave way the place was taken by assault. With the exception of eighty-seven priests and monks, the whole of the besieged, twenty-two thousand in number, were cruelly slaughtered. From Sorrata the Indian army moved westwards, and was victorious in several actions with the Spanish troops. Gold, however, accomplished what the sword had failed to do. Seduced by bribes and promises, an Indian follower of Andres guided a party of Spanish soldiers to the council-house of the rebels. The chiefs were all taken and put to death. Deprived of its leaders, the Indian army broke up and dispersed. Innumerable executions followed, and the war was estimated to have cost from first to last nearly a hundred thousand lives. Its only beneficial result to the Indians was the abolition of repartimientos.

During the revolution that lost Peru to Spain, the Indians took part with the patriots, who deluded them with promises of a monarchy, and of placing a descendant of the Incas on the throne. Not clearly understanding the causes of the war, the Indians frequently turned their arms against their own allies, and killed all white men who fell into their power. Many provinces were entirely deserted by the Creoles and Metises, in consequence of the furious animosity of the colored race. In Jauja, the Indians swore they would not leave so much as a white dog or fowl alive, and they even scratched the white paint from the walls of the houses. When General Valdes and his cavalry crossed the river of Jauja and attacked the Indians, the latter scorned to save themselves by flight, but threw themselves upon the lances with cries of "*Mata me, Godo!*" * Kill me! Two thousand remained upon the field, the Spaniards not ceasing to kill till their arms were too tired to strike.

Dr. Tschudi inclines to believe that sooner or later the Indians will throw off the yoke of the effeminate and cowardly Creoles, and establish a government of their own. Whether such a government will be able or allowed to maintain itself, it is difficult to say; although, as the doctor observes, why should it not, at least, as well as a negro republic in an Archipelago peopled by the most civilized nations of Europe? Since the separation of Peru from Spain, the Indians have made great progress in many respects; they have been admitted into the army, have become familiar with fire-arms and military manœuvres, and have learned the manufacture of gunpowder, materials for which their mountains abundantly afford. Their hatred of the whites is bitter as ever, their feeling of nationality very strong—their attachment to the memory of their Incas, and to their old form of government, undiminished. In spite of long oppression, they still possess pride and self-reliance. Besides

* *Godo, goth*, the nickname given by Peruvian Indians to the Spaniards.

the government forced upon them by the Creoles, they preserve and obey their old laws. Let a leader like Tupac Amaru appear amongst them, and there is every probability of an Indian revolution, very different in its results to any that has yet occurred.

Most Robinson Crusoe-like in its interest is the long chapter wherein Dr. Tschudi details his forest adventures, and we regret that we must be very summary in our notice of it. With extraordinary courage and perseverance the doctor and a German friend made their way to the heart of the backwoods, built themselves a log-hut, and, despising the numerous dangers by which they were environed, abode there for months, collecting zoological specimens. Of the perils that beset them, Dr. Tschudi's unvarnished narrative of the daily sights and nocturnal sounds that assailed their startled senses in those wild regions, gives a lively idea. Indian cannibals, ferocious beasts, reptiles whose bite is instant death, venomous insects, and even vampires, compose the pleasant population of this district, into which these stout-hearted Europeans fearlessly ventured. Of the beasts of prey the ounce is the most dangerous; and so fierce and numerous has its breed become in certain districts of Peru, as to compel the Indians to abandon their villages. We are told of one hamlet, in the ravine of Mayunmarca, that has been desolate for a century past on this account. The ounces used annually to decimate its inhabitants. More perilous even than these animals, to the wanderer in the forest, are the innumerable serpents that lurk beneath the accumulation of dead leaves bestrewn the ground. The most deadly is a small viper about ten inches long, the only species of the viper family as yet discovered in South America. The virulence of its venom kills the strongest man in the space of two or three minutes. The Indians, when bitten by it, do not dream of seeking an antidote, but at once lie down to die. Bats are exceedingly plentiful, and very large, some measuring nearly two feet across the extended wings. The bloodsucker or vampire (*phyllostoma*) finds its way in search of food into stables and houses. The smooth-haired domestic animals are especially liable to its attacks. With wings half open it places itself upon their backs, and rubs with its snout till the small sharp teeth break the outer skin. Then it draws in its wings, stretches itself out, and sucks the blood, making the while a gentle movement with its body, not unlike the undulations of a busy leech. The fanning motion of the wings described by some writers was never observed by Dr. Tschudi. Although these vampires only imbibe a few ounces of blood, the subsequent hæmorrhage is very great, and full-grown mules sometimes die of the exhaustion caused by their repeated attacks. One of the doctor's beasts was only saved from such a fate by being rubbed every five or six days with turpentine and other strong-smelling drugs, which kept off the vampires. It has often been disputed whether these disgusting animals attack human beings. Our traveller deposes to their doing so, and cites an instance witnessed by himself. A bat (*Ph. erythromos*, Tsch.) fixed upon the nose of an Indian who lay drunk in the court of a plantation, and sucked his blood till it was unable to fly away. Violent inflammation and swelling of the Indian's head were the consequences of the trifling wound inflicted.

We must here make mention of the carbunculo, a fabulous animal, whose existence obtains credit

in most parts of Peru. Wherever he went, Dr. Tschudi heard stories of this creature, and met persons who asserted that they had seen it. It is reported to be of the size of a fox, with long black hair, and only to appear at night, when it glides slowly through the bushes or amongst the rocks. When pursued, a valve or trap-door opens in its forehead, and an extraordinarily brilliant object—believed by the natives to be a precious stone—becomes visible, dispelling the darkness and dazzling the pursuer. Then the forehead closes, and the creature disappears.¹ According to other accounts, it emerges from its lurking place with carbuncle displayed, and only conceals it when attacked. This strange superstition is not of Spanish origin, but of older date than Pizarro's invasion. Of course it has never been possible to catch or kill a specimen of this remarkable species, although the Spaniards have used every effort to get hold of such a creature; and in the viceroy's instructions to the missionaries, the carbunculo was set down in the very first rank of desiderata. Dr. Tschudi vainly endeavored to discover, with some degree of certainty, what animal had served as a pretext for the fable.

After a four years' residence in Peru, and when preparing for a journey that was to include an investigation of all the provinces, and to last for several years, Dr. Tschudi was seized in the Cordilleras with a nervous fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. Upon his recovery, he found that long repose, both of mind and body, was essential to the complete restoration of his health. Such repose he could not be certain of granting himself if he remained in Peru, and he therefore resolved to seek it upon the ocean. He took ship, and reached Europe at the commencement of 1843, after an absence of five years. He greatly regrets not having visited every part of Peru, especially the historical city of Cuzco, and the forests of Urubamba. But his harvest of knowledge has been so rich and abundant, that he should not, we think, begrudge the remnant of the crop to the gleaners who may come after him.

IMMENSE NATURAL BEEHIVE.—In a cavern, on the right bank of the Colorado, about seven miles from Austin, Texas, there is an immense hive of wild bees. On a warm day a dark stream of bees may be seen constantly winding out from the cavern like a long dark wreath of smoke. The stream often appears one or two feet in diameter near the cliff, and gradually spreads out like a fan, growing thinner and thinner at a distance from the cavern until it disappears. The number of bees in that cavern must be incalculably great, probably greater than the number in a thousand or ten thousand ordinary hives. The oldest settlers say the hive was there when they first arrived in the country, and it is quite probable that it existed in the same state many years previous to the settlement of this country. It is estimated that there are many tons of honey and wax in this immense hive; and if its contents could be extracted readily, they would doubtless be found more valuable than the contents of any silver or gold mines that adventurers have been seeking for years in that section.

CHINESE PROFESSORSHIP IN KING'S COLLEGE.—The East India Company have just awarded the sum of 210*l.* for the purpose of the endowment of a Chinese Professorship in King's College, towards which, up to Thursday last, 2,169*l.* 11*s.* had been subscribed.

From Tait's Magazine.

AN EVENING'S ADVENTURE AT A COUNTRY INN.

EVEN in this age of rapid locomotion, there must be few of my readers who have not been, at least once in their lives, the habitant of a Scottish country inn on a Sabbath evening. It is necessary, however, that they should have been in the same situation on some other evening of the week, that they may properly appreciate that sober quiet, that softened stillness, that more than partial cessation from labor, and din, and discord, of things animate and inanimate, that pervades the precincts of a country inn on the evening in question. The lighting of a bed-room candle, or the ringing for a pair of slippers, at such a time, seems to be done under protest. The chambermaid, who the evening before looked so made up of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," that you wondered whether she smiled through her sleep, or even if she ever shut her eyes at all, they glanced so brilliant, and cheerful, and happy, now looks demure and grave, while every dimple seems to say, "Nae daffin the night; ye ken it's Sunday."

Go down stairs, and you find the ostler seated at the kitchen fire, listless, inactive, with a face ten times more demure than the maid's, his finger and thumb inserted in a well-worn edition of the "Scots Worthies," or "The Confession of Faith." Passing the bar, you observe the landlady seated, similarly occupied; her snow-white cap and collar, and sober silk gown, proclaiming that maid and matron are at peace. Scolding is banished for a day. Mine host is stretched, pipe in hand, now eyeing his portly helpmate, anon watching the clouds that curl in regular succession from his almost motionless lips. The clock at the top of the staircase is the only object, within or without, that seems to court your observation; its constant, well-marked march sounding, amid the stillness, louder than you ever heard it before, till you attach an importance to it that amply makes up for your neglect of it in time past, because you have nothing else to listen to.

In such circumstances did I find myself the solitary incumbent of the travellers' room in the snug little inn at —, on an evening in November, 18—. In frame of mind I was listless, indolent, too lazy to be fretful, and too solitary to be altogether comfortable. I had swallowed three tumblers of toddy, each mellowed by its accompanying cigar, without producing any change beyond an increase of my indolence, and a tendency to nap. The yew-trees which grew in the church-yard, that stood on the opposite side of the way, had gradually become dark, and more dark, as I looked at them: the autumn wind gently swaying the lighter branches to and fro, against the dull sky beyond. One by one the head-stones disappeared, first the old, then the new. The old belfry, the whitewashed walls of which had made the room seem light even after sunset, had given in, and looked sombre as all which surrounded it. I tried to pick out the grave-stones, the records of which I had conned over that afternoon, instead of listening attentively to the sixteenthly, seventeenthly, and lastly, of a discourse excellent in all things but its length, which the parish minister had delivered; till I lost those frail memorials of the village dead in the gradually increasing darkness.

I had begun to nap in my chair, as it was too early to go to bed, when the sound of the mail rattling through the street impelled me once more to

the window. It stopped for an instant, and, to my infinite consolation, deposited a passenger at the door of "mine inn." "The night is not yet altogether lost," thought I; "I will have something to interest me now; if not to chat with, at least to look at, or drink with, or quarrel with, or—anything rather than this dormant, thumb-sucking use of time." The step of a light foot, followed by the tramp of a heavy ditto in the lobby, on the stair, crowned my hopes; and Martha immediately appeared, ushering in a bundle of wearing apparel, consisting chiefly of mufflers, boots, and greatcoat, surmounted by a hat: the only glimpse of humanity that could be obtained being a portion of a nose, much resembling the toe of a crab in formation; the color rich, rare, burnished red.

Hamlet's churchyard acquaintance, the grave-digger, might, for aught I know, possess a more extensive wardrobe in waistcoats; but I would have backed the new comer, for any odds, in greatcoats. One by one they fell from his shoulders, till I wondered how he had managed to carry them, and then how the mail had undertaken the transmission of such a mass. Greatcoat after greatcoat fell from his shoulders; muffler after muffler from his neck; till, stripped to a kind of covering that halted midway between a greatcoat and a surtout, and a woollen neckerchief not smaller than a blanket, the stranger, in his "habit as he lived," took his place on the opposite side of the fire-place; and drawing his hand across his eyes, and his legs to the fender, he rang the bell.

"Stiff and hot," said the stranger to Martha, who appeared and immediately withdrew.

I looked at the stranger, as he warmed his purple-pointed fingers at the blaze. There was something in his appearance which raised a feeling of dislike in my mind, although, if asked the reason, I probably could not give one. I scanned him from the boots to the wisp of hair, half gray, half black, which hung like a leaden waterspout over his forehead. My dislike grew as I gazed. I felt a kind of fidgety feeling: I was disappointed. Like Frankenstein, the being I had so ardently longed for was an annoyance which I now could have as ardently wished away. I thought of retiring to bed, when I recollected that I had not yet spoken to him: to leave without doing so would have been absolute rudeness. I said, "Mild weather for travelling, sir."

"It is," said the stranger, fixing his eyes on me as if he had observed my presence in the room for the first time. If my dislike was great when I looked at him, it grew greater now that he looked at me. Such eyes! they were neither black, blue, hazel, nor gray, but a kind of neutral tint, which I cannot give a name to; and yet they sparkled and glowed in the light like a cat's; bright, piercing, they seemed almost to stand out from under the pent-house of his brows, looking up and down a face which appeared as if the outer skin had been peeled off, and the under cuticle suddenly frozen, so red was it;—not the redness of health, but an unearthly, dark, crimson hue, like a stain of blood on a towel.

"Mail full to-night, sir?" said I, making an attempt to overcome a dislike which seemed to have now reached its climax.

"Nobody outside but myself," said he, as he wriggled his nose into his tumbler. I was in momentary expectation of seeing the mixture ignite from the fiery quality of his facial protuberance. It—the nose—avoided the collision, however, by a

dexterous jerk, which could only have been obtained by long practice. The liquid did not take fire, although it appeared considerably diminished, probably absorbed by the intense heat.

Another half hour elapsed, while I puffed my cigar with all the energy my lungs would permit. The stranger ordered glass after glass of "stiff and hot," while I mechanically followed his example. My friends tell me I get prosy when elevated; my readers may think I am so now. I had gazed so long in the face of the stranger that I wondered how it would look from the other side of the room. I tried the experiment without satisfying myself either one way or other. The church-yard caught my eye, and I again ventured an observation. "Bad taste to stick those grave-yards always in the centre of a town," said I.

"Very inconvenient," said he. "Those who did so were no friends to science."

The remark puzzled me. "In which way?" said I.

"Why, you see," said he, "a subject can't be got without running great risk. The Scotch are so nasty particular on that score."

"On the subject of science?" said I: "I thought they liked to dabble a little in all, from metaphysics to mesmerism."

"As to dabbling in the sciences, they like them well enough in the abstract: but they have not arrived at that *acme* of liberality which prompts them to give a subject now and then to the dissecting-room."

"I don't wonder at that," said I; "such a course outrages one of the finest feelings of our nature—respect for the dead."

"Stuff! stuff!" said he; "such feelings are a remnant of barbarism, or something worse. How much better if 'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,' instead of stopping holes 'to keep the wind away,' had given his carcass to the schools. What a splendid action that would have been! Cæsar was a great man, sir!"

I assented to the opinion of ages by a nod of the head. "It can't be remedied now," said I.

"And though it could," said the stranger, "if the fortieth cousin of Cæsar were a Scotsman, that man would object to it. Shameful, sir!" and again the nose of the stranger gleamed like a fiery meteor in the tumbler.

"And yet there is no lack of subjects for the schools, in spite of Cæsar's forgetfulness," said I.

"Aye, but the risk that is run," said he. "No later than yesterday two gentlemen, or at least one of them, was nearly made a subject of himself in his endeavors to benefit posterity."

Something to interest me now, thought I, as I settled in my chair. "How was that, sir?" I inquired. He began—

"It was rumored in Edinburgh that a case of more than usual interest had been interred in the church-yard of —, some miles from this. Something handsome was offered for the purpose of securing it; but men who had never been known to stickle before, fought rather shy of this. From the state of feeling lately evinced in two or three affairs of the same kind, the attempt was a very hazardous one. Dr. — offered still more handsomely, as he was anxious to procure the subject in question to illustrate a course of lectures he was then delivering. With such warm offers the difficulties melted like wax, and T— and W—, two gentlemen well known for their friendly disposition to science when anything was to be got by it, made

the necessary arrangements, and even succeeded in disinterring the body, but, unable to convey it to town that night, left it in a heap of manure in a field by the road side, with the intention of removing it early next morning.

"Everything had succeeded as they could wish, and a gig was hired from mine host of the —, in the ancient burgh of L—, to convey the prize to town. In removing it, however, a herd boy, who had been snoozing away his time at the back of a dyke, was witness to the transaction, and immediately ran and informed his master, who, mounting his pony, set off in pursuit. W— and T—, seeing they were pursued, and rightly judging that the only chance was to outstrip the pursuer in speed, drove with fury. Still the farmer gained upon them. If they could only get through the burgh which lay in their way without discovery, all would be well. If he overtook them before they accomplished this, life was in jeopardy. The souters of L— were no hands to trifle with; as they had lately shown in the case of their gravedigger, another friend to anatomical pursuits in the first stage, viz., the procuring the subject. The danger was imminent; and T—, seeing the farmer making upon them every moment, had no disposition to try such an ordeal. He would not go on, but entreated W— to stop, relinquish the body, and cut for it. His friend, however, was in no such humor: having brought it thus far, it was like snatching the bite from his mouth to relinquish it. The other remonstrated, but without effect, and finding nothing else would do, left the gig and made off across the fields. Unfortunate stoppage. Still the farmer spurred, and was soon neck and neck with the gig and its remaining occupant, and thus they entered the burgh. The only chance now was that the farmer's cries would be drowned in the noise, or that the gig would precede the alarm, and thereby escape. Speed must do it. Seeing the idlers in the street, the farmer bawled out in a thick burr, 'Corpse, corpse!' In a moment all was commotion, every window was opened, every head was thrust out. Great black-bearded fellows, with the implements of their trade in their hands, rushed from every doorway. Old women, at other times unable to move, *stoited* out to swell the uproar with their cries. The inhabitants, one and all, were on the street in less time than I have taken to tell it. Still the gig careered onwards, the horse covered with foam. Still the farmer lashed his shelly, and this might have continued till the burgh was cleared, had not a carrier, who was packing his cart in the street, thrown a block which he held in his hand, with the view of stopping the gig; instead of going under the wheel as intended, it got between the spokes, and striking the shaft, wheel and block flew into the air in a thousand pieces, and down fell man, horse, and gig in the street.

"'Whar's the corpse?' shrieked out a plurality of voices.

"'I have none,' cried W—; 'you are mad, why do you stop me thus?'"

"'Corpse, corpse!' shouted the farmer, who was buried in the crowd, shelly and all.

"All this was spoken in a breath. In another instant, the contents of the gig were strewed in the air, and the sack containing the subject was dragged on the street. This was damning evidence. A universal groan was emitted, and for some minutes not a word was spoken. The stillness was broken only by the sound of the blows which fell thick and

three-fold on the devoted carcass of the resurrectionist—he was up in an instant. A hundred hands were at his throat; a hundred fists were beating like sledge-hammers at his ribs. His cloak, his coat, his vest, and even his shirt, were torn to shreds by the infuriated multitude. He always contrived to rise the moment he was knocked down, about thirty times to the minute: had he lain on the ground one instant he would have been trampled to death. While this unequal war was going on, others were employed in wreaking vengeance on the gig. They made chips of it in a few moments, and would have sacrificed the horse as well, but for the interference of the farmer. He could do anything with the mob for the time. Never was man so applauded.

“The noise of the riot having reached the town hall where the magistrates were assembled that morning, in furtherance of some burgh business, they hastened to interfere, impressed with a notion of the illegality of the proceedings and the likelihood of a long bill of damages against the burgh, which already had more debts than they were well able to liquidate. The provost, in virtue of his office, was foremost, and had his silver spectacles smashed to atoms in his endeavors. The town drummer was served with a similar reverence; till the remonstrances of the magistrates prevailing, our friend of the gig race was taken under their protection, and escorted to the Tolbooth: the mob followed to the door, and the moment it closed, swore and stamped like madmen, and vowed they would drag him out, in spite of nail and plank. The provost addressed them from the steps, and induced the more peaceable to go home; the more riotous waiting and uttering threats, and keeping the Tolbooth in a state of siege till supper-time, when they dropt off one by one.

“By this time the magistrates had begun to feel some alarm of the probable consequences of the riot, damages, &c. Some wiseacre among them having urged the necessity of getting quit of W——, and in all likelihood nothing more would be heard of the matter; it was thought the best course to pursue. Another incentive to this course lay in the fact, that a number of the townspeople had bound themselves together to force the Tolbooth door during the night, and have their will of him.

“With this view, then, did the magistrates visit the prison in a body; and for the better security of W—— from the fangs of the mob, he was transferred by a back way through the church-yard to a cellar belonging to the provost, that he might be conveyed away the succeeding evening by the mail, which, being Sunday, the magistrates rightly judged could be effected with more secrecy and silence as the streets would then be empty. In the cellar, then, did W—— lie all that day, and the evening again brought the worthy council, each with a greatcoat or some other article of clothing, as a donation or peace-offering, and by six o'clock the mail had received its destined passenger.”

To attempt an analysis of my feelings during

this narration, would be useless. If I had ever entertained a hatred of any class of men, it was of those grave-robbers, and my silence and satisfaction during the stranger's tale proceeded entirely from the conviction which had taken hold of my mind, that the stranger would end his story by assuring me that the mob had torn the fellow in pieces. No such fate had awaited him, however, notwithstanding my good wishes; and I was just about to vent an execration at my disappointment, when he said,—“Lucky escape, was n't it, and not so great a loss after all; I have made half-a-dozen greatcoats by the job, although little of the needful.”

“You! you!” I gasped or rather shrieked, while my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. “I shall drag you before the nearest magistrate to answer this. I——”

In rising to lay hold on him, however, either the six tumblers I had swallowed, or the hearth rug was the cause, I slipped a foot, and fell heavily on the fender.

* * * * *

When I awoke next morning I was in bed, my tongue dry and parched, and an insufferable nausea pervading my whole frame. I managed to rise and staggered rather than walked to the ewer to get a draught of water, when passing the dressing-glass a stained bandage on my head caught my eye, and, although but half awake, the events of the previous evening rushed like a flood across my memory. It is not too late yet, thought I; he can't be gone; I'll secure him; and, bawling loudly for Martha, I found the door had been locked on the outside.

“Is he gone?” I continued to shout, is he away?”

“Wha is't ye mean?” cried Martha, through the key-hole.

“The man who came by the mail last night,” I cried. “Open the door—why am I locked in? who dared to lock me up in this manner?”

“It was the man, and my mistress has the key,” shouted Martha.

In due time the landlady joined Martha, making our duet a trio, and telling me “tae gang awa back to my bed; that I wasna weel able to rise yet; just tae tak another bit sleep, and I would be a' right.”

“Is the man away?” shouted I, scorning all advice. “Detain him—he's a resurrectionist: detain him till I get out,” and I vainly attempted to force the door.

“Awa! Lord bless ye, sir, he's awa by the sax o'clock mail, and left you his best respects and kind wishes, and said he forgied you for a' the ill names ye ca'ed him last night when he was putting ye till yer bed.”

“The villain,” muttered I.

“And better nor that,” chimed in Martha, “he gied me half-a-crown tae mysel', and said ye wou'd pay a' the toddy that was drank last night.”

“Doubly sold,” groaned I, and assenting to the entreaties which the landlady and Martha forwarded through the key-hole, I crawled back to bed.

MEXICAN ARGUMENT FOR ANNEXATION.

WE have given this head to the following article, because it appears to us to have been intended by the writer to awaken his readers to a sense of the security and prosperity which would arise to them from a junction with the United States.—[Liv. Age.]

Translated for the "Union" from the "Locomotor" of Vera Cruz, of July 26, 1846.

The Texas question, which has been converted into an Anglo-American question, owing, if not to our want of foresight, at least to our indolence and inexperience, may also be converted, and perhaps very soon, into a European question; and for this reason we are induced to set forth some considerations which may assist public opinion in correcting itself, and in coming to the conclusion most advantageous to the nation.

We believe that in Europe the Anglo-American question is viewed differently by the people and by the governments.

The people of Europe, no longer finding the territory of their countries sufficient to yield them what is essential to the comforts, or even necessities of life, and finding the demand for their manual labor more and more diminished by each successive improvement in machinery resulting from economy in expenses, are met every year by an excess of idle population, who, eager for employment, come to the New World in search of what they can no longer find in the old. The adventurers who compose this surplus population, find in the ports of their respective nations a multitude of merchant vessels ready to sail for the United States—thanks to the care with which that nation has protected its foreign commerce, by freeing it from the obstructions, rules, and exactions, which paralyze it in the Spanish American republics; and as these vessels are generally of large burden, as is requisite for the transportation of the cotton which the United States send to Europe, a passage is offered in them at very moderate prices, and they are preferred, because the emigrants are poor, and seek cheapness in all that they need. These adventurers are aware, moreover, that on arriving with their families in the United States, they are at liberty to live as they please, without meeting with restrictions of any kind, and that they may publicly practice their mode of religious worship, and even become citizens of the new nation, if they believe it advantageous to their interests, by simply desiring it. Their coming, then, increases the strength of the United States, and once established in that nation, they seek lands to cultivate, and will take the direction of Mexico if they hear that this country abounds in milk and honey, and if they believe that they can easily introduce themselves into it under the protection of the government of the United States, for that of Mexico has redoubled the restrictions and trammels which impede their entrance. This new population identify their lot and existence with the lot and existence of their new country, for their personal interest and that of their families thrive in it. This will happen more frequently now that Mexico is invaded by the United States, and is in open war with their government.

Hence it follows that Mexico will have to contend not only with the native Anglo-American population, but with the adopted citizens, or what is the same thing, with a part of the population of

Europe; and a proof of this has been furnished us in the sort of people who compose General Taylor's army, the greater part of them being Europeans!!

We believe that, generally speaking, the sympathies of the people of Europe are not in our favor but in favor of the United States, even although they are aware of the injustice of the latter in usurping our territory, for there are times when public opinion cares little about the means by which a thing is done, or a project executed, and looks only at the results which spring from it.

Mexico not only lacks the sympathies of Europe, but is almost hated; and this results from various causes and circumstances in which we ourselves have had no small share; and however grievous the confession may be to us, it is necessary to make it. Almost all the publications of the European press indicate the ill-will which exists towards us, and the works written by travellers who have visited us, with very few exceptions, have contributed to increase this tendency against us. And if it be certain that no people hate another without a sufficient cause or motive, it is necessary for us to inquire into the cause of this ill disposition, since it must exist. It cannot be found in a rivalry of power in war, commerce, or industry, because we have never been in a position sufficiently advantageous to provoke the jealousy of other nations. We must, then, seek elsewhere for the cause. In our opinion it is the restrictive system which we have practised, since our independence, against foreign commerce, against emigrants, and against the establishment of foreigners in our country.

When the people of Europe perceive that we impose trammels and restrictions on the entrance of foreigners; that we do not permit them to acquire landed property; that we do not wish to tolerate the exercise of their mode of worship; that we shut the door to their acquisition of the rights of citizenship, that we prohibit the introduction of their manufactures, &c., &c., it is impossible that they should take the slightest interest in our fate, for, after all, our national independence or the integrity of our territory, does not benefit them in any manner. And when they see that the United States adopt a policy entirely different, that they seek their interest in combination with the interests of other nations, it is natural that all their sympathies should be directed to that country, which has better comprehended the objects of fraternity among all the nations of the earth. Under these circumstances, they perhaps even desire that the United States should occupy Mexico, for they consider that in that event, our lands will be open not only to citizens of the United States, but also to those of all other nations; that all the riches of our soil will be explored, and humanity and civilization will thus gain more than by the possession of these resources by the Mexicans.

It is necessary, therefore, if we desire that the people of Europe should feel any sympathy for us, and take an interest in our fate, that we should endeavor wholly to reform ourselves, for the fault has been great; and we can accomplish it only by completely changing our policy, and adopting another, more frank and liberal than heretofore.

The governments of Europe will entertain sympathies in favor of Mexico, for it does not comport with their interests that the United States should be aggrandized. They know that the experiment which that nation has made of a democratic federa-

tive republic has great attractions for the people whom they govern, on account of its happy results; and that if it should extend through North America it will pass to South America, and, in course of time, even to the continent of Europe, and realize, perhaps, the idea of Chateaubriand, that a republic will be the future condition of the world; that then thrones would totter under the impulses of democracy, and dynasties would be extinguished by the abolition of the principle of inheritance of power. Kings perceive, moreover, that the forms of government and social organization of the United States are drawing away the population of Europe; that the emigration from Europe increases every day; that the debility caused by depopulation may reach a fearful point; and that, in fine, the Anglo-American nation will clothe and deck herself with the spoils of Europe, as has heretofore been the case.

It is natural, therefore, that the sympathies of kings should be in favor of any enemy of the United States, whether Mexico or any other Spanish American nation; for, in fact, it is no more than having sympathies in favor of their own interest, and of their own self-preservation and existence in time to come.

Mexico ought promptly to avail herself of this disposition, and reserve herself to cultivate the sympathies of the people afterwards; but it behoves her to proceed with circumspection, and not seek assistance on onerous conditions.

Nevertheless, we do not calculate in any case upon being protected by force of arms; for the commercial interests of Europe with the United States are of too much importance to be sacrificed by kings in a war, when they could hardly expect to be compensated by any concessions from Mexico on the reestablishment of peace; and consequently we ought not to expect anything more than the aid of diplomacy, which, however, is much; for although physical force does not make part of it, moral force does, and that, in these enlightened times, has become powerful.

We have seen, in the discussions in the French chambers, the difference between the opinions of the governments and people of Europe. Guizot, a man of the government, and representing the sentiments of the king, used emphatic and almost threatening expressions against the propagandism of the United States with respect to Mexico, and declared that the interests of France required the preservation of the American equilibrium. Thiers, an opposition man, representing popular opinions, addresses words of praise and sympathy to the Anglo-American nation: declares that the American equilibrium is impracticable, and that France has an interest in preserving the friendship of the United States, and in her always increasing prosperity. The opinions of these two statesmen should not be considered simply as the opinions of two individuals, but as the opinions of two great political functionaries, or even more, as the opinions of the king and the people.

From the Editor of the N. Y. Evening Post.

SAULT STE. MARIE.

August 15, 1846.

A CROWD had assembled on the wharf of the American village at the Sault Ste. Marie, popularly called the *Soo*, to witness our landing; men of all ages and complexions, in hats and caps of every form and fashion, with beards of every length and

color, among which I discovered two or three pairs of mustachios. It was a party of copper mine speculators, just flitting from Copper Harbor and Eagle river, mixed with a few Indian and half breed inhabitants of the place. Among them I saw a face or two quite familiar in Wall street.

I had a conversation with an intelligent geologist, who had just returned from an examination of the copper mines of Lake Superior. He had pitched his tent in the fields near the village, choosing to pass the night in this manner, as he had done for several weeks past, rather than in a crowded inn. In regard to the mines, he told me that the external tokens, the surface indications, as he called them, were more favorable than those of any copper mines in the world. They are still, however, mere surface indications; the veins had not been worked to that depth which was necessary to determine their value with any certainty. The mixture of silver with the copper he regarded as not giving any additional value to the mines, inasmuch as it is only occasional and rare. Sometimes, he told me, a mass of metal would be discovered of the size of a man's fist, or smaller, composed of copper and silver, both metals closely united, and yet both perfectly pure and unalloyed with each other. The masses of virgin copper found in beds of gravel are, however, the most remarkable feature of these mines. One of them which has been discovered this summer, but which has not been raised, is estimated to weigh twenty tons. I saw in the propeller Independence, by which this party from the copper mines was brought down to the Sault, one of these masses, weighing seventeen hundred and fifty pounds, with the appearance of having once been fluid with heat. It was so pure that it might have been cut in pieces by cold steel and stamped at once into coin.

Among these copper hunters came passenger from Lake Superior, a hunter of the picturesque, Mr. Charles Lanman, whose name I hope I mention without impropriety, since I am only anticipating the booksellers in a piece of literary intelligence. He has been wandering for a year past in the wilds of the west; during the present summer he has traversed the country in which rise the springs of the Mississippi and the streams that flow into Lake Superior, and intends to publish a sketch of his journey soon after his arrival at New York. If I may judge from what I learned in a brief conversation, he will give us a book well worth reading. He is an artist as well as an author, and sketched all the most remarkable places he saw in his travels, for the illustration of his volume. On the river St. Louis, which falls into the western extremity of Lake Superior, he visited a stupendous waterfall not described by any traveller or geographer. The volume of water is very great and the perpendicular descent a hundred and fifty feet. He describes it as second only to the cataract of Niagara.

Two or three years ago this settlement of the Sault Ste. Marie, was but a military post of the United States in the midst of a village of Indians and half-breeds. There were, perhaps, a dozen white residents in the place, including the family of the Baptist missionary and the agent of the American Fur Company, which had removed its station hither from Mackinaw and built its warehouse on this river. But since the world has begun to talk of the copper mines of Lake Superior, settlers flock into the place; carpenters are busy in knocking up houses with all haste, on the govern-

ment lands, and large warehouses have been built upon piles driven into the shallows of the St. Mary. Five years hence, the primitive character of the place will be altogether lost, and it will have become a bristling Yankee town, resembling the other new settlements of the west.

Here the navigation from lake to lake is interrupted by the falls or rapids of the river St. Mary, from which the place receives its name. The crystalline waters of Lake Superior on their way through the channel of this river to Lake Huron, here rush and foam and roar, for about three quarters of a mile, over rocks and large stones.

Close to the rapids, with birchen canoes moored in little inlets, is a village of the Indians consisting of log cabins and round wigwams, on a strong shrubby tract, reserved to them by the government. The morning after our arrival, we went through this village in search of a canoe and a couple of Indians to make the descent of the rapids, which is one of the first things that a visiter to the Sault must think of. In the first wigwam we entered were three men and two women as drunk as men and women could well be. The squaws were speechless and motionless, too far gone as it seemed to raise either hand or foot; the men though apparently unable to rise were noisy, and one of them, who called himself a half-breed, and spoke a few words of English, seemed disposed to quarrel. Before the next door was a woman busy in washing, who spoke a little English. "The old man out there," she said in answer to our questions, "can paddle canoe, but he is very drunk, he cannot do it to-day."

"Is there nobody else," we asked, "who will take us down the falls?"

"I don't know; the Indians all drunk to-day."

"Why is that? why are they all drunk to-day?"

"Oh, the whisky," answered the woman, giving us to understand, that when an Indian could get whisky, he got drunk as a matter of course.

By this time the man had come up, and after addressing us with the customary "*bon jour*," manifested a curiosity to know the nature of our errand. The woman explained it to him in English.

"Oh, Messieurs, je vous servirai," said he, for he spoke Canadian French, "I go, I go."

We told him that we doubted whether he was quite sober enough.

"Oh, Messieurs, je suis parfaitement capable—first rate, first rate."

We shook him off as soon as we could, but not till after he had time to propose that we should wait the next day, and to utter the maxim, "Whisky, good—too much whisky, no good."

In a log-cabin, which some half-breeds were engaged in building, we found two men who were easily persuaded to leave their work and pilot us over the rapids. They took one of the canoes which lay in a little inlet close at hand, and entering it, pushed it with their long poles up the stream in the edge of the rapids. Arriving at the head of the rapids, they took in our party, which consisted of five, and we began the descent. At each end of the canoe sat a half-breed with a paddle, to guide it, while the current drew us rapidly down among the agitated waters. It was surprising with what dexterity they kept us in the smoothest part of the water, seeming to know the way down as well as if it had been a beaten path in the fields.

At one time we would seem to be directly approaching a rock against which the waves were dashing, at another to be descending into a hollow of the waters in which our canoe would be inevitably filled, but a single stroke of the paddle given by the man at the prow put us safely by the seeming danger. So rapid was the descent that almost as soon as we descried the apparent peril, it was passed. In less than ten minutes, as it seemed to me, we had left the roar of the rapids behind us, and were gliding over the smooth water at their foot.

In the afternoon we engaged a half-breed and his brother to take us over to the Canadian shore. His wife, a slender young woman, with a lovely physiognomy, not easily to be distinguished from a French woman of her class, accompanied us in the canoe with her little boy. The birch bark canoe of the savage seems to me one of the most beautiful and perfect things of the kind constructed by human art. We were in one of the finest that float on St. Mary's river, and when I looked at its delicate ribs, mere shavings of white cedar, yet firm enough for the purpose—the thin broad laths of the same wood with which these are enclosed, and the broad sheets of birch bark, impervious to water, which sheathed the outside, all firmly sewed together with the tough slender roots of the fir tree, and when I considered its extreme lightness and the grace of its form, I could not but wonder at the ingenuity of those who had invented so beautiful a combination of ship-building and basket-work. "It cost me twenty dollars," said the half-breed, "and I would not take thirty for it."

We were ferried over the waves where they dance at the foot of the rapids. At this place large quantities of white-fish, one of the most delicate kinds known on our continent, are caught by the Indians, in their season, with scoop nets. The whites are about to interfere with this occupation of the Indians, and I saw the other day a seine of prodigious length constructing, with which it is intended to sweep nearly half of the river at once. "They will take a hundred barrels a day," said an inhabitant of the place.

On the British side the rapids divide themselves into half a dozen noisy brooks, which roar round little islands, and in the boiling pools of which the speckled trout is caught with the rod and line. We landed at the warehouses of the Hudson's Bay Company, where the goods intended for the Indian trade are deposited, and the furs brought from the northwest are collected. They are surrounded by a massive stockade, within which lives the agent of the company; the walks are gravelled and well kept, and the whole bears the marks of British solidity and precision. A quantity of furs had been brought in the day before, but they were locked up in the warehouse, and all was now quiet and silent. The agent was absent: a half-breed nurse stood at the door with his child, and a Scotch servant, apparently with nothing to do, was lounging in the court enclosed by the stockade; in short, there was much less bustle about this establishment of one of the most powerful trading companies in the world, than about one of our farm-houses.

Crossing the bay at the bottom of which these buildings stand, we landed at a Canadian village of half-breeds. Here were one or two wigwams and a score of log cabins, some of which we entered. In one of them we were received with great appearance of deference by a woman of decidedly Indian features, but light complexioned, barefoot,

with blue embroidered leggins falling over her ankles and sweeping the floor, the only peculiarity of Indian costume about her. The house was as clean as scouring could make it, and her two little children, with little French physiognomies, were fairer than many children of the European race. These people are descended from the French voyageurs and settlers on one side; they speak Canadian French more or less, but generally employ the Chippewa language in their intercourse with each other.

Near at hand was a burial ground, with graves of the Indians and half-breeds, which we entered. Some of the graves were covered with a low roof of cedar bark, others with a wooden box; over others was placed a little house like a dog-kennel, except that it had no door; others were covered with little log cabins. One of these was of such a size that a small Indian family would have found it amply large for their accommodation. It is a practice among the savages to protect the graves of the dead from the wolves by stakes driven into the ground and meeting at the top like the rafters of a roof, and perhaps when the Indian or half-breed, exchanged his wigwam for a log cabin, his respect for the dead led him to make the same improvement in the architecture of their narrow houses. At the head of most of these monuments stood wooden crosses, for the population here is principally Roman Catholic, some of them inscribed with the names of the dead, not always accurately spelled.

Not far from the church stands a building, regarded by the half-breeds as a wonder of architecture, the stone house *la maison de pierre*, as they call it, a large mansion built of stone by a former agent of the Northwest or Hudson's Bay Company, who lived here in a kind of grand manorial style, with his servants and horses and hounds, and gave hospitable dinners in those days when it was the fashion for the host to do his best to drink his guests under the table. The old splendor of the place has departed; its gardens are overgrown with grass, the barn has been blown down, the kitchen, in which so many grand dinners were cooked, consumed by fire, and the mansion, with its broken and patched windows, is now occupied by a Scotch farmer of the name of Wilson.

We climbed a ridge of hills back of the house to the church of the Episcopal mission, built a few years since as a place of worship for the Chippewas, who have since been removed by the government. It stands remote from any habitation, with three or four Indian graves near it, and we found it filled with hay. The river from its door is uncommonly beautiful; the broad St. Mary's lying below, with its bordering villages and woody valley, its white rapids, and its rocky islands, picturesque with the pointed summits of the fir-tree. To the northwest the sight followed the river to the horizon, where it issued from Lake Superior, and I was told that in clear weather one might discover, from the spot on which I stood, the promontory of Gros Cap, which guards the outlet of that mighty lake.

The country around was smoking in a dozen places with fires in the woods. When I returned I asked who kindled them. "It is old Tanner," said one, "the man who murdered Schoolcraft." There is great fear here of Tanner, who is said to be lurking yet in the neighborhood. I was going the other day to look at a view of the place from a lovely eminence, reached by a road passing through

a swamp full of larches and firs. "Are you not afraid of Tanner?" I was asked. Mrs. Schoolcraft, since the assassination of her husband, has come to live in the fort, which consists of barracks protected by a high stockade. It is said that Tanner has been seen skulking about within a day or two, and yesterday a place was discovered which is supposed to have served for his retreat. It was a hollow, thickly surrounded by shrubs, which some person had evidently made his habitation for a considerable time. There is a dispute whether this man is insane or not, but there is no dispute as to his malignity. He has threatened to take the life of Mr. Bingham, the venerable Baptist missionary at this place, and as long as it is not certain that he has left the neighborhood, a feeling of insecurity prevails. Nevertheless, as I know no reason why this man should take it into his head to shoot me, I go whither I list, without the fear of Tanner before my eyes.

From the same.

MACKINAW.

STEAMER ST. LOUIS, }
Lake Huron, August 20, 1846. }

YESTERDAY evening we left the beautiful island of Mackinaw, after a visit of two days delightfully passed. We had climbed its cliffs, rambled on its shores, threaded the walks among its thickets, driven out in the roads that wind through its woods—roads paved by nature with limestone pebbles, a sort of natural macadamization, and the time of our departure seemed to arrive several days too soon.

The fort which crowns the heights near the shore commands an extensive prospect, but a still wider one is to be seen from the old fort, Fort Holmes, as it is called, among whose ruined entrenchments the half-breed boys and girls now gather gooseberries. It stands on the very crest of the island, overlooking all the rest. The air, when we ascended it was loaded with the smoke of burning forests, but from this spot, in clear weather, I was told a magnificent view might be had of the Straits of Mackinaw, the wooded islands, and the shores and capes of the great mainland, places known to history for the past two centuries. For when you are at Mackinaw you are at no new settlement.

In looking for samples of Indian embroidery with porcupine quills, we found ourselves one day in the warehouse of the American Fur Company, at Mackinaw. Here, on the shelves, were piles of blankets, white and blue, red scarfs, and white boots; snowshoes were hanging on the walls, and wolf-traps, rifles and hatchets were slung to the ceiling—an assortment of goods destined for the Indians and half-breeds of the northwest. The person who attended at the counter spoke English with a foreign accent. I asked him how long he had been in the northwestern country.

"To say the truth," he answered, "I have been here sixty years and some days."

"You were born here then?"

"I am a native of Mackinaw, French by the mother's side; my father was an Englishman."

"Was the place as considerable sixty years ago as it now is?"

"More so. There was more trade here and quite as many inhabitants. All the houses, or nearly all, were then built; two or three only have been put up since."

I could easily imagine that Mackinaw must have been a place of consequence when here was the

centre of the fur trade, now removed further up the country. I was shown the large house in which the heads of the companies of *voyageurs* engaged in the trade were lodged, and the barracks, a long low building, in which the *voyageurs* themselves, seven hundred in number, made their quarters from the end of June till the beginning of October, when they went out again on their journeys. This interval of three months was a merry time with those light-hearted Frenchmen. When a boat made its appearance approaching Mackinaw, they fell to conjecturing to what company of *voyageurs* it belonged; as the dispute grew warm the conjectures became bets, till finally, unable to restrain their impatience the boldest of them dashed into the waters, swam out to the boat, and climbing on board, shook hands with their brethren, amidst the shouts of those who stood on the beach.

They talk, on the New England coast, of Chebacco boats, built after a peculiar pattern, and after Chebacco, an ancient settlement of sea-faring men, who have foolishly changed the old Indian name of their place to Ipswich. The Mackinaw navigators have also given their name to a boat of peculiar form, sharp at both ends, swelled at the sides and flat bottomed, an excellent sea-boat, it is said, as it must be to live in the wild storms that surprise the mariner on Lake Superior.

We took yesterday a drive to the western shore. The road twined through a wood of overarching beeches and maples, interspersed with the white cedar and fir. The driver stopped before a cliff sprouting with beeches and cedars, with a small cavity at the foot. This he told us was the Skull Cave. It is only remarkable on account of human bones having been found in it. Further on a white paling gleamed through the trees; it enclosed the solitary burial ground of the garrison, with half a dozen graves. "There are few buried here," said a gentleman of our party; "the soldiers who come to Mackinaw sick get well soon."

The road we travelled was cut through the woods by Captain Scott, who commanded the fort a few years since. He is the marksman whose aim was so sure that the western people say of him that a racoon on a tree once offered to come down and surrender without giving him the trouble to fire.

We passed a farm surrounded with beautiful groves. In one of its meadows was fought the battle between Colonel Croghan and the British officer Holmes, in the war of 1813. Three luxuriant beeches stand in the edge of the wood north of the meadow; one of them is the monument of Holmes; he lies buried at its root. Another quarter of a mile led us to a little bay on the solitary shore of the lake looking to the northwest. It is called the British Landing, because the British troops landed here in the late war to take possession of the island.

We wandered about awhile, and then sat down upon the embankment of pebbles which the waves of the lake, heaving for centuries, have heaped around the shore of the island—pebbles so clean that they would no more soil a lady's white muslin gown than if they had been of newly polished alabaster. The water at our feet was as transparent as the air around us. On the mainland opposite stood a church with its spire, and several roofs were visible, with a back ground of woods behind them.

"There," said one of our party, "is the old Mission Church. It was built by the Catholics in

1680, and has been a place of worship ever since. The name of the spot is Point St. Ignace, and there lives an Indian of the full cast, who was sent to Rome and educated to be a priest, but he preferred the life of a layman, and there he lives on that wild shore, with a library in his lodge, a learned savage, occupied with reading and study."

You may well suppose that I felt a strong desire to see Point St. Ignace, its venerable Mission Church, its Indian village, so long under the care of Catholic pastors, and its learned savage who talks Italian, but the time of my departure was already fixed. My companions were pointing out to me the mouth of Carp river, which comes down through the forest roaring over rocks, and in any of the pools of which you have only to throw a line, with any sort of bait, to be sure of a trout, when the driver of our vehicle called out, "Your boat is coming." We looked and saw the St. Louis steamer (not one of the largest, but one of the finest boats in the line between Buffalo and Chicago) making rapidly for the island, with a train of black smoke hanging in the air behind her. We hastened to return through the woods, and in an hour and a half were in our clean and comfortable quarter in this well ordered little steamer.

But I should mention that before leaving Mackinaw, we did not fail to visit the principal curiosities of the place—the Sugar Loaf Rock, a remarkable rock in the middle of the island, of a sharp conical form, rising above the trees with which it is surrounded, and lifting the stunted birches on its shoulders higher than they, like a tall fellow holding up a little boy to overlook a crowd of men—and the Arched Rock on the shore. The atmosphere was thick with smoke, and through the opening spanned by the arch of the rock I saw the long waves, rolled up by a fresh wind, come one after another out of the obscurity, and break with roaring on the beach.

The path along the brow of the precipice and among the evergreens, by which this rock is reached, is signally wild, but another which leads to it along the shore is no less picturesque—passing under impending cliffs and overshadowing cedars, and between huge blocks and pinnacles of rock.

I spoke in one of my former letters of the manifest fate of Mackinaw, which is to be a watering-place. I cannot see how it is to escape this destiny. People already begin to repair to it for health and refreshment from the southern borders of Lake Michigan. Its climate during the summer months is delightful; there is no air more pure and elastic, and the winds of the south and southwest, which are so hot on the prairies, arrive here tempered to a grateful coolness by the waters over which they have swept. The nights are always, in the hottest season, agreeably cool, and the health of the place is proverbial. The world has not many islands more beautiful than Mackinaw, as you may judge from the description I have already given of parts of it. The surface is singularly irregular, with summits of rock and pleasant hollows, open glades of pasture and shady nooks. To some, the savage visitors, who occasionally set up their lodges on its beach, as well as on that of the surrounding islands, and paddle their canoes in its waters, will be an additional attraction. I cannot but think with a kind of regret on the time which I suppose is near at hand, when its wild and lonely woods will be intersected with highways, and stuffed with cottages and boarding-houses.

THE RAILWAY TO OREGON.

We have before us the report of the committee on Public Lands made to the United States Senate on the subject of a railway from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean.

This project has assumed a new importance since the late treaty with Great Britain has assured to us the possession of Southern Oregon, and left us at liberty to form permanent agricultural and commercial settlements in the country without disturbance or question. That the future trade of this country, perhaps we might say the trade of Europe, with China, will find its passage through Oregon, we have no manner of doubt. A dense and active population, seated on the harbors of the Pacific, in a climate the most favorable to activity and industry, will make themselves the masters of that great commerce and scatter the products of Eastern Asia over our continent. There will then be no further occasion for doubling the Cape of Good Hope or tempting the storms of Cape Horn, nor even for the shorter passage across the isthmus of Panama. This commerce, however, must have the usual means of transportation by water or railway.

The tributary rivers of the Missouri and the Columbia, although approaching to each other on the opposite sides of the Rocky Mountains, yet offer a very imperfect means of transportation by boats, and ascend into elevated and cold regions far to the north, where they are frozen for a considerable part of the year. Nature has meanwhile provided, in the South Pass, as it is called, an opening through the chain of mountains which divides the immense valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries from the region drained by the rivers which flow into the Pacific. This passage ascends from the east and descends to the west so gradually and imperceptibly, that art itself could scarcely have levelled the mountain ranges in a more perfect manner to form the basis of a railway.

The project brought before Congress by Mr. Whitney, on which the committee make their report, only anticipates what must inevitably happen. The South Pass is the channel of a great future commerce, and the means of transportation, at some period or other, will be a railway. The new communities on the Pacific, with their Asiatic commerce, must and will possess this mode of communication with the Atlantic states, the seat of European commerce. The question before Congress is, whether it is not more expedient to offer, at the present time, facilities for building the railway; whether the channel for this future commerce could not now be most cheaply and easily provided, and with a certain and almost immediate increase of the national prosperity.

The report which was presented to the senate by Mr. Breese, of Illinois, is decidedly in favor of the project, and we understand that it was agreed upon unanimously by the committee. It discusses severally the questions whether Congress has the power to offer the facilities in question, whether the construction of the railway is practicable, whether the means which it is proposed to apply are adequate to the end, and what will be the effect of its construction. The question of constitutionality will not, we suppose, be attended with much difficulty. The practicability of the work the committee consider as settled by the observations of Colonel Fremont, and other practical men familiar with the route along which it is to pass. The two grounds on which the project will probably be most strenu-

ously opposed are, that the means relied upon are not adequate to the end, and that, after the work shall have been completed, there will not be sufficient transportation to keep such an immense length of railway in proper repair. As to the first of these points the committee say:

"Those means are to be derived from the sale of the public lands already acquired, and to be acquired by the extinguishment of the Indian title, to the breadth of thirty miles on each side of the road, extending from Lake Michigan to the shores of the Pacific."

"Through a considerable extent of the route the land is said to be unsuitable for settlement and cultivation, and could not, therefore, be expected to sell. But for about 700 miles from the eastern terminus, the lands are said to be of good quality, though for the most part destitute of timber, and would readily sell at \$1.25 per acre, if the road be made; which, estimating that there would be 26,800,000 acres, would produce the sum of \$33,500,000. Calculating that in the 1,483 miles, from the South Pass to the mouth of the Columbia, 1,000 miles of that distance would be found of sufficient value, in consequence of the construction of the road, to command the same price, (and it is believed that the value of agricultural productions, connected with the water-power to be found there for manufacturing purposes, fully justifies this estimate,) there would be 38,400,000 acres, which would amount to \$48,000,000; and together these sums would amount to \$81,500,000, without considering of any value the intermediate distance of 1,113 miles, forming an area of 42,739,200 acres of land; but which, taking it at the worst, must have at least some verdant and valuable spots, which would become desirable for small settlements, and as depots for the use of the road and for commodities and productions of intersecting veins or lateral channels of trade and commerce. The length of the proposed road being 2,630 miles, and the estimate for its construction, according to Colonel Abert, being \$20,000 per mile, the probable cost would be \$52,600,000, leaving an estimated surplus for repairs, and to keep the parts in operation until the whole is completed, of \$28,900,000. This would appear, on full reflection, to be a moderate and safe calculation; and, moreover, the committee have reason to believe that, from the exciting interest which would not fail to surround this undertaking, when once begun, the pressure for acquisition and investments in the fertile part of these lands, and in the vicinity of so extensive a work, would place their value at least at the minimum price of the public lands. The committee, therefore, incline to believe that the means proposed are abundantly sufficient for the end in view."

The question of the benefits of the railway and the extent to which it will be used, occupies a large portion of the report, and the committee seem to have labored this part of the subject with a good deal of care. We have space at present only for one of the remaining topics on which the report touches:

"Another powerful consideration in favor of the proposed road the committee will advert to. It is the probability of the occurrence, that as the Territory of Oregon, now so distant from us, fills up with an enterprising and industrious people from the several states, they will attract to them settlers from different parts of Europe, all wishing to share in the benefits of our free government, and claiming its protecting care, which cannot be enjoyed or be-

stowed in full measure by reason of the difficulty of access by land and by water. A well grounded apprehension seems then to exist, that, unless some means like the one proposed, of rapid communication with that region, be devised and completed, that country, soon to become a state of vast proportions and of immense political importance, by reason of its position, its own wants, unattended to by this government, will be compelled to establish a separate government—a separate nation—with its cities, ports, and harbors, inviting all the nations of the earth to a free trade with them. From their position, they will control and monopolize the valuable fisheries of the Pacific, control the coast trade of Mexico, South America and the Sandwich Islands, and other islands of the Pacific, of Japan, of China, and of India, and become our most dangerous rival in the commerce of the world. In the opinion of the committee, this road will bind these two great geographical sections indissolubly together, to their mutual advantage, and be the cement of a union which time will but render more durable, and make it the admiration of the world."

We are aware that the feasibility of this project has been called in question in a high quarter, and that some of its opposers who, however, have not taken pains to make themselves very well acquainted with its merits, are very fond of calling it a humbug. It is no humbug, but a magnificent scheme, founded in large views, looking to noble objects, and presenting an aspect of great plausibility, a scheme, in short, such as no man, who duly considers our geographical situation and the close intercourse with our western neighbors, the Asiatic nations, which we shall maintain at no distant day, when our steamers shall issue from the Straits of Fuca to trade with Japan and China, will feel himself justified in rejecting except after very careful examination.—*New York Evening Post*.

From the Knickerbocker.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON ADVERTISEMENTS.

As a tree is known by its fruit, so is a man by his advertisement. Let craniologists amuse themselves by manipulating the *outer* skull; give me a peep at his "three times inside" development, and I will distance them all, with Combe at their head, in arriving at his true character. He will betray himself in his advertisements, as in his cups.

Even when he thinks himself best concealed, having assumed a fictitious signature, he is but playing the woodcock part of hiding his head to no purpose. To illustrate: I am not the owner of any "two-story house in a pleasant neighborhood;" but if thus comfortably possessed, I should hardly be induced to pay much attention to the inquiry after just such a tenement by "a young gentleman with a small family," who desires you to address a line to "ROLLA." I have met with a notice of a stray dog who was represented as "answering" to that name, but doubt whether, under the circumstances, I should feel inclined to emulate that quadruped's sagacity. Indeed, from the extent of cleverness displayed, in the adoption of such a *nom de guerre*, I should entertain a suspicion as to the advertiser's being endowed with a sufficient strength of mind to know when quarter-day came.

But it is the body—the spirit, I may say—of the advertisement which should especially guide us. I can barely imagine that any one, unless in *extremis*, would voluntarily submit his head to the operating hands of a dentist who assures the public in

a "card" that "he will spare no pains in extricating the teeth of those who will favor him with a call." Favor him with a call! Yes, I think he stands fair, if his assurances hold good, to be favored with some extensively loud ones. And shall I, who am neither a Fry nor a Howard, go out of my way to patronize a tailor, because he gives us to understand that he is famous for his fits? And is a sensible person, with his eyes about him, to be deceived by the specious notice of a dry goods man's "selling off," when for the last six months his shop has afforded counter-evidence of his selling-on? There, he is at it now; hear him recommending that piece of shilling calico to the anxious-looking woman: "Fast colors, madam." Yes, good lady, you will say so yourself, when you come to see the rapidity with which they will disappear in the wash-tub. Observe that ticket wafered on the window-pane: "Colored woman's gloves." Don't be deceived into patronizing the establishment on abolition grounds, Mr. Birney, for you may read on the ticket below, "Green children's bonnets." He has only put the adjectives in the wrong place.

Perhaps the most "taking" advertisements are those in the controversial form, between individuals who may both have happened to hitch upon the same branch of business for a livelihood. Two dentists had a brush some time ago; I forget which got the better; perhaps it was what sportsmen call "drawn;" but the public seemed to think it strange that they whose business chiefly consisted in holding *other* people's jaws, could n't——; indeed, common sense and *Æsop's* fable might have dictated the policy of their both pulling one way. Then again, the "milk-question" at one time monopolized the advertising columns of the "Sun." The savage manner in which it was handled, made it but too apparent that there was no cow called "Human kindness" in the dairy of either solicitor for public sympathy; and yet, such is man, we were unconsciously drawn into it; for although it was no great vaccine matter to us whether the animals are fed upon carrots or hay, yet we are free to confess a prejudice in favor of taking the "pale result" of their ruminations in the natural way, without the addition of the Croton, which, to use the mildest language, does not shine in the galaxy.

But the great caoutchouc controversy now raging, bids fair, from the very nature of the subject, to "stretch to the crack of doom." Infringement of patent right is the *cousa belli*, and as this is a game at which two can play, "cribbage" seems to have naturally suggested itself, from the analogy, perhaps, between "two for his heels" and the article of over-shoes. Ambitious of a *rubber*, however, they have called in judge and jury. Did it ever occur to them that the lawyers are keeping the game?

We can arrive at no positive conclusion from the signs of individuals denoting their different trades, mysteries or callings. To be sure, a little pardonable vanity may be predicated of the poulterer who calls himself "Turkey Merchant;" but he is doubtless as well entitled to the appellation as the crockery-man is to that of "China Merchant." A worker in hard-wood and ivory has a sign at the corner of Sixth-avenue, whereon is neatly enough inscribed, "Turning up this Alley"—which reads more like the fragment of a broken sentence than an intimation respecting billiard-balls and chess-men; now, as "it is a long lane which has no turning," and this alley happens to be a short one, I doubt the necessity of any notification whatever. Perhaps this

very idea crossing the mind of the painter while at the job, accounts for its singular want of finish. But, as I before remarked, it is dangerous to speculate too closely upon this species of advertisement; for, as in a drouth, so in a metropolis, all signs fail.

The title of a book is an advertisement, and one which requires more consideration than it generally receives. An author has become so familiar with the common-place sound of his own name, that he is unconscious of the effect it may produce when conjoined with the subject on which he has been writing. Mark that short-necked man who came into Appleton's just now, for the purpose no doubt of making something of "a bill." Why has he colored up, and why does he move, in somewhat of a circular manner to be sure, toward the door? Is he offended? No; the first book he set his eyes upon was "Rush on the Brain." Observe that well-fed-looking old gentleman; what a screwing up of countenance, and sudden twitching up of right foot: "Treadwell on the Gout" meets his glance. "Is there nothing else, madam, you would like to look at?" "Nothing!" says the lady with the smelling-bottle, hysterically, as she leaves the shop. She had seen quite enough—the title of the first book which had greeted her, was "Bell on the Nerves," and the second was "Pitcher on the Head." Now, I myself am not more squeamish than most persons, but on a certain occasion, when a little more bilious than usual, I confess to a very bilge-watery sort of feeling coming over me, as "Watts on the Stomach" stared me full in the face. Let authors, who themselves of all others dread to be ill-spoken of behind their backs, have the same consideration for their books.

The Obituary and the Epitaph form another species of advertisement. The latter, like the signs before mentioned, are rarely to be depended on; their falsity has passed into a proverb; and "Hic jacet" is generally with correctness spelled in translation, "Hear lies." The shorter the epitaph the better. "My griefs cry louder than advertisement," says Shakspeare; and hence I was always favorably struck with the one on the tomb of an actor, once well enough known—"Exit Burbage."

With respect to the Obituary, I remember to have seen one in by-gone days, which, after setting forth the customary "Christian fortitude and resignation," contained an invitation for the friends and relatives of the deceased to follow him, on the next day, to "that bourn whence no traveller returns." The style of the above betrays the pen of no very close reasoner, as the terms of the invitation would be apt to produce what logicians call a "non sequitur." The "useful with the sweet" was well combined in the obituary of a French shop-keeper who died years ago in Paris. Therein we were made acquainted with the virtues of the defunct, and informed in a "nota bene" that "his inconsolable widow still continued his business at the old stand."

The grave got no victory, worth speaking of, over that woman.

In days of yore something might be gleaned from the names of cities relative to their several founders, locality, or other peculiarities; but that sort of advertisement does not obtain to any great extent with us of the New World. One would suppose that an insane schoolmaster had stood godfather for half the villages in the state of New York; witness Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Troy, Carthage, etc., etc., and Rome, too! I wonder whether the inhabitants have the face (the face includes the

nose, I believe,) to call themselves Romans! Now, this is unfortunate; for to the ear of a KNICKERBOCKER it sounds not unprettily—certainly not unpatriotically—to hear a good matron boast of her being "an old New Yorker;" whereas it would go against the grain of any lady in our sister city, Troy, to proclaim herself "an old Trojan."

To conclude. In former days the names of individuals were advertisements of the quality, shape, or occupation of their respective bearers. As the *Boncaurs* (now Bunkers) were so called no doubt from their generosity; probably the first of the name kept open house. *Little*, from the recipient of that cognomen being perhaps of a *short stock*; the *Clarks*, from their literary propensities, and so on. But the only name which occurs to me as substantially carrying out, even to the present day, the idea intended to be conveyed on its first application, is that given in the Scriptures to the devil—"Abaddon."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.—The Albany Herald relates the following incident which occurred at the recent robbery of a German family in that city:

"They stood in a group on the pier, the women wringing their hands and crying most piteously; the old man and his sons and sons-in-law standing by with agony imprinted on their faces in stern lines. They were in a strange land, and their all was gone. The crowd stood gazing at the group, some curious, and some, shame be to them! merry. The law was by its agents seeking for the money and the robbers; but sympathy was what the poor Germans needed. No *white* man or woman conveyed it to them.

A beautiful squaw came by and looked at the mournful group with her piercing black eyes—her face except her eyes was as stone—but her heart understood and *felt* for the distress she saw. She stole noiselessly up to one of the women and plucked her robe; and then with a smile like an angel, that must have shot deep into the woman's heart, she offered her a shilling. It was refused with kindness and with fresh sobs; but we know the act was registered with a shout of triumph in heaven."—*Philadelphia American*, 28 Aug.

THE LATE ALEXANDER LAWSON.—We should have noticed, more particularly than has been done in this paper, the death of the late eminent and venerable artist, Alexander Lawson, who expired in this city, on Saturday last, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mr. Lawson, like his celebrated friend Wilson, was a native of Scotland, but like the "Paisley packman," he discovered here his abilities and won here his reputation. As an engraver of birds and animals, Charles Lucien Bonaparte declared that he had not an equal in the world. His chief excellence was, no doubt, in this department of his art, but everything from his burin was executed with great taste, skill and delicacy.

The plates to Wilson's Ornithology are a lasting monument of his ability, and of his devotion to science also, for he bestowed so much labor upon them, that we have understood that the price which was paid to him, did not amount to more than seventy-five cents per diem for his services. He died suddenly, having been engaged with the graver but two days before.—He was one of the most kind-hearted and honorable men in the world, and it may be said very truly that "none knew him but to love him."

From the True Sun.

COMMERCE VERSUS GLORY.

ONE of the most marked developments of the past few years, more particularly in the last twelve months, has been the fact that commerce and industrial interests, so far predominate in all countries, that international wars have become nearly impossible. The present skirmish with Mexico, so far from being at variance with this position, only proves its truth. Nearly all the great nations of the world are at this time at war with barbarous nations, while the most profound peace marks their rapidly growing intercourse with each other. Russia is combating in the Circassian mountains with a brave, fearless, but semi-barbarous race. France continues her bloody attempts to oppress the tribes of Algeria. England has not sheathed the bloody weapons that forced her way into Lahore. France and England together are attempting to crush the spirit of independence on the La Plata, and the United States are repelling the attack of the despotic chiefs of a weak, anti-commercial people. On the outskirts of civilization in all directions, from one cause or another, the arms of the larger powers are enlarging the circle of the general commerce.

This operation it appears is not interfered with as long as it does not take a shape to interrupt trade. Governments and politicians pursue their old trade of war unmolested by the commercial interests, as long as the free action of the latter is not restrained by the hostilities. Time was when the action of the English government was controlled by those who reaped all the fruits, the honors and emoluments of a state of war without incurring any of its hardships. The interests of commerce and the rights of the people were in those days of far less importance to government rulers than a fancied point of honor or the sovereignty of a patch of land. England went through long years of warfare and bloodshed at the expense of most of the debt which now crushes her people into the dust, because her minister could not find it in his heart to fulfil the terms of the treaty of Amiens into which he had solemnly entered, and which stipulated that English troops should evacuate the Island of Malta. He could not bring himself to surrender that rock which did not belong to him, and as a consequence, after twelve years of war, the people have for thirty years groaned under the annual payment of \$150,000,000 for the interest on the debt created to carry on that war, and the debt is still as large as ever. Notwithstanding that debt, commerce has continued to grow, and the industrial interests have annually gained upon the aristocratic power of the nobles. The result is, that they will no longer suffer war.

During that old period of arrogant pretensions, England laid claim to the Oregon, and refused to settle it on equitable principles. She adhered to her grasping policy in negotiation down to 1846, and then consented to take that which she always had refused, because her commercial interests overpowered the arrogance of her aristocracy. She consented to take, in June, 1846, the same quantity of land that her minister, Mr. Packenham, declared, in August, 1845, to be inconsistent with "fairness and equity." Thirty years ago, she could not, with safety to herself, have receded so palpably from her pretensions, in the face of Europe, almost avowedly from fear of a war. She can do so now, because the commercial interest of Europe has ad-

vanced in almost as great a ratio, and the people appreciate the importance of peace. They are aware that it is only in time of peace that the people become strong and the government weak:—that an occasional war is necessary to produce a new fusion of military feudalism in society, to enhance the dependents on government patronage, and to diminish that private wealth which forms the strength of and will ultimately enfranchise the people.

MISCELLANY.

THE next step in the emancipation of the people of Europe, will be on the death of Louis Philippe or Prince Metternich, one or both. The rare sagacity of these two chiefs has hitherto sufficed to retard the progress of popular rights, and their demise will be the signal for a mighty effort throughout Germany and France, to recover into the hands of the people those rights of which they have been so long deprived. The result is inevitable, and the train may be fired at any moment. The consequences none can foresee, and all governments are wisely preparing for the end. It must be a great struggle of the people of all countries for their rights, and the operation of railroads and increasing commerce are yearly uniting the people of Europe in mutual interests. A popular movement in one nation will be responded to by the people of all. The existence of despotism in one government cannot survive its extermination in another, and the liberties of Poland may be restored in the general emancipation of all from monarchical rule. To excite an international war and promote national antipathies will be the policy of royalists, but each year evinces an increase of international sympathies, and the union of the masses against oppressors.

In the chambers of Baden-Baden a motion was agreed to, inviting the government to bring under the notice of the German diet the vast extent to which emigration to America is being carried. Last year the number of emigrants was 62,000, or 800 more than in the preceding year, and it was increasing every month. The emigrants of last year formed not less than one five-hundredth part of the whole population of Germany. Such a draft from our people is felt, especially as Germany is not thickly populated like England. One half of the emigrants, it is not too much to say, are imposed upon by knavish emigration agents, and by fellows who persuade them to sell their little properties (when they have any) for less than their value.

THE correspondent of the European Times says: "One or two of the journals have expressed great mortification at seeing such vast numbers of Swiss and Germans wend their way to the United States, instead of to Algiers, where they think the chances of getting richer are better. But, unfortunately, they overlook one thing, and that is, that Algiers is governed by the iron hand of military tyranny, while in the United States, there is freedom. Some little pamphlets have lately been put forth in Paris, strongly recommending emigration to the United States, and telling most marvellous tales of the fortunes to be gained there by everybody. I have also seen a pamphlet in Germany to the same effect; but adding that the number of Germans in America is so great as to be already almost equal to the native-born Americans, and that not only do the Germans keep up their distinct nationality, speak their own language, and employ it in public

documents, but that, in the course of a few years, they will be sufficiently strong to effect a separation from the Anglo-Saxon States, and establish an independent German nation on the American continent. What likelihood there may be of such an event I am not able to say; but I can tell your readers, on the authority of a German gentleman who has the means of knowing, that it counts for a great deal—more, perhaps, than would readily be believed—in the estimation of the thousands of Germans who quit their beloved 'Vaterland' for the New World."

JEWISH EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA.—The Orient has the following from Ellwangen, May 11:—"A large and peculiar troop of emigrants to America passed here this day. The whole company consisted of Jews from the neighboring town of Oberdorf. The poverty which characterizes the appearance of German emigrants for America was happily not perceptible in this instance. On the contrary, affluence appeared to pervade their ranks. Elegant omnibusses conveyed the parties to the place of embarkation, and all were dressed, particularly the handsome Jewish girls, who formed no mean part of the company. The whole had a gay and cheerful appearance. The company carries with them a 'Sepher Tora,' (scroll of the law,) which they had solemnly dedicated in the synagogue of Oberdorf previous to their departure. The emigrants follow their relations and friends, who had preceded them several years, and encouraged them to seek the well beloved land of North America, where they are not, as in most German states, deprived of their natural rights and privileges as citizens, on account of adhering to the faith of their ancestors."

EMIGRATION INTO VIRGINIA.—The emigration from western New York and the New England states into the northern part of Virginia is very large. Fairfax county is coming fast into the possession of settlers like these. Other portions of the state are also likely to be rescued in a similar manner. "It is a singular spectacle," says the Richmond Republican, "which Virginia now presents; the departure of her own sons to other lands, and the immigration into her borders of citizens from other states. For years has she been drained of the flower of her youthful population, leaving their place to be supplied by men who seem to place a higher value upon the advantages which they have surrendered." In due time, no doubt, Virginia will awaken to the perception of the main causes of her premature decrepitude. The western portion of the state will show something by its example, by and by, of the true sources of a commonwealth's prosperity. Gov. McDowell's messages have some useful references on this subject, with facts and statistics which speak a very plain language of their own.

WEST-INDIA IMMIGRATION.—By the Zulette, at Norfolk, we have full files of West India papers, from which are gathered the following items relative to the much spoken of Coolie immigration to the British colonies.—*United States Gazette*.

Trinidad.—The Gazette announces the arrival of another batch of immigrants, from Madras and Calcutta, amounting, in the whole, to 353. The Madras people, the editor states, are a fine, athletic set, superior, as a whole, to any that had as yet arrived. The distribution of these immigrants seems to have been conducted in a very discreditable man-

ner. The Gazette admits that they were not satisfied, and that "distant kindred" were separated. The Spectator speaks of it in the following terms:

"Yesterday there was witnessed in the yard at government house a scene disgraceful to a free country—a scene bearing a striking resemblance to what is witnessed in a professed slave market. The Indian immigrants, by the Lord William Bentinck, from Madras, and the Cadet, from Calcutta, amounting to 453, were distributed gratis to the favorite applicants by the immigration agent general, in pure Baltimore or Cuban style. In apportioning to the planters the respective numbers applied for, no regard whatever was paid to the ties of family or friendship. Wives were separated from their husbands, and children from their parents. While being thus meted out as mules, if a husband rushed towards his wife, or *vice versa*, or a mother to the lot containing her sons, the poor affectionate creatures were rudely pushed back in the most brutal and unfeeling manner by that amalgamation of inhumanity and self-conceit, the immigration agent general. Shall such things be tolerated in Trinidad in 1846?"

Demerara.—The following paragraphs, from Emery's Journal, are worthy of perusal:

"Most people in this quarter anticipate, as a now inevitable event, the outbreak of a war with the United States. The feelings consequent on such an expectation are of a very gloomy kind. Not that a foreign invasion appears to be the most serious ill that could befall us. A permanent occupation of the province by a hostile force is improbable. But it has been the policy of our rulers to discountenance the cultivation of every product of the soil except sugar and its kindred staples. Peace and high prices at home enable us to buy food from America. The results of a fall in prices or a war must be obvious. Moreover, our rulers contemplate that, of a public revenue of \$820,000, \$290,000 shall be raised by a tax on imports. A war would cut off this branch at once.

"The scarcity of money continues to prevail to a degree not paralleled in the recollection of any body.

"So many coolies, half naked, scabby, famishing, helpless from ignorance, and overrun with vermin, infest the highways of the metropolis; the authorities have hounded on them the police, who drive them into the lock-up house, (surely an illegal act,) and the planters cry out for permission to conclude contracts of indenture, that is, with beguiled strangers, who cannot comprehend the signification thereof. That some coolies are doing well, is undeniable. But, as we have paid for the introduction of all, and are bound to re-export all, at the end of five years, at our own cost, every hour of coolie vagrancy aggravates the loss of our foolish speculation."

EARL DARNLEY felt the venom of Lord Ellenborough's wit in the house of lords, where he had been making a wearisome oration on the never-ending theme, the wrongs of Ireland. He had excited a contagious drowsiness in the house, which extended to himself, and was stopped in the midst of a parenthetical sentence by the necessity of making a hearty yawn. "There's some sense in that, however," growled the impatient judge, with a derisive gravity, whose influence not even the bench of bishops could resist.

A good specimen of pungent humor, not always observant of time or place, is given by Lord Eldon. Upon one of the royal marriages, there being much talking during the ceremony, in one corner of the drawing-room, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed, "Be silent in that corner of the room, or you shall be married yourselves."

THE EGYPTIAN PEA.—Several years ago, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson found a vase and an Egyptian sarcophagus, 2,844 years old, in a mummy pit, which he subsequently presented to the British Museum. On examination, the vase was found to contain a few grains of wheat, a few peas, and other decaying substances, supposed to have been originally similar substances. Three of the peas were presented by P. J. Pettigrew, Esq., to Mr. W. Grimstone, of the Herbarium, Highgate, who, on the 4th of June, 1844, planted them in a compost resembling the alluvial soil of the Nile. They were placed in a forcing frame, and in exactly one month he was most agreeably surprised by the sprouting of one of them. The product was nineteen pods, from which fifty-five peas were preserved. Some of these were planted on the 23d of April, 1845, and some on the 4th of June, in the open air, and in a similar compost, and all were soon in a most flourishing condition, producing quite a plentiful crop of seed. The Egyptian pea is very prolific, producing from seventy to one hundred pods. The tree grows similarly to a dwarf grape vine, about three feet in height, and has many stems, two or three mother stems generally springing from the parent stalk.—*Britannia*.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*July 13.*—A paper was read by M. Séguier on the construction of railroads. M. Séguier is an advocate for railroad travelling; and is of opinion that a very much greater rate of speed than that which is now attained could be adopted with perfect safety, if proper care and skill were taken in the construction of the roads and of the material, and due skill and attention manifested by the persons employed. He thinks, however, that any rate of speed however small, is dangerous, when all the conditions of safety are overlooked. He indignantly notices the indifference to human life in the construction of railroads on the border of precipices without parapets—in the mode of making tunnels and viaducts—in that of laying down the rails, &c. He suggests many improvements—and particularly one to which he attaches great importance. He recommends a middle rail with a centre wheel for the locomotive; by which means the weight would have an equal bearing, instead of throwing it all on the sides, and thus rendering a *déraillement* almost inevitable in the event of any sudden shock.—MM. Bouchardat and Sandras completed their series of communications on the digestion of food, by an article on the effect of alcoholic liquids. They state that these liquids do not undergo in the apparatus of digestion any other change than that of being weakened by the gastric juice and mucus, the saliva, and the other liquids which may be present. The absorption of alcoholic liquids is effected by the orifices of the veins. It is particularly in the stomach that this takes place, when these liquids are taken in excess or mixed with sugar. The absorption, however, may be continued throughout the intestines. The chyliferous vessels perform no part in this absorption. Spirituous liquors, when introduced into the circulation,

are not eliminated by any of the secretory organs, a small portion only is evaporated by the lungs. If the quantity taken be very great, the arterial blood preserves the color of venous blood, and alcohol may induce apoplexy. Alcohol, under the influence of oxygen, incessantly introduced into the system by the respiration, may be immediately converted into water and carbonic acid, but in many cases acetic acid has been obtained.—A paper was received from M. Lassaigne on the air of crowded rooms. The author proves that the carbonic acid is found in the entire mass of air in the room—and that the partial admission of fresh air will not suffice for the purposes of health.—*Athenæum*.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO ROME AND LONDON.—A correspondent of the *Mechanics' Magazine* has the following speculations on the relative supplies of this important agent of health and comfort to modern London and ancient Rome:—"The probable supply to the 1,000,000 inhabitants of which Rome could at one time boast, amounted to 50,000,000 cubic feet—being equal to about 50 cubic feet for each individual. This is probably 20 times the quantity which London now receives for each of its inhabitants—a fact which goes far to justify the application of the disgraceful term 'bathless' to this the largest, the most opulent, and the most powerful city in the world. How miserably insignificant do our water-works appear, and how trifling the supply they furnish to this mighty city of more than 2,000,000 when contrasted with the immense flood of pure water poured into old Rome by her gigantic aqueducts! And how discreditable the difference between the two capitals, when we reflect on the far superior resources which modern science has placed at her command, and on the well known fact, that, through the happy constitution of the strata on which London stands, she has at her command—requiring as it were, but the smiting of the rock, to make them gush forth—boundless supplies of the purest possible water!"—*Athenæum*.

PARTIAL DESTRUCTION OF THE HIPPODROME AT PARIS.—A terrible fire broke out at the Hippodrome about three o'clock on Monday morning, and reduced to ashes a portion of that building. The guardian perceiving that considerable smoke issued from the side of the stabling, immediately gave the alarm, and the most prompt assistance was immediately organized: but every effort was unavailing to save the building, and part of it was totally destroyed. The fire unfortunately broke out in the most valuable part of the edifice, where were situated the stables, the hay and corn lofts, as well as the dressing rooms. The halters of the horses were immediately cut, and the frightened stud were seen to gallop in every direction, some towards Paris, others towards the wood of Boulogne. The sight was a most extraordinary one, and those who witnessed above a hundred horses, with their manes erect and their nostrils dilated, flying in all directions, might have imagined they witnessed a real Barbary chase. The cries of the monkeys were truly frightful, and some difficulty occurred in saving them. Every one endeavored to catch them, and a large ape in particular was caught with considerable trouble, the animal preventing every one approaching him by throwing stones, chairs, everything in his reach at the persons who attempted to seize hold of him.—*Examiner*.

REVIVAL OF JOHANNA SOUTHCOTISM.—For some time past, the most active exertions have been made by the surviving followers of Johanna Southcote, and several rooms, termed chapels, been opened at various parts of town; and numerous preachers, chiefly females, hold forth every Sabbath on Kensington Common and other public places, intimating the near approach of the only true Shiloh.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A LAKE.—It is announced, from Inspruck, that the inhabitants of the valley of Oetzthel, in the Tyrol, have just been witnesses of an extraordinary event; not claiming, however, the character of a phenomenon—inasmuch as the cause is apparent, and of the most ordinary kind. The waters of the lake of Venner have suddenly disappeared; having flowed out, in a single night, through a large opening broken through the bottom of their basin.

THE NILE.—Mr. Nasmyth, the eminent engineer is constructing two of the powerful machines invented by him for driving piles, and which are to be employed in the great works at present in progress, by order of Mehemet Ali, for damming up the Nile, and rendering the irrigation of Lower Egypt in a great measure independent of the annual rising and overflowing of that river.

In the House of Commons, on the 9th of July, a somewhat curious petition was presented, of which the following notice is given:—

Mr. T. Duncombe presented a petition from Charles Augustus Frederick, Duke of Brunswick. The petitioner said he claimed the protection of that house because he had not been able to obtain justice in the courts of law; that on his father's death he became possessed of immense wealth; that at that period the Prince Regent, afterward George the Fourth, was appointed his guardian; that at the age of eighteen, when, according to the laws of the Duchy of Brunswick, he attained his majority, he claimed possession of his privileges and fortune, which claim was refused; that when he attained the age of twenty-one, the Duke of Cambridge, who was then viceroy of Hanover, was appointed his guardian; that a revolution afterward took place, and the then reigning Duke of Brunswick was deprived of his crown, and also of his private fortune; that in nearly all revolutions it had been customary to allow the deposed prince to retain his private possessions; that the crown of Brunswick is now held by the King of Hanover, who is self-styled "curator," contrary to all law and usage; that the petitioner has made various attempts to obtain redress, all of which had failed; and that it had been stated, in accounting for the revenues of the duchy, that £100,000 a year is remitted to this country for the support of the petitioner, who denies having received a single shilling. The petitioner not only prayed for inquiry on his own account, but because there were certain allegations made, affecting the character of some portions of the royal family of England. The hon. member moved that the petition should be printed with the votes, and gave notice that he would, to-morrow, call the attention of the house to the subject.

THE burial-ground of Santa Maria in Mexico is the most beautiful of the kind I have ever seen—and it is really not a misapplication of the term beautiful, to apply it to a grave-yard such as this. It is a space of ground of some eight or ten acres

enclosed with a stone wall, about fifteen feet high and ten thick. This wall serves the double purpose of enclosing the ground and as a place to deposit the dead. Little niches are made in it large enough to receive a coffin, like the pigeon-holes in a desk.

The whole area, is laid off in gravel walks and bordered with flowers and shrubbery, and beautiful marble tombs all over it. Lamps are always kept burning at night, and altogether I have never seen any other last resting-place which had so little gloom about it.

The lower classes are buried in other places and without coffins; they are carried to the grave on rude litters, but the children and women generally on beds made of roses and other flowers.

The wife of General Canalizo died whilst he was President *ad interim*, during the absence of Santa Anna. She was embalmed and had a pair of glass eyes inserted, and lay in state for several days, gorgeously dressed and glittering in jewels; every one was admitted to the great chamber of the palace where the body was exposed. It was a most revolting spectacle, and all the more so to those who knew the modest, gentle and unostentatious character of that very uncommon woman. She seemed to be unconscious of the great dignity of the situation to which her husband had been elevated, and spent her whole life in acts of charity and benevolence, and was singularly averse to all sorts of ostentation and parade.—*Recollections of Mexico.*

CAPTAIN PARRY was once asked, at a dinner party where the veteran joker was present, what he and his crew had lived upon when they were frozen on the Polar Sea. Parry said they lived upon the seals. "And very good living too," exclaimed Lord Erskine, "if you keep them long enough."

THE LAND RAIL, OR CORN CRAKE, A VENTRILQUIST.—We cannot write of the land rail, before dinner, without a certain exudation from the palate. This fat little bird must not be confounded with the water rail: besides that its bill is much shorter, it is much more timorous; indeed, so much so, as to be almost invisible but to the most persevering pointer and sportsman; and it is made so strong in the lower limbs, by the length of the leg, shank, and toes, that its rapidity of motion appears next to miraculous. What need of wings at all to a creature, considering its proportions, with such an enormous capacity of stretch. Talk of seven-league boots, indeed! You must drop the simile, and think of the railroad car. It is named corn crake, from its noise, or call, "Creke, creke, creke," which may be heard "now here, now there, now everywhere, and now nowhere;" and wherefore? Simply, that the bird is an uneducated ventriloquist, and deceives you into the belief that he is at any spot the farthest from the actual one. In many respects its habits are similar to those of the water rail; for, though the first seeks the thick grass meadows and moist and sheltered vales, yet are its preferences chiefly aquatic, taking to osier-beds, young grass, or grain in moist places, and low-lying districts, before any others. Here he will choose his position, uttering his "creke" from a clod of earth, and you shall be running on one side and the other, and ever so far away after his call, which possesses all the modulations of distance.—*Craven's Recreations in Shooting.*

[Bearing in mind that the Edinburgh Review may be supposed to express the opinions of the present ministry, our readers will appreciate the importance of this article. It foreshadows a great change which will promote the cause of peace, and will draw emigrants from all nations to British colonies.]

From the Edinburgh Review.

Sophismes Economiques. Par M. FREDERIC BASTIAT. 12mo. Paris: 1846.

M. BASTIAT has, in this well-written volume, collected and exposed the most popular Protectionist fallacies; those sophistical arguments which are most frequently employed in defence of protective duties on imports, and against the freedom of trade. The publication of such a book is of itself a proof that the doctrines of Free-Trade are beginning to make some progress in France; and that the countrymen of Turgot are not all deluded by that spurious patriotism which identifies the exclusion of foreign goods with the promotion of national interests. The simplicity and directness of the argument in favor of Free-Trade, ought, indeed, to secure it a ready acceptance in all countries where reason can make herself heard, and where sectional interests have not a complete ascendancy. But the present state of France is similar to that of England at the time when Adam Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations*. The manufacturers and merchants were at that time the principal champions of the restrictive system in England; the agriculturists—as he observes—were not infected with the same selfish and narrow-minded spirit as the trading part of the community.* The system of protection is, by the French tariff, extended indeed to all native products, whether of agriculture or manufacture; but the persons interested in manufactures are in France the most active and zealous advocates of protection. The landed interest principally desire protection in their capacity of owners of wood for burning. In England, however, partly owing to the vast increase of our manufacturing industry, and partly to the influence of the last war with France, the opinions and interests on this subject have been completely reversed since the time of Dr. Smith. The manufacturers of England have ceased to confine their ambition to the supply of their native market; they work for the general market of the world. The monopoly of the English market is therefore no longer important to them; and instead of asking for the exclusion of

* "Country gentlemen and farmers are, to their great honor, of all people the least subject to the wretched spirit of monopoly. Country gentlemen and farmers, dispersed in different parts of the country, cannot so easily combine as merchants and manufacturers, who, being collected into towns, and accustomed to that exclusive corporation spirit which prevails in them, naturally endeavor to obtain, against all their countrymen, the same exclusive privilege which they generally possess against the inhabitants of their respective towns. They accordingly seem to have been the original inventors of those restraints upon the importation of foreign goods, which secure to them the monopoly of the home market."—*Wealth of Nations*, book iv. ch. 2. This passage was quoted by Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the introduction of the corn-law measure, at the beginning of this session.

foreign manufactures, they desire that all restrictions on foreign trade, which limit the external demand for their goods should be abolished. On the other hand, the agricultural body has adopted the cast-off prejudices and alarms of the manufacturers and merchants;—that system of selfish error which, from its authors and promoters, obtained the name of the *Mercantile System*.

During the war, corn, although the importation was from 1800 to 1815 practically free, rose, on various accounts, to a very high price.* The range of high prices during this period produced a double effect. In the first place, the existence of scarcity and dearth during the war, combined with the violent anti-commercial policy of Napoleon, had created a genuine conviction of the importance of relying on home-grown corn, exclusively of foreign supplies.† The Corn-law report of 1813, in which the modern protective policy of this country originated, puts forward the danger of this commercial dependence, as the main argument for prohibition; and it particularly dwells on the probability of large supplies of grain being obtained from Ireland, for the supply of the manufacturing population of England, under an improved system of cultivation. In the next place, the agricultural interest, having been accustomed for several years to an extraordinary height of prices, were desirous of preventing a sudden and (apparently to them) ruinous depreciation. Accordingly the report of 1813 recommended that the importation of flour and meal should be totally prohibited; that the importation of wheat should be prohibited when the price was under 105s.; and that, when it reached this price, it should be admitted at a duty of 24s. 3d. a quarter.‡ These propositions, which now sound almost fabulous, were, at the time, considered fair and reasonable by statesmen still living; and it was then thought by persons favorable to freedom of commerce, that the government, which took up the subject in 1815, had made a great concession in fixing the point of prohibition at so low a price as 80s. instead of 90s. or 100s.—the amounts proposed by Sir Henry Parnell and the other advocates of restrictive policy.§ In consequence of the corn-law

* The average prices of the imperial quarter of wheat for the following years, stood thus:—

Year.	Average prices.
	s. d.
1810, - - - - -	106 5
1811, - - - - -	95 3
1812, - - - - -	126 6
1813, - - - - -	109 9

An allowance must, however, be made for the depreciation of the currency during this period.

† Mr. Tooke, in his *History of Prices*, vol. i., p. 309, has given some curious details as to the increase of the expenses of freight during the later years of the war. In 1809-12, the freight and insurance from the Baltic to London, was, on an average, for a quarter of wheat, 50s.; in 1837, it was 4s. 6d. For a load of timber, the same expenses were L.10 in 1809-12; and L.1 in 1837.

‡ This report is printed at length in Hansard's *Parl. Hist.*, vol. xxv. app. p. 55. An abstract of it may be found in the *Annual Register* for 1813: *State Papers*, p. 371.

§ Sir H. Parnell's opinions on this subject afterwards underwent an entire change, and he became an advocate of a free trade in corn. See his speech on Mr. Villier's motion, House of Commons, 15th March, 1838.

established in 1815, and modified by successive mitigations into the sliding-scale of 1842, the agricultural interest learnt to believe that their prosperity was identified with protection, and that rents would fall, or the land even go out of cultivation, if the duties on foreign corn were not maintained. During the same period, partly by the extension of the market for our own manufactures, and partly by the repeal of protective duties on foreign manufactures—commenced by Mr. Huskisson, continued by the administrations of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, and consummated by Sir Robert Peel—the manufacturing and, to a great extent, the trading classes of the country, had been deprived of their interest in favor of commercial restrictions. Their opinions and conduct, no longer misled by self-regarding considerations, naturally inclined to that policy which is favorable to the interests of the general public. Hence there were petitions in favor of free-trade, signed by the principal merchants and traders of London; hence the Anti-corn-law League—a body mainly composed of members of the manufacturing interest, and supplied with funds by their contributions—attacked the protection enjoyed by the agriculturist, instead of making common cause with them, for the maintenance of *all* protective duties; and even proclaimed its advocacy of universal free-trade. It is by this separation of interests that the cause of the consumer, of the mere member of the general public, not belonging to any organized body, or enrolled under the standard of any peculiar interest—has become triumphant. The joy of King Priam at the quarrels of the Grecian chieftains could not have exceeded the wondering delight with which Adam Smith would have heard of the English manufacturers and traders having become the champions of free-trade, and assailing the protective duties on agricultural produce. So long as all the powerful interests of a community—agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial—are bound together in a compact and firm alliance for the maintenance of a prohibitive system of import duties, the unconnected, undisciplined aggregate of consumers are, in the present state of opinion and intelligence, utterly helpless against such a coalition. But if, from any circumstances, the interests of those who have to sell begin to conflict, the cause of those who have to buy has some chance of success. Such has already been the case in England; and we will venture to predict, that, so soon as the protected interests of France, Germany, and the United States, begin to fall out amongst themselves—so soon as they cease to make a common prey of the consumer, and are found to do more harm to one another than to the public—then, and not till then, will the prohibitory tariffs of these countries be relaxed.

Since the open transition of Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham to the cause of universal free-trade, and the introduction of the comprehensive measure of commercial reform at the beginning of this session, it may be said that, with one exception, all the leading statesmen of the present day—all the public men who are likely, for some years to come, to guide the deliberations of Parliament—are favorable, not merely to the abstract principles of freedom of commerce, but to their practical application, and their adoption as rules of legislation. It is now generally admitted, that the protection of native British industry, whether manufacturing or agricultural, by means of duties on imports, intended not for revenue but for exclusion, is a false and vicious system, and is to be abandoned in practice.

Nevertheless, although it is conceded that *native* industry is not to enjoy a monopoly; and that the producers of Great Britain and Ireland are to be exposed to the salutary competition of the whole world; yet there still abides among us a delusion—partly sentimental and partly politic—that protection ought to be given to *colonial* industry. We ought not, it is granted, to protect native hardware, or silks, or corn; but we ought to protect the sugar or coffee of the West and East Indies; the wines of the Cape, and the timber of Canada; and to give these products the monopoly of the British market, to the exclusion of cheaper and better foreign articles, and to our own manifest and undeniable detriment. It appears to us that the time has now arrived, when this question deserves a separate consideration in this Journal; and we therefore propose, without going into details, or expressing opinions on the expediency of particular rates of duty, to lay before the reader our views upon the origin and policy of the system of protecting the produce of British colonies, by discriminating duties levied in the ports of the United Kingdom.

When the European nations had, in consequence of the extension of navigation, formed distant settlements in America and Asia, the main advantage to be derived by a mother country from the possession of colonies and dependencies, was supposed to consist in the *monopoly of their trade*. This monopoly, as Bryan Edwards has remarked,* had a very wide extent. It consisted in the monopoly of supply, the monopoly of export, and the monopoly of manufacture. The colony was permitted to trade only with the mother country, and was prohibited from commercial intercourse with the rest of the world. It was compelled to receive its supplies, both of raw and manufactured articles, from the same source. It was compelled to bring its produce to the same market, and to bring it in a raw state; in order that the natives of the paramount nation might enjoy the profits derivable from its manufacture. What the colony had to sell, it was to sell at a cheap rate to the mother country. What it had to buy, it was to buy at a dear rate from the mother country.

Upon this jealous and restrictive system, not only the foreign possessions of Spain and Holland, and the other continental countries, were administered, but even those of England, up to the American war. So completely had it been established in opinion as well as practice, that this was the natural relation between a dependent colony and its mother country, that the American colonies of England acquiesced in the system; and would doubtless have, for a time at least, retained their allegiance in spite of its existence, if the attempt to tax them directly for the benefit of the mother country had not been made.

The American war and its event gave to the world a memorable lesson on the necessity of moderation and forbearance in the exercise of the rights of a mother country over its colonies. The writings of Adam Smith and his followers, likewise, by degrees opened the eyes of the English government and people to the mischievous effect of the old colonial system; so that, since the end of the last century, the commercial restrictions

* *History of the West Indies*, vol. ii., p. 565. The subject of Colonial Trade, with the various restrictions and regulations by which it has been fettered, and the consequences of these restrictions, is well treated by Mr. Merivale, in his *Lectures on Colonization and the Colonies*, vol. i., chapters 7 and 8.

upon the English colonies have been relaxed, and a more liberal policy has been adopted.

Much of the old exclusive system is however retained by Holland, France, and Spain, in the few colonial possessions which these countries possess.* Thus, as the Spaniards formerly prohibited the cultivation of the vine and olive in their American colonies; so the French now prohibit the cultivation of the vine in Algeria;† a settlement whose agricultural prosperity would not seem to threaten any serious danger to the most timid and jealous of the vine-growers of France. England still maintains, for the benefit of the native sugar-refiners, the prohibition to refine sugar in her West India Islands; although this manufacture could be carried on profitably in those colonies. The distillation of spirits from sugar in the United Kingdom is likewise prohibited; and this prohibition is still enforced, although it can have little practical effect. However, since the abolition of the commercial privileges of the East India Company, and the permission of a direct trade in provisions between our West India Islands and the United States, by the reforms of Mr. F. Robinson and Mr. Huskisson, the English colonies are subject to no very material restrictions, as to industry and trade, imposed for the benefit of the mother country.‡

While this restrictive system was, to a considerable extent, still maintained for the English colonies, a plan of reciprocity was devised, which was to compensate the colony for the restrictions to which it was subjected. It was thought that the sacrifices made by the mother country and colony ought to be mutual; that, if the mother country enjoyed a preference in the market of the colony, the colony ought to enjoy a preference in the market of the mother country. A system of discriminating duties, by which an advantage was given to colonial produce imported into the mother country, was accordingly introduced. The theory of this contrivance is as follows:—the mother country knowingly subjects the colony to certain commercial or industrial disadvantages, for her own sake. In return, she

subjects herself to certain disadvantages of a like nature, for the sake of the colony. The two communities make an alliance for mutual injury, to be voluntarily inflicted on each other, and to be borne by each party without complaint. The contract is not, as in natural and unregulated commerce, *Do ut des*; but *Ledo ut ledas*. The balance of profit and loss, when reduced to its elements, stands thus: I make a gain by doing you an injury; and, in compensation, I permit you to make a similar gain by doing me a similar injury. It seems like an attempt to embody the *lex talionis* in mercantile transactions. And thus far the plan is successful. The injury which each party undertakes to inflict on the other, is actually inflicted and punctually suffered. But (as we shall see presently) the benefit which is to accrue to both parties, is often altogether absent, and is never fully enjoyed. So far as the scheme involves a loss, it is always successful; so far as it promises a profit, it is generally unsuccessful.

The most remarkable case in which this policy has been pursued by England, are Canada timber and corn, West India sugar, spirits, and coffee, and Cape of Good Hope wines.

During the late war, in consequence of the seizure of the Danish fleet, and the rupture with Denmark in 1807, it was feared that the supplies of Baltic timber might be interrupted. And although, up to the first years of this century, England was exclusively supplied with timber from the Baltic, and had not derived any supplies from North America, yet it must be admitted that there was some ground for this apprehension. The price of Memel timber, which in 1802 had been 78s. per load, rose in 1809, with only a slight increase of duty, to 320s. per load. Accordingly, Mr. Vansittart, the chancellor of the exchequer, and Mr. George Rose, the president of the board of trade, devised the singular plan of providing against this contingency, by an immense increase in the duties on European timber, and an almost total repeal of those on American timber. This discrimination of duties has been mitigated by various changes since the peace, particularly by the tariff of 1842; but even, after the alteration made by the tariff act of this session, the interval is still very wide, as will appear by a comparison of the three first items under the head of timber.

Timber or wood, not being deals, battens, boards, staves, handspikes, oars, lathwood, or other timber or wood, sawn, split, or otherwise dressed, per load of fifty cubic feet.	From foreign countries.	From British possessions after 6th April, 1848.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
— deals, battens, or other timber, for wood, sawn, or split, per load of fifty cubic feet.	1 0 0	— 2 0
— staves, per load of fifty cubic feet.	— 18 0	— 2 0

The result of this system has been, that an immense importation of the inferior timber of Canada has taken place; and that the good and cheap timber of the north of Europe has been in great measure excluded. Cases even occurred of ships being laden in the Baltic with timber, and making the voyage to Canada and back to England, in order to introduce their cargo as American timber. The timber trade between England and Canada, as compared with that between England and the Baltic, has for the last few years been nearly as ten to one. The rates which are introduced by the act of this session still leave an immense protection to Canada timber

* On the commercial system adopted by Spain and Holland towards their respective colonies, see M'Gregor's *Commercial Tariffs*, Part vi., p. 164; Part xiii., p. 121. It appears that Spain has now relaxed all the rigor of her ancient colonial monopoly.

† See *The French in Algiers*, p. 74. It is a singular circumstance, that the Romans had made a similar prohibition in Gaul, when it was a dependent province. "Nos vero, justissimi homines, (says Cicero,) qui Transalpinas gentes oleam et vitem serere non sinimus, quo pluris sint nostra oliveta nostræque vineæ; quod quum faciamus, prudenter facere dicimur, juste non dicimur."—*De Republica*, iii. 9.

‡ M. Thiers, in his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, liv. xvi., ad init., (tom. iv.,) has imagined a strange theory in order to account for the relaxation of the colonial monopoly, without tracing it to a more enlightened state of opinion upon political and commercial subjects. "The European nations (he says) produce what they used to import; instead of being commercial they are manufacturing; instead of importing sugar, muslins, and cotton prints, they make these articles for themselves at home. *Au grand spectacle de l'ambition coloniale a succédé de la sorte le spectacle de l'ambition manufacturière.*" This view embodies another form of the favorite fallacy of commercial independence. It may be remarked, that in proving the worthlessness of colonies in the present state of the world, M. Thiers may seem to console his countrymen by an argument somewhat similar to that in the fable of the fox and the grapes. Of India, the value of which used to be greatly magnified by French politicians, he disposes as follows:—"L'Inde enfin, sous le sceptre de l'Angleterre, n'est plus qu'une conquête ruinée par les progrès de l'industrie Européenne, et employée à nourrir quelques officiers, quelques commis, quelques magistrats de la métropole."

while they nearly sacrifice the revenue upon an article of large importation, not subject to contraband.*

The Cape of Good Hope was acquired by England in 1795, and finally annexed to the crown in 1806. Unfortunately for us, the cultivation of the vine had been introduced into this colony by the Dutch, through the assistance, it is said, of French refugees, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It seems as if nature had nearly limited the making of wine to Europe. In spite of the latter fables concerning the Indian origin of Bacchus, he was essentially a European deity. Nor have the settlements of modern states, or their improvements in the arts of cultivation, much extended his domain. Except Asia Minor and Persia, Madeira and the Canary Isles, with some districts in Mexico,† the Cape is the only place out of Europe where wine is made. And it seems from the description of Dr. Henderson, in his *History of Ancient and Modern Wines*, to be thoroughly unsuited to this production. The vineyards which yield the Constantia wine have a natural fitness for the grape; but the soil of the colony is in general unfavorable to the growth of wine. Moreover, the culture is unskilful, and the processes of the vintage are ill conducted; so that, according to Dr. Henderson, a large proportion of the wine is "execrable." During the war, however, and the existence of the anti-commercial system of Napoleon, it was thought by our government that the supply of wine from the continent might be interrupted, and that it would be a prudent policy to rely on the produce of a British colony. Accordingly, a proclamation of the governor, in December, 1811, offered great encouragement to the growth of wine at the Cape of Good Hope;‡ and by an act of 1813, (53 G. III., c. 84,) Cape wines were admitted into the United Kingdom at a third of the duty on Spanish and Portuguese wines. With this protection, the produce rose in ten years from 859,195 to 2,249,910 imperial gallons, (or 7335 to 19,230 leggers.) The importation of Cape wines into the United Kingdom, in the year ended 5th January, 1845, was 423,336 gallons; while that of French wines was only 725,308. The duty on Cape wine is 2s. 9d. a gallon, on other wines 5s. 6d.

The British West India Islands have long enjoyed a preference in our market for their sugar. During the existence of slavery, the sugar produced in our islands was equal to the demand of the mother country, and the discrimination had not much effect. But since the emancipation of the slaves, the supply of sugar has fallen off, and the exclusion of foreign sugar has begun to operate. The quantity of sugar imported from the British West Indies into the United Kingdom, was 4,103,800 cwt. in 1831, and 2,508,910 cwt. in 1842. In 1836 the duty on colonial sugar was 36s. a cwt., on foreign sugar 63s. Since that time, the duty on colonial sugar has been reduced, and a discrim-

ination founded on a new principle has been introduced. Under the act of last year, the duties stand thus, until the 5th of July, 1846.

Brown sugar, produce of a Brit. pos- session,	s. d. 14 0 per cwt.
Do. foreign, not the produce of slave labor,	23 4
Do. foreign, the produce of slave la- bor,	63 0

Rum is likewise admitted at a discriminating duty of nine shillings per gallon, while the duty on foreign spirits has been 22s. 6d., which the tariff-act of this session reduces to 15s. The excise duty on spirits made in England is 7s. 10d. per gallon.

COFFEE imported from foreign countries is now subject to a duty of 6d. per lb.; if imported from British possessions, to a duty of 4d. Previously, this discrimination had been as great as 1s. 3d. and 6d., with a duty of 9d. for coffee imported from any British possession within the limits of the East India Company's charter, *not being the produce thereof*. Under this regulation a singular practice arose. As the Cape of Good Hope was within the limits of the East India Company's charter, large quantities of coffee were sent to it from Brazil, Cuba, and other foreign countries, in order to be "colonialized," (as it was called,) and then imported into England; in other words, in order, by this circuitous navigation, to obtain the benefit of the lower rate of duty. The quantities of coffee imported from the Cape, and admitted for home consumption in the two years, 1830 and 1842, stand thus:—

	lbs.
1830,	189
1842,	6,149,489

This costly system of smuggling, (similar to that mentioned above with respect to timber,) was suppressed in 1842, by rendering foreign coffee so imported liable to the high duty. The discrimination has, moreover, been since mitigated, and amounts now only to 2d. per lb.*

A very different feeling, with respect to the encouragement of colonial coffee, prevailed in the reign of Charles II. The Lord Keeper Guilford, being consulted by the government in 1679, as to the legality of coffee-houses, gave it as his opinion, that "as the coffee-houses are nurseries of idleness and pragmatism, and hinder the consumption of our native provisions, they may be treated as common nuisances." A proclamation was accordingly issued for shutting up all coffee-houses, and forbidding the sale of coffee in the metropolis; but it led to so much complaint, especially among persons connected with the foreign and colonial trade, that it was soon recalled.†

CORN was admitted from the British possessions in North America at a discriminating duty, by the 31 Geo. III. c. 30. passed in 1791. This act imposed a simple sliding-scale of duties, consisting of only three degrees; viz., a high duty of 24s. 3d. per quarter, and two low duties of 2s. 6d., and 6d. per quarter. By the arrangement of this scale, a small preference was given to North American corn, as will appear from the following table:—

* On the coffee duties, see Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, vol. ii., p. 113; vol. iii., p. 42.

† See Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. iii., p. 455.

* Concerning the timber duties, see this Journal, vol. xliii., p. 341. McCulloch's *Commercial Dict.*, Art. "Timber." Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, vol. ii., p. 122. Merivale's *Lectures on Colonization*, vol. i., p. 202.

† In California and the Mexican province of Chihuahua adjoining Texas, wine is made to a considerable extent, though not sufficient for the consumption of the country. This wine is strong and full-bodied, but the culture is unskilful. Some wine is made in the State of Ohio, but of poor quality.

‡ See Montgomery Martin, *British Colonial Library*, vol. iii., p. 236.

Duty on wheat per quarter.		Imported from Ireland or a British colony in N. America.	Imported from any other foreign country.
24 3		under 48	under 50
2 6	When the price is	at or above 48	at or above 50
0 6		and under 52	and under 54
		at or above 52	at or above 54

The act of 44 Geo. III. c. 108, (1804,) made this scale more prohibitory, by raising the points at which importation began, and at which the low duty came into operation, but maintained about the same proportions between foreign and North American corn. Ireland, with respect to the duties on corn, remained subject to the same regulations as the North American colonies up to 1806; in which year an act was passed placing its corn-trade on the footing of a coasting trade. On the 15th of June, 1813, Sir H. Parnell moved certain resolutions on the corn-laws—stating at the same time, that the corn-law report of that year was intended to render the United Kingdom independent of the Continent for the supply of corn, and to lower prices. One of these resolutions (No. 8) was to the effect, that corn, the growth or produce of Quebec, or the other British colonies of North America might be imported into the United Kingdom without duty. This proposition was not adopted; but in the corn-law act of 1815, wheat from a British colony in North America was admitted when the price was 67s. per quarter, whereas foreign wheat was not admitted until the price reached 80s. (55 Geo. III. c. 26, s. 6.) By the act of 1822, the prices at which North American and foreign wheat could be imported were respectively reduced to 59s. and 70s. (3 Geo. IV. c. 60, s. 5.) In 1825, an act was passed (for a year, and until the end of the next session of parliament) by which wheat could be imported into the United Kingdom, from British possessions in North America, without restriction as to price, at a fixed duty of 5s. per quarter,* (6 Geo. IV. c. 64.) Up to this time the discriminating duty in favor of colonial wheat had been confined to the North American colonies. By the act of 1828, wheat imported from any British possession in North America; or *elsewhere out of Europe*, was admitted at a nominal duty of 6d. when the price was at or above 67s. a quarter; when below 67s. at a fixed duty of 5s. (9 Geo. IV. c. 60.) This duty was rendered still more favorable to the colonial producer by the act of 5 Vict. c. 11, (1812,) which converted the fixed duty of 5s. into a sliding-scale varying from 5s. to 1s., the nominal duty beginning when the price was 58s. With respect to Canadian wheat, this limited scale was repealed, and a fixed duty of 1s. substituted, by the 6 and 7 Vict. c. 29, (1843.) Prior to the passing of the latter act, the Canada legislature imposed a duty of 3s. a quarter upon foreign wheat imported into Canada. The quantity of wheat imported from Canada into the United Kingdom has never been large; in 1844 it amounted to 235,591 quarters. By the measure of this session, all corn imported from British colonies out of Europe is immediately admitted at a nominal duty.

We have likewise extracted from our customs tariff, as it stands after the amendments of the present session, the articles, not hitherto mentioned, which are subject to discriminating duties, for the

protection of imports from British colonies and possessions. We have, in order to exhibit the scale of protection afforded, divided these articles into eight classes; showing the different proportions of the duty on the *foreign*, to the duty on the *colonial* import.

CLASS I.—*Duty on the foreign article combined with free importation of the colonial article.*—Anchovies.

CLASS II.—*Duty on the foreign article twelve times and upwards.*—Rice, rough and in the husk; tallow.

CLASS III.—*Sextuple duty.*—Copper ores containing more than twenty per cent. of copper; ginger preserved; marmalade.

CLASS IV.—*Quintuple duty.*—Arrowroot; butter; cassava powder; eggs.

CLASS V.—*Quadruple duty.*—Copper ores containing not more than twenty per cent. of copper, (nearly;) lead, pig and sheet.

CLASS VI.—*Triple duty.*—Apples, raw; cassia; cheese, (nearly;) cocoa paste, or chocolate; copper ores containing not more than fifteen per cent. of copper; hams, (nearly;) liquorice juice, (nearly;) puddings and sausages; tamarinds; tongues, (nearly.)

CLASS VII.—*Double duty.*—Bandstring twist; bast ropes, twines, and strands; boxes; bricks or clinkers; cables; capers; chalk; cinnamon; cocoa; coir rope; comfits, (dry;) copper, unwrought; cordage; cotton manufactures; cucumbers, preserved; gauze of thread; ginger; hair; hides; honey; nickel, wrought; liquorice roots and paste; do. powders, (nearly;) mats and matting; onions; poultry, alive or dead; raisins; rice; seeds; starch; tiles; tin ores; twine; woollen manufactures.

CLASS VIII.—*Less than double.*—Nutmegs; soap, hard and soft.*

From these examples, it appears that, since the end of the last century, there has been a prevailing disposition to give to colonial produce a preference in the market of the mother country. During the war, this disposition was strengthened by a sincere though mistaken fear of commercial dependence, and a belief that the hostility of Napoleon would be able to close the Continent permanently against us. Its principal source, however, was a desire to afford encouragement to colonial industry; and by this bounty to attach the colonies more firmly to the parent state. The latter policy has seemed the more prudent, inasmuch as England, since the American war, has been disinclined to grant the same popular institutions to its colonies as were conceded to the early settlements in North America and the West Indies. Recent acquisitions, such as Trinidad, St. Lucie, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritas, Malta, and Ceylon; and recent colonies, as those in Australia, have not received houses of assembly. It seems, therefore, to have been thought, that for the want of free local institutions, some compensation might be afforded by the grant of commercial privileges, advantageous to the colony, and detrimental to the mother country.

Having given this outline of the system pursued by England with respect to its colonial trade, we will proceed to consider whether this country would be justified in making colonial protection an excep-

* As to the unfounded alarm created among the agriculturists by this bill, see the speech of Mr. F. Robinson, 8th March, 1827.—16 *Hansard*, p. 1055.

* Some of these discriminations were introduced by the tariff of 1842. See the debate on Lord Howick's motion, house of commons, 13th May, 1842.—(63 *Hansard*, 512-49.)

tion to the general principle of commercial freedom ; and in retaining, for the supposed benefit of colonial industry, a system of monopoly which it renounces in behalf of its own producers.

For this purpose, we must begin by ascertaining the view which is to be taken of the advantages derivable, in the present circumstances of the United Kingdom and the world, from the possession of dependent colonies.

The colonies and dependencies of England yield no tribute or revenue to the paramount state. No payments are made by any of our colonies into the British Exchequer. Instead of lightening our fiscal burdens, they are sources of expense. Their protection against actual or apprehended attacks is costly. A large part of our military and naval expenditure is incurred on their account. The late hostilities in Afghanistan, China, and Scinde, with the recent campaign on the Sutlej ; the insurrection in Canada, and the preparations for the defence of Oregon ; afford obvious instances of the onerous obligations which extensive empire imposes upon the ruling state. Moreover, the fortification of colonial possessions is a further source of expense. With the exception, too, of Gibraltar and Malta, and the newly-acquired post of Aden, they cannot be said to increase our military and naval strength ; inasmuch as they scatter our forces, and extend our lines of operation over half the world. And not only do they create the necessity for larger military and naval establishments in time of peace, but they involve us in wars to which otherwise we should not be exposed. Beyond the very questionable benefit of apparent power, (which may lead to jealousy as well as to fear,) we derive no advantage from the mere supremacy over remote provinces ; from our being able to say that the Queen of England has so many million subjects, and that her dominions include so many thousand square miles ; that the sun never sets on the British Empire ; that the English language is spoken in every clime, and that the flag of England floats in every latitude. That we do, however, in the present state of the world, derive much substantial advantage from our colonies, cannot be doubted : but that advantage, as it appears to us, consists, not in the barren attribute of sovereignty, but, principally, in the facilities which they afford for commercial intercourse.

At the time of the peace of Amiens, Bonaparte had conceived the wildest schemes of colonial aggrandizement for France ; he was to establish a chain of dependencies in America, Africa, and Asia, by which the influence of France would predominate over the whole world. Everything, in his mind, assumed the form of conquest and military encroachment ; and he could imagine no other foundation for the greatness of France than the ruin of England. That two independent countries could simultaneously flourish ; that they could even derive benefit from each other's prosperity ; were, to his mind, propositions so evidently false as not to require refutation. Even Napoleon, however, accustomed as he was to look at everything as a general, and not as a civil governor, was captivated with the commercial prospects of colonies ; and constantly associated with them the ideas of a mercantile marine and an extension of external trade.

In what, however, do the commercial advantages of colonial possessions consist ? They consist simply, as it seems to us, in the power which the mother country thereby enjoys of securing a fair and open market to her goods. They consist in her power of preventing the colony from excluding her from

its market, by restrictions and discriminating duties, and all the perverse follies which the union of national jealousy with false systems of political economy has engendered. If the colony were independent, it would, supposing it to understand its true interest, admit the goods of the mother country upon the same terms of equality as it does when dependent. It would do voluntarily what it now does under compulsion. But looking to the established errors on the subject of trade, to their general currency, and to the strength and speciousness of the prejudices with which they are associated, we may be certain that such would *not* be its conduct. It would, however small in extent, attempt to set up a separate industrial and commercial system. Certain bodies of producers and traders would raise a cry about native industry ; and the public, partly from simplicity, and partly from national antipathies, would yield to the interested delusion. Some of the Oriental countries, too, (as China and Japan,*) prohibit nearly all commercial intercourse with foreigners. If the obstacles opposed to our trade with these countries, are contrasted with the facilities which we enjoy for trading with Hindostan, we perceive the commercial advantages which our territorial sovereignty may confer. For these reasons we have, in the present state of the world, a substantial interest in the dependence of our colonies. We can secure an open market and a free trade, so long as we can procure a safe passage over the seas, and maintain the allegiance of the subject territories.

Notwithstanding the limited population of most of our colonies,† and their contracted means of purchase, the extent of our colonial trade is considerable, as compared with our trade with foreign countries. The following table will show the proportions for the three years 1839–41.

Years.	Declared value of British Manufactures exported	
	To all the World.	To British Colonies.
1839	£53,233,580	£16,279,108
1840	51,406,430	17,378,550
1841	51,634,623	15,153,632‡

In round numbers, about thirty per cent. of the exports of England are sent to the colonies. Considering the great wealth of the European countries, and the United States, and the proximity of the former, it is remarkable that the colonial should bear so large a proportion to the foreign trade ; and the extent of the exports to the colonies can only be explained by the freedom of intercourse with them, which we owe to our political ascendancy.

Generally, therefore, the advantages which we derive from the possession of colonies may be said to consist in this :—that, in consideration of the

* On the rigorous exclusion of foreign traders from Japan, see M'Culloch's *Dict. of Commerce*, Art. "Nangasacki ;" and an interesting volume on *The Manners and Customs of the Japanese*, published at London in 1841.

† Setting aside the territories of the East India Company, the only two dependencies of the British crown which contain a population exceeding 400,000, are Canada and Ceylon.

‡ See *Porter's Progress of the Nation*, vol. iii., p. 433.

responsibility and expense of superintending their government, and defending them against hostile attack, we require them to trade freely with us. They are separate political communities, each with its peculiar, though not sovereign, government—managing its own public revenue and expenditure, levying custom duties of its own, and maintaining a distinct system of taxation—but not permitted to use its power so as to impose restrictions and disabilities upon the trade of the mother country.

But the commercial advantages derivable from the possession of colonies have this, and no wider extent. No benefit can accrue to the mother country from attempting to incorporate distant and scattered colonies into her own fiscal system; and to draw a line of commercial privilege between her own colonies and foreign countries. A Zollverein for the colonies of England is an absurdity.

What is the principle of the German Zollverein? A number of adjoining states, having a general similarity of interests, climate, population, and language—some of them single towns, as Frankfurt—others being territories not larger than an English county—maintain separate customs establishments. Custom-house lines are drawn round each state, so that a traveller may pass through the territories of two or three states, and be subjected to a separate examination and payment of duties in a single day's journey. These states agree to abolish all the internal customs' lines, to levy their custom-duties only upon the external frontier of the confederacy, to pay them into a common treasury, and to divide the fund so formed according to a scale mutually agreed upon. This arrangement is practicable and convenient. Setting aside the *rates* of duty, (which we are not now considering,) it is beneficial both to the confederated states and to the rest of the world:—to the native consumer, to the merchant, and to the traveller. Each state retains its separate revenue system for *other* taxes. Its land tax, its excise duties, its stamp and postage duties, are collected by its own officers, and paid directly into its own coffers. But with respect to custom duties, it belongs to a larger system of states, which levies them for it, and from which it receives its proper share of the common fund.*

There is no necessary coincidence between custom-house lines and the frontiers of an independent state. They may be either more or less extensive. Before the measure of Turgot in 1774, the importation of corn from one province of France to another was prohibited. In like manner, the trade between Ireland and Great Britain was not put on the footing of a coasting-trade till the year 1825. There are still internal custom-duties in the British dominions in India. The German League, on the other hand, has extended the circle of its custom-house lines so as to include many independent states. The principle on which this league is founded, is highly beneficial in its operation; and is an advance in civilization, by tending to weaken national distinctions, to multiply the pacific relations of independent states, and to create a community of interests. But, however important and advantageous it may be, it requires, in order to obtain success and permanence, the union of several conditions, which are not of frequent occurrence.

1. The communities must be contiguous to one

another, so that the entire confederation may be surrounded by a single custom-house line. 2. The custom-duties must be collected for the common account, be paid into a single fund, and afterwards divided amongst the separate states. 3. There must be such a similarity of circumstances and interests, as to render the continuance of the arrangement probable; and to induce the members to acquiesce, without serious dissatisfaction, in the joint management and collection of the duties, and their subsequent division according to a fixed scale.

The principle of the German customs' league is applicable, for example, to the Italian states; it is applicable to Holland and Belgium, provided these countries could forget their mutual animosity, and combine for a purpose of common advantage. But to a system of communities such as England and her colonies, it is utterly inapplicable. The colonies of England are scattered over every part of the globe. If we made a colonial customs' union, our custom-house lines must reach to the antipodes. In order to be consistent, we must include Canada, Jamaica, the Cape, Australia, and Hindostan, with the British isles, in one custom-house system. The fundamental conditions for such an arrangement are wanting. These communities, distant from England and from each other, cannot be brought within one external line of duties, nor can the internal lines be abolished. Neither can their duties be levied on a common account; each must continue to maintain its separate and peculiar custom-house. Upon a moment's consideration, it is manifest that a colonial customs' union, so far as the empire of England is concerned, is an impossibility.

For a similar reason, we cannot accede to the opinion of Mr. M'Culloch, (with whose views on this subject we generally concur,) that the trade with the colonies should, as far as circumstances will permit, be conducted on the footing of a *coasting-trade*.* By a coasting-trade, we understand a maritime trade carried on between different parts of the country, which is subject to the same custom-house system. For example, the trade between Edinburgh and London, or between Marseilles and Havre, is a coasting-trade. Now we are unable to understand how the trade between London and Quebec, or Calcutta, or Sydney, can ever be brought into the form of a coasting-trade. With communities so distant and so dissimilar, no identity of economical interests, for fiscal purposes, can be established. Even such an approximation towards a joint fiscal system as was made by the Canada corn act of 1843, shows the inapplicability of the principle. By this act it was attempted to bring the English and the Canadian corn-grower within the pale of a common protection, excluding from it all foreign corn. But one of the main arguments for the protection of British corn was the existence of peculiar burdens on land; which rendered the native producer less able to compete against the foreign corn-grower. Now these burdens were not shared by the Canadian farmer; and therefore the admission of Canadian wheat at a nominal duty, while foreign wheat was subject to a heavy tax on importation, was utterly subversive

* "Being integral parts of the empire, the trade with the colonies should, as far as circumstances will permit, be conducted on the footing of a coasting-trade."—*Dict. of Commerce*, Art. "Colonies and Colony Trade," p. 320, ed. 1844.

* On the German Customs' Union, see this Journal, vol. lxxix., p. 108-9.

of this leading argument for the maintenance of the corn-law.*

But, even if a colonial customs' league is impossible for England, if the custom-duties of our vast and scattered empire cannot be centralized into one uniform system, is it not just and politic to give a preference to colonial imports into the United Kingdom? If the mother country must retain a customs' tariff distinct from the tariffs of its colonies, ought it not to establish a discrimination of duties between goods imported from colonies and from foreign countries, in favor of the former? In order to answer this question, we will revert to what has been already said with respect to the commercial advantage derived by a mother country from the possession of colonies;—viz., that it consists, not in assuming the *monopoly* of the colonial market, but in securing its *freedom*: not in excluding the rest of the world, but in protecting yourself against exclusion. If the commercial policy of England was managed on this principle, the colonies would not be entitled to ask for compensation in the shape of a monopoly of the home market. They would not be subjected by the mother country to any commercial-disadvantage which would call for indemnity. They not only have no substantial interest in a system of isolation, in duties for protecting their native industry; but they ought, if they understood their true interest, to be most grateful to the mother country for saving them from the introduction of this ruinous folly. So long as England avowedly maintained a colonial monopoly for *her own benefit*, so long as she regulated the trade of the colonists to their detriment and her supposed advantage, the case wore a different complexion. There was a sacrifice on the side of the colony, which might give a claim for a corresponding sacrifice on the side of the mother country. England, however, has now abandoned this restrictive system, and allows the colonists to trade freely without giving her goods the preference. Nevertheless, she retains the discriminating duties against herself, which were intended to serve as a counterpoise to the loss suffered by the colony. She makes a sacrifice as a compensation for an injury which she no longer inflicts. In an excess of devotion, she expiates by an enduring penance a sin which she has ceased to commit.

Let us consider the effect of the system of discrimination in favor of colonial produce, with respect to the interest of the mother country and its consumers, and of the colony and its producers.

When a discriminating duty on colonial produce is in operation, the effect is this. If importations take place regularly under *both* rates of duty—that is to say, if the article is imported as well from foreign countries as from the colonies—the price is

* The distinction between a dependency of the crown, and a district of the United Kingdom, with respect to commercial legislation and custom-duties, is well explained by Lord John Russell in his speech on the Canada corn-law, 22d May, 1843. It had been stated in debate, that the colonies are integral parts of the empire, and ought to be governed as an English county. Lord J. Russell observes, that Canada is indeed an integral part of the empire, but that, commercially speaking, it cannot be governed on the same principles as an English county. Canada, he remarks, does not share our fiscal burdens, or contribute to the common defence of the empire. Moreover, it imposes import duties upon our manufactures. This is not the case with an English county. Lincolnshire does not impose duties on goods imported from Yorkshire.—(69 *Hansard*, 742.)

raised to the same amount as if the duty upon *all* the imports stood at the maximum rate. For example, if coffee is imported at two duties; viz., foreign coffee at 6d. and colonial coffee at 4d. per lb., the price to the English consumer is the same as if there were an uniform duty of 6d. per lb. The revenue loses the difference between the sum received on the colonial imports, and the sum which would have been received if an equal quantity of coffee had been imported under the high duty. The English consumer gains nothing by the discrimination, inasmuch as the price paid in England is regulated by the price at which the coffee subject to the high duty can be sold. The effect of the discrimination is simply to cause a larger quantity of colonial coffee to be imported. But although the quantity of importations at the low duty may be greater than it would be if there was an uniform rate, the profits made by the growers and importers of the colonial article are not raised above the average rate—in as much as the trade is open, competition lowers them to the general level. With respect, therefore, to the *mother country*, a discriminating duty raises the price to the level of the high duty; and deprives the revenue of the difference between the sum paid upon the colonial importations, and the sum which would have been paid if an equal quantity had been imported from foreign countries. With respect to the *colony*, it merely directs a larger amount of capital into the protected trade; which capital yields, however, only the average rate of profit.

Now, looking to the colonial side of the question, it is to be observed, that in a newly settled country, containing large tracts of unoccupied or half-occupied land, there are in general abundant facilities for the profitable employment of capital. The field of enterprise is large, but capital and labor are scarce. In such a territory, capital, if fiscal laws do not create a fictitious motive for a different employment, will be attracted to those investments which are most profitable to the individual, and most advantageous to the colony. It is no advantage to a colony such as Canada, that its capital should be diverted from agriculture to wood-cutting. The effect of such an interference with the natural course of improvement, is well described by Mr. Lyell, in the following passage:—"I heard," he says, speaking of Nova Scotia—"frequent discussions on the present state of the *timber-duties*, both here and in Canada; and great was my surprise to find the majority of the small proprietors, or that class in whose prosperity and success the strength of a new colony consists, regretting that the mother country had legislated so much in their favor. They said that a few large capitalists and shipowners amassed considerable fortunes, (some of them, however, losing them again by over-speculation,) and that the political influence of a few such merchants was naturally greater than that of a host of small farmers, who could never so effectively plead their cause to the government. But, on the other hand, the laborers engaged during the severe winter at high pay, to fell and transport the timber to the coast, became invariably a drunken and improvident set. Another serious mischief accrued to the colony from this traffic;—as often as the new settlers reached the tracts from which the wood had been removed, they found, instead of a cleared region, ready for cultivation, a dense copsewood or vigorous undergrowth of young trees, far more expensive to deal with than the original

forest; and, what was worse, all the best kinds of timber, fit for farm-buildings and other uses, had been taken away, having been carefully selected for exportation to Great Britain. So that, while the English are submitting to pay an enhanced price for timber inferior in quality to that of Norway, the majority of the colonists, for whom the sacrifice is made, feel no gratitude for the boon; on the contrary, they complain of a monopoly that enriches a few timber-merchants, at the expense of the more regular and steady progress of agriculture."*

The protection which the parental solicitude of England has afforded to the timber trade of its colony, has therefore proved a barren gift, yielding a return of dissatisfaction rather than of gratitude.

On the other hand, the mother country is necessarily a loser. A discriminating duty can never be advantageous to the country which establishes the discrimination. We can conceive no state of things, in which discriminating duties on colonial produce imported into England, can be advantageous to England. At the utmost, they may not be disadvantageous. For example, during the existence of slavery in our colonies, the means of producing sugar, at a moderate price, in our West India islands, may have been so great, and the competition so effectual, that the protection was inoperative; so that the price of sugar in the United Kingdom would perhaps not have been lower, if the competition of the foreign sugar had been let into our market upon equal terms. But cases of this sort are rare. In general, the discrimination either enhances the price, or (what is equivalent) causes the consumption of articles of an inferior quality. Of the first case, the present state of the sugar-duties affords an example. For the sake of our West Indian colonies, and the interests involved in them, we now pay a considerably higher price for sugar, than we should pay if the trade was open indiscriminately, at a moderate duty, with the whole world. Both the consumer and the revenue are losers by the present scale of duties. The result of this system of self-sacrifice, is, (as M. Say has remarked,)[†] that no countries in Europe buy their sugar at so high a price as those which have sugar colonies! Those countries (as Italy) which have none, obtain their sugar at the lowest cost. Of the forced consumption of articles of inferior quality, the timber of Canada and the wines of the Cape afford instances. We have imported, and still import, large quantities of inferior deal from Canada, simply because Canada is our colony. Permanent national detriment has resulted from this discrimination of duties. The enormous number of buildings and public works which have been constructed in London, and the manufacturing and populous districts of the country, since the peace, have been deteriorated in value by the use of an inferior quality of timber, peculiarly liable to dry-rot. So, in consequence of the lower rate of duty, England annually imports more than 400,000 gallons of the extremely bad wine which is made at the Cape, and which is used chiefly as a menstruum for the wine manufacturer. Little of it appears to be sold avowedly as Cape wine; it is chiefly passed off in an adulterated form, as Spanish or Portuguese.

It may however be said, that although a country would lose by imposing a discrimination on imports from different foreign countries, (for example,

England, by admitting the wines of Portugal at a lower duty than those of Spain and France;)—yet it is the interest of a nation possessing colonies, to give a preference to their imports, not on *their* account, but in order to secure its own commercial independence. It may be compelled to make war against an independent state, with which it had previously maintained commercial relations; but (unless it should rebel) it can never be at war with its own colony. Such (as we have already seen) was the view with which the discriminating duties on Canada timber were established, (avowedly intended to be only temporary;) and such, too, was the origin of the privilege given to Cape wine. Probably, too, the proposition of Sir Henry Parnell in 1813, to admit North American corn without duty, had a similar foundation; for the dread of commercial dependence was then at its height. That the theory of commercial independence, which has an attractive and patriotic look, should have gained credit during the violent disturbance of commerce produced by the wars of Napoleon—that people should have looked out for some apparently immovable spot in the midst of the earthquake caused by his reckless ambition—was not unnatural; but it was a singular delusion which led our government to suppose that this security was to be found in discriminating duties. If the timber-trade with the Baltic was interrupted by the closing of the Sound, Canada timber would spontaneously, without the aid of duties, be brought into our market. So, if all intercourse with the Continent was to be permanently broken off, (a supposition extravagantly improbable,) a natural demand for the Cape wines would be created in England.

The theory of commercial independence seems to us fitted only for an Utopian state of things; for a golden age of the world, when every country shall, of its own accord, produce all things. So strong are the motives to commercial interchange, and so steady the common interest in its maintenance, that no large nation has, so far as we are aware, been unable, even in time of war, to carry on foreign trade. Athens, indeed, near the time of the Peloponnesian war, was able, out of enmity to the petty neighboring state of Megara—about as large as an English parish, or a French commune,—to cut off its supplies, and to threaten it with starvation.* But it would be utterly impossible, even for a first rate naval power, to blockade all the ports of a large nation, and intercept all its land communications. A thousand interests would be at work to defeat the prohibition. The failure of Napoleon's Continental System—which was undermined from within and without, by licenses, by smuggling, by corruption, by connivance, by fraud—is a sufficient proof that the most despotic power, and the most unscrupulous use of it, are not able to close the avenues of foreign commerce. However, even if it were possible for a powerful country, in time of war, to interrupt the foreign trade of its enemy, it does not follow that commercial independence, based on a trade with distant colonies, would be of any value. Let us, for example, suppose the most unfavorable state of things with respect to the foreign trade of England; viz. a war with France and the United States at the same time. If, during these hostilities, England

* Lyell's *Travels in North America*, vol. ii., p. 224-6.

[†] *Cours d'Economie Politique*, tom. iii., p. 440.

* See *Aristoph. Acharn.*, 535. The Megarians complained, in the Congress at Sparta, that they had been excluded, not only from the market of Athens, but also from the harbors in the subject islands and territories. *Thucyd.* i., 67.

could maintain her maritime ascendancy, she could secure the continuance of her foreign trade, either direct or indirect. The belligerent states would not be able to interrupt her commercial intercourse with other powers; nor, indeed, either directly or indirectly, with their own subjects. On the other hand, if England could not maintain her maritime preëminence, and keep the seas open to her vessels, she would be unable to carry on her trade with her remote possessions, such as Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, Australia, and Hindostan. A large country, such as France, or an extensive confederacy of contiguous states, as Germany, may, to a certain extent, render itself independent of foreign trade, by the variety of its native products, and the power of preserving its internal communications during war. But what is the worth of that commercial independence which assumes the power of maintaining, in time of war, an unbroken intercourse with the most distant regions of the globe? Of what avail is it, that we are exempt from the bondage of European timber and wine, if we are to fetch the one from Canada, and the other from the Cape? The *panacea* for the evils of commercial slavery turns out, on examination, to be no remedy at all, but rather an aggravation of the calamity.

But while we are attempting, by a system of discriminating duties, to provide against the interruption of commerce consequent upon war, do we not forget, that by this very system we are sowing the seeds of hostilities, and multiplying the chances of the occurrence of the evil which we seek to counteract? By establishing differential duties in favor of our colonies, we exclude from our ports the produce of foreign countries, or admit it on less favorable terms. Regulations of this sort, tending to the discouragement of the industry and trade of foreign countries, are naturally considered by them as unjust and unfriendly. Such distinctions, therefore, engender feelings towards us of no amicable nature, and must rank among the causes which lead to war. At all events, a system of exclusion and discrimination, directed against foreign countries, cannot fail to prevent the formation of that community of interest and feeling, which naturally springs from unfettered commercial intercourse, conducted upon equal terms.

It will, however, be said, that even if it should be apparent that colonial protection is detrimental to the mother country, yet it ought to be maintained for the sake of the colony. The colony, it will be argued, is an integral part of the empire; it is a possession of the British crown; its inhabitants are our fellow-subjects; and it is our duty, not less than our policy, to show favor to its interests, and to strengthen its allegiance, by according preferences to its trade.* The parental relation of the mother country to the colony, furnishes, according to this view, a ground why the more powerful state should make sacrifices of a commercial nature, for promoting the interests of the dependent community. This reasoning, however, obviously proceeds in a vicious circle, and returns upon itself. It is first proved, that the possession of colonies is advantageous to a country on account of the encouragement and extension which they give to its trade. The expenses of civil government, and of military and naval protection, and the increased

chances of war, are admitted to be evils; but it is said that a compensation for them is found in the commercial facilities which the colony affords to the parent state. When, however, it is objected, that the mother country is a loser in regard to its trade, and that it sacrifices its commercial interests to the colony; then it is answered, that in order to preserve the allegiance of a valuable colony, and to cultivate the affections of our colonial subjects, we must submit to disadvantages by which their trade and industry are benefited. This species of logic reminds us of the reasoning which is sometimes used to justify the common practice of "throwing good money after bad." A person is advised to engage in some speculation on the ground that it will yield him a large profit. He makes the attempt—invests his money in buildings and machinery, and, instead of gaining, finds a large deficit. His impulse is to sell all his stock at the best price he can obtain, to escape from the enterprise as speedily as possible, and thus to avoid all additional loss. But his advisers represent to him the value of his fixed capital, and the large sacrifices which he has made in order to engage in the undertaking, and they therefore urge him to raise more money in order to make a further attempt. He builds in order to gain; but when the enterprise has been attended with loss, he proceeds to spend more money upon an unpromising concern, because he has built expensive works. So we obtain colonies for the sake of their trade; and then make sacrifices in colonial trade in order to retain our colonies.

If the preceding views are correct, it follows that a system of colonial protection, by means of discriminating duties and concealed bounties, is unsound and impolitic; and that the notion of a colonial custom's union is thoroughly impracticable.

Supposing protection to be afforded with respect to an article of colonial produce, not grown in the mother country, (for example, sugar or coffee;) then, as we have shown, the mother country is almost necessarily a loser. No real reciprocity exists, even if the system of excluding foreign produce is adopted on both sides; for one market is larger than the other. The advantages which the monopoly of the market of the mother country offers to the colony, are far greater than those which the monopoly of the colonial market offers to the mother country. At present, however, even this semblance of reciprocity does not exist, so far as this country is concerned; for England no longer limits her colonies to her own produce. She has abandoned her restrictions on the colonies, though she upholds the privileges to colonial goods by which she suffers. If there is no reciprocity, neither is there any community of interests. Wherever the article is exclusively of colonial growth, the colony and the mother country have avowedly separate interests. The colony sells and the mother country buys. It is the interest of the mother country to buy in the cheapest market, but she is excluded from the cheapest market by her own discriminating duties, and confined to the produce of her own colony.

If the article is produced both in the mother country and the colony, and protecting duties common to the produce of both countries are imposed, (as in the case of Canada corn,) then the protection rests on a different ground. An attempt is made to bring the producers of both countries within the same circle of protection, and to consider them, for this purpose, as members of one community. It

* "Is it wise for you to set up (?) this line of distinction between yourselves and your fellow-countrymen in Canada?" Lord Stanley, Speech on Canada Corn-law, 19th May, 1843, (69 *Hansard*, p. 598.)

is, to a certain extent, an endeavor to create a colonial Zollverein. If, however, anybody will consider the principles of the German Zollverein, and apply them consistently to our colonial empire, he will speedily discover the dissimilarity of the cases, and the impossibility of success; he will, we think, soon convince himself that it is necessary to regard the colonies as separate, though not independent communities, for custom-house purposes; and to abandon the idea of bringing them within a system of import duties common to themselves and the mother country. For fiscal purposes, the colonies ought to be as foreign countries, with which a perfectly free trade prevails. Each colony has its own tariff, and raises its own revenue of customs, which it applies to the exigencies of its own service. The mother country can watch over these various tariffs; it can prevent the exclusion of its own commodities by prohibitions and discriminating duties, and can secure an uninterrupted free-trade with its colonies. On the other hand, it ought to permit its colonies to trade freely with all the world, and to open its own ports at fair revenue duties to all colonial products; but without giving them an undue preference, detrimental to its own interests, by discriminating duties.

If the attempt to establish a colonial customs' union were made consistently, it would lead to far more extensive consequences than those which our present legislation has sanctioned; and would inflict upon the people of England far more serious privations and losses than the system of colonial protection has hitherto produced. The principle of colonial protection has been applied capriciously and irregularly. There are several important articles which we might obtain from our colonies, but which are not subject to discriminating duties. For example, there is a protection for colonial sugar and coffee, but not for colonial tobacco or cotton. There is, moreover, the utmost variety in the amount of protection afforded; the duties vary from an approach to equality up to ten or twelve times the amount. At times no object seems too small for the microscopic vision of the colonial protector. Thus, there is a protection of 2d. per lb. upon colonial anchovies. Upon oranges there is no discrimination; but colonial marmalade enjoys a protection of 5d. per lb. The importer of colonial tapioca and sago is left by our tariff to bear the full brunt of the foreign competition in these articles; but we have not been regardless of colonial interests in the item of arrow-root, which is protected by a discrimination of 4s. per lb. Our differential duties have in some cases been fixed with a minuteness of adaptation to circumstances, which would, no doubt, command our admiration, if we understood the grounds of the distinction; but which does not at once explain itself to the casual observer. For example, there is no protection for colonial dried apples; but colonial raw apples are favored by a discrimination of 4d. per bushel. The duty on colonial tin-ore is half the duty on foreign tin-ore; but for tin manufactures there is no discrimination. Cattle and meat are, under the tariff of this session, to be imported without duty; but colonial poultry, alive or dead, still retains over foreign poultry the advantage of a double differential duty. The same measure likewise extends this benefit to colonial "cucumbers preserved in salt." We regret, however, to be unable to discover that fresh cucumbers, or even melons, the produce of our colonies, have any preference in our

tariff; certainly "fruit, raw, and not otherwise enumerated," is subject to the same duty of five per cent. *ad valorem*, whether imported from a foreign country or a British possession.

Fortunately, it has never been attempted to apply the principle of colonial protection systematically to our tariff; or to confine the consumption of these islands to the produce of our colonies for all articles which can be grown in them. Almost all the discriminations have been established with a view to the interests of some particular colony. Even in last session, when Mr. Hutt moved in the house of commons a resolution for extending the Canadian scale of corn-duties to the Australian colonies, the motion was resisted by ministers, upon the ground that the concession had been made with reference to the special circumstances of Canada.* It may be added, too, that the rule of the customs' law with respect to manufactures, destroys to a great extent the principle of excluding foreign produce under a discriminating duty. Thus, American wheat imported into Canada cannot be imported into England as Canadian wheat. But American wheat imported into Canada, and there ground into flour, can be imported into England as Canadian flour, and thus obtain the advantage of the low duty. The truth is, that if the corn-law of 1842 had been maintained, a principle had already been introduced, which, if consistently pursued, ought to have permitted all the corn of Danzig and Odessa to have been ground into flour in Heligoland and Gibraltar, and imported into England at a nominal duty.

It is fortunate for this country that the system of colonial protection has not been driven to its utmost possible limits; and that the consumer in the mother country has not been consistently sacrificed to the colonial producer. But, although the principle has not been applied universally, it has been established in many extensive branches of import, and under the existing protection vested interests have been created which would suffer by a change of law. For example, the wine establishments of the Cape, and the sawmills of Canada, would, to a great extent, be abandoned if the inequality of duties on which their artificial life depends was removed. And however little advantage it may have been to Canada, for example, that its capital should be diverted from the cultivation and improvement of the soil, to cutting timber, and the lumber-trade; yet as the investment has been made, and the buildings and machinery erected, the owners of that property would undoubtedly now endure a loss, if the protection was suddenly withdrawn. Accordingly, the legislative assembly of Canada, in their recent address to the crown, speak of "the happiness and prosperity of the people of this colony, advancing in steady and successful progression under that moderate system of protection of her staple productions, grain and lumber, which her majesty and the imperial parliament have hitherto graciously secured them;" and they intimate a loyal fear, that "should the inhabitants of Canada, from the withdrawal of all protection to their staple products, find that they cannot successfully compete with their neighbors of the United States in the only market open to them, they will naturally and of necessity begin to doubt whether remaining

* On the inconsistency of not extending the same principle to other colonies, see Lord Howick's speech in the debate on Mr. Hutt's motion 8th May, 1845. — *Hansard* vol. 80, p. 333.

a portion of the British empire will be of that paramount advantage which they have hitherto found it to be."*

In cases where a purely artificial branch of production has been created by fiscal legislation, the cessation of which is demanded by the general welfare, it would be harsh and unjust to make a sudden change, without any regard for the interests which have been called into being by the act of the government. A striking instance of an artificial industry of this kind, created by protecting duties, (not indeed in favor of colonies, but against them,) is afforded by the beet-root sugar of France. After the existence of this manufacture for some years, under the shelter of protective duties, it was found that the loss to the revenue, and the high price to the public, were no longer tolerable, and it was decided to put an end to the system. It was first proposed to give a compensation of forty million francs to the growers of beet-root, and to prohibit the home manufacture; but it was ultimately thought preferable to adopt a gradual change, and to raise the duty on home-made sugar by annual increments, until it reaches the duty on colonial sugar. This transition began in August, 1844, and the change will be complete in August, 1848. A similar choice of means presents itself for the extinction of the more important of our colonial protections. We might either give compensation to the vested interests, (which, with respect to the Canada sawmills, and the Cape wine establishments, would undoubtedly be an advantageous bargain for the public;) or we might make the abolition gradual, and thus afford time for the withdrawal of capital invested in the protected industries, and for the adaptation of the colonial interests to the altered state of the law.

The following is, in a few words, a summary of the principles upon which the relation of England to her colonies—especially with reference to her colonial trade—ought, in our opinion, to be regulated. It should be constantly borne in mind, that each colony is a separate and distinct community, occupying a territory distant from England, though politically dependant upon the imperial government. Owing to this separateness and remoteness, its local and subordinate government ought to be conducted as much in accordance with the opinions and wishes of the inhabitants as is compatible with the condition of political dependence, and the maintenance of the supremacy of the British crown. For the expenses of its military and naval defence, England must not expect any direct compensation. Nor ought she to subject the trade of the colony to any restrictions for her own exclusive advantage.

* Address of 12th May, 1846. In his answer to this address, Mr. Gladstone says—"Her majesty's government conceive that the protective principle cannot with justice be described as the universal basis, either of the general connexion between the United Kingdom and its colonies, or even of their commercial connexion."—*Despatch to Lord Cathcart*, 3d June, 1846. (House of Lords, sessional paper, No. 169.) By the protective principle, is here meant the principle of protecting colonial industry at the expense of the mother country. Not only is Mr. Gladstone's proposition undeniably true; but (if he had been looking merely to historical truth) he might have added, that the generally received maxim with respect to colonial trade was formerly the very reverse—viz., that the industry of the mother country was to be protected at the expense of the colony.

She ought to assume no preference in the markets of the colony, and should rest contented with the establishment of a perfectly free trade on both sides. She ought to permit her colony to trade freely with all the world, and open her own ports to its products. But, on the other hand, she ought not to sacrifice her own interests, by levying at home discriminating duties for the supposed benefit of the colony;—a system of fiscal privilege which excludes cheaper and better foreign goods from her own markets, and gives just offence to foreign nations.

DISEASE OCCASIONED BY LUCIFERS.

DR. BALFOUR, in the Northern Journal of Medicine, describes the occurrence of necrosis in the jaw-bones, caused by continued exposure to the fumes of phosphorus, in persons employed in lucifer manufactories. The dipping the pieces of wood in the phosphoric mixture, and the drying the matches afterwards, it appears, are carried on in an ill-ventilated room, where the girls are who are employed in the factories, and who pass from twelve to thirteen hours daily in these rooms, exposed to excessive heat, and the fumes given off by the phosphorus which is used. In each manufactory from three to four pounds of phosphorus are daily employed in the production of from one to two millions of matches, the mere drying of which must give no inconsiderable quantity of phosphoric fumes, to which also must be added the quantity of metaphosphoric acid produced by the burning of sundry parcels, which, in spite of care, is no infrequent occurrence. It would seem that continued exposure to the phosphoric fumes for a length of years is requisite to produce the disease, as no cases were observed at Vienna until the manufactories had been at work upwards of eleven years. Scrofulous subjects suffer most, and in them the disease is most fatal. Almost all the girls employed have the gums more or less affected, and at their junction with the teeth, a red ulcerated line, like that produced by mercurial salivation, is apparent. When the individual is robust, and the necrosis confined to a small portion of the bone, exfoliation takes place, and a gradual cure follows; but where there exists any tendency to scrofula, phthisis becomes developed, and the patient sinks under the combination.

To counteract, as far as possible, this distressing malady, the Austrian government has, with praiseworthy alacrity, ordained the observance of the following precautions:—1st, That the matches must not be permitted to be dried in the workroom, and, if possible, this must take place in one situated above it; 2d, that every second hour the girls be obliged to wash their mouths well with acidulated water; and 3d, that they be sent out twice a-day to take their meals, and get some fresh air. These precautions are ordained on the recommendation of a medical commission; precautions which, with the addition of frequent washing, and exposure of the cloths to air and sunshine, might be beneficially adopted in many of our large factories, where metallic and other fumes are continually being less or more inhaled by the work-people.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From Chambers' Journal.

WHITE AND BROWN BREAD.—UNFERMENTED BREAD.

SEVERAL years ago, we threw out the surmise that the separation of the white from the brown parts of wheat grain was likely to be baneful to health. We proceeded upon theoretical grounds, believing that Providence must have contemplated our using the entire grain, and not a portion only, selected by means of a nicely-arranged machinery. It struck us forcibly, that to go on, for a long course of years, thus using a kind of food different from what nature designed, could not fail to be attended with bad consequences. We have since learned that our views have some recognized support in science. The following paragraph from a recent pamphlet* will at once serve to keep the subject alive in the minds of our readers, and explain the actual grounds on which the separation of flour is detrimental:—"The general belief," says the writer, "is, that bread made with the finest flour is the best, and that whiteness is the proof of its quality; but both these opinions are popular errors. The whiteness may be, and generally is, communicated by alum, to the injury of the consumer; and it is known by men of science that the bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with the refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die. The meal of which the first is made contains all the ingredients necessary to the composition of nourishment of the various structure composing our bodies. Some of these ingredients are removed by the miller in his efforts to please the public; so that fine flour, instead of being better than the meal, is the least nourishing; and, to make the case worse, it is also the most difficult of digestion. The loss is, therefore, in all respects a waste; and it seems desirable that the admirers of white bread (but especially the poor) should be made acquainted with these truths, and brought to inquire whether they do not purchase at too dear a rate the privilege of indulging in the use of it. The unwise preference given so universally to white bread, led to the pernicious practice of mixing alum with the flour, and this again to all sorts of adulterations and impositions; for it enabled bakers, who were so disposed, by adding more and more alum, to make bread made from the flour of an inferior grain look like the best or most costly, or to dispose of it accordingly; at once defrauding the purchaser, and tampering with his health. Among the matters removed by the miller are the larger saline substances, which are indispensable to the growth of the bones and teeth, and are required, although in a less degree, for daily repair. Brown bread should, therefore, be given to nurses, and to the young or the growing, and should be preferred by all, of whatever age, whose bones show a tendency to bend, or who have weak teeth. It is believed that brown bread will generally be found the best by all persons having sluggish bowels, and stomachs equal to the digestion of the bran. But with some it will disagree; for it is too exciting to irritable bowels, and is dissolved with difficulty in some stomachs. When this happens, the bran should be removed, either wholly or in part; and by such means the bread may be

adapted, with the greatest ease, to all habits and all constitutions."

Mr. Smith, in his late remarkable work on *Fruits and Farinacea* as the food of man, gives some illustrations of this doctrine. "Bulk," he says, "is nearly as necessary to the articles of diet as the nutrient principle. They should be so managed that one will be in proportion to the other. Too highly nutritive diet is probably as fatal to the prolongation of life and health, as that which contains an insufficient quantity of nourishment. It is a matter of common remark among old whalers, that, during their long voyages, the coarser their bread, the better their health. "I have followed the seas for thirty-five years," said an intelligent sea captain to Mr. Graham, "and have been in almost every part of the globe; and have always found that the coarsest pilot-bread, which contained a considerable portion of bran, is decidedly the healthiest for my men." "I am convinced from my own experience," says another captain, "that bread made of the unbolted wheat meal is far more wholesome than that made from the best superfine flour—the latter always tending to produce constipation." Captain Dexter of the ship *Isis*, belonging to Providence, arrived from China in December, 1804. He had been about 190 days on the passage. The sea-bread, which constituted the principal article of food for his men, was made of the best superfine flour. He had not been long at sea before his men began to complain of languor, loss of appetite, and debility. These difficulties continued to increase during the whole voyage; and several of the hands died on the passage of debility and inanition. The ship was obliged to come to an anchor about thirty miles below Providence; and such was the debility of the men on board, that they were not able to get the ship under weigh again, and the owners were under the necessity of sending men down from Providence to work her up. When she arrived, the owners asked Captain Dexter what was the cause of the sickness of his men. He replied, "The bread was too good."

The primary object of the pamphlet already quoted, is to explain a mode of making bread without the use of yeast, the *raising* process being accomplished by carbonate of soda and muriatic acid. The formula recommended for bread made of *wheat meal* (that is, the flour of entire grain) is—wheat meal 3 pounds avoirdupois, bicarbonate of soda, in powder, 4½ drachms troy, hydrochloric acid 5 fluid drachms and 25 minims or drops, water 30 fluid ounces, and salt ½ of an ounce troy. "Bread made in this manner," says the writer, "contains nothing but flour, common salt, and water. It has an agreeable natural taste, keeps much longer than common bread, is more digestible, and much less disposed to turn acid. Common bread, like everything that has been fermented, ferments easily again, to the great discomfort of many stomachs; and not only so, but as "a little leaven leavens the whole lump," it communicates a similar action to all the food in contact with it. Unfermented bread being free from this defect, is beneficial to those who suffer from headache, acidity, flatulence, eructations, a sense of sinking at the pit of the stomach, or pain after meals, and to all who are subject to gout or gravel. It is also useful in many affections of the skin. These remarks apply to both varieties of the bread, but especially to the brown, which is further invaluable to all who are liable to constipation from torpidity of the colon, or large

* Instructions for Making Unfermented Bread, by a Physician. London: Taylor and Walton. 1846.

intestines—the common infirmity of the sedentary, and of those who have been accustomed to oatmeal diet in their youth."

Of unfermented bread we know nothing besides what is stated in its favor in this pamphlet, excepting that an intelligent friend assures us of his having experienced much benefit to his health from the use of it for the last twelvemonth. It is certainly, however, very desirable, for another reason, that unfermented should be, as far as possible, substituted for fermented bread. At present, owing to the process of fermenting this aliment, the life of the operative baker is one of the most slavish known in our country. It is distressing to think of the misery and hardship incurred by a portion of our fellow-creatures in producing the bread laid upon our tables every day. We used to associate sugar with the blood and tears of the negroes: we might, with equal justice, connect hot rolls and snowy loaves with the sleepless, harassed lives of a portion of our own population. Could we agree to use unfermented bread, the slavish life of the baker would be at an end, for bread could then be made in two hours, where eight are now necessary.

It is hardly necessary to point out that unfermented bread, being produced at less expense of labor, would in that measure be cheaper to the public. A reduction of price would arise from another cause. By the use of the chemicals, there would be a saving of ten per cent. in the flour. "In the common process," says the pamphlet, "much of the saccharine part of the flour is lost by being converted into carbonic acid and spirit; and this waste is incurred solely for the purpose of getting carbonic acid to raise the dough. By the new method, the waste is avoided, and the gas obtained in a manner equally beautiful and efficacious—another striking instance of the successful application of chemical philosophy to the arts of life."

From Chambers' Journal.

SPECTRE WITNESSES.

MUCH as the disembodied spirits of the dead have associated themselves with men's actions, it is a rarity to find the intercourse between the world of life and that of spirits forming an item in official and practical business, and holding a place in the record of its transactions. The conflict of intellects in the practical business of life is a great exorciser of evil spirits; and while the strong-minded, the educated, and the learned, in the solitude of cloisters, in old graveyards, in caverns, or on "blasted heaths," have every now and then professed to be visited by apparitions, twelve of the most superstitious men in the world, empannelled as a jury, would hardly be found to attest a ghost story by a verdict returned in open court. Defoe, it is true, presents to us the history of a murderer who, in giving false evidence against an innocent man, is confronted by the ghost of the victim, with which he carries on a dialogue in open court, ultimately fatal to his conspiracy. But the ingenious writer leaves it undetermined whether the spectre was supposed to be present, or the diseased imagination of the perjured murderer, working upon his organs of sight, had called up the impression, and made the suggestions of his evil conscience, like those of Macbeth, appear to be embodied before his eyes. And here, by the way, let us just note how preposterously the stage, in representing this awful instance of the force of conscience, outwits itself in

the belief that it is gratifying the taste of the multitude. The true impressiveness of the guilty man's terror consists in his seeing what the on-lookers see not. "The table is full," but to him only—not to the wondering guests, or to his own iron-nerved wife. Yet at this moment, in the usual performance of the piece, some big stout man, dressed in tartans, with his throat painted to represent its being cut, stalks in and seats himself right in front of the audience, who should see the ghost of Banquo only reflected in the horror that distorts the countenance of Macbeth.

To return to our immediate subject. Sir Walter Scott having discovered, in the criminal records of Scotland, a trial for murder, in which some information received from the ghost of the murdered man was a part of the evidence, thought the record of sufficient interest to be printed for the Bannatyne Club, with the title, "*Trial of Duncan Terig alias Clerk, and Alexander Bayne Macdonald, for the murder of Arthur Davies, Sergeant in General Guise's regiment of foot, June, 1754.*" The sergeant was commander of a small party, employed in the obnoxious duty of enforcing the act against the Highlanders carrying arms and wearing their native costume. He was stationed at Braemar, where the quantity of game on the surrounding hills tempted him to make solitary sporting excursions. The spot where he met his death was on the hill of Christie, one of the range of mountains which extend from the Dee in Aberdeenshire towards the Spital of Glenshee, in the Braes of Angus. It is at this day a savage and solitary district, where human habitations or cultivated lands are hardly to be met with, and a body might lie in the deep heather till the flesh fell from the bones ere the usual course of chance might bring a visitor to the spot. We may have some idea of the sergeant's character from the testimony of his widow. He seems to have been a fearless, frank, good-natured man, fond of field-sports, and well to do in the world. The wealth he carried about his person would not now be often found with one of his standing; but from Fielding's novels, and other sources, it is pretty clear that a sergeant in the army occupied a much higher social position in that age than in the present.

The most important portion of the widow's testimony was thus given:—"Her husband was a keen sportsman, and used to go out a shooting or fishing generally every day. When he went along with the party on patrol, he sent the men home, and followed his sport. On other occasions, he went out a shooting by himself alone. He was a sober man, a good manager, and had saved money to the value of about fifteen guineas and a half, which he had in gold, and kept in a green silk purse, which he enclosed within a leathern purse, along with any silver he had. Besides this gold, he generally wore a silver watch in his pocket, and two gold rings upon one of his fingers, one of which was of pale yellow gold, and had a little lump of gold raised upon it, in the form of a seal. The other was a plain gold ring, which the deponent had got from David Holland, her first husband, with the letter D. H. on the inside, and had this posy on it—"When this you see, remember me." Sergeant Davies commonly wore a pair of large silver buckles in his shoes, marked also with the letters D. H. in the inside, which likewise had belonged to her said former husband; as also he wore silver knee-buckles, and had two dozen silver buttons upon a double-breasted vest, made of striped

interesting. He frequently had about him a folding penknife, that had a brown tortoise shell handle, and a plate upon the end of it, on which was cut a naked boy, or some such device, with which he often sealed his letters. One day, when he was dressing some hooks, while the deponent was by, she observed he was cutting his hat with his penknife, and she went towards him and asked what he meant by cutting his hat! To which he answered that he was cutting his name upon it. To which the deponent replied, she could not see what he could mean by putting his name upon a thing of no value, and pulled it out of his hand in a jocular way; but he followed her, and took the hat from her, and she observed that the A. was then cut out in the hat; and after he got it, she saw him cut out the letter D., which he did in a hurry, and which the deponent believed was occasioned by the toying that was between them concerning this matter; for when she observed it, she said to him, you have made a pretty sort of work of it by having misplaced the letters. To which he answered that it was her fault, having caused him to do it in a hurry. The hat now upon the table, and which is lying in the clerk's hands, and referred to in the indictment, to the best of her judgment and belief is the hat above-mentioned. She never has seen neither the said sergeant, the green silk purse or leathern purse before-mentioned, nor the buckles for his shoes or knees, watch, or penknife, since he marched from his quarters with the party at the time at which he is supposed to have been murdered. On Thursday, being the day immediately preceding Michaelmas, being the 28th of September, 1749, her husband went out very early in the morning from Dubrach, and four men of the party under his command soon after followed him, in order to meet the patrol from Glenshee; and in the afternoon, before four o'clock, the four men returned to Dubrach, and acquainted the deponent that they had seen and heard him fire a shot, as they believed, at Tarmatans, but that he did not join company with them. At the place appointed they met with a corporal and a party from Glenshee, and then retired home. Her husband never returned. She has never met with anybody who saw him after the party returned from the foresaid place, excepting the corporal who that day commanded the party from Glenshee, who told her that, after the forementioned party from Dubrach had gone away from the foresaid appointed place, Sergeant Davies came up to him all alone, upon which the corporal told him he thought it was very unreasonable in him to venture upon the hill by himself, as for his part he was not without fear, even when he had his party of four men along with him; to which Sergeant Davies answered, that when he had his arms and ammunition about him, he did not fear anybody he could meet. Her husband made no secret of his having the gold before-mentioned; and upon the many different occasions he had to pay and receive money, he used to take out his purse and show the gold; and even when he was playing with children, he would frequently take out his purse and rattle it for their diversion, from which it was generally known in the neighborhood that the sergeant was worth money, and carried it about him. From the second day after the sergeant and party went from Dubrach as aforesaid, when the deponent found he did not return, she did believe, and does believe at this day, that he was murdered; for that he and

she had lived together in as great amity and love as any couple could do that ever were married, and he never was in use to stay away a night from her; and it was not possible he could be under any temptation to desert, as he was much esteemed and beloved by all his officers, and had good reason to believe he would have been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major upon the first vacancy." The body had lain for nearly a year before it was discovered. Of the state in which it was found, and the alleged appearance of the sergeant's ghost to the witness, Alexander Macpherson *alias* Macgillias, the following is an account in that person's own words, as his evidence was taken down in court:—

"In the summer of 1750, he found, lying in a moss-bank in the hill of Christie, a human body; at least the bones of a human body, of which the flesh was mostly consumed, and he believed it to be the body of Sergeant Davies, because it was reported in the country that he had been murdered in that hill the year before. When he first found this body there was a bit of blue cloth upon it, pretty entire, which he took to be what is called English cloth; he also found the hair of the deceased, which was of a dark mouse color, and tied about with a black ribbon; he also observed some pieces of a striped stuff; and found also lying there a pair of brogues, which had been made with latches for buckles, which had been cut away by a knife. By the help of his staff, he brought out the body, and laid it upon plain ground; in doing whereof, some of the bones were separated one from another. For some days he was in a doubt what to do; but meeting with John Growar in the moss, he told John what he had found, and John bade him tell nothing of it, otherwise he would complain of the deponent to John Shaw of Daldownie; upon which the deponent resolved to prevent Growar's complaint, and go and tell Daldownie of it himself; and which having accordingly done, Daldownie desired him to conceal the matter, and go and bury the body privately, as it would not be carried to a kirk un kent, and that the same might hurt the country, being under suspicion of being a rebel country. Some few days thereafter he acquainted Donald Farquharson of his having seen the body of a dead man in the hill, which he took to be the body of Sergeant Davies. Farquharson at first doubted the truth of his information, till the deponent told him that, a few nights before, when he was in bed, a vision appeared to him as of a man clad in blue, who told the deponent, 'I am Sergeant Davies;' but before he told him so, the deponent had taken the said vision, at first appearance, to be a real living man, a brother of Donald Farquharson's. The deponent rose from his bed, and followed him to the door, and then it was, as has been told, that he said he was Sergeant Davies, who had been murdered in the hill of Christie near a year before, and desired the deponent to go to the place he had pointed at, where he would find his bones, and that he might go to Donald Farquharson and take his assistance to the burying of of him. Upon giving Donald Farquharson this information, Donald went along with him, and found the bones as he had informed Donald, and then buried them with the help of a spade, which he (the deponent) had along with him: and for putting what is above deposed on out of doubt, deposes that the above vision was the occasion of his going by himself to see the dead body, and which he did before

he either spoke to John Dowar, Laldownie, or any other body. While he was in bed another night, after he had first seen the body by himself, but had not buried it, the vision again appeared, naked, and minded him to bury the body; and after that he spoke to the other folks above-mentioned, and at last complied, and buried the bones above-mentioned. Upon the vision's first appearance to the deponent in his bed, and after going out of the door, and being told by it he was Sergeant Davies, the deponent asked him who it was that had murdered him, to which it made this answer, that if the deponent had not asked, he might have told him, but as he had asked him, he said he either could not, or would not; but which of the two expressions the deponent cannot say. But at the second time the vision made its appearance to him, the deponent renewed the same question; and then the vision answered that it was the two men now in the panel [at the bar] that had murdered him. And being further interrogated in what manner the vision disappeared from him first, it fast, depones that, after the short interviews above-mentioned, the vision at both times disappeared and vanished out of his sight in the twinkling of an eye; and that, in describing the panels by the vision before-mentioned as his murderers, his words were, 'Duncan Clerk and Alexander Macdonald;' depones that the conversation betwixt the deponent and the vision was in the Irish language."

The idea of an English sergeant, even in the exalted form of a spirit, being able to speak Gaelic, startled the judge and jury, although, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, there is no greater stretch of imagination in supposing a ghost to speak a language which the living person did not understand, than in supposing it to speak at all. The other evidence against the prisoners was very strong; but this consideration as to Macpherson's deposition seems to have thrown a discredit over the whole case, and a verdict of acquittal was the consequence. A German would now suggest that phenomena of this kind are not wholly objective or external to the beholder, but partly subjective, and taking a character from himself, so that the English sergeant might really appear to the seer to speak "as good Gaelic as ever heard in Lochaber." But such considerations were not likely to occur to a Scotch criminal court in the middle of the eighteenth century.

A book, privately printed under the title of "Notices relative to the Bannatyne Club," as appropriate to Sir Walter Scott's volume, gives an account of a case in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, where the appearance of a spectre was attested in an action as to a will.

"William Briggs said that Thomas Harris died in September, 1790. In the March following he was riding near the place where Thomas Harris was buried, on a horse formerly belonging to Thomas Harris. After crossing a small brook, his horse began to walk on very fast; it was between the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the morning; he was alone; it was a clear day; he entered a lane adjoining to the field where Thomas Harris was buried; his horse suddenly wheeled in a panel

of the fence, looked over the fence into the field where Thomas Harris was buried, towards the graveyard, and neighed very loud. Witness then saw Thomas Harris coming towards him in the same apparel as he had last seen him in his lifetime; he had on a sky-blue coat. Just before he came to the fence, he varied to the right, and vanished. His horse took the road."

We give some other instances of delusions or impostures having some resemblance to our Highland ghost story, in Sir Walter Scott's words:—

"In the French *Causes Célèbres et Intéressantes*, is one in which a countryman prosecutes a tradesman, named Anguier, for about twenty thousand francs, said to have been lent to the tradesman. It was pretended that the loan was to account of the proceeds of a treasure which Mirabel the peasant had discovered by means of a ghost or spirit, and had transferred to the said Anguier, that he might convert it into cash for him. The defendant urged the impossibility of the original discovery of the treasure by the spirit to the prosecutor; but the defence was repelled by the influence of the principal judge; and on a charge so ridiculous, Anguier narrowly escaped the torture. At length, though with hesitation, the prosecutor was persuaded, upon the ground that if his own story was true, the treasure, by the ancient laws of France, belonged to the crown. So that the ghost-seer, though he had nearly occasioned the defendant to be put to the torture, profited in the end nothing by his motion.

"This is something like a decision of the great Frederick of Prussia. One of his soldiers, a Catholic, pretended peculiar sanctity, and an especial devotion to a particular image of the Virgin Mary, which, richly decorated with ornaments by the zeal of her worshippers, was placed in a chapel in one of the churches of the city where her votary was quartered. The soldier acquired such familiarity with the object of his devotion, and was so much confided in by the priests, that he watched for, and found, an opportunity of possessing himself of a valuable diamond necklace belonging to the Madonna. Although the defendant was taken in the manner, he had the impudence, knowing the case was to be heard by the king, to say that the Madonna herself had voluntarily presented him with her necklace, observing that, as her good and faithful votary, he had better apply it to his necessities than that it should remain useless in her custody.

"The king, happy of the opportunity of tormenting the priests, demanded of them whether there was a possibility that the soldier's defence might be true. Their faith obliged them to grant that the story was possible, while they exhausted themselves on the improbabilities that attended it. 'Nevertheless,' said the king, 'since it is possible, we must, in absence of proof, receive it as true in the first instance. All I can do to check an imprudent generosity of the saints in future, is to publish an edict, or public order, that all soldiers in my service who shall accept any gift from the Virgin, or any saint whatever, shall, *eo ipso*, incur the penalty of death.'

From Punch.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHAPTER VI.

SINCE that beautiful looking-glass was gone forever—for never having learned to dive, it was impossible that I could hope to recover it—I still had hope. I remembered the number of lady passengers we had brought out, and felt comforted. There must be, I thought, twenty more looking-glasses in the wreck; though not such a love as the mirror I had lost.

Having pushed my raft as far near the land as possible, I fastened it with a string to a large stone, believing that, as the tide went down, the raft would be left upon the shore. I had not calculated falsely. So it happened. My next work, however, was to look about me. Where was I? In what corner of the earth? It could not be Peru, for I saw not a morsel of gold upon the beach; it was not one of the Spice Islands, for not a single nutmeg was to be seen upon any of the trees. Was it the Canaries?—flights of birds flew past me; but they flew so high, it was impossible for me to discern if there were any canaries among them. And here—I must confess it—I felt some anger towards the respected principals of my Blackheath boarding-school. I have said that I was nominally taught the use of the globes; my learning was down in the bill, and paid for every quarter. I had been taught to talk about California and Behring's Straits, and the Euxine, and Patagonia, as if they were all so many old acquaintance; and yet I knew not if at that moment I might not be upon some of them. And then I sighed, and felt that it is n't for a young lady to know anything of the world, because she sits with the globe in her hand two hours a day. And I felt too that if I ever should have a daughter—and how my eyes did sadly wander about that uninhabited tract—I should not conclude that she knew anything of geography, because I had paid for it.

However, I was resolved to look about me, and explore the country. Whereupon, I waded into the water, and removed one of the light trunks, and one of the bonnet-boxes. Of course, I could not go out without first dressing myself. My mortification was very great, though very foolish—for what could I have expected?—to find the box locked. Fortunately, it was a hasp lock; I therefore sat down upon the beach, and with a large stone hammered away until I had broken it. With some natural anxiety, I lifted the lid. The first thing that burst upon my view was a very pretty muslin—worked with a green sprig—a nice morning thing. I remembered the lady to whom the box belonged, and felt that the gown could not fit me—it must be at least half-a-quarter too wide in the waist. But I felt half-comforted, and much distressed with the thought that nobody would see me. I therefore began my toilette; and, considering my many difficulties, felt—for though I had no glass, we feel when we look well—I felt myself interesting. I contrived to pin in the gown, hiding it where most wanted with a primrose-colored China crape shawl. Dressing my hair in bands—for, though from childhood it always curled naturally, it could not be expected to curl so soon after so much salt water—I put on a beautiful chip bonnet, (I am certain the unfortunate soul had brought it out with her ready truncheon for a hasty

marriage.) I was not troubled with the shoes; for, by some strange fatality, even in England I never could get a shoe small enough for me; and the lady whose shoes I was doomed to wear had a foot like—but no; never while I live will I speak ill of the dead. I said my hair would not curl. Let me correct myself. One lock always could, particularly well. / And this lock—do what I might—always *would* show itself just under my bonnet. And so it happened now.

Among the many little elegances—which I will not stop to name, for they will find names in the bosom of every lady—discovered in the box, I found some court plaiter. This was a blessing. I felt that even among tigers—if there were tigers—I should not be deprived of my daily beauty-spot. I also found a very handsome shot-silk parasol, fresh from the shop, wrapt in its virgin paper. Now, I never thought too much of my beauty—no woman can ~~be~~ ^{be} proud of the loveliness of my complexion, people called me, from a child, Little Dresden China. Therefore, my emotions on discovering the parasol, the sun being at the time—perhaps two hundred in the shade, may, in the words of a great public writer, “be more easily conceived than described.”

Being as well dressed as my dreadful circumstances would permit, I felt that I might venture out. As, however, the country might be inhabited—(my heart beat thicker at the thought)—I felt it necessary to be prepared for the worst. For what I knew, it might be an island not far from Constantinople, and—the pure blood of a free-born English maiden burned in my veins—I would prefer death to the captivity of the Harem, or (according to the last editions) Hareem. At the thought, I remembered that I had been suckled at the same breast with the British lion, and knew the proper moment when—to die!

My sister readers—and these pages are written for them alone—cannot therefore but applaud my resolution when I inform them that I took with me (placing them like sleeping vipers in my bosom) my pair of scissors, and in my right hand (my left carried my parasol) one of the captain's pistols. If the country was not inhabited by Hottentots or Hindoos—I always had a horror of a black skin, whereas there is something romantic in the true olive—there might be lions and tigers, leopards and crocodiles.

I therefore began my morning walk, never once turning round, though now and then—how deceitful is fancy!—I thought I heard footsteps following me. They might be men: but even then the lessons of my dear mother were not forgotten—I never looked behind me: I tripped a little quicker, unconsciously lowering my parasol. I began to ascend a hill, I should say quite as high as Highgate. Arrived at the top, I turned round and round, and wherever I turned saw nothing but the sea heaving about me. Then I felt that I had, after all, learned something of geography. I knew I was upon an island.

Was it inhabited? There was a beautiful double opera-glass in the box I had opened. Why had I not brought it with me? If inhabited, I might have beheld the smoke of chimneys; the dancing, perhaps—what indecorous, what different dancing to the aerial movements of her majesty's theatre—of the benighted savages. No: it was plain I was alone. Alone! My eye rested upon my sprigged muslin—my feelings flew back to my white chip—and I wept.

I descended the hill; and at the bottom, that was skirted with some thick bushes, I heard a noise. In a moment, and with a courage that at any other time I should have thought it impossible for me to possess, I turned my head aside, and presenting my pistol, fired. Something, with a heavy bump, fell a few yards from me. Before I ventured to look, I asked myself—"Is it a tiger!—is it an eagle?" I turned round, and saw it was neither one nor the other. It was a bird of an enormous size, with large fleshy knobs about his head and neck. Had I seen such a bird before? I had been to Mr. Wombwell's; he had nothing like it. And then I recollected that I had seen something like the bird in London, at Christmas. In a word, after much deep thought and patient examination, I discovered the bird to be a turkey—a wild turkey. At least, I thought, here is a dinner. But how to get it home? "Home!" so sweet is the word, it follows us everywhere. My "how" was where my boxes were. "How to get it home!"

"If anybody," I thought, forgetting my desolation, "was to see me carrying a turkey, could I ever look the world in the face again?" Instinctively I looked round and round that nobody might behold me, and at length lifted up the turkey by the neck. I do not profess to be a correct judge of weights and measures—I never could learn 'em at school, but I am very much mistaken if the turkey did not weigh at least seventy pounds. It was most oppressive to carry; but I thought how nice it would be when cooked.

Cooked! Who was to cook it? I, who never even made a custard—because I thought it low—how was I to cook such a tremendous animal as a turkey! However, I walked on—wearily enough—until I came back to my boxes. The tide had left my raft upon dry land; I would therefore, I thought, prepare my dinner. I knew that the turkey must be picked. But how! There was a dressing-case in one of the boxes. I had secured that. I therefore searched for it; and taking from it a pair of tweezers, sat me down upon the beach, and began to pick my turkey.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILST picking the turkey—which, in my heart, I wished a golden pheasant, not so much for its flesh as for its feathers for a tippet—my thoughts continued fixed upon my home. I then felt the bitter fruits of my obstinacy. I had neglected all the truly useful arts of life for its vain accomplishments. I could work a peacock in worsted; but, I felt it, I could not draw a turkey. Again and again had my dear mother tried to impress upon my giddy brain *Mrs. Glasse's* golden rules "to choose poultry, game, &c.;" and as often I had turned a careless ear from the dear soul, saying, that all such learning would, of course, be known to my housekeeper; that I would never marry a man who would expect me to know the age of poultry; and other impertinence of the like kind. I ought to have known that "a turkeycock, if young, has a smooth black leg, with a short spur." But when I should have laid this wisdom to my heart, it was beating for spurs not to be found upon turkeys. Then for telling the age of geese—I despised such homely knowledge. Enough for me, if I could tell the age of certain beautiful officers, with white feathers not to be thought of with poultry. How I bewailed the time I had given to the parks, bestowing no thought upon the kitchen!

Having, with the aid of my tweezers, picked my turkey, I had a confused suspicion that the bird should be drawn, and stuffed, and served with gravy. I turned it over and over, looked at it again and again; and felt humbled by my ignorance. Then I thought of cooking it as it was, just helping myself to little bits of the breast. Again I thought, fortune will not send a turkey every day; therefore no part of it should be wasted. In my perplexity, I at length resolved to hang it to a tree until the next day, that I might reconsider the difficulty. I did so; but I could not silence the self-reproach that said: "Here you are, Miss Robinson, a finished young lady. You can play the Battle of Prague—can read very easy French—can work chain-stitch—can paint tulips on velvet—can dance any country-dance as though you came into the world with the figure in your head; but you cannot cook a turkey." Oh, my dear sisters, may you never feel the pang of that reproach!

Assuaging my hunger with some biscuit and the captain's potted anchovies, I set to work to barricade myself against savages or wild beasts. With infinite labor I piled trunk upon trunk and bandbox upon bandbox in a complete circle. Never being accustomed to sleep in the dark, you may imagine how I missed my rushlight. A woman always feels protection in a candle; and the lion itself, as I had heard, was to be awed by a lighted long-six. However, worn out by fatigue, I soon sank to sleep; and awoke about the time—so far as I could judge from the sun—that hot rolls are served in the morning. I made a hearty breakfast of shell-fish and biscuit—but somehow, I felt a strange vacuity, an "aching void," as Doctor Dodd somewhere says, that I could not account for. I wanted something; an essential something. It was the *Morning Post*. It was always such blessed food—such support and gladness for the day—to read the "Court Circular;" to be sustained by a knowledge of the royal ridings and walkings; and though I knew I should never be invited to such junketings, still it imparted a mysterious pleasure to know that "The Marchioness of Mayfair had a party, at which all the *élite*," &c. It was, somehow to see the jewels reflected in the type—somehow to catch the odor of high society even from the printers' ink. And this, the balm of life, was denied me. I was so haunted by the thought that, with playful bitterness, I sometimes wrote with a stick "*Morning Post*" upon the sand; and then wanly smiled and moralized, as the rising tide would wash that morning print away! After a season I devoted the time formerly given to the *Post* to my parrot; and found in the eloquent intelligence of the bird much more than a recompense for my loss. But let me not anticipate.

I made continual trips to the wreck, and every time returned with new treasures of food and goods and raiment. What a wardrobe I had—if anybody could but have seen it! Sometimes, when aboard the ship, I felt a concern for my stores on land, lest they should be ravaged by men or beasts, but on my return from the ship I found all as I had left it. Once only I saw two little creatures run from among the boxes. They were, I thought, either ermine or rabbits. If real ermine—the notion would rise—what a muff and tippet I might promise myself!

Whilst loading my raft, an accident occurred that mightily discomposed me. The wedding-

ring that, for safety, I continued to wear, became severed in the middle. It was plain there was a flaw in the virgin gold. Solitude had made me superstitious; and I looked upon the broken circle as an omen that I was doomed to perpetual celibacy. The thought of never-ending singleness fell upon my heart with a crushing weight. And, to make my misery perfect, the cat that I have spoken of in a former chapter, again came rubbing herself against me, looking upwards with horribly speaking eyes, as though confirming my fear of destitution.

I took the fractured ring from my finger. Hope whispered—"Take heart, Miss Robinson; like a first love broken, it may be soldered." With this, I secured the precious bit of domestic metal, and renewed my work, a little comforted.

Like a bee gathering sweets, I went from cabin to cabin. Rummaging a locker I found three razors; I was about to leave them, when my previous train of thought recurred. "The fate that requires a wedding-ring," said the thought, "also gives a value to razors." I therefore resolved to take the instruments: and the same resolution induced me to bring away a prodigious stock of tobacco. "I shall never smoke myself," I seemed to remark; "but *he* may."

In another locker I found some knives and—I could have wept with gratitude—some silver forks. It having been made one of the first principles of my education to consider a silver fork essential to any assertion soever of human dignity, I felt myself lifted by the discovery. I had learned that what was known as the Iron Age, was no other than the time of Iron Forks: or why did I take real silver to Blackheath with me! The age of iron was the age of vulgar toil, when everybody labored: now the first-known silver spoon—as I was instructed by the Misses Whalebones—came into the world in the mouth of the first gentleman.

In another locker I found a bag of sovereigns. They made me sigh. "Of what use, O sovereigns!" I said, "are you to me? You cannot buy me a seat at the opera. You cannot take me to Brighton. You cannot waft me to Rundell and Bridge's, to make choice there." Flinging down the gold, I said, "O drug, stay there, and"—and then the thought of the shops in Bond street, and with the thought the stock of the four seasons rose in my mind, and I moralized no more, but took the bag. As I did this, the sky became overcast, and I found that if I would secure my goods I must shorten my stay. I ran into a cabin which I recollected had been occupied by a very nice old gentleman, a clergyman, going out to join his regiment, then fighting very hard indeed, in India. But, like a dove, he was going out with the olive in his mouth, to comfort the wounded and preach patience to the flogged. Taking a hasty glance, I saw nothing but a book upon the bed-clothes of his cot—the book he had doubtless been reading when the ship struck; without opening it, I secured my prize, and ran upon deck. The sky was getting blacker and blacker, and I resolved to swim for it. The weight of the gold was a little embarrassing, but, for the first time, I found that almost any amount of gold might be borne in difficulties. After a time I seemed to swim the lighter for it.

The wind continued to rise, but at length I got ashore, and making a hasty supper of biscuit and salt-beef with the smallest imaginable drop of *eau-de-cologne* on a lump of sugar, I went comfortably

to bed; for I had in the course of my trips secured a hammock, which I suspended right across my barricade, by tying each end of it to the handles of opposite trunks. I must confess that for a long time it was very difficult for me to get into the hammock, as I no sooner got in on one side than I fell out from the other. However, as I knew there could be no witness of my awkwardness, I persevered, and in a few nights not a midshipman in the whole of the royal navy could jump more adroitly into his sleeping-birth than I did.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILST making my breakfast, I began to think—it was the constant custom of my dear father—of my dinner. My thoughts immediately flew to the turkey; and again I felt confounded by my ignorance. How was I to dress it! Whilst in this state of perturbation, and inwardly reproaching myself for the time I had lost at tambour-work that might have been so usefully, so nobly employed in at least the theory of the kitchen, my eye fell upon the book I had brought from the wreck; the book lying in the cot of the regimental chaplain going out to India. Listlessly enough, I took the volume in my hand—opened it, and, equally to my astonishment and joy, read upon the title-page—*The Complete Art of Cookery!* My gratitude was unbounded, and I blessed the good man whose midnight studies had indirectly proved of such advantage to me.

With beating heart, I turned over the pages, until I came to "Turkey." Again and again I read the directions; but though they were written with all the clearness of a novel, they only gave me, what I once heard called, a magnificent theory. I felt that drawing required a practical hand; for how was I to know gall from liver! "A stuffing of sausage-meat" sounded very well—but how to make it! And then—though, possibly, the plant might grow in the island—where to get a shred shalot! The excellent chaplain's book, instead of instructing and comforting me, plunged me in the profoundest melancholy. As I turned over the pages—I, a desolate spinster on a desolate island—I seemed scoffed and mocked at by the dishes that I read of—dishes, all of them associated with the very best society, and many of them awakened thoughts of Michaelmas goose, of Christmas beef, of spring lamb, and all the many amenities that impart the sweetest charm to civilized existence. With a strong effort of will, I laid down the book: I would keep it, I thought, for calmer hours. When more accustomed to my hideous solitude, it might soothe and support me, throwing the fascinations of romance about a cold and hungry reality.

Walking upon the beach, I looked, as usual, in the direction of the wreck, and found it—gone. The gale of the night had doubtless been very violent—though I slept too soundly to hear it—and the remains of the miserable vessel had sunk forever in the deep. I was, at first, very much affected; but when I remembered that with the exception of one box, containing a bonnet of the most odious color for my complexion, I had brought all my dear sister-passengers' trunks and boxes safe ashore, I felt soothed with the consciousness that, at least I had done my duty.

And I was upon an island—alone; with neither man, nor—excepting the aforesaid rabbits (or *er mine*)—beast. After a flood of tears, I resolved like a true woman, to make the best of my misery. I walked further into the island, and discovered

beautiful bit of grass-plot, backed by a high rock. To this place, with a strength and patience I am almost ashamed to confess, I removed every trunk and every box, placing them in a semicircle, with the rocks—I believe it's called—the gable end. When this was done, I cut down innumerable stakes of willow: this I was enabled to do with the surgeon's saw, a remarkably neat and elegant little instrument. The stakes I drove into the earth, within about six inches round the trunks, by means of a cannon ball—providentially, as it afterwards turned out, brought from the wreck. This being done—and it cost me incredible labor to accomplish it—I dug up hundreds of creepers, and parasitical plants, and cactuses, that I found in different parts of the island, and replanted them near the willow stakes. Vegetation was very rapid indeed, in that island. In less than a week the plants and willows began to shoot, and—to anticipate my story a little—in two months every trunk and every box was hidden by a green and flowering wall. The cactuses took very kindly, and formed a hedge, strong enough, I verily believe, to repel a wild beast or a wild Indian. I ought to have said that I had taken the precaution to roof my bower, as I called it, with some tarpaulin, that stained and made my hands smell horribly. However, I had no remedy.

Whilst I worked at my bower, I lived upon the biscuit and potted meats and preserves found in the steward's cabin. In time, however, I began to grow tired of these, and longed for something fresh. As for the turkey, I had left that hanging to the tree, being incapable of drawing and dressing it. Many wild-fowl flew about me, but, disheartened by the turkey, I took no heed of them. At length it struck me that though not much of a cook I might be able to boil some shrimps. The first difficulty, however, was to catch them. During my visits to English watering-places I had observed females of the lower orders, with hand-nets I think they call them, fishing for shrimps. I therefore resolved to make a net. Here, at least, some part of the education acquired at the Misses Whalebone's was of service to me, for I knew how to knit. Amongst the stores I had brought from my ship, were several balls of twine. Chopping and chiselling a needle, I set to work, and in less than three days produced an excellent net. This I stretched on a stout elastic frame of wood, and the tide serving, walked—just like one of the vulgar women I had seen at Brighton and Margate—bare-legged, into the sea. The shrimps came in little shoals, and in less than a couple of hours I am sure, I returned to the shore with not less than three quarts of the best brown shrimps, Gravesend measure. These I boiled; obtaining a light after this fashion:

When a very little girl, I had always assisted my brother when making fireworks for Guy Fawkes. It was he who taught me how to make—I think they are called, little devils. A pinch or two of gunpowder is taken in the palm of the hand, and wetted: it is then kneaded into the form of a little cone; a few grains of dry powder are laid upon the top, when fire is applied to it, and the whole thing goes off in a red eruption, like a toy Vesuvius. Having prepared the powder, I struck sparks upon it; using my steel busk (how the sparks did fly about it, to be sure!) and a flint. By these means I burnt a piece of linen—a beautiful bit of new Irish, and so got my original stock of tinder. After this, I had only to use my busk and the flint to obtain a light—for I found a heap

of matches in the purser's locker—when I wanted it. Gathering dry sticks and leaves into a heap, I made a rousing fire. I had brought away the ship's compass; and so used the metal basin that contained it as a saucepan. In this I boiled my first shrimps. I had no salt, which was a great privation. Necessity, however, the mother of invention—(and, certainly, for a little outcast, he has proved a very fine child in the world; though when prosperous, I'm afraid he very seldom thinks of his mamma)—necessity suggested to me, that if I would pound the gunpowder very fine, it might at a pinch serve for salt. I tried the experiment; and though I must allow that salt is better without charcoal, nevertheless, salt with charcoal is infinitely better than no salt at all.

For some time I took very much to shrimps; but the human mind is given to variety—a fact that in my solitude I have frequently pondered on—and I began to long for some other kind of food: in fact, for some fresh fish. In my wanderings about the island, I had discovered a beautiful piece of water—clear as crystal, and sweet as milk—in which were multitudes of the most beautiful roach, and gudgeon, and pike, and I know not what. I felt very much disposed to obtain some; but my wishes met with a check from these thoughts. “In the first place,” I said, “I have no tackle; in the next, I am no fisherwoman.” Now to have made my argument complete against angling, there should have been no fish. But it was not so. I therefore determined to invent me some tackle.

My petticoat—my *crinoline*—I had no doubt there were fifty others in the boxes—flashed upon me. It was a little worn, and the others were, no doubt, new; besides, I had more than one of my own stock. Knowing that fishing-lines were made of hair, I immediately began to draw my *crinoline*. As I drew out horse-hair by horse-hair I moralized—I could not help it—upon the wondrous accidents of life. “When,” thought I, “for the Crown-and-Anchor Ball, I first put on this *crinoline*, swimming into the room in a cloud of white satin—did I then think it (the petticoat) was ever intended to catch little gudgeons?” And with these thoughts, I patiently, mournfully, drew out hair by hair, and found that they would bear any weight of fish that might jump at the hook.

The hook! Where was the hook? In another instant a thought suggested the ring—the broken wedding-ring. There was a something in the notion that brought to my face a melancholy smile. There was a bitterness, a pleasant bitterness, in the idea, that I relished mightily. I therefore resolved to turn the ring into a rude hook, which, by means of a pair of pliers from the surgeon's case, I accomplished. And it looked so remarkably like a hook, nobody could have imagined it had ever been a wedding-ring.

A tall, tapering rod grew on every tree. I therefore set out to the brook fully equipped. Arrived at the place, I baited the ring—the hook I should say—with nothing more than a little chewed biscuit, mixed, to keep it together, with pomatum. I threw in, and as fast as I threw in, I had a bite. It was curious to see the innocent creatures fly to the ring; that is, the hook that was to destroy them. I was some time astonished at their simplicity. At length I thought, “Poor things! their eagerness to bite at the wedding-ring proves the island to have been always uninhabited. They bite in this way, because they have never before beheld the face of a woman!”

THE TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

We print these communications without comment:—

No. I.—A PLANTER TO PUNCH.

“Cheltenham.”

“Sir,

“I don’t expect much sympathy from you. I’ll tell you why. When my medical attendant, at Cheltenham last year, recommended what he called ‘peristaltic motion of the lower viscera’ for my liver complaint, (for I’ve not lived in Berbice eighteen years for nothing, and yet there was n’t a planter in the colony more moderate in his sangrosum and sangaree,) he suggested taking in your publication, which, he said, would make me laugh, and produce the motion with the odd name above mentioned. Well, sir, I ordered your publication, and laughed a good deal at it I must say, but every now and then I came across some high-flying bit of stuff, which I dare say the fellow who writes it calls humanity and philanthropy, but which, between you and me, is humbug and nothing else.

“I dare say if you’d lived in 1833, at the time of the iniquitous emancipation of the black fellows, you’d have been one of the loudest in the ‘man and brother’ clap-trap. You don’t know the Snow-halls as well as I do. I’ve seen them under the cart-whip; and the more’s the pity since the cart-whip was hung up for good and all. I felt it was all up with the colonies when that happened. I could not sell my estate, but I leased it to my attorney, and with the paltry share I got of your so-called compensation, (a downright robbery by the way, if ever there was one,) left Berbice, and settled at Cheltenham, alongside of some old Guiana cronies in the same predicament with myself. Sir, we are a small and far from cheerful part of wronged and ruined men. They’re going to take away the little protection that was left us. Of course I don’t intend to chime in with the abolition nonsense of that old rascal Clarkson, about encouraging the slave trade and such like stuff. I only wish we were where Cuba is, and had been wise enough to keep our blacks under the collar when we had ‘em there. But that’s all over, the more’s the pity. I’ll tell you the real point where the shoe pinches. The black fellows won’t work. They’re a set of the idlest vagabonds! They’ve no respect for the rights of property and the interests of their employers. There’s a gang of scoundrels about Mount Pleasant—my estate—rascals that were my slaves, most of them since they were pickaninnies fighting for bananas under my dinner-table, up to that fatal 1st of August.

“I’ve clothed those fellows, sir, I’ve fed them, I’ve let them cultivate provision grounds on my waste, and fatten themselves like pigs with the cane-juice at boiling times; I’ve flogged them (that is, my overseer has) week after week, and done what I could to teach them industrious habits, by field-work twelve hours a day, six days out of the seven—for I know what’s due to the church. What’s my reward! Why, now that the fellows are free, as they call it, they have n’t the gratitude to work more than two days in the week. That brings them in their eight shillings, and they can live the whole seven days through like fighting-cocks for six. So, their two days’ work done, there they sit, as lazy as so many gentlemen and as happy as so many kings, under their verandahs,

with their wives by their sides and their pot-bellied little Sambos and Julius Cæsars tumbling about their feet, and won’t do a stroke of work—not if the governor was to go on his knees to ‘em. Now, I put it to you—is this a tolerable state of things! How would you like to see the laborers in England kicking their heels in comfort, and putting their thumbs to their noses while tenant and landlord were begging and praying them to go to work, when once they’d made enough to keep them for the week! What comes of it all! The negroes are enjoying themselves, and the planters are ruined; four-sixths of the plantations are out of cultivation, and many of the rascally black fellows are saving money and clubbing it to buy us out one after another—fellows that you’ve seen writhing and squeaking under your dining room windows and your own cart-whips! They’ll have all the property of the colony before ten years are gone.

“I always said what it would come to. How the government can reconcile it to their consciences I don’t know!

“I am, sir,

“Your indignant reader,

“NATHANIEL THRESHER.”*

No. II.—A FREE NEGRO TO PUNCH.

“Mount Pleasant, Berbice.”

“MASSA PUNCH,

“Sir, We read you ebbery week, dat you come here reglar, saar, wid very great satisfakshun, and much amooement, self and wife, Dinah.

“Saar, we receive papers from home, (dat England, saar, always call him ‘home,’ now ‘mansipashun diffused in dese happy quarters of the ‘arth,) and find dat de Perdeckshun is to be took off de furrin and slave-grown shugar. Some white gentlman make uncommon row, and say dat ‘dis ruin dis deliteful col’ny of British Guiana, where I write to you, saar, at present. But do white gentlman berry much de worse for aggrawashun, let me ‘sure you, saar, black gentlman perfectly trankle, as to ‘liberations of British Parliament.

“Sir, I don’t aut to blush to say dat, once, owing to circumstances oher which I could not control, I myself was in de ‘gradin persicion of common slave-field nigger! Den I work berry unpleasantly hard, ‘specially bilin-times: once, sir, perticler, berry near fell into biler by reason ob being overtook wid sleep after four days’ work and extra rum. Dat time, saar, is unpleasant reminisense; but now as free black gentlman let me ‘sure you, saar, for self and friends find change of life uncommon pleasant. We are not berry ekal in demand and supply hereabouts, (you see, saar, I hab studied polical ‘comony,) especially for labor. Uncommon plenty white persons ob property in cane-land, not so many black gentlmen to work. Wages being unobjexshnable at a dollar a day, and two days a week quite ‘nuff for illigansees of life for self and Dinah. White properioter come to black gentlman to ask him work ebbery day in de week. ‘Diculous! what for work, in de name ob common sense, when you can get de luxshries of life widout putting oneself out of de way to do nothing ob de kind! No, I say to white properioter, ‘No, saar, ‘acuse me; when hab misfortune to be slave-nigger, you fix de work-hours.

* “Late Importer of 10,000 hogsheds of sugar from Berbice—now imports 0.”

Now dat I free, 'tanks to de British legislature, I settle 'em for self and family—no tank you.' Also, saar, I mass money. Seberal black persons of my 'quaintance done de same, and we s'pose soon to set up a plantashun of our own. Old Massa Thresher, prhapse, hab no 'jeckshun to sell Mount Pleasant, near where I now reside. Den, saar, we shall rebel in de proud feelins of dark properioters, where we once worked common field niggers wid de driver berry sharp behind. Berry proud feelin, saar, and I 'sure you, I feel affected to look at Dinah, and de lubly obsepring she have maternally reared, and tink what dey wood have been ten year long ago, and what dey are now under de new redgment! I 'sure you, saar, dat dis is ex-lent place for black gentleman now. He don't wish at all for any change whateomdever,

"Especially yours,
"POMPEY JONES."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY HANNIBAL.

SCENE—A Dining-room, with a very well-spread table. Present, HANNIBAL and Friend.

WHAT! let in slave-grown Muscovados!

Help Brazil of her sugar to rid!

What! give way to free-trade bravados!

No! Wilberforce, Clarkson, forbid!

I'd not touch such a sweet'ner accursed,

Tho' it cost but this penny a pound—

(And Hannibal flourished his copper,
Dug in Cuba, by slaves, from the ground.)

To wormwood 't would turn in my cobbler,

To gall it would change in my tea;

For a conjurer, potent as Dobler,

Is the spirit of hu-man-i-tie!

Ere my babes should suck lolly-pops slave-grown,

I'd hang them all up, sir, in that—

(And Hannibal fingered, heroic,
His slave-grown, sea-island cravat.)

No, no; at my table you 're safe, sir,

From all fruit of the negro's despair—

But, bless me! amidst all this talking,

You eat nothing at all, I declare!

Pray, do try that curry—for boiling

The rice I've a plan of my own:—

(And Hannibal gulped down a spoonful,
'T was the best Carolina—slave-grown.)

What! you really have finished your dinner!

I can answer for that Curaçoa;

From a friend, a great Rotterdam merchant—

Slave-grown?—Oh, how can you talk so?

You shock me! I must have some coffee,

For the nerves 't is a famous resource—

(And Hannibal swallowed his Mocha,
'T was slave-raised, Brazilian, of course.)

And now, as my wife's down at Brighton,

And yours hors de combat, old boy,

We'll make it a Bechelior's dinner—

'T is a treat we don't often enjoy.

[Brings out box of cigars.]

There! Puros! Direct from Havana!

You may wink, but I tell you they are—

(And Hannibal straight disappeared
'Neath the cloud of a slave-grown cigar.)

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.—The British lion never wanted to make a meal, not even of a Yankee cabin-boy; and we hope that the American eagle is now content to feed upon native Indian corn, instead of dining upon Britishers, gloriously dead upon the battle-field. Mr. Calhoun, however, very wisely attributes all this to the tongues of statesmen and the quills of public writers. "Had there been," says the American, "the least false step on the other side—had the speeches in parliament, or the articles in the public journals been of an exasperating character, we could not then have arranged matters on this side as we have done." And then he lauds the moderation of Peel and Aberdeen. And all this cheering for the present, is hopeful for the future. A statesman's windpipe, wisely employed, may in good time shut up in rusty dumbness those—

—"mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,"

and half a dozen quills of half a dozen journalists prove too much for a whole park of artillery. Mortars are devastating instruments—and yet they may be beaten by inkstands.

PROTECTION DINNERS.

WHEN children have a tumble or roll down stairs, folks give them fruit or sweet-stuff to stop their crying. The protectionists having sustained a thumping tumble, are comforted with dinners. Master Bentinck has been treated at Lynn, and Master Marquis Granby has also been consoled at Walsam. His father, the Duke of Rutland, shone very brilliantly on the occasion. Pity it is that so many coronets have spoilt so many wits! The duke opposed the free-trade principle; and his opposition was strengthened by the following tremendous illustration. (Several farmers were carried out in fits of laughter, and were not fully recovered until well pumped upon.) The duke said:—

"He had heard of a gentleman, who having two chances, tossed up with his friend, agreeing, if the sovereign came head, he was to win, but if tail he was to lose. It was not long before the gentleman had the tail, and he feared we should soon be very much in the same situation [Hear, hear, and applause]."

Now, if his grace will—for one minute—lend us the illustration, we will venture to observe, that once when fate tossed for a duke for the house of Manners, certainly "a head" did not get it.

Mr. Disraeli, who "attends" all protection dinners at the shortest notice, made at Walsam a dreadful onslaught on Manchester; the same Manchester that only two little years ago invited him to preside on a festal occasion, when he said "all things that are pretty and sweet" to the unsuspecting and admiring cotton-pods. And at Walsam very magnificently did he pooh pooh poor Manchester, asking where it was when Englishmen won Magna Charta? This is unkind. We have a great admiration for the author of "Coningsby;" and, therefore, in our own meek way, we should reprimand either Cobden, Bright, Wilson, or any other Manchester man who, seeking to depreciate the parent of "Coningsby," should ask—"Where, when the Israelites passed the Red Sea, was Benjamin Disraeli?"

A CARD.

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli begs leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Ultra-Conservative public in general, that he attends Protectionist Parties, and has a large collection of speeches of every description always ready, together with a set of sarcasms, which he undertakes shall be carefully delivered either in town or country.

B. D'I. feels justified in assuming to himself the title of the

ONLY POLITICAL IMPROVISATORY ;

for having during several years given his attention to the *impromptu* line, he has on hand a very large assortment of retorts and replies, suited to every occasion. Though he keeps a large quantity ready made, they are warmed up so rapidly, after a process peculiar to the advertiser, that he feels justified in announcing them as absolute novelties.

B. D'I. has no objection to enter into a contract to supply protectionist oratory by the single dinner, or he will go out to evening meetings at a great reduction on an arrangement being made for the entire session. Ministers worried by the day, night, week, month, or year, and protectionist peers waited upon at their own houses.

The following testimonials are humbly submitted to the public:—

No. 1.

"I can recommend the advertiser as a willing and attentive person. I have generally found him desirous of making himself useful. I think if he got a place he would do his utmost to keep it.

RICHMOND."

No. 2.

"The bearer, Benjamin Disraeli, is a very amusing person, and I can give him a character for being a capital waiter at protectionist dinners. His great anxiety is to get into some regular situation, and I have no doubt he might be made very serviceable, if the duties were not onerous.

G. BENTINCK."

No. 3.

"Though I do not much like this person, I think there can be no objection to his attendance at a protectionist dinner-party; for I know at all events, from my own experience, that he can tell a good story.

R. PEEL."

No. 4.

"A very nice young man for a very small party.

PUNCH."

A QUEER CONSECRATION.

THE 13th Light Infantry have received a present of some new colors from that distinguished veteran, Prince Albert. The ceremony of presentation took place on Southsea Common. In the report of it, as contained in the *Times*, we read that—

"The prince dismounted and entered the hollow square, accompanied by General Packenham, Sir Charles Ogle and staff, and stood uncovered while the Rev. J. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General to the forces, consecrated the colors."

Consecrated the colors! Is the Rev. Mr. Gleig a priest of Mars! Colors are strange things to be consecrated by a clergyman. Why

not consecrate muskets as well! Why not pronounce a benediction over gunpowder, over cartridges, shots, shells, howitzers, and congreve rockets! Why not give a canonical sanction to cannon! Is it felt that this would be going too far—would be too palpable an association of Christianity with carnage—terms, that in spite of alliteration, will not harmonize! Now, it strikes us, that there is a species of consecration which would be much more suitable to the emblems of slaughter than the clerical.

Have any of our readers witnessed the performance of *Der Freischutz*? If so, perhaps they will anticipate our suggestion. In the incantation scene, having invoked *Zamiel*, and in the name of the demon mixed his lead and sundries of sorcery in the bullet ladle—"And now," says *Caspar*, "for the blessing of the balls." The benison recited on this occasion by our friend *Caspar* would, to our thinking, be the best adapted to the flag of battle. Give a certain personage his due. We are not told, that the service performed by the chaplain to the forces was followed by a sermon. Perhaps it was. If so, could his homily have been the Sermon on the Mount!

CATHERINE SEYTON.

BY H. M. SIDNEY.

In his hall at Abbotsford—

Travellers so the legend bring—
When the shades of midnight fall,
Sits the mighty wizard king!
Dark and weird the shadows lie
On the gothic tracery there;
Suddenly a noiseless train
Enters on the haunted air!

Vague they come, with spectral forms
Answering to the wizard spell,
Marmion in coat of steel,
Constance from her stifled cell,
Balfour hot with prelate's blood,
Judah's meek forgiving maid,
Richard in his mail of black,
Dark McIvor's threatening shade!

Ravenswood, as on the morn
When he rode to meet his foe,
And the pitying sands engulfed
All his pride and all his woe!
Amy! poor deluded wife,
When she flew to meet her lord,
Claverhouse, with the blood of saints
Reeking on his brutal sword!

Mary, melancholy queen,
Not with haughty step and eye,
But as on the sorrowing morn
When they led her forth to die!
Catherine too, her friend, is there,
She of Seyton's lordly line,
Rarest creature of them all,
Half of earth, and half divine!

Not in kirtle nor in snood,
Comes the laughing Scottish maid,
But in velvet cap and cloak,
Like a jaunty page arrayed!
Thus in lonely Abbotsford!
Travellers so the legend bring—
When the shades of midnight fall,
Sits the mighty wizard king!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PARIS IN 1846.

PARIS as it is after fifteen years rule of the throne of the Barracades, and Paris as it was under the divine-right crown of the Restoration—Paris as it presented itself to the staring wonder of the crowd that rushed from Corn-hill to the Palais Royal as soon as the echo of the cannon had died away on the plains of Waterloo, and as it now addresses itself to the twenty thousand strangers that swarm between the Rue de la Paix and the Arc de Triomphe, is a subject interesting to contemplate. Under the consulate and the empire, as of old under the ancient regime, the fine arts, in all their departments, engrossed the attention of the government, and captivated the public. The substantial comforts, the convenience and health of the people, were subjects of comparatively minor importance. Magnificent buildings, splendid monuments, and gorgeous palaces everywhere attracted the eye; and in their immediate vicinage, poverty, filth, and misery. The marble walls of temples and palaces were defiled by the river of filth and offal which flowed through the sewerless streets. The passenger who aspired not to a coach, unprovided with a footway, scrambled along the inclined pavement which sloped from either wall to the central gutter, which discharged the functions of a sewer, and was from time to time bespattered with the mud and filth flung around by the wheels of the carriages in which the more wealthy were transported. Lanterns suspended like a performer on the corde volante, at distant intervals, like angels' visits, few and far between, in the centre of the street, and at a height sufficient to allow carriages to pass under them, served as a sort of light-houses for the navigation of the vehicles of the rich through the streams of puddle, but by their distance, height, and position, afforded no benefit to the humble pedestrian. To say that they illuminated the streets would be an abuse of language; they just served to make darkness visible.

Fifteen years of constitutional liberty, and the substitution of a representative government—presided over by a prince who has been schooled in misfortune, had experienced the sweet uses of adversity, and had known what it was to eat the bread of his own industry—for the throne of the restoration, vainly struggling against the spirit of the age and the popular will, have changed all this. The wand of an enchanter has been waved over the city, and a magical transformation has been effected. The ornamental has ceased to monopolize the attention of government, and the useful has claimed its due care. The frightful ravages of the cholera, in 1832, left a warning which has not been unheeded. In an incredibly short space of time, a perfect system of drainage by sewers throughout this vast city has been completed. Footways have everywhere been constructed. The system of carriage pavement with square blocks of granite, forming a convex road, with side drains leading to the sewers, has taken the place of the concave street with open centre gutters. The offensive effluvia which excluded the English visitor from certain quarters of Paris no longer exists, and the demon of malaria has been expelled. Gas illumination, extending now through every quarter, including the interior of buildings as well as the streets, has superseded the suspended lantern; and it is hard to say which most attracts the admiration of foreigners, the gaiety of the streets, boulevards,

and public walks by day, or their brilliancy when lighted up by night.

But the achievement which will be remembered in connection with the reign of Louis Philippe, with the most grateful feelings by the philanthropist, is undoubtedly the example he has afforded even to the advanced civilization of Great Britain in his efforts for the repression of gambling and prostitution. He has accomplished what the English authorities have not even thought of attempting. There are now no public gambling tables in Paris, and even private play is subject to so many restraints, that it has been stripped of half its evils. The purest female may now walk the public thoroughfares of the city by day or by night without the risk of having her sight outraged or her ears polluted by the indecencies which are still suffered to prevail in the most frequented streets of the metropolis of Britain. The theatres and other places of public resort are equally purified. Even the Palais Royal—that temple of vice—has been thoroughly reformed; and it is due to the present king to add, that this reformation has been effected by a large sacrifice of his private revenue; a considerable portion of the rental of the Palais Royal having risen from the extensive and long-established gambling rooms by which it was occupied, and by the employment of the loftier stories for still more impure, and not less profitable purposes.*

Among the improvements in the arts of life, imported from England, the most striking, at the present moment, is the railway system, which is progressing in France more rapidly than is imagined at our side of the channel. The manner of accomplishing these public works here is essentially different from the English system, and has certainly some advantages over the latter in a national point of view. To comprehend it, and the circumstances out of which it has arisen, it must be remembered, that the construction and maintenance of the public roads has always constituted a department of the government in France, under the title of *L'Administration des ponts et chaussées*, or the Department of Roads and Bridges. Connected with this department there is a public school of engineering, the pupils of which ultimately form a corps of engineers, in the immediate pay, and under the control of the state. By this corps, or under their superintendence, all the great public communications of the country are made and maintained. When the invention of railways, therefore, had been advanced so far in England, as to supersede, to a greater or less extent, common roads, and the improvement had forced itself upon the French public, the construction of such lines of intercourse by private companies presented a novelty in the civil administration of the country; and after the concession of one or two of the first enterprises of this kind to joint stock companies, (a large portion of the shareholders of which were English,) the government reverted to the established usage, subject, however, to a slight modification. The great lines of railway are now projected, surveyed, and executed by or under the immediate superintendence of the *Administration des ponts et chaussées*, and at the cost of the state. When they are completed, or nearly so, they are offered to public competition, on a lease for a specified time, varying from forty years to a century. The company, or individual, who, under sealed proposals, sent in within a specified time, and to be opened on an appointed

* It is well known that the Palais Royal is the private property of Louis Philippe.

day, offers the terms most advantageous to the state, obtains the lease. The lessee company usually replaces the capital expended by the government in the construction of the road, and provides from its own funds all the movable capital necessary for the operation of the line. At the termination of the lease, the property in the line reverts to the state.

This method of proceeding is attended with several obvious advantages. The general projection of the lines of communication through the country is not left to chance or to the fancy of individuals or companies, or the suggestion of local coteries, but is governed by the high and general interests of the state. By retaining a general control and surveillance, which form part of the conditions of the lease, the interests of the public are better protected, and abuses of administration are more effectually prevented than could be effected if the railways were the property of independent bodies and associations as in England. After the expiration of the leases, these enterprises becoming national property, may either be made a direct source of revenue to the state, relieving the public in a proportionate extent from less tolerable burthens, or be worked for the public benefit at rates only sufficient to maintain them.

The lines of railway now in actual operation are the following :—

	DISTANCE.		TIME.	
	Miles.	h. m.		
Paris to Versailles, (right bank,)	13½	0	30	
Do. Do. (left bank)	12½	0	30	
Paris to St. Germain, . . .	12	0	30	
Paris to Rouen,	86	4	0	
Paris to Orleans,	79	4	0	
Paris to Valenciennes (& thence to Brussels,)	133	—	—	
Strasbourg to Basle,	88	5	0	
Mulhouse to Thann,	12½	1	0	
Bordeaux to La Teste,	32	—	—	
Montpellier to Cette,	17½	0	50	
Lyons to St. Etienne,	33½	4	0	
St. Etienne to Roanne,	42	4	0	
Nismes to Alaix,	31	2	0	
Alaix to Grand Combe,	11	0	30	
Nismes to Beaucaire,	16	1	0	

Besides these, there are several important lines of railway in a forward state of construction, among which may be mentioned the continuation of the Paris and Rouen railway, by two branches to Havre and to Dieppe; a branch of the northern railway from Amiens to Boulogne and Calais; the railway from Paris to Lyons, &c. &c.

The effects which in a few years may be expected to be produced on the inter-communication of different parts of Europe, but especially between France and England, when these enterprises come into operation, must be very striking. It is presumable that between two capitals so important as Paris and London, no known practical means of expeditious communication will be neglected. At present, the express trains between London and Exeter travel (stoppages included) at fifty miles an hour. The stoppages being much less frequent, it may then be expected that express trains between Paris and Boulogne will travel at the same rate at least; in which case the trip between Paris and Boulogne will be made in less than three hours. Steamers of improved efficiency may easily make the passage between Boulogne and Folkstone in an hour and a-half, and the trip between Folkstone and

London (eighty-eight miles) may be made in two hours. Thus the entire distance between Paris and London, making allowance for fair stoppages, may be effected in seven hours by express trains, and by common trains may certainly be brought within twelve hours!! On an emergency, a despatch may be sent to Paris, and an answer obtained in fifteen hours! But this emergency itself may be superseded by the electric telegraph which will reduce the hours to minutes!!

The railway from Paris to Lyons, and thence to Marseilles, is also in rapid progress. This distance will be about five hundred miles, and at the same rate of travelling for express trains, may be completed in ten hours. Thus an express train may reach Marseilles from London in seventeen hours! The same rate on the Sardinian and Tuscan lines, when constructed, would reach the frontier of the papal states in a few additional hours; but here we must stop. The states of the Church forbid the construction of railways within their precincts, as dangerous to Christianity!* There we must surrender the locomotive, and betake ourselves to the road. The papal authorities of the nineteenth century are as hostile to the speed of the railway as those of the sixteenth were to the orbital motion of the earth, and are as strongly opposed to Stephenson as those of the latter were to Galileo.

Fashion is everything in Paris. Its sway is omnipotent and universal. It

“ ——— rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below and gods above.”

Even religion here is not exempt from its sceptre, and the church revives under its fostering influence. After the revolution of July, the few ecclesiastics who under the restored Bourbons had gained a sort of footing in society, fell into such disrepute that no one appeared for several years in the public streets in the clerical costume. The shovel and three-cornered chapeaux were laid aside, and the loose-robe was abandoned for the ordinary coat and round-hat of the layman. In the churches, on the Sabbath, the congregation consisted almost exclusively of females, with a slight sprinkling of old men, generally of the humbler classes. Within a few years, however, it has—for what reason would be hard to say—become fashionable among the Parisians to observe the external forms of religion; and when the Parisians adopt any fashion, they don't do so by halves. The streets now have become a perfect rookery. Black robes of every cut and fashion, shovel hats, three-cornered hats, and every other characteristic of clerical costume abound. The churches, on Sundays, are as overflowing as the theatres, and as brilliant in the rank and fashion of the assemblies which fill them. Go to the Madeleine, and look at the luxurious velvet-covered *prie d'icis*, and you will discover the rank of the *habitués*, by the names of their owners engraved on the pretty brass plates attached to them. Madame La Duchesse de M—, Madame La Vicomtesse de N—, Madame La Princesse de P—, &c. &c., attest the rank of the votaries at this fashionable temple.

Shops have been opened in the vicinities of all the principal churches, *pour la vente des objets religieux*. In the windows are displayed rosaries, of exquisitely carved beads; crucifixes in gold, silver, and ivory, beautifully sculptured; Agni-Deis, Virgins and infant Saviours; ecce homos, missals, gor-

* Since the above was in type, Pope Gregory XVI. has died, and it is announced that his successor, adopting a more enlightened policy, has decided on the construction of railways.

geously bound in the richest velvet, with sculptured crucifixes on the covers; priests' robes of the richest cloth of gold; little shrines for the private closet of the faithful; and an infinitely various assortment of like objects, by which religion is rendered ornamental and externally attractive.

The children are reminded of the observances of their religion in their playthings and their sweetmeats. The toy-shops exhibit in their windows baby-chapels, with baby altars, shrines, and crucifixes. The boy who used to take his pocket money to purchase little soldiers, now buys little monks, and the girl shows you her doll dressed as a sister of charity. Sugar plums are formed into the figures of the Virgin and the Saviour, and priests in their robes are eaten in sweet chocolate, as images in sugar are swallowed from the crust of a twelfth night cake.

With all this external parade of the forms of religion, there is at the same time scarcely a serious pretension to any real or deep feeling on the subject. Even among women the matter begins and ends in ceremonials. In the actual practical conduct of life all this religion (if it can be so denominated) exercises little or no influence. Whether this arises from the fact that the national clergy do not constitute a prominent section of good society in the country, as is the case in England, we must leave others to determine.

The statistics of the population of Paris, published from year to year, disclose some curious facts which may aid in the discussion of such questions.

It appears from the statistical returns of last year that the births which took place in Paris, in the year 1844, were as follows:

Legitimate children,	21,526
Illegitimate children,	10,430
Total number of births,	31,956

These figures lead to the astounding conclusion that *thirty-two and a-half per cent. of the children born in the metropolis of France, are illegitimate!*

It may be inquired in what condition of life this enormous extent of concubinage prevails! Some light may be thrown on this question by examining the proportion of the entire number of illegitimates which are born in the hospitals, to which here the poorer classes almost invariably resort.

It appears, then, that of the total number of illegitimates, there were—

Born in private houses,	5,744
Born in the hospitals,	4,686
	10,430

From which it follows, that above fifty-five per cent. of this large proportion of natural children belong to classes sufficiently independent to provide for their comforts in private domiciles.

From births let us turn to deaths, and we shall obtain a result scarcely less surprising. The total number of deaths which took place in Paris, in the year 1844, was as follows:—

In private houses,	16,356
In the hospital,	10,054
In military hospitals,	465
In prisons,	185
Brought to the Morgue,	298
Executed,	2
	27,360

Thus it seems that of the total number of persons who die in Paris, very nearly forty per cent. die in the hospitals.

The improvement of the general comforts of the poorer classes in France, which has taken place since the Revolution, combined with the extensive use of vaccination, is exhibited in its effects on the average duration of life. By the statistical returns, it appears that for the last twenty-seven years the ratio of the whole population, to the number of births, is 33.4 to 1, which gives the mean duration of life, during that period, to be 33 years. By the tables of Duvilland, it appears that before the Revolution the average duration of life was only 27½ years, which gives an increase of 19 per cent. on the length of life since the Revolution.

The proportion of the sexes among the children born, offers some curious and inexplicable circumstances. On taking the returns of births from 1817 to 1843, it is found that the total number of boys born in that interval was 13,477,489, while the number of girls was 12,680,776; so that, of the whole number there are 6½ per cent. more boys than girls.

But let us examine separately the two classes of legitimate and illegitimate children.

It is found, that among legitimate children 106½ boys are born for every 100 girls; while among illegitimate children 104½ boys are born for 100 girls. In the latter class, therefore, there are only four per cent. more boys born than girls; while in the former there are nearly seven per cent. more of boys.

This ratio is not casual, for it has been found to obtain, not only for different periods of time and for different parts of France, but is equally found in other countries where exact statistical records are kept.

It seems, then, that a greater proportion of boys are born among legitimate than among illegitimate children. What strange inferences this uncontestedly established phenomenon leads to! Are we to infer that the solemnization of marriage produces a specific physiological effect, varying in a determinate manner the sex of the offspring! We must leave this curious question to the faculty to explain. Meanwhile we must assure them that they are absolutely excluded from taking refuge in the *doubtfulness of the fact itself*. The evidence is quite incontestable.

If the intellectual condition of the population of the French metropolis can be inferred from the amount of intellectual food provided for them, and apparently enjoyed and voluntarily consumed, it must be admitted to have attained rather an high standard. The first, most obvious, and most abundant source of mental information, is the daily press. Journalism is carried to an extraordinary extent in Paris. Not only is the number of newspapers considerable, but the average circulation is much greater than that of the London journals. They are issued at a much lower price, and much more extensively read. The annual subscription to the principal daily papers is only forty francs, equal to thirty-two shillings, British. These papers are published daily, including Sundays, and consequently their price is little more than one penny. But small as this cost is, the Parisian rarely incurs so much; nor would a single journal satisfy his thirst for information. He requires to see the journals of all parties, and to hear all sides of the question. This object is attained easily, economically, and agreeably, by the *Cabinets de Lecture* or read-

ing rooms, above three hundred of which are established in Paris. The admission to these is three halfpence. Here all the journals of Paris, great and small, all the periodicals of the day, the popular romances and pamphlets, and other works of current interest, are provided. In many of the better class of these establishments, the English and other foreign papers are found. Every Parisian above the rank of the mere working class resorts to these rooms, and makes himself *au courant* on the subjects of the day. Besides these sources of daily information, he has his *café*, to which all Frenchmen resort morning or evening, and where all the principal journals are provided.

The aim and object of a Parisian journal, are somewhat different from those of an English newspaper. It is less the vehicle of advertisements, or of mere gossip, such as accidents and offences, than the latter. It is more discursive, and affects more the character of a review, embracing literature and the arts, as well as politics and miscellaneous intelligence. In a certain sense it may be said to have a higher intellectual tone, and, although no single French journal can be truly said to be as perfect a vehicle of general intelligence as one of the leading morning papers of London, yet this deficiency is more than compensated by the facility with which the various journals are accessible.

The *feuilleton* is a department of French journalism which has no corresponding branch in the English press. Here the writings of many of the most eminent men of letters of the day, more especially the authors of fiction, first are offered to the world. Here are also found literary and dramatic criticism, reviews of the arts, and a general record of the progress of mind.

The number of journals which thus form channels of popular information in Paris alone, is about forty; half that number being daily papers for politics and general intelligence.

The intellectual taste of the Parisians is manifested, in a striking manner, by the desire they show for attendance on public lectures in every department of literature and science. Such discourses are accessible gratuitously in various parts of Paris, and delivered by professors eminent in the various departments of knowledge. Among these ought to be especially mentioned the lectures on astronomy delivered throughout the season by Arago, at the royal observatory, and those on mechanical philosophy, given on Sundays, by the Baron Charles Dupin, at the *Conservatoire des arts et métiers*. Each of these professors is attended by audiences of six or seven hundred persons of both sexes and all ages, from the youth of sixteen upwards.

Of all the class of public professors coming under the title of *adult instructors*, Arago is, perhaps, the most remarkable, and we might even extend the comparison beyond the limits of France. The well-known felicity of Faraday gives him a high rank in this species of teaching. But he yields to Arago in the eloquence of language, and what may be called the literary qualifications of the instructor. If Arago had not been a member of the Academy of Sciences, he might have preferred a fair claim to admission to the Academy of Letters, (*L'Académie Française*.)

As a member of the chamber of deputies, Arago has assumed his seat on the extreme left, the place of republican opinions pushed to their extreme limit. He is a violent politician, and will go every length with his party. He rarely, however, mounts

the tribune; never except on questions on which his peculiar acquirements are capable of throwing light. Whenever he does, the chamber is hushed in the most profound and respectful silence. There are no interruptions, either of approbation or dissent, such as even the most eminent parliamentary speakers are accustomed to. The members listen with inclined heads and inquiring countenances. The strangers' galleries are filled with respectful and anxious spectators and hearers. The stature of the savant is above the middle size, his hair is curled and flowing, and his fine southern bust commands the attention. His forehead and temples indicate force of will and habits of meditation. The moment he opens the subject of his speech, he becomes the centre to which every look is directed, and on which all attention is fixed. If the question is complicated, it becomes simple as he utters it. If it be technical, it is resolved into the most familiar. If it be obscure, it becomes luminous. The ignorant are astonished that what seemed unintelligible has become suddenly self-evident, and the dull are charmed with the consciousness of their awakened powers of perception. The gesture, the *pantomime* of the orator is captivating. Flashes of light seem to issue from his eyes, his mouth, and even from his fingers! He varies and relieves his discourse by the most lively digressions and well-pointed anecdotes immediately arising out of the subject, which adorn without overcharging it. When he relates facts, his language has all the graces of simplicity; but when he unfolds the mysteries of science, and develops some of the wonders of nature, his speech rises, his style becomes elevated and figurative, and his eloquence corresponds with the sublimity of his theme.

The versatility of Arago, and his vast fund of peculiar information, always ready in his memory, and available for felicitous application, remind us of the qualities of his friend Lord Brougham. Like the latter Arago is a linguist, a politician, a man of letters. He is perpetual secretary of the institute, in which office he has produced remarkable *eloges* of some of his most eminent contemporaries, among whom may be mentioned Volta, Fourier and Watt.

One of the principal avowed instruments for the intellectual advancement for the people in France, is, the drama. Whether the counteracting evils which attend theatrical entertainments, preponderate over the means of mental improvement which they offer, is a question on which some difference of opinion will, no doubt, prevail. However this be decided, the state in France regards the drama as a national object, as the means of sustaining an important branch of French literature, and, in a word, as a department of *les beaux arts*, as well entitled to protection and encouragement as painting or sculpture.

There are within the barriers of Paris about twenty-four theatres, permanently open; most of them nightly, including Sunday. Several of these are directly supported by the state, receiving an annual subvention, of greater or less amount, and being consequently subject, in some degree, to government control. In defence of the moral effect of these places of public amusement, it must be said that none of them present the offensive and revolting scenes which are witnessed in the saloons and upper tiers of boxes of the English theatres. In fact, that class of persons who thus outrage decency, in the place of public amusement in England, dare not show themselves in any theatre in Paris. In that respect, at least, there is a wholesome

stringency of police regulations. In the audience part of a Paris theatre there is, in fact, nothing to offend the eye or the ear of the most fastidious moralist.

The principal theatre of Paris, and that to which the state attaches most importance, is the *Académie Royale de Musique*, commonly called the grand opera. It is here that the art of dancing is cultivated; in connexion, however, with the higher class of opera. Notwithstanding that the prices of admission are considerable, and the theatre accommodates two thousand persons, and is generally filled, yet such is the splendor with which musical entertainments are produced, that the entire receipts do not amount to anything near the expenses of the establishment. The annual subscription allowed by the state to this school of music is above thirty-five thousand pounds sterling.

A second theatre, called the *Opéra Comique*, is also devoted exclusively to the advancement of music, and receives an annual grant of £10,000.

The great school of French dramatic literature is the Theatre Français, where the works of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Molière, and the other great dramatic writers, are kept continually before the public, supported by the best living artists, among whom Mademoiselle Rachel at present holds the first place. This theatre is supported by an annual grant of £8,000, notwithstanding which it is now tottering on the brink of dissolution, and must come to a suspension if the state do not intervene.

Exclusive of these, all the other theatres are private enterprises, conducted independently of the government, and generally attended with profitable results in a financial sense. The character of the dramas represented at them is very various, and in some instances exceptionable on the score of moral tendency, not more so, however, than those of the minor theatres in London.

Among the means of intellectual advancement enjoyed by the Parisians, we ought not to omit the mention of the public libraries, of which above twenty are open to the public daily. It is impossible to refrain from contrasting these admirable institutions with similar public establishments in London, not only as to the facilities which they offer to the public, but as to the extent to which the public avail themselves of the benefits which they present. If the number of daily readers at such institutions be any indication of the intellectual advancement of the people, then assuredly our French neighbors have greatly the advantage of us. To perceive this, it is only necessary to look into the *salle de lecture* of the Bibliothèque Royale any morning, and call to your recollection the reading-room of the library at the British Museum. Is the difference to be ascribed to the different state of mental advancement of the people, or to the restrictions imposed on the admission to the use of the latter library? If this last be to any extent the cause, the sooner these restrictions are removed the better. In Paris the public libraries are open without any restrictions whatever. You have no permission to ask, no introduction or recommendation to seek, no qualification to attain—not even a name to acknowledge. Whatever be your condition, rank, country, language, or garb, you are free to enter these institutions; write on a paper which is provided for you the titles of the works you wish to consult or to study, and without further inquiry or delay they are handed to you by porters, who are in waiting for the purpose; you have convenient seats and tables in rooms well ventilated in summer and warmed in winter, with ink for extracts, and

you are only required to find your own paper. The number of readers who avail themselves of this privilege is enormous.

While means so ample are thus presented for the improvement of the understanding, opportunities for the cultivation of taste, and the refinement of the imagination, are not less profusely supplied, and still more eagerly and extensively enjoyed by all classes, including even the most humble of the operatives. To be convinced of this, we have only to make a promenade of the magnificent collection of Versailles, or of the museum of the Louvre, on any Sunday or holiday, when the working classes are free. Those who in London would be found at the gin-shop, or at the smoking bazaar, are here found familiarizing their eye with the productions of Raffaele, Titian, Paul Veronese, the Poussins, or Claude, or wandering among the antiquities of Italy, Greece, and Egypt. It is not an overcharged estimate to state, that on every festival day, with favorable weather, not less than fifty thousand of the lower orders of Paris enjoy themselves in this manner.

STOCKHOLM, June 5.—About one thousand persons will sail this month from Gefle and Stockholm. —These emigrants may be regarded as a fair specimen of the better class of Swedish peasants, and some are men of considerable property. They are generally hard-working, honest lovers of order, and will, no doubt, prove a valuable addition to our population. They are dissenters from the established church of Sweden, and are in fact driven out by the strong hand of religious tyranny. I understand it is their intention to form a colony, as soon as possible, in some of the western States.—*Union*.

RICHARD COBDEN.—Elihu Burritt, now travelling in England, thus speaks of the last meeting of the League:

"Cobden arose—not to speak for the space of several minutes, but to stand up in affecting silence before the assembly, who would have drowned the voice of a trumpet before the swelling peals of applause with which they greeted the Napoleon of moral revolution. Several times he essayed to speak, but before he could frame his lips to the utterance of a word, the multitude would burst forth anew with another volume of cheers. I saw his clear, spirit-speaking eyes fill with tears, on thus being interrupted the third time in his efforts to make himself heard. There stood the meekest looking man I ever saw fronting a public assembly, and in the meekest attitude. As he stood with his slight form inclining forward, with one of his thin pale hands hanging by the forefinger from a button hole in the left breast of his coat, and with the other resting on a corner of the speaker's desk as if for support, he looked the very impersonation of timid modesty. His whole attitude and appearance reminded me of some humble member of the Methodist church, in America, arising in one of their class meetings to 'tell his experience,' in a contrite spirit. And that was England's foremost man! Among all the heroes her annals have numbered, that soft-voiced revolutionist stood the highest in the people's gratitude! For England had become a people, and he the people's man, and this was the hour of his coronation. The first words he uttered fell upon the listening multitude in tones of querulous modulation. They were uttered with child-like simplicity, and were tremulous with the emotion he confessed."

From Chambers' Journal.

LIKINGS OF THE UNLIKE.

AMONGST the perversities of fortune bewailed by Thomson, is her "joining the gentle to the rude." It must be a misfortune for the gentle to enter upon such an alliance, if the qualities of the opposite party are so extremely rough as to be a constant offence to good taste and good feeling. But I am prepared to contend that, within a certain limit, associations of this kind are advantageous, and that, when our inclinations are free, we instinctively seek them as more agreeable than any of an opposite kind. The remark extends to other qualities than those of gentleness and rudeness; in fact to personal associations of every kind. It appears to be a law of our nature, that we should find a solace and satisfaction in connexion with qualities which we ourselves do not possess; and that whatever we are ourselves largely endowed with, that do we shrink from in others.

View the operation of this principle even in our earliest days. Those pairings for which children are remarkable, both within the domestic circle and in the more miscellaneous assemblages at school, do not, as a rule, take place between individuals alike gentle, alike dull, alike energetic, alike brilliant. No: the clever boy finds a mysterious pleasure in the society of some unfortunate dunce, in whom the multitude can see no attractions of any kind. The active irrepressible spirit of the class—he who is always fighting, or playing tricks, and with whom the master has ten times more trouble than with any other boy under his care—this precious youth never assorts with any similar Boanerges or Ajax; he is found to be devoted to some tame, quiet boy, remarkable for his total inability to fight, and who, on the other hand, indifferent to companions of his own stamp, clings to the wild fellow as to something which vastly helps and comforts him. Even where a boy may display somewhat dangerous qualities, it not unfrequently happens that one the very reverse—a jacketed Sir Charles Grandison—finds a strange fascination in his society, and likes him, with all his faults, better than he does any contemporary of merely passable character.

Some fair readers of this paper have probably received their education at a boarding-school. I put it to all such to recall the prettiest, brightest, most accomplished of their companions—she who was the star of the school, the pride of the mistress, the glory of the dancing-master, and the extolled of every other teacher whose province was the outward and ornamental. Now, there is such a thing as jealousy; but I do not think it will wholly account for what is found in the history of this school-paragon, that she hardly ever forms an attachment amongst the other young ladies of a showy character, but almost invariably selects for her friend and confidante one who, with perhaps a fair endowment of good sense, is notably quiet and unpretending, possessed of solid, and not of showy qualities; in short, the perfect antithesis of herself. It is curious, in such a case, to see the one lively, clever, restless, perhaps irritable, while the other is so much the reverse. Often it hardly appears a friendship at all—the one chafing, as it were, against the dullness of the other; this other, again, to all appearance suffering much from the impatience of her companion. And yet they never separate; so that we cannot doubt that it is a real friendship, the very fitness of which rests in that

opposition of qualities which might be supposed to be its bane.

The indifference or repugnance so often shown by one pretty woman towards another, is usually accounted for on the ground of rivalry. But we so often see similar results where rivalry is not presumable, that I believe it may be owing to some deeper spring of feeling in our nature, of which the sentiment of rivalry is only one of the outward appearances. It will be found that two pretty women will be more apt to like each other, if they are of different styles of beauty: the one fair, perhaps; the other dark. This shows that it is not competition for admiration which wholly animates them. So, also, they will form a friendship if they be different in manners, temper, and deportment. In some rare instances, there may be a mutual regard where there is both a community of beauty, and of temper, and deportment; but always, in such cases, some striking discrepancy will be detected in another quarter. *Only one will be lively and talkative*, the other being gentle and grave, demure or languishing, as the case may be. The friendship will then be founded not on the general parity, but the one disparity. The rule will still hold good.

Let us suppose two such friends exposed to the election of the other sex. Fully sure may we be that the man who loses his heart to the one, will see no charm in the other. Your grave or reserved, silent or sensible, stupid or timid wooer, invariably takes to the bright animated beauty, who will talk for herself and for him; the gay, good-humored, rattling suitor, prefers her who will reward his sallies with a passive smile, and love the sound of his voice rather than her own. Happy for us that it is so! If the grave, silent man were to prefer a woman of like characteristics, what a stupid pair, what a sombre household would be theirs! If he of the social, volatile temperament could only find charms in one gay and witty as himself, which of them would be disposed for the sober forethought, the quiet daily duties, indispensable to the domestic comfort of married life?

In this latter relation, it is only difficult to determine, whether in mental or personal characteristics husbands and wives are most often found to differ. What man of deep learning and science, for instance, ever takes to himself a learned and scientific wife? Or rather, what sort of woman does he choose? Why, one who probably never opens a book, but who will see that his friends are well received, that his servants do their work, that the baker's bill is not overcharged, nor the leg of mutton over-roasted. So much for the cant of mental congeniality.

In personal attributes, what striking, what often ludicrous contrasts continually meet our view! For example, how seldom do little women find favor in the eyes of little men! On the contrary, take one of these latter, the most meagre, insignificant, unhappy-looking as to all outward bearing, and then turn to the portly, jolly, smiling dame to whom he has united himself! Look at another, to whom nature has tried to make amends for want of height by such a liberal share of breath and rotundity, as gives him much the *tout ensemble* of a squat decanter or a beer barrel. If you hear such a man talk of his wife, be prepared to see one of those tall, slender, gossamer figures which some people designate graceful and elegant, and others liken to lathe and thread-paper.

That little women are almost always the admired

and chosen of tall men, is, I believe, generally admitted. The taller the husband, it would almost appear that the more kindly does he look down upon feminine diminutiveness. There is also a characteristic gentleness in great robust men. How often, therefore, do we meet a man of towering stature linked to a female hardly reaching his elbow, and are told, moreover, that he is the most attentive and obedient of husbands! This does not, however, apply to your majestic race of men indiscriminately. All of them have, beyond doubt, a prepossession in favor of little wives; but it is not all who choose to be governed by them.

How seldom do we see a very handsome man married to a very beautiful woman! Never, we might say, except in the pages of a novel, where the hero and heroine must have of course their rightful portion of personal charms. On the contrary, we often behold these latter united to downright ugliness. But then there is wealth, or worth, or talent in the opposing scale, which is always observed to be the influential one; for mere beauty—by which we mean a faultless regularity of figure and features—is almost invariably accompanied with that complete insipidity which requires to be acted upon by a nature stronger than, and superior to, its own. We far oftener see it allied to this characteristic than to affectation and conceit; these belonging to a different, and inferior class of pretenders.

Our principle may be said to be developed in every friendship, partnership, and coalition voluntarily formed between those who have to act together on the stage of life. There may be equality as regards outward station and abilities, but never can there be resemblance in disposition or intellectual characteristics. In every era of man's existence the principle is inherent. We see it in the mere schoolboy or college youth, and we perceive it in the different classes and callings of life, civil or military, where mankind are thrown into collision, and the individual pretensions of each are tested.

In our sentimental faculties generally, it will be found that any one which becomes prominent in the character, shrinks from the active exercise of the same faculty in others. For instance, a person possessing much of the venerative principle, does not like to be made an object of worship. He is comfortable while allowed to look up to his great men; but make a great man of himself, and he becomes uneasy. Flattery, and a great show of deference, are to such a man unusually distasteful. It is for the very same reason that one possessing a large endowment of the opposite quality—self-esteem—shrinks from another like himself. In like manner the acquisitive man has always a great dislike—quite irrespectively of pecuniary detriment to himself—to become a subject for the exercise of acquisitiveness in others. It is an old and familiar remark, that those who are much given to jesting at the expense of their fellow-creatures, exhibit a peculiar dislike to be made the subject of jokes by others. This, I am persuaded, is from no ultra-sensitiveness of nature connected with the jest-loving character, but a curious reflex action of the leading faculty, causing it to be as painful in the passive, as it is agreeable in the active voice. Hence it is that your noted wits never shine in the company of men like themselves, and a dinner-party where an effort has been made to bring a plurality of them together, usually proves a failure. If it ever be found that two witty men do

agree well, and promote the general hilarity, examine them narrowly, and you will discover some great difference between them—one perhaps a biting satirist, the other a good-natured humorist—so that the apparent exception only confirms the rule. Assuredly, two wits, both alike of either the first or the second kind, never yet were seen to spend an hour amicably together. And if two humorists of the other kind were brought together, it is ten to one that they would afterwards speak of each other as the perfection of dulness.

Reverting to matrimonial alliances, some interesting consequences arise from the principle of contraries on which partners are usually chosen. Where an alliance of this kind has been happy—to which it is equivalent to say, where it has been founded upon affection—it will be found that each party has a certain degree of preference for such of the children as resemble the other. A father of tame character, who has chosen an energetic wife, will best love the children who, like her, are energetic. If he has a beloved partner of complexion and general aspect very diverse from his own, he will be apt to make favorites of the children who resemble her in these respects, while comparatively indifferent to such of the young people as are copies of himself. It is doubtless from a similar principle that fathers are observed generally to prefer their daughters to their sons. The man-nature delights in the feminine gentleness, because its own opposite.

Perhaps it might not be thought very fanciful to suggest a final cause for all this seeking of opposites, in the need that has been contemplated for producing a diffusion of all the various qualities of families, of races, and of human nature generally, throughout the constitution of society. Sir Walter Scott, who had a great deal of a natural kind of philosophy, arising from the observation of his sagacious mind, makes some remarks to nearly the same purpose, with which I shall conclude my lucubrations. "As unions," he says, "are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, tastes, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying perhaps too much to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other. A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned for these anomalies in the wise dispensations of Providence—that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds should be kept up through society at large. For what a world were it, if the wise were to intermarry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable, nay, even the handsome with the handsome! And is it not evident that the degraded castes of the foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, and the deformed (comprehending, by the way, far the greater portion of mankind,) must, when condemned to exclusive intercourse with each other, become gradually as much brutalized in person and disposition as so many orang-outangs! When, therefore, we see the 'gentle joined to the rude,' we may lament the fate of the suffering individual, but we must not the less admire the mysterious disposition of that wise Providence which thus balances the moral good and evil of life; which secures for a family, unhappy in the dispositions of one parent, a share of better and sweeter blood transmitted from the

other; and preserves to the offspring the affectionate care and protection of at least one of those from whom it is naturally due. Without the frequent occurrence of such alliances—missorted as they seem at first sight—the world could not be that for which Eternal Wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once and of suffering, where even the worst ills are chequered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them the necessary alloy of embittering depreciation.”*

From Chambers' Journal.

THE PROBABLE.

It has now become a trite remark, that truth often brings before us “things stranger than fiction.” The reason is, that when a man writes fiction, he has to keep near a particular level of general probability, based on an average of occurrences and situations such as we arrive at in the course of our experience in actual life. The reader holds him as under an engagement to give things at about this average; if he goes much above it, he is condemned as resorting to a silly expedient, in order to work out an effect, or escape from a difficulty. Thus, for example, when he brings home a rich uncle from India exactly in time to save a virtuous family from ruin, he is thought to be merely resorting to a trick of his trade; and yet we know that rich uncles do come home occasionally from India, and may well find things at sixes and sevens among their friends. One or two such events in the course of his three volumes may be allowed the moralist; but if he indulges much more frequently in out-of-the-way occurrences that serve his general design, he is thought a decidedly clumsy artist. Yet nothing can be more certain than that, in actual life, series of events do occur, all of which are greatly beyond that medium line which constitutes our ideal of the probable. As an example, a man will at once be overtaken by insolvency, by illness, by the losses of children, by a burning of his house, and all this in an abrupt or sudden manner, after many years of quiet, comfortable existence, unmarked by any such incidents. Or a considerable number of relations will die in the course of four or five years, and open a succession to wealth and title to an individual who originally had no expectation of it. There are, indeed, some conjunctures in actual life of so singular a nature, as to mock the highest flights of the human imagination.

I speak of those events as singular against the occurrence of which there is a great number of chances. For example, we are told in Brand's *History of Newcastle*, that a gentleman of that city, in the middle of the seventeenth century, dropped a ring from his hand over the bridge into the river Tyne. Years passed on; he had lost all hopes of recovering the ring, when one day his wife bought a fish in the market, and in the stomach of that fish was the identical jewel which had been lost! From the pains taken to commemorate this event, it would appear to be true; it was merely an occurrence possible, but extremely unlikely, to have occurred. A similar incident was lately recorded, with all the appearance of seriousness, in a popular miscellany. “Many years ago a lady sent her servant—a young man about twenty years of age, and a native of that

part of the country where his mistress resided—to the neighboring town with a ring, which required some alteration, to be delivered into the hands of a jeweller. The young man went the shortest way across the fields; and coming to a little wooden bridge that crossed a small stream, he leant against the rail, and took the ring out of its case to look at it. While doing so, it slipped out of his hand, and fell into the water. In vain he searched for it, even till it grew dark. He thought it fell into the hollow of a stump of a tree under water, but he could not find it. The time taken in the search was so long, that he feared to return and tell his story, thinking it incredible, and that he should even be suspected of having gone into evil company, and gamed it away, or sold it. In this fear he determined never to return—left wages and clothes; and fairly ran away. This seemingly great misfortune was the making of him. His intermediate history I know not; but this, that after many years' absence, either in the East or West Indies, he returned with a very considerable fortune. He now wished to clear himself with his old mistress; ascertained that she was living; purchased a diamond ring of a considerable value, which he determined to present in person, and clear his character, by telling his tale, which the credit of his present position might testify. He took the coach to the town of —, and from thence set out to walk the distance of a few miles. He found, I should tell you, on alighting, a gentleman who resided in the neighborhood, who was bound for the adjacent village. They walked together, and in conversation, this former servant, now a gentleman, with graceful manners and agreeable address, communicated the circumstance that made him leave the country abruptly many years before. As he was telling this, they came to the very wooden bridge. ‘There,’ said he; ‘it was just here that I dropped the ring; and there is the very bit of old tree into a hole of which it fell—just there.’ At the same time he put down the point of his umbrella into the hole of the knot in the tree, and drawing it up, to the astonishment of both, found the very ring on the ferrule of the umbrella.”* Here also was an occurrence against which, one would have previously said, the chances were as one to infinity. It was one of those things which we see to be most unlikely, yet must acknowledge to be possible, and, when well-authenticated, to be true.

There is a class of double occurrences, or coincidences, which serve to illustrate the same principle. How often will we hear a name or a fact mentioned, which we had previously never once heard of, and yet that name or fact will once come under our notice, from a totally different quarter, ere two days, or even one, have passed! For example, not a week before the penning of these remarks, a gentleman alluded, in conversation with me, to a Russian plant which is supposed to be of a partly animal nature, and to be in a kind of animal form, with which it chanced that I was unacquainted. Two hours after, consulting the Penny Cyclopædia on the subject of the barometer, my eye lighted on the next ensuing article—“*BAROMETZ*, a singular vegetable production, of which, under the name of the Scythian lamb, many fabulous stories are told. * * * It is, in reality, nothing but the prostrate hairy stem of a fern called *Aspidium Borometz*, which from its procumbent position and shaggy appearance, looks something like a crouching animal, &c.” Or two

* “The Pirate,” chapter xiii.

* Blackwood's Magazine.

persons, associated in our minds, but widely apart in life, will, by letter or visit, cast up in the same day. For example, I have received in one evening, letters introducing strangers from two cousins living in different countries, and from neither of whom I had previously received any communication for several years, except a single letter of introduction from one of the parties about three months previously. One day, proceeding to a place of business where I have duties to attend to, I passed a gentleman whom I recollected having met at a country-house ten years previously, but had not seen since. We formed two out of three guests entertained by a family consisting of three persons, all of them considerably advanced in life. I was aware that two of our entertainers were since dead. With a mind full of the recollections which this gentleman's face excited, I entered the office, and there sat, waiting for me, to consult about a small matter of business, a lady, the survivor of the family of our host, and whom also I had not seen since the dinner-party. On interrogation, I found that she had come there that day, without the least knowledge of the proceedings or whereabouts of the gentleman whom I had just seen in the street. Like myself, she had never once seen him since the day when we had all met ten years ago.

The following is a still more striking instance. In the early part of October, 1844, I was taking an excursion with a friend in Northumberland. Stopping for an hour at Morpeth, to refresh our horse, we asked for a newspaper to while away the time; but were told that the papers of that day had not yet arrived. I therefore resorted for amusement to a miniature copy of Crabbe's *Borough*, which I had put into my pocket for this purpose, selecting it from many books purely on account of its conveniently small size. The section of the poem on which my attention became engaged, was that in which occurs a striking description of the alarm occasioned to a picnic party when, in the midst of their enjoyments on a low sandy islet, usually covered at high water, they were informed that their boat had, by negligence been allowed to float away, leaving them a prey to the rising tide, unless they should be rescued by a passing vessel, which was not likely. The most forcible part of the description of the forlorn party, is that in which the behavior of various persons is put into contrast :

"Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
And traced the movement of each different mind :
He might have seen that not the gentle maid
Was more than stern and haughty man afraid ;
Such, calmly grieving, will their fears suppress,
And silent prayers to mercy's throne address ;
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd."—&c.

Immediately after I had read this passage, the waiter put the *Sun* of the preceding evening into my hands. It contained an extract from an Edinburgh paper, giving an account of an accident which had happened a few days before to the Windsor Castle steamer, on her passage from Dundee to Leith with a large pleasure party, which had been witnessing the departure of the queen from the former port, after her short residence at Blair-Athole. The vessel had been allowed to strike on the Carr rock, when instantly music and dancing were exchanged for alarm and terror, as the almost immediate sink-

ing of the vessel was anticipated. Strange to say, the description of the behavior of the passengers was an exact reflection of that in Crabbe's poem, as if the writer had been reading that composition a short while before, and had copied it ; or else the poem was so true to nature, that an actual occurrence unavoidably resembled it. The identity was perfect, even to the particular of gentle women maintaining a quiet and resigned demeanor, while strong men were frantic with vain terror. This will clearly appear from the following passage in the report, which I had the curiosity to search out in the file of the paper in which it originally appeared :—"In a few moments, and the crowd of human beings collected on board, who had just before been radiant with gayety and good humor, changed into a wretched, terrified, and helpless mass, among whom every moral quality of the mind might be discerned brought out into frightful relief, from the sternest of stubborn endurance, to the lowest point of pusillanimity and despair. There was no distinction of age or sex ; *men howled and ran about frantic like women ; and women were there, young and beautiful, who exhibited to the full the calmness of moral heroism.*"—*Edinburgh Courier*, October 3, 1844.*

The day after, I went to attend service in St. Nicholas' church, Newcastle, full of the recollection of the covenanters entering the town after their victory over Charles I. at Newburnford, in 1640, when Alexander Henderson preached a sermon on the text, "And the Lord said unto my lord, sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Imagination could not resist bodying forth the scene of two hundred years ago—a stern puritan army, flushed with their first victory, listening grimly to an application of this sublime promise, amidst the long-withdrawing aisles of this noble old pile. So possessed in mind, it was absolutely startling to come suddenly, in the readings of the day, upon this very text—"The Lord said unto my lord," &c. This looked like being persecuted with coincidences.

One might say that, if real life gives such striking phenomena as these, while fiction is forbidden to use them, records from actual life ought to be far more interesting, even to the readers for mere excitement, than any of the effusions of fancy. And it really does seem far from unlikely that, if the former were chronicled with fidelity, they would be apt to run romance entirely out of the market.

The wonder, after all, remains, that events, against which there are so many chances, should occur so often as they seem to do. Let us consider what probability actually is. An able philosopher of our century thus speaks of it :—"It is to the imperfection of the human mind," he says, "and not to any irregularity in the nature of things, that our ideas of chance and probability are to be referred. Events which to one man seem accidental and precarious, to another, who is better informed, or who has more power of generalization, appear to be regular and certain. * * * The laws of the material world have the same infallible operation on the minute and the great bodies of the universe ; and the motions of the former are as determinate as those of the latter." He adds, that every particle of water or air has described from the beginning a *trajectory* or path determined by mechanical principles, and which is therefore *knowable*, "and would be an object of science to a mind informed of all the

* On inquiry, it appears that the writer of the report had not previously read the passage in the *Borough*.

original conditions, and possessing an analysis that would follow them through their various combinations. The same," he continues, "is true of every atom of the material world: so that nothing but information sufficiently extensive, and a calculus sufficiently powerful, are wanting to reduce all things to a certainty. * * * Probability and chance are thus ideas relative to human ignorance. The latter means a series of events not regulated by any law that we can perceive. Not perceiving the existence of a law, we reason as if there were none, or no principle by which one state of things determines that which is to follow."*

Unable to discover or follow the laws by which events of this nature are determined, we can nevertheless reduce them to calculation in a particular way. All are familiar with the throwing of dice. There being six sides, any of which may be uppermost, the chance of throwing the die with a particular side, say the ace, uppermost, is one-sixth. With two dice, the chance of throwing two aces is 1-36th: as each face of the one die may be combined with any face of the other. Thus we learn that, "when any event may fall out a certain number of ways, all of which, to our apprehension, are equally possible, the probability that the event will happen, with certain conditions accompanying it, may be expressed by a fraction, of which the numerator is the number of instances favorable to those conditions, and the denominator the number of the possible instances." Now observe, in a couple of dice there are but thirty-six combinations; but what would be the denominator of a fraction which should express the little likelihood of my being engaged in reading Crabbe's account of the distressed pic-nic party, at the moment when a newspaper was approaching me, containing an account of a similar occurrence, expressed almost in the same terms! One can see in a moment the possibility of such an event; but he cannot help thinking, at the same time, that thousands of lives were likely to have passed without its occurring in one of them. It seems difficult to reconcile the frequency of such coincidences, which is matter of familiar observation to all, with the idea of our philosopher, that all secular events might be reduced under fixed laws, if we only could trace the series in their mutual dependency.

Some considerations will, nevertheless, occur to bring such events into at least an approximation with our ideas respecting fixed laws. In the first place, there are what may be called extenuating circumstances. These we usually discover when we look narrowly into particulars. For example, the scriptural text already quoted, being a portion of the 110th Psalm, had a chance of occurring in the usual readings of the Psalter equal to about one in sixty-two (the Psalms being divided into so many portions for reading during the month.) Then it is repeated no fewer than five times in the New Testament. In the portions of Scripture appointed for the daily lessons throughout the year, chapters containing this passage occur no fewer than thirteen times. This obviously added very considerably to the chance that, on attending worship in the St. Nicholas' church for the first time I should hear Henderson's text repeated. Thus the total likelihood was not so little as one would, on a cursory glance, imagine. It is, in the second place,

to be observed that the total number of acts, movements, and occurrences of every kind in life must be much greater, even in the case of the most quiet-living people, than at first sight appears. If this truly be the case, instances of coincidence must bear a much smaller proportion to the entire mass than we are apt to suppose; that is the same thing as to say, that the frequency of their occurrence is more apparent than real. Again, amidst the multitude of the things which pass unobserved and unremembered, there may of course be many occurrences of facts and other particulars, which we believe to be new to us when they occur collisively: thus the apparent first of the two instances may be the tenth, or twentieth, or hundredth, instead of the first. All of these considerations undoubtedly tend to bring the supposed supernaturality *towards*, if not wholly *into*, naturality. If so much can be accounted for from what we know, let us add some further unknown quantity for what we do not know, and then perhaps little, if any, difficulty will remain.

THE WATER-LILY.

BURTHENED with a cureless sorrow,
Came I to the river deep;
Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
Seeking but a place to weep;
Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
Till I sickened at the view.
Then I left the sunshine golden
For the gloomy willow-shade,
Desolate and unbeholden,
There my fainting limbs I laid.
And I saw a water-lily
Resting in its trembling bed,
On the drifting waters chill,
With its petals white outspread.
Pillowed there, it lay securely,
Moving with the moving wave,
Up to heaven gazing purely,
From the river's gloomy grave.
As I looked, a burst of glory
Fell upon the snowy flower,
And the lessoned allegory
Learned I in that blessed hour:—
Thus does Faith, divine, indwelling,
Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling,
Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus aye looking up to heaven
Should the white and calm soul be,
Gladden in the sunshine given,
Nor from the clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turned, my weak heart strengthened,
Patiently to bear my woe;
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart beseeching
Charmed away the sense of pain;
So the lily's silent teaching
Was not given to me in vain.

Chambers.

* Playfair's Works, iv., 424.

THE NEW "HOLY" ALLIANCE.

WHAT is the price which the ministry has consented to pay for O'Connell's support? He is too shrewd a judge of the value of his votes and influence to let them go cheap. The cry of Conciliation-hall now is, that there never was so good a government for Ireland as the present, that it must be supported, that cheers for repeal are to give way to cheers for Russell. This altered tone must have been bought at a high price.

The priests are with Mr. O'Connell to a man. They are in the secret of the promises he has received, and of his hopes of their fulfilment. Are we to suppose the priesthood so very independent as to join in a shout to swell whig popularity without sure expectation of commensurate advantage to themselves?

There are two objects dear alike to Romish ambition and to whig desire. They are, the destruction of the Protestant establishment in Ireland, and the endowment of the Romish church. The premier makes no secret of his own wishes, but seeks to disarm vigilance by avowing he has no thought of carrying them into effect. He is waiting for the next election.

Some members of the liberal party, very few it must be confessed, honestly opposed to the endowment of popery, have taken alarm at the near prospect of that measure being brought forward with the whole weight of government support. Mr. Robertson, a writer, we believe, in the "Westminster Review," has just issued a pamphlet, expressing his conviction that the endowment of the Church of Rome is already a settled question in the cabinet. His language is clear and logical:—

"Lord John Russell avows himself, like a man of honor, favorable to the reduction of the Protestant, and the endowment of the Catholic, Church of Ireland. This is the view entertained by nearly everybody who voted for the Maynooth endowments. Never was there a ministry so favorable to Roman Catholics. Mr. Macaulay will discover the slip in logic he made use of to secure his election. Cogeny will come to him, and he will show, without an error in mood or figure, how maintenance is a necessary sequence of preparation for the priestly office. All his colleagues think so. Every sound head must regard the position Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Gibson Craig, and Mr. Fox Maule take as *uniquely* preposterous. On another occasion we may show how completely and conscientiously the whole Russell administration are committed to the endowment of popery. Votes, speeches, reviews, pamphlets, may all be quoted to prove how completely they are pledged, how cordially they are wedded to this great whig delusion.

"The exact purport of the answer of the premier to this question—'Will you pay the priests?'—was, 'I will when I can.' He will have his eye on a new parliament. Earl Grey and Sir George Grey, the colonial and the home secretaries, are both devoted to this measure. Sir William Somerville, the *protégé* of O'Connell, is the home under-secretary. Mr. Wyse, who enjoys the friendship and confidence of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic church, is on the Board of Control. Lord Palmerston has given priests glebes privately, and recommended the same course to the government publicly. If ever there was an administration which had its purpose blazoned upon the forehead of it, this administration has been constructed with a view to the endowment of popery. For one person in the upper liberal circles against paying any sect,

there are twenty in favor of paying all. Everybody thinks it good policy to pay the priests and make good subjects of them. Catholic ascendancy is the cherished purpose of Conciliation-hall. It will be done when O'Connell wishes it; for he is the strongest, and premiers are not false to their own convictions when their interest coincides with them.

"O, but the Catholics will not take the pay!" It is amazing what some heads are fitted to believe, and some tongues to say. Did not the welkin of the whole world ring with a shout of Catholic joy when the state undertook to provide for the education of the priesthood in Ireland? Will they who rejoiced over the maintenance of the students reject the maintenance of the priests of Maynooth? Catholic ascendancy in Ireland is the Catholic notion of justice. In the teeth of all his loud professions of voluntarism, now silent, Mr. O'Connell, in a memorable speech in the beginning of last year, made his last declaration on this subject; which was, that as Presbyterianism was the established religion of Scotland, and Episcopacy of England, Catholicism ought to be the established religion of Ireland. Only imagine the Vatican spurning state pay! As much of state pay and as little of state control as possible is the object of the Irish priesthood. Gold as much as they can get, with as little of it as possible in the shape of chains, is the object of the priests."

This able extract states the question with perfect fairness. The Protestant church will be reduced, and the Romish church endowed, the instant Lord John Russell can securely count on his parliamentary majority.

We quite agree with Mr. Robertson that a state provision for the maintenance of priests is a necessary sequence to state provision for the education of priests. One follows the other naturally. Every argument used for the endowment of Maynooth can be urged with tenfold force for the endowment of Romish benefices.

The danger is apparent: If the country will make no provision against it, we must expect to encounter it unprepared, and hopeless of resistance. The policy, once put in action, can only end with the entire destruction of the Protestant church in Ireland, and in the absolute dominion of the church of Rome. Mr. O'Connell may, after all, be sincere; these changes would greatly smooth the way for repeal.—*Britannia*, 8 Aug.

From the *Britannia*, Aug. 15.

THE CANADIAN "LEAGUE."

THE speech of Lord Ashburton on Monday relieved the monotony of the debate by a reference to the real measure before the house, and the consequences likely to flow from it. His address is marked by the practical genius for which this eminent commercialist is distinguished. No man is better entitled to speak with authority on questions affecting our colonies, because no man is more deeply interested in their prosperity, or has had more extensive experience in their trade. He is neither a theorist nor a blind worker in the great transactions of commerce. His position, like that of the commander of an army, enables him to command a view of the whole field of action, and to combine the principles of science with the necessities of the time. If he goes farther than most of those who took part in the debate, it is because he sees farther, and looks more steadily to remote consequences, not because he is more visionary in his opinions.

Very wisely, as we think, Lord Ashburton says nothing of slavery in connexion with this question. The real point at issue, in his judgment, is, whether our whole system of colonial protection is to be retained or abolished. He is satisfied that the principle of free trade, once acknowledged and acted on by the legislature, must be carried out to its full extent. We yield entire assent to this frank and decided avowal of his convictions:—

"This measure involved a complete change in the whole colonial system of this country; *it involved, in fact, the question of our having colonies at all.* All the world must admit that the principle of protection was sometimes carried to an absurd and ridiculous extent; but that some degree of protection was required by the dependencies of a country whose great wealth had been created by colonies and commerce, no man possessed of political knowledge or experience would be disposed to controvert. *The principle on which this measure was founded necessarily involved the loss of these colonies.*"

These remarks are true to the letter. Political systems are not like material edifices, visible to sight. There is nothing tangible in them. They cannot be touched, or handled, or examined, or measured; and hence to the careless or ignorant they may seem to have no existence. But, in reality, they are composed of many parts, and are held solidly together only by the support those parts afford to each other. You cannot deprive our colonial system of one of its main pillars without grievously damaging the whole structure. When the supports are weakened, it must be taken down as rapidly as possible lest it should by its own weight descend in ruins.

We have already an illustration of this in the state of affairs in Canada. One party is indignant at the withdrawal of protection to Canadian exports, and vehemently protests against the injustice of charging on the colony the expenses of those works undertaken on the faith of a market being reserved for its surplus produce in Great Britain. A second party, believing free trade to be inevitable, considers only how the Canadians can take advantage of it, to remove those restrictive laws by which the parent country has made her colonies a source of wealth and extended commerce to herself. It is said, very reasonably, that, if the principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market is to be acted on by the imperial legislature, it must also be acted on by colonial legislatures; and that, if Canadian exports are to meet with no more favor from England than the exports of foreign countries, the people of Canada are entitled to purchase the commodities they require wherever they can obtain them to the greatest advantage. They go a little farther, and directly assert that it is not for the interest of Canada to have any restrictions placed on her carrying trade; they say freights should be regulated by the same principle as other operations of commerce, and that the traders of Canada have a right to obtain them at the cheapest rates that are offered. In short, they insist that the British navigation laws, as far as they regard Canada, shall be wholly and entirely repealed. We confess we do not see how this demand can be resisted.

A free-trade association has been formed at Montreal to agitate for those changes indicated above, which, it is asserted, are rendered absolutely necessary by the legislative enactments in England during the present session, and which are demanded

equally by reason and by justice. This Canadian League has its organ in a weekly journal, the *Canadian Economist*, in which its views are urged with great freedom and vigor. In an able report from the association a list is given of those articles on which high discriminating duties are imposed for the benefit of the English manufacturer. We extract a few of the items:—

Articles.	Foreign.	British.	Discrimination.
Coffee,	5s. per cwt. & 1d. p. lb.	1d. p. lb.	5s. pr. cwt.
Glass and Glassware,	20 pr. cent.	5 pr. cent.	15 pr. cent.
Harness,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Hardware,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Hats, Leather, Wool-	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
len, Cotton,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Iron, except Pig, . . .	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Jewellery,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Leather Manufactures,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Machinery,	17 " "	10 " "	7 " "
Musical Instruments,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Manufactures, Cotton,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Linen, Woolen, . . .	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "
Paper Manufactures,	12 " "	5 " "	7 " "

These discriminating duties the League requires shall be given up. It seems there will be no opposition to their demand from the home government. Power will be allowed our colonial legislatures to deal with discriminating duties as they think best. Our manufacturers who have hitherto held almost exclusive possession of the colonial markets will then, probably, find powerful rivals in them. The goods of the United States can be carried to the West Indies and Canada more rapidly and at less expense than from the ports of Great Britain; and it is, therefore, only reasonable to conclude that a large portion of the trade and commerce hitherto enjoyed exclusively by ourselves will be diverted to other sources.

But it is on the repeal of the navigation laws that the Canadians lay the most stress. In the free-trade manifesto, the "baneful influence" of those laws is dwelt on at length, and the people are urged to join in a vigorous effort for their total abolition. Some passages in the report show how keenly the restriction is felt, and what hearty efforts will be made for its removal:—

"The council trusts that a representation of the injury to this province, arising from the restrictive character of the British navigation laws, is all that is requisite to induce the British ministry to cause their modification, so far as respects this colony. *Their baneful influence* has, more especially during the present year, been felt both in our export and import trade. Such has been and is the scarcity of British vessels, adapted to the conveyance of wheat and flour, in the ports of Quebec and Montreal, that freight has advanced fully fifty per centum beyond the remunerating or average rate. Now, had those laws permitted, *foreign vessels could have been procured in the ports of the United States, at moderate rates*, (as is manifest from the low freights between New York and Britain,) to convey the produce to its destined market. Is it not obvious that *we are thus placed in a much less advantageous position than foreigners, in being taxed to support British shipping*, and that tax offers great encouragement to the western producer to send his goods via the United States, rather than by the route of the St. Lawrence! *Thus this colony is laboring at the same time under the twofold inconvenience of removal of protection, and prohibition of free trade.*

"The like evil is severely felt in the import trade of the province, and is exemplified in the article of muscovado sugar, of which our supplies are now principally derived from the Spanish islands. The navigation laws, on which we now animadvert, prevent our importing foreign commodities in any but British ships, or ships of the country where the goods are produced. Now, Spain has little shipping, and none suitable for the trade with America, and there are no British vessels to be met with in the Spanish islands. The importer of a cargo of sugar to this province is thus compelled to charter a British vessel from some distant port, to proceed in ballast, to convey the cargo, for which he pays a freight of, say 4s. per cwt., or fully twenty-five per cent. on the prime cost of the article, *whilst there are fleets of American vessels on the spot, which would convey it at one half that rate.* Can he, then—drawing his supplies of sugar in this circuitous and expensive method—compete in the western market with the merchant of the United States? Obviously he cannot; nor need it be matter of surprise that the trade, which, under a free system, would flow through the St. Lawrence, is thus diverted to other channels."

We do not see how a Russell government is to oppose itself to these representations. If we allow the colonies no favor, we have no right to place them at a disadvantage. They are entitled to a real, not a nominal, equality. If our navigation laws prevent them from sending or receiving commodities so cheaply as they might otherwise do, those laws must be given up. We cannot be unjust to our colonies if we would, because *we cannot deprive them of the power of resistance.*

It is assumed, indeed, that the people of our colonies care little for financial considerations, and that they are willing to forego all benefits, nay, even to incur serious disadvantages, for the honor of being connected with the British empire. This theory is flattering to our pride. We may wish it to be true, but it will hardly stand the test of examination. The current of experience is against it.

It was a point of finance, a mere question of the pocket, that produced the American revolt and the war that followed it. The tax was trifling we know; and we quite agree with those who say the Americans fought for a principle more than against the duty on tea. But that principle was still a financial principle; it was, that the pecuniary interests of the people should not be attacked against their will; it was, in short, that they would not submit to be taxed for the benefit of the parent country.

The Canadians, according to present appearances, are ready to hoist the same banner; taxation may take the shape of a navigation law as well as of a direct impost; and the Canadians openly declare their repugnance to be *taxed* for the support of British shipping. Our colonies were perfectly willing to live under a protective system, while it sheltered and benefited them. But it is not to be expected that they will patiently suffer all its evils while deprived of its benefits. One change must be followed by others. In a commercial sense our colonies, since we choose to abolish all differential duties in their favor, must be made *independent*. The inquiry will not then long be allowed to rest—Of what use is a political dependence that is barren of useful results, and is known only by the exercise of a distant, an arbitrary, and a capricious authority?

A MOTHER'S RESIGNATION.

"There are griefs that lie in the heart like treasures.
Till Time has changed them to solemn pleasures."

No, not forgotten! Though the wound has closed,
And seldom with thy name I trust my tongue,
My son 'so early lost, and mourned so long;
'The mother's breast where once thy head reposed
Still keeps thy image, sacred through long years,
An altar, hallowed once with many tears.

How oft my heart beats at some idle saying,
Some casual mention of that foreign land
Wherein thy grave was dug with hasty hand,
And thy sole requiem was thy mother's praying;
Till o'er the ocean swift-winged memory flies,
To that lone forest where my first-born lies!

Sometimes, when in my other babes I trace
A momentary likeness unto thee—
Thy smile that ever shines in memory,
Thy thoughtful eyes, thy love-illumined face—
I clasp the wondering child unto my breast,
And fancy that my arms round thee are prest.

I think of thee, but 't is with grief no longer;
I number thee among my children still;
Though parted in the flesh, by God's high will,
I feel my soul's deep love for thee grow stronger:
Like one of old, I glory to have given,
Out of my flock, an angel unto heaven.

Chambers' Journal.

As an instance of the adaptation between the force of gravity and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cups upwards; others "hang the pensive head," and turn the opening downwards. The positions in these cases depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which support the flower, or, in the case of the *euphorbia*, the germen. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cups, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have, therefore, here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth, greater or smaller, denser or rarer, than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the footstalks of all the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in thus considering the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health.—*Whewell.*

A STEREOTYPED MIND.—At a public meeting at Scarborough, the Rev. B. Evans made this striking remark:—"I value not at all the mind that is stereotyped. Give me the sort of mental type that can be changed when required, that will admit of additions and improvements, such as increasing light and intelligence demand."

NANTUCKET SAILORS.

BY THE REV. MR. ABBOT.

A MAN was speaking a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed, when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea stores stowed away in the sloop and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fireside struggling in vain to restrain her tears.

She had an infant a few months old in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprints a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he can cross that threshold again. One sea captain upon this island has passed but seven years out of forty-one upon the land.

A lady said to me a few evenings ago, "I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days." He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months, and two years more must undoubtedly elapse before his wife can see his face again, and when he shall return it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence.

I asked the lady, the other day, how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. "One hundred," was the answer. "And how many did he receive?" "Six." The invariable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of for the Pacific Ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence.

Imagine then the feelings of a husband and father, who returns to the harbor of Nantucket, after the separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings whatever from his home. He sees the boat pushing off from the wharves which is to bring him the tidings of weal or woe. He stands pale and trembling pacing the decks with emotions which he in vain endeavors to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile, and says, "Captain, your family are all well." Or perhaps he says, "Captain, I have heavy news for you, your wife died two years and a half ago."

"A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife, and an infant child. The wife and child are now both in the grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know it for some months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night thinking of the loved ones left at his fire-side, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of

our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that it is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent. Soon the name of the ship is announced; and then there is an eager contention with the boys to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain. For which service a silver dollar is the established and invariable fee.

And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife! Perhaps she has heard of no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement, she dresses herself to meet her husband. "Is he alive," she says to herself, "or am I a widow, and the poor children orphans?" She walks about the room, unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down. Eagerly she is looking out of the window, and down the street; she sees a man with hurried step turn the corner, and a little boy hold of his hand.

Yes, it is he. And her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two of her neighbors returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her heart. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death. And she falls senseless to the floor, as they tell her that her husband has long since been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not fiction. These are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continued occurrence—facts which awaken emotions to which no pen can do justice.

A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island, bringing the news of another ship, that was nearly filled with oil, that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month. The wife of the captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return.

At length the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbor, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had been so long separated. Soon they sadly returned with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever, upon the island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died and was committed to his ocean burial. A few days after I called upon the weeping widow and little daughter in their destined home of bereavement and anguish.

SONNET.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

O for the time—the happy sinless time—

When first we murmured forth our infant prayer,
Listened with reverence to the church-bells'
chime—

Gazed on the sky, and deemed that God dwelt
there!

No more we hear those holy deep toned bells;

But as their echo trembles on the air,
So in our sorrowing minds remembrance dwells—

Breathing of those fine days ere passion's sigh,
Remorse and sorrow, (sad the tale she tells,)

Polluted the petition sent on high;—

When we knelt sinless, and our God alone

Was in the prayer that rose to his Almighty throne.

DISCOVERY OF COPPER MINES IN AUSTRALIA.

AFTER the great depression which the Australian colonies have suffered of late, it is gratifying to find that a new impulse has been given to the energies of the colonists around Adelaide by the discovery of rich mines of copper. The discovery of the copper ore was entirely accidental. A son of Captain Bagot, in his chance rambles, had picked up a greenish stone, and carried it home, where it excited some attention. A short while afterwards, Mr. Dutton, having gone to the same locality in search of some stray cattle, was attracted by a greenish-looking substance imbedded in the shaly rock, which there rose to the surface. He carried home a specimen, and, showing it to his friend Bagot, it was ascertained to be an ore of copper of the same nature as the specimen found by his son. The next object of these enterprising gentlemen was to get possession of the land embracing this hidden treasure. This they did by a regular purchase from government of eighty acres, at the price of one pound sterling per acre. It appears that there is no reserve made by government in the sale of lands, but that all minerals, and everything else, become the sole property of the purchaser. As the copper ore in this locality comes to the surface of the soil, the working of such a mine is a comparatively easy task; and some Cornish miners being on the spot, operations were commenced immediately, and in due time a quantity of the ore was sent to England. It was found that the ores consisted of a carbonate and sulphuret of copper; and so rich were they, that, on an average, they furnished 29½ per cent. of pure metal; and the sale of the ore at Liverpool brought an average of £24, 8s. 1d. per ton—a price greatly above that of any British ores, or even of those of South America, with one exception. The average price of British and European ores is from £5 to £6 per ton; and the South American brings from £10 to £15, the richest being £29. The enterprising proprietors of the Kapunda mine, ascertaining that some adjoining lands contained copper also, became purchasers of additional ground; but the value of the mines having now to some extent transpired, the price per acre was raised tenfold. Another locality containing very rich ore was soon after discovered in the Mount Lofty range of hills, about ten miles from Adelaide. This, called the Montaculi copper mine, has been purchased by a company, and is now also in full operation. From the number of buffaloes in the country, the facility of carrying the ore to the shipping port is very great. Improved modes of roasting the ores, and thus lessening greatly their bulk, are also being adopted. The whole colony is in activity, and the trade, if pursued with moderate caution and prudence, is likely to be of essential importance to the community. Not only is the British market open for the commodity, but there is also a wide field in India, China, and other parts of the world.

A volume just published by Mr. F. Dutton on South Australia and its mines,* affords an interesting detail of this recent discovery, as well as the most recent notice of the trade and prospects of South Australia. The colonies appear to be gradually recovering from the late effects of over-impetration and excessive speculation. Cattle and

sheep are in such abundance, that the principal consumpt consists in melting down the carcasses in order to obtain their tallow. The newly-discovered mines, however, promise to employ somewhat more profitably the muscular powers of the buffaloes, as well as to furnish steady and profitable labor to a considerable number of miners, engineers, and other artisans required for mining operations.

IDIOCY.

DR. CAMPBELL, in a communication published in the Northern Journal of Medicine, states, on the authority of Dr. Kombs, that an unusual number of idiots and deformed persons are to be found at Jena, in the Grand Duchy of Weimar. This fact is, by the medical men of the place, coupled with the circumstance of there being brewed at Lichtenhain, a neighboring village, a very strong beer, of pleasant taste, which is a great favorite with the inhabitants of Jena. This beer is very intoxicating, and the state of intoxication produced by it is far more violent than that brought about by any other beverage in common use. These highly-intoxicating qualities of the Lichtenhain beer are ascribed to belladonna, which, it is said, the brewers mix with the beer. Now, no day passes without some of the inhabitants of Jena returning home in the evening highly intoxicated; and the idiotic and deformed children are regarded as the offspring of fathers addicted to this pernicious beverage.—This is a curious surmise, and one which after-experience is most likely to confirm; for there is no reason why mental deformity should not be transmissible as well as physical malformation—which, unluckily, is but too well-authenticated. And should it be confirmed, what a fearful responsibility do such men incur, who, through vicious propensities, not only destroy their own constitutions, but transmit to their innocent offspring an enfeebled frame, and the worst of all maladies—a hopeless imbecility of mind! Our chief distinguishing characteristic in creation is MIND, the noblest of all the Creator's gifts; and no offence can be more enormous than the debasement of that gift by voluntary indulgence in gross and unseemly practices. Most people, indeed we might say all, make a great profession of regard for their offspring; but we question that sincerity in every case where there exists not a strict attention to such habits of life as will, to the best of human knowledge, secure for that progeny a sound and healthful constitution. The basis of a sound constitution, bodily and intellectually, is infinitely more valuable than any other bequeathment a parent can make. Without the one, life cannot be an enjoyment; without the other, progress is utterly unattainable.

LAWFUL DUELLING.

A LETTER from Munster, Westphalia, of the 30th ult., published in the Journal des Debats, contains the following:—

"The day before yesterday we were witnesses of an afflicting spectacle, and which to a certain degree transported us to the middle ages. This spectacle was that of a duel under the sanction of justice.—The following is an account of this strange affair:—

"Two young officers, the Baron de Deukhaus, a lieutenant in the 11th Regiment of Hussars, and M. de Bonnhart, also a lieutenant in the 13th Infan-

* South Australia and its Mines. With an Historical Sketch of the Colony, under its several administrations, to the period of Captain Grey's departure. By Francis Dutton. London: Boone. 1846.

try, had, whilst playing at billiards in a coffee house at Munster, a violent dispute, in which M. de Deukhaus made use of several offensive expressions towards his adversary.

"These words having been uttered in a public place, and before a great number of witnesses, M. de Bonnhart felt himself under the necessity of demanding public satisfaction, and to this effect cited M. de Deukhaus to appear before the tribunal of honor sitting at Munster. It is known that for the last two years tribunals of this description are instituted in all the divisions of the Prussian army.

"This tribunal, conformably to the law, used all its efforts to induce the offending party to retract the offensive expressions, and not being able to succeed, came to a decision that, considering the words in question attacked the honor of M. de Bonnhart, the latter could no longer continue in the army without having obtained public satisfaction; and considering that M. de Deukhaus obstinately refused to grant him such satisfaction, the tribunal authorized a duel between the two parties, according to the military rules.

"The duel took place on Monday, June 29, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in a plain situate to the north of the city of Munster. A platform was erected in the middle of the plain, on which was seated the tribunal, the judges of the combat.

"Before the tribune, a large space, surrounded by ropes supported by staves, was reserved for the combatants. Some detachments of infantry and cavalry were placed round the enclosed ground and tribune of the judges. At an early hour an immense crowd filled the vast plain, in order to witness the strange contest which was about to take place.

"At three o'clock precisely the judges, wearing their uniforms, took their places in the tribune. They again attempted to effect a reconciliation, and this attempt also failing, authorized the combat to take place.

"It was agreed upon by the two adversaries, with the sanction of the tribunal, that the combat should take place with cavalry swords, and be continued until one of the adversaries became *hors de combat*, and that both should fight with their heads uncovered and in their shirt sleeves.

"A certain number of sabres were then brought forward, and the two adversaries, after having bound their eyes, took by chance their weapons. Then taking off the handkerchiefs from their eyes, as well as their coats and hats, they put themselves in an attitude of defence, and at a signal given by the president of the tribunal, the combat began.

"MM. de Deukhaus and de Bonnhart fought with the greatest obstinacy. The latter successively received two slight wounds in the arm, but soon afterwards wounded his adversary so severely in the thigh, as to render it impossible for the latter to continue the combat.

"When the surgeons had dressed the wounds of the officers, the president of the tribunal again attempted to reconcile them; this time he was immediately obeyed, and the two adversaries embraced each other. The public, which had throughout the combat observed the profoundest silence, hailed the reconciliation with loud and continued applause.—Two coaches took away the late opponents, and M. de Bonnhart assisted in carrying M. de Deukhaus to his. The tribunal then separated, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

"It is the first time that a tribunal of honor in Prussia has ever authorized a duel. All the disputes which had been hitherto brought before the tribunal, had invariably terminated by a reconciliation."

THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY.

THE new Reformation has ended (as seemed but too probable at first) in one of the thousand forms of infidelity that are the curse of German speculation and inquiry. Unable to discern the difference between truth and error, the synod of the congregations have abjured the divinity of the Lord, together with the corruptions of Rome. Thus a serious injury has been done by these rash and presumptuous men to the cause of scriptural truth; and the movement commenced by Ronge, from which so much was anticipated, will only tend to bring German Protestantism into contempt, and to strengthen the hands of Rome. The following letter is taken from the *Morning Herald*. Other accounts received entirely confirm its accuracy;—

"Berlin, July 27.—We have news of the result of the synod of the congregations professing the apostolical faith, which has been held at Schneidemühl; and it is most afflicting. So unblushing was the denial of the saving truths of the gospel, manifested at this meeting, that Dr. Jettmar and his lay coadjutor withdrew in disgust before its sittings terminated. They represented the apostolical flock in this city, and, in spite of all the persuasions and exhortations which Christian love and faithfulness could urge, were unable to prevent the meeting from repudiating the confession of the Holy Trinity, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the personality of the Holy Ghost. Not only did the members protest against the adoption of the three oecumenical creeds, but treated even the apostles' creed with slight. The Godhead of the Saviour having become the subject of discussion, the Rev. Mr. Port, of Posen, who acted as president, asked whether any one present really believed that Jesus Christ was very God? And upon one of the Berlin deputies replying that he believed it, and was as fully convinced of it as of his own existence, the president treated the assertion with scorn and contempt. Again, when the Berlin deputies earnestly besought the assembly not to reject the apostles' creed, and to abstain from abbreviating it, the same individual observed that it contains 'arrant nonsense.' One of the deputies called upon Czerski to use his influence to discountenance so unscriptural and unbecoming a remark, and to support the opposition raised by them in behalf of the apostolical symbol. He answered that he saw nothing objectionable in the remark; and for himself was averse to all confessions, (symbolicism,) and should vote for the doing away with all creeds, and the adoption of the Bible as the only standard. Dr. Thirnen was also present, and proposed a confession for the congregations of the Grand Duchy of Posen, which is of so equivocal a character as to suit almost every shade of belief, and the meeting adopted it."

This must put an end to the movement, which henceforth can only result in some declaration of infidelity. It will next be carried that the Bible was not written by inspiration; then that it is without authority; and lastly, that all revelation is a fable, and Christianity is an imposition. May this country long be preserved from the fatal errors of German speculation!—*Britannia*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Parts of Mr. Walsh's letter to the National Intelligencer, dated Paris, 16th August.

THE Paris National of the 8th holds this language: "How do you understand your constitution? Is it, or not, based on the principle of the sovereignty of the people? Is the king anything else than the product of our election? May he not be cashiered lawfully to-morrow, if to-morrow he should violate the conditions imposed on him. Is not the will that created him, and which can proclaim his *déchéance* or forfeiture, always above him? We do not refer to subversive revolutions; we keep within the strict right and scope of the charter. We pursue the regular and insuperable consequences of popular sovereignty."

Mr. Cobden has been for several days the lion of Paris. Cæsted, the celebrated Danish natural philosopher, is also here, and was present at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, of which he is a corresponding member.

The Amnesty of the new pope, in the Italian, is a beautiful composition; his allocution to the Cardinals a masterpiece of Latinity. Our Paris *National* is not satisfied with the amnesty because it contains the word *pardon*, and a promise of future loyalty to the Holy See is exacted.

Young Oscar Lafayette, the son of George, was elected to the chamber of deputies by virtue of his glorious name. Six members of the Lafayette connections have now seats in the chamber.

In the months of June and July the theatres of Paris received less money than during the months of the cholera. The swimming and bathing establishments gained more than in any one year for the twenty-five years past.

Mr. Coupey, an erudite judge of Cherbourg, published some years ago a tract showing that the institution of the jury—nearly the same as that of the present day—subsisted in Normandy for a century or more in the middle ages. He has issued another tract on *Judicial Proof in Normandy* at the same era, fortifying the first.

M. Guérin Meneville's "Studies of the habits and organization of the numerous insects or creatures mischievous to useful vegetables," deserve to be known in the United States. When the olive shall be cultivated in our country, his treatise on the insects of that tree will be consulted with advantage.

A colossal head in Pentelic marble, in the Royal Library of Paris, is ascertained to be from the chisel of Phidias, and to have been brought from the ruins of the Parthenon in 1676, after the fatal explosion of that year.

In consequence of the drought, the inhabitants of the city of Aix have been put on an allowance of three quarts of water per day for all domestic purposes.

The Abbé Miche, apostolical missionary, was *smuggled* into Cochinchina in a boat with a false bottom, in which he lay *perdu*.

The London Morning Chronicle of the 8th instant has a remarkable editorial article on the Californias, the state and prospects of Mexico and the war, and ending with an appeal to all the governments of Europe to arrest the strides of American ambition. It is not, indeed, the organ of the British cabinet, but rather of the discomfited and forlorn Hudson Bay Company.

The learned Israelite Cahen's translation of the Bible will consist of thirteen volumes. He has just issued the seventeenth *livraison*, containing the

Psalms, with an introduction. The whole work will soon be finished. It exhibits the labors of the German philologists and Jewish theologians. His dissent from the Christian commentators is always temperately expressed.

Benoiston de Chateauneuf lately read to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences a memoir on the length of human life in many of the principal States of Europe, and on the greater or less longevity of their inhabitants; it is a work of extensive research and immense calculation. He concludes that all climates are favorable to longevity; that in Europe *woman* is everywhere longer lived than man, and that the human career may be estimated at ninety years as the extreme; of one thousand individuals fourteen remain to that period, from the age of thirty, and six from birth.

There is a remarkable tribute to the spirit and tendency of the times in the following conclusion of the address of Marshal Bugeaud, *Duke of Isly*, to his constituents. "I profess to love and to merit popularity. I have always labored for the people: I am of the people, the son of my own works; I cannot entertain aristocratic ideas."

In a recent lawsuit, Alexandre Dumas was convicted of *double vente*; that is, of having sold twice over the same literary materials: his *Clarissa Harlowe*, a French compression and recast of Richardson's endless work, has found astonishing success in England as well as France. *Clarissa Harlowe*, a drama in three acts, founded on the principal events of the novel, and skilfully executed, has been welcomed in like manner at the theatre of the Gymnase. Mademoiselle Rose-Chéri (a new Mademoiselle Mars) is the applauded *Clarissa*.

Mehemet Ali lately said to the British Ambassador at Constantinople that he was quite sensible of the importance of a good and safe communication across the Isthmus of Suez, but would give the opening of it to no company: he would execute it himself. Monopoly of profits is his object.

The premature unexpected death of the famous Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore, at London, affords topic for many French paragraphs. The Parisians saw him last winter everywhere seemingly in robust health, and especially devoted to the ladies, whose smiles and pressures of his tawny hand he requited with Cashmere shawls and glittering trinkets. Where they were present all serious conversation with him was out of the question. Tagore was not a prince, as he was commonly dubbed, but a princely merchant, fond of the appearances of a *magnifico*. He was born in the caste of the Brahmins, of parents in moderate circumstances. He amassed his large fortune by hard work and lucky speculations in opium and indigo. He paid a visit to Rome, and, in his interview with the pope, intended to discourse on deism as taught by Ramoun Roy, but Gregory diverted him from the subject by gracious queries concerning his deeds of munificence. He was zealously devoted to the East India Company.

The will of Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, who died lately at Florence, is an interesting document. It implies that he was enormously rich. Louis Napoleon, the ex-prisoner of Ham, inherits enough to equip another expedition for the imperial crown of France.

Shamil, the hero of the Caucasus, again annoys the Russians by incursions, which yield him much booty. A letter from Tiflis states that he is at the head of twenty thousand Circassian mountaineers, who slay their many Cossack prisoners, when these

are found inconvenient. A French writer describes Shakspeare as a barbarian incrustated with genius. Shamil and Abd-el-Kader seem to merit the same description.

The recent and curious article of the London Times on the marriage of the Queen of Spain fell like a bomb in the French cabinet and the political circles of Paris. In no instance, by any foreign journal whatever, has Louis Philippe been so directly and personally arraigned or so harshly treated. Before the accession of the whigs in England the Times held a very different strain about the Spanish match, and paid profound homage to the wisdom and virtues of the king of France. The *Journal des Débats* was roused to an immediate semi-official reply, in which, though the British cabinet be generally exculpated, Lord Clarendon, a member of it, and formerly British ambassador at Madrid, is accused of having written or prompted the indecorous and spiteful article.

There was more diffusive animation and interest in the recent general election of Deputies than on any former occasion. The conservatives have a majority of about one hundred; but the ministry cannot count on that number for their purposes during the next session. The Dupin and Dufaure groups will be disposed, as heretofore, to baffle Mr. Guizot. The new members are not certain adherents; they may throw themselves, according to emergencies, into the different sections of the chamber. Not one half of the so-called conservatives elected, new or old, pledged themselves to support Mr. Guizot's policy, or professed his doctrines or attempted to defend his past measures.

The monument of Christopher Columbus, which the Sardinian government has caused to be executed in marble, for the city of Genoa, is completed, and will be immediately erected on the Quay de Darse-na. The inauguration will take place in September next, during the time that the meeting of naturalists is being held in that city. The king and the royal family will be present on the occasion.

The late experiments made at Berlin of casting iron cannon by the galvanic-elastic process were so successful that it has been determined to apply it to all the guns in the Prussian fortresses. A sum of 100,000 thalers (375,000fr.) has already been appropriated towards the execution of the plan.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS.—In an action for slander, which came up for trial at the assizes at Norwich (England) this week, before Mr. Baron Alderson, it appeared that the words complained of were uttered by the defendant in private familiar conversation with a friend; and the learned judge stopped the case, saying that such a conversation ought to be treated as a privileged communication; for, if persons were to be subject to actions for words so spoken, all intercourse between friends would be at an end.—*Atlas*.

From the same, dated July 20.

Mr. Guizot's acts, aims, and theories, in the Texas affair, form a prominent topic in the circulars of the French opposition. The *Journal des Débats* styles him the greatest statesman and orator of the present times. Surely, the statesmanship may be questioned in his whole foreign policy. It is affirmed that France has spent within the ten years past, a million and half of francs for her legation in Mexico, and with what fruit! The follies of Tahiti, Marquesas, Montevideo, could scarcely be exceeded. Nothing but disappointment and loss will come of the struggle to estab-

lish French supremacy in the Lebanon. Final discomfiture of all efforts in Greece and Spain is quite probable. It is presumed that, while the Duke of Bordeaux lives, Louis Philippe will inflexibly refuse assent to a match between the son of Don Carlos (late titular King of Spain) and Queen Isabel. The example of such a triumph for *legitimacy* might prove dangerous to the Orleans dynasty.

Professors are about to be established in the south of France—in the Mediterranean provinces—for the diffusion of the (vulgar or spoken) Arabic tongue.

A recent case before the tribunal of commerce brought out the circumstance that Monsieur de Larmatine, the poet, sold to a bookseller for the sum of four hundred and fifty thousand francs the copyright or property during his life, and twenty years after his death, of his *History of the Gironde*, and his *Confidential Memoirs*. The purchaser became unable to fulfil his contract, which might have proved a bargain. The posthumous memoirs of Marshal Duke of Belluno (Victor) are announced. Some extracts thrown into the journals beget the expectation of an interesting book.

We have a French translation of Mr. Cooper's *History of the Navy of the United States*, in two octavos, by Paul Jessé. In the press, a *History of the Accursed Races of France*, meaning, I presume, Jews, Gipsies, and so forth. The common phrase in Europe, the *dangerous classes*, meaning the lower, hardly admits of application in the American Union; at least, not in the non-slaveholding States.

The *Essay on the Life and Labors of the late Baron de Gérando*, by his niece, will interest many philanthropists and students of philosophy on your side of the Atlantic. There is no French memory of my personal acquaintance which I venerate so much as that of the Baron, man and author.

The announced *History of the Clergy of France*, from the introduction of Christianity among the Gauls to the present time, by an erudite lawyer, Bousquet, has a general welcome. A naturalist has given us a tract, with an atlas of eight plates, entitled "The Omnipotent Godhead proved by the admirable organization of the Silkworm."

Dr. Bowring's exposition in the house of commons, on the 15th instant, of the tobacco question in Great Britain, went to the United States by the steamer of the 19th; but I cannot refrain from indicating it to you and your readers. The high duties and the consequent contraband are exhibited in most instructive magnitude and deformity. The amount smuggled is at least equal to that on which the duty is paid; that duty being between 800 and 900 per cent. on the value of the raw commodity. This year the convictions in the courts for the smuggling have been five hundred and thirty-eight and before magistrates not less than eight hundred and seventy-two, in England alone. The doctor added:

"The ratio in Ireland and in Scotland was even greater; for while in England they were 102 per cent., in Ireland they were 252 per cent., and in Scotland 451 per cent.; but of 333 persons convicted last year of smuggling tobacco in quantities exceeding 100 pounds, only fifteen persons had paid any fines, and the aggregate amount of those fines was only £905. The enormous charges that fell upon the public in consequence deserved consideration: 1,478 prisoners had to be maintained in jail,

at a cost of more than £5,000, without reference to the cost of prosecutions and other incidental expenses. It was grievous to see also that the greater portion of the parties convicted of smuggling tobacco were British sailors."

Nearly twenty-two million pounds were fraudulently introduced every year; in London alone there are not fewer than a hundred and thirty thousand shops in which tobacco is sold. The motive for contraband operates to occasion adulteration in a like degree. Dr. Bowring expatiated on the immorality, crime, and misery, as a consideration more important, even for the government, than any tobacco income. He adverted also to the heavy cost of the coast-guard, amounting to £600,000 or £700,000 per annum, much of which might be saved if the duty were lowered and the inducement to smuggle thereby diminished. It seems probable that the duty will be considerably lowered, on clear calculations of fiscal gain.

SUGAR—SLAVE-TRADE.—The lords have lost no time on the sugar-duties bill, though they have not neglected to discuss it. Indeed, it met with an unusual discussion—one on the first reading, meant to be a substitute for the usual debate on the second reading. The object of that arrangement seems to have been to accommodate certain peers bound for the moors. It came out that the Bishop of Oxford had not been consulted in the arrangement; but there was a marked desire not to prevent a Wilberforce from speaking his mind on such an occasion; and so there was a second discussion, on the second reading. The opponents of the bill came out strongly on the anti-slavery ground. Lord Brougham made an effective speech; Lord Stanley showed to advantage on the same point; but both, as well as Lord Chief Justice Denman, made unexpected admissions that the West Indians had been hardly treated. Bishop Wilberforce's speech constituted the bulk of the second discussion: it was forcible and close, putting the anti-slavery arguments at once in the soberest and clearest light. The bishop will be a powerful debater in the upper house. The present measure, however, has drifted beyond the bound of his hereditary estate in the question; and the strength of the anti-slavery position is made by the chief weakness of the scheme. The way to turn that position would be, for ministers themselves to abandon the anti-slavery ground altogether. At present they are trying to reconcile incompatibilities: they had better get out of the dilemma by withdrawing their cruisers, and absolutely relinquishing the coercive system of prevention.—*Spectator*.

FLOGGING.—The Duke of Wellington has made a speech, short and unpretending as his orations always are, which is an event: he avows the hope that he may live to see flogging in the army abolished. He relinquishes the notion that the practice is absolutely necessary, its abolition merely impossible; and adopts the opinion that the abolition is inevitable. This indicates a vast progress since the duke maintained the very opposite opinions before the commission on military punishments in 1836. It will have immense effect on what may be called public opinion in the army; a most important consideration, since it would be very much more difficult to abolish the practice

without convincing the majority of well-informed and intelligent officers. The great task in the accomplishment of the reform now is, to devise needful substitutes for that bad coercion—means to a better composition of the army, and an improved system of rewards and correctives. Time should not be lost from the consideration of that auxiliary to simple abolition.—*Spectator*.

POLAND.—Some slight progress has been made towards a clearer view of the Polish question. The present ministers are evidently in advance of their predecessors on that ground. Lord Beaumont has proved a total infraction of the treaty of Vienna, which declared that Cracow should be an independent city, and should "on no pretext whatever" be entered by foreign troops. The Duke of Wellington admits the infraction, but maintains the sufficiency of the pretext. Lord Lansdowne plainly entertains doubts whether the conduct of Austria and Russia has not been as base as rumor asserts in fomenting rebellion as a pretext for intervention. Acknowledging the doctrine of non-intervention, it cannot be denied that we have "the right" to interpose for the maintenance of the treaty. Perhaps in the present case all practical good would be attained by a declaration of opinion on the part of the English government: ministers evidently have an opinion to declare; and it would be most beneficial if uttered without heat or rancor, without reserve or qualification, with calmness but with unmistakeable distinctness.

REPEAL.—There seems to be a lull in the repeal agitation: Young Ireland is vanquished, and is magnanimously sulky; Old Ireland reposes on its victory, in a good humor with all the world. Mr. O'Connell reciprocates compliments with the *Times*, and finds excellent sense in the suggestion of that journal that he should aid the whig ministers to carry measures for the practical benefit of his country. Surely it is a millennium; the Daniel lying down with the *Times*. Furthermore, "my dear Ray," has been formally deputed by the Repeal Association to communicate some information, "of course in his private capacity," to the government at Dublin Castle; and his communication has met with a degree of attention which Mr. Ray "in his private capacity" could scarcely expect. These coquettings between the official and the repeal governments suggest one measure which would vastly help to smooth away difficulties. When the whigs were before in power, under Earl Grey's premiership, they committed a great blunder in not providing for Mr. O'Connell. Perhaps it is not yet too late to realize some of the advantages of such a step. It should be done when his circumstances are not at the lowest—and the rent is at this moment reviving again. Moreover, his conscience should be eased, and his good name with the Irish shielded from reproach, by some official earnest of the wish to do Ireland substantial service in the way of material improvements. "Testimonials" and such acknowledgments of past services are in vogue just now; O'Connell's real services eminently belong to the past. If it is thought that he has outlived the occasion when the full benefit might have been felt by himself, let it be put in such a shape as to benefit his children. That might be done without implicating anybody in objectionable reversionary gifts.—*Spectator*.

THE POPE.—It is difficult to keep pace with the progress of the new policy in Rome. Pius the Ninth is said to have declared that he takes for his guide the New Testament; and thus far his policy seems to be animated by the highest spirit of that volume. He has not only released all political prisoners and pardoned refugees, but he has furnished the latter with public money to return home, and has received the more able and earnest of the pardoned revolutionists into favor—examining their claims and suggestions, applauding some, and even putting his approval in the substantial form of a medal. With all this, there is a moderation, an absence of ostentatious display in the thorough overturning of all past policy, that helps to remove doubts as to the reality of the pontiff's liberal intentions. The extreme popularity that he has attained, on the instant, appears to have provoked no serious counteraction among the conservative party in Rome, which might have been presumed to be at once bigoted and powerful. There is a strong sense not only of the pontiff's honesty and benevolence but also of his ability and courage. It seems that if any party entertains a secret wish to resist him, none *dares* do so. Unflinching courage is an essential quality in all great statesmanship.—*Spectator*.

MEHEMET ALI AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Pasha of Egypt arrived at Constantinople on the 19th of July, and has been received with the highest distinction. A letter from Constantinople says:—

"Mehemet Ali Pasha arrived here at noon on the 19th July, in the Sultan's steam-yacht *Esseri Djedid*, sent to Alexandria expressly to bring him up. Without deviating from the etiquette of the Porte as regards the distinction kept up between the sovereign and his most favored subjects, the highest possible honors have marked the reception of the Viceroy of Egypt. He was scarcely arrived in the Konack assigned for his residence when he was called to the imperial palace. The sultan received him standing in the middle of his grand hall of audience, and, taking him by the hand, conducted him to an arm-chair placed purposely for him near the seat of his highness, after which they had a conference, which lasted for about an hour. On his return home the viceroy was visited by all the high Ottoman ministers, except the grand vizier, who, in virtue of his official rank, must first receive at the Sublime Porte Mehemet Ali's own visit."

RIZA PASHA, the celebrated liberal politician of the Porte, has again been restored to office, and nominated minister of commerce. As his appointment was simultaneous with the arrival of Mehemet Ali at Constantinople, it is conjectured the two events may in some way be connected with each other.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Washington Irving, who will soon return home, will immediately put to press his History of Mohammed, the materials of which he has collected during his residence in Spain, from the Moorish manuscripts and legends. Prescott has ready his Conquest of Peru, which will be followed by a life of Philip the Second.—Mr. Bancroft has completed the fourth volume of his History of the United States, which will soon appear. Jared Sparks is engaged in writing a History of the American Revolution. The Hon. John P. Kennedy is engaged upon a Life of Wirt.

EUREKA.—A new monthly magazine, under the title of "Eureka; or the Journal of the National Association of Inventors," has been commenced by W. H. Star, New York, Messrs. Kingsley and Pierson, acting editors. The first number gives promise of great usefulness and interest to all connected with the mechanic arts, or who take any interest in them. Price \$1 a year.

VARIETY.

The drawings, sketches and other effects of the late Mr. Haydon, were exposed to public sale this week. Little anxiety was exhibited to acquire memorials of the deceased artist. The prices obtained for a few articles of historic interest may be mentioned. An octagon color-stone and two mullers, belonging to James Barry, R.A., afterwards in the possession of Hoppner, and bought by Mr. Haydon for 35*l.* sold for 1*l.* 13*s.* The coat worn by Earl Grey at the reform banquet, and presented to the deceased at his request, was "put up;" but only 7*s.* being offered for it, the auctioneer withdrew it. A small drawing of Haydon Asleep, by Wilkie, sold for 17*s.* A portrait of Mr. Hume, M. P., which the auctioneer said was a good likeness, but which the honorable member had repudiated, sold for 1*l.* Portrait of the Duke of Richmond, in chalk, 10*s.* During the sale, a note from some person was handed in, forbidding the auctioneer to sell the picture of "Alfred and the first British Jury;" but no attention was paid to the warning; the painting was put up, and knocked down at 200*l.* It is supposed that the auctioneer was commissioned to buy the picture at that sum for Sir Robert Peel.

The *Augsburg Gazette* confirms the statement of the *Rhenish Observer*, that a great company has been formed which will undertake to convey travellers in all directions, and to spare them the trouble of paying the expenses of the journey en route, by giving them coupons on their departure, which will be received in payment throughout the journey by the hotels with which the company has made arrangements. This company is to have its seat in London. It has already made all its arrangements on the route from Ostend to Alexandria; and hopes to despatch, a short time hence, a caravan of three hundred travellers, who will proceed from Ostend to Cologne by the railroads, and will ascend the Rhine for Trieste, and thence sail for Alexandria.

JAVA AMUSEMENTS.—The hog and goat fight was vastly amusing. A wild hog and beautiful goat were turned into a small arena, a stool being allowed the goat to leap on occasionally. At first he was very cautious, and, watching an opportunity, jumped down and butted the hog whenever he turned his back. His escapes and frights were comical in the extreme; but in a very short time he had the better, and at length beat the hog from place to place, till he fell quite exhausted and vanquished.

Next followed a battle-royal—three wild hogs, six dogs, and the victorious goat. The hogs were torn to pieces, most of the dogs in the same state; but the goat was as fresh and frolicsome as ever. Never was combatant more impartial: hog or dog were the same to him, and all most studiously avoided him.

The tiger and buffalo fights afforded little sport. The latter gains almost invariably an easy conquest.—*Addison's Indian Letters*.

We understand that an expedition which promises the most important results both to science and commerce is at this moment fitting out for the purpose of navigating some of the most important unexplored rivers in South America. It is to be under the command of Lord Ranclagh. Several noblemen and gentlemen have already volunteered to accompany his lordship; and the enterprising and scientific band, it is said, will sail as soon as the necessary arrangements shall be completed.—*Times*.

By a parliamentary return of the cost of postage-stamps and envelopes from the beginning of 1841 to the 5th of April last, it appears that the cost per million of the envelopes, upon the average of the period, was 359*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.*; and 371*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* per million was repaid by the consumer. The profit per million upon the whole number issued was 11*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*; the profit per million at the present time is 21*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.* The postage-labels cost per million 79*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.*, no part of which is repaid by the consumers: it is, in fact, a charge on the collection of the tax.

NEW BOOKS AND RE-PRINTS.

Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon. New York. Harper & Brothers.

"We are at length able to put forth this Lexicon," say the English editors, at the beginning of their preface. We can imagine the pleasant sigh of satisfaction with which this pithy sentence was written; and doubtless some such gentle inspiration escaped from Professor Drisler as he laid down the last revise of the American edition. Well indeed may all the parties concerned in this noble work be satisfied, not merely because their labor is done, but because it is so well done; and the whole generation of Greek students in this country, professors, teachers, pupils and all, owe them thanks and praise for their learning, industry and perseverance.

In our school-boy days the highest resource in lexicography was Schrevelius' lexicon, and well do we remember many a doleful hour spent over its dull pages in hunting out crabbed explanations given in bad Latin, almost as unintelligible as the Greek itself. The first relief to puzzled school-boys, as far as we recollect, was afforded by Pickering's lexicon, and a wretched compilation called Grove's. Then followed Donnegan, whose advent was hailed as the dawning of a new era, and who, in spite of multitudinous inaccuracies and defects, has kept the field until this time. But Donnegan's day is over; the lexicon of Liddell and Scott is destined not only to sweep all competitors aside, but also to hold dominion in all places where Greek is studied, for long years to come. Already has it been adopted in the English schools to the almost entire exclusion of all others; and now it is offered, greatly improved by Prof. Drisler's learned labors, for the use and comfort of American students.

Messrs. Liddell & Scott took up Passow's great work where he left it, and completed it in the very spirit of his system by independent reading of their own; so great indeed are their additions, that the work is rather an entirely new one than a modification of Passow. Prof. Drisler has not only carefully revised the work, but has added largely to its value, especially by the insertion of all the proper names in their alphabetical order. It is impossible for

us, within the compass of a newspaper article, to notice all the merits of the English or American editors of the lexicon; suffice it to say that the fruit of their labors is before us in a specimen of Greek lexicography so far superior to any that has yet appeared in the language that comparison would be ridiculous. Moreover the getting up of the book is splendid; type, paper and binding are all of the finest. Our only marvel is that 1700 pages of a Greek lexicon, thus done up, can be offered for five dollars—a price which nothing could justify but the prospect—a sure one for the publishers—of an extraordinary and long continued demand for the work.—*Com. Advertiser*.

The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, with English Notes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. New York. Harper & Brothers.

This is another of Dr. Anthon's valuable contributions to the cause of classical learning. He has given these beautiful poems of Virgil in a form, and with aids, that cannot fail to make their perusal not only advantageous in the acquirement of Latin, but delightful in the highest degree to every person of taste. The explanatory notes are very copious, and remove every difficulty from the path of the student. The metrical index is especially adapted to lead to a thorough appreciation of these creations of genius. The celebrity of Dr. Anthon, together with the unequalled excellence of the work, will no doubt introduce it into all the classical schools of the country.—*Com. Advertiser*.

The Pictorial History of England; being a History of the People as well as a History of the Kingdom, down to the Reign of George III. To be completed in about forty numbers. Harper & Brothers.

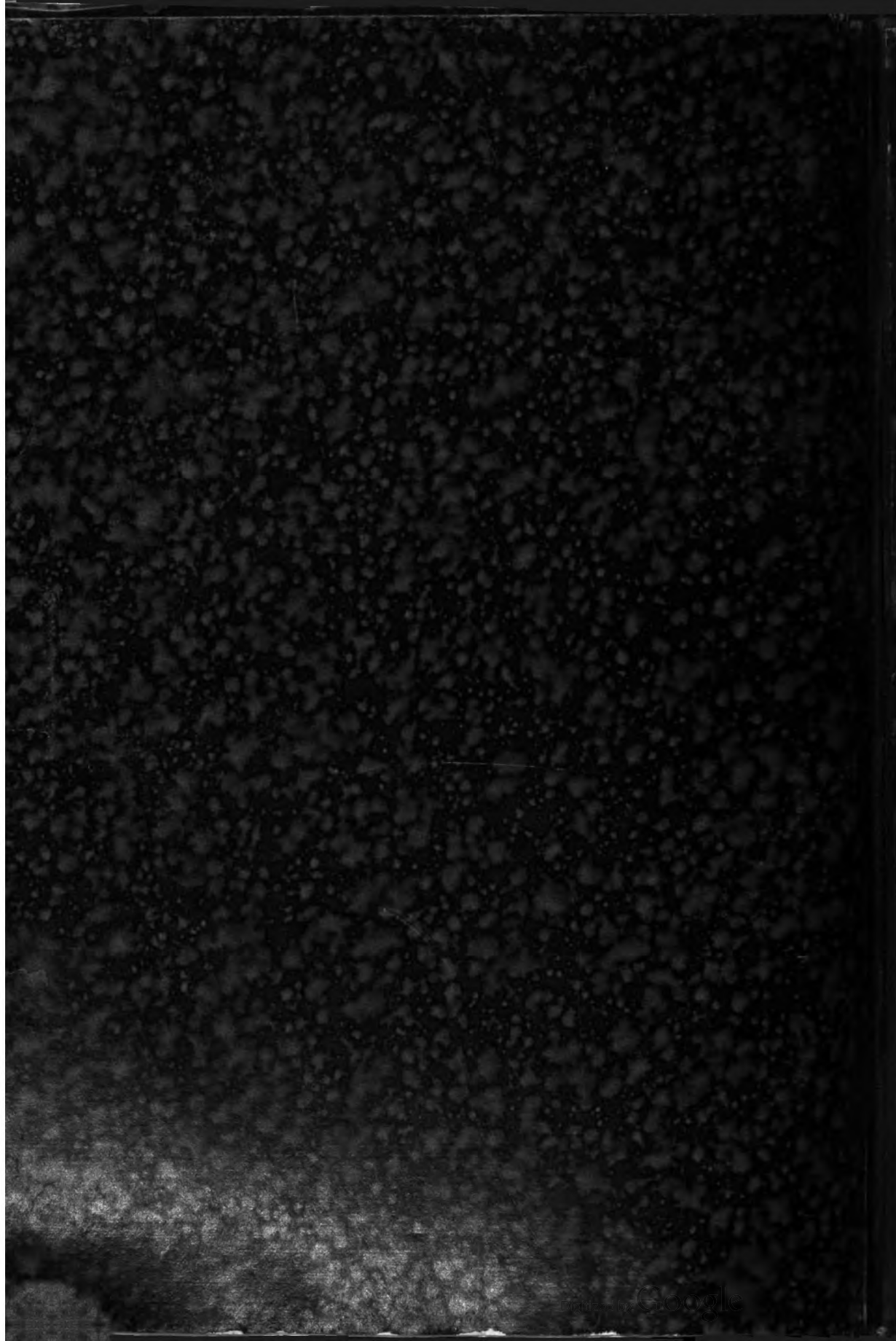
THE first numbers of this beautiful work which has been favorably known among us in the English edition, have been issued by the Messrs. Harper in a style which will commend it to general circulation. It is profusely illustrated with engravings on wood of monumental records; coins; civil and military costumes; domestic buildings, furniture and ornaments; cathedrals and other great works of architecture; sports and other illustrations of manners; mechanical inventions; portraits of eminent persons; and remarkable historical scenes. The work is intended for popular perusal, and aims to exhibit the "History of Common Life," as the essential element of "the History of Civilization," a history much more difficult to trace than to describe the march of the conqueror, or speculate upon the intrigues of the statesman. Its pages are not encumbered with unnecessary reference, but it neglects no important source of information which the nature of its design may make it proper to consult.

Having been for some years familiar with the work, we can speak confidently of its merits.—*Protestant Churchman*.

A Text Book of Chemistry, for the use of schools and colleges. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D. With nearly 300 illustrations. Harper & Brothers.

Questions on I. Corinthians. By ALBERT BARNES. For Bible Classes and Sunday Schools. Harper & Brothers.

The American Cruiser. A Tale of the Last War. Waite, Peirce & Co. Boston.





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